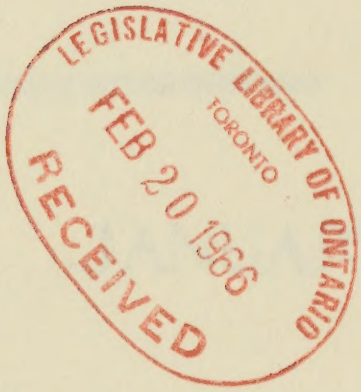

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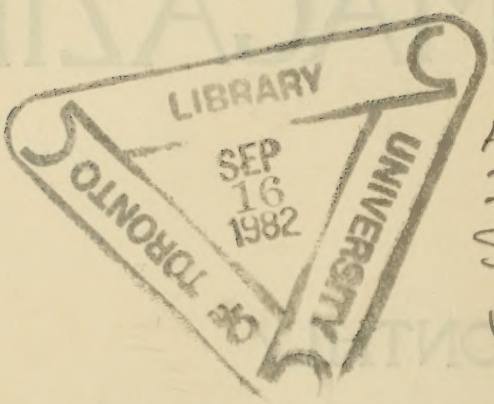
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CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I. JANUARY–JUNE, 1887.

		PAGE
AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER,	JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,	280
BABYLONIAN SEALS, THE,	WILLIAM HAYES WARD,	80
With illustrations from seals in the author's collection, and after De Clercq, Pinches, and others.		
BAYEUX TAPESTRY, THE,	EDWARD J. LOWELL,	333
With illustrations from photographs of the Tapestry.		
CÆSAR, THE LIKENESSES OF,	JOHN C. ROPES,	131
With a frontispiece, "Julius Cæsar as Pontifex Maximus," engraved by W. B. Closson, and with illustrations from the author's collection.		
COAST FORTIFICATIONS. See *Defenceless Coasts, Our.*		
COLLEGES. See *English in Our Colleges.*		
COMMUNE OF PARIS. See *Siege and Commune of Paris.*		
COQUELIN, M.,	BRANDER MATTHEWS,	244
"CORDON!"	T. R. SULLIVAN,	378
DEFENCELESS COASTS, OUR,	F. V. GREENE, Captain U. S. Engineers.	51
With maps, sketches, and diagrams.		
DEMOCRACY. See *Ethics of Democracy.*		
DEVELOPMENT OF THE STEAMSHIP. See *Steamship.*		
DIARIES OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. See *Morris.*		
DUCHARMES OF THE BASKATONGE, THE,	DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT,	236
EARTH, THE STABILITY OF THE,	N. S. SHALER,	259
With illustrations drawn by E. J. Meeker, J. Steeple Davis, A. M. Turner, George Gibson, and C. E. Robinson, from photographs and diagrams furnished by the author.		

		PAGE
ELEPHANT MYTHS, AMERICAN, ... With illustrations.	W. B. Scott, ...	469
ENGLISH IN OUR COLLEGES, ...	Adams Sherman Hill, . .	507
ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY, THE, ...	F. J. Stimson, ...	661
FATHER ANDREI; The Story of a Russian Priest, .	Robert Gordon Butler, . .	366
FOLK-LORE, MAGIC FLIGHT IN, ...	H. E. Warner, ...	762
FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA, ... With illustrations drawn by J. F. Murphy, H. Bolton Jones, E. J. Meeker, C. E. Robinson, Eldon Dean, and J. D. Woodward, from photographs and drawings furnished by the author.	N. S. Shaler, ...	561
FRENCH EMPIRE, DOWNFALL OF. See *Siege and Commune of Paris.*		
GLIMPSES AT THE DIARIES OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. See *Morris.*		
GUATEMALA. See *Uncommercial Republic.*		
HALF A CURSE, ...	Octave Thanet, ...	151
IN MEXICO, ...	Thomas A. Janvier, . . .	67
INSTINCT, WHAT IS AN?	William James, ...	355
ISLANDER, AN, ...	Margaret Crosby, . . .	628
LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION. See *Steamship.*		
MAGIC FLIGHT IN FOLK-LORE. See *Folk-Lore.*		
MANSE, THE; A Fragment, ...	Robert Louis Stevenson, . .	611
MARSE ARCHIE'S FIGHT, ...	Maria Blunt, ...	581
MISS PECK'S PROMOTION, ...	Sarah Orne Jewett, . . .	717
MISS PRINGLE'S NEIGHBORS, ...	Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson,	692
MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR, GLIMPSES AT THE DIARIES OF; Social Life and Character in the Paris of the Revolution—*Two Papers*, ... With portrait engraved by G. Kruell, from the painting at Old Morrisania.	Annie Cary Morris, . .	93, 199
NAPOLEON AND HIS TIMES, SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF, ... With illustrations from the author's collection.	John C. Ropes, ...	643
NAVAL POLICY, OUR; A Lesson from 1861, . .	James Russell Soley, U. S. Navy. . .	223
"NO HAID PAWN,"	Thomas Nelson Page, . .	410
OCEAN GRAVEYARD, AN, ... With illustrations by L. Fennings Taylor and M. J. Burns; and a chart of wrecks.	J. Macdonald Oxley, . .	603
PARIS, SIEGE OF. See *Siege and Commune of Paris.*		

PAGE

PARIS OF THE REVOLUTION. See *Morris.*

RESIDUARY LEGATEE, THE; OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN—*In Four Parts*, . J. S. OF DALE, . 143, 348, 438, 544

REVOLUTION, FRENCH. *See Morris.*

RUSSIAN NOVELS, ... THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY, . . 252

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE, ... HAROLD FREDERIC, 22, 184, 308, 479. 615, 731

SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS, REMINISCENCES OF, ... E. B. WASHBURNE, Ex-Minister to France.

With a frontispiece, "Gambetta Proclaiming the Republic of France," drawn by Howard Pyle, engraved by Frank French; and with illustrations from portraits and documents in Mr. Washburne's possession, and from drawings by Pyle, Thulstrup, Meeker, J. S. Davis, Maynard, Turner, and others.

First Paper—THE DOWNFALL OF THE EMPIRE, ... 3
Second Paper—THE SIEGE, ... 161
Third Paper—THE COMMUNE, ... 289
Fourth Paper—THE DOWNFALL OF THE COMMUNE, ... 447

SOCIALISM, ... FRANCIS A. WALKER, . . . 107

STABILITY OF THE EARTH. See *Earth.*

STEAMSHIP, DEVELOPMENT OF, AND THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION OF 1886, ... F. E. CHADWICK, . . . 515 Commander U. S. Navy.

With illustrations from drawings, diagrams, and instantaneous photographs furnished by the author.

STONE-CUTTER, THE, ... ELIZABETH AKERS, . . . 767

STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE, THE, . . H. C. BUNNER, 37, 211, 323, 418, 595

Illustrated by A. B. Frost, F. Hopkinson Smith, and G. W. Edwards.

TAPESTRY. See *Bayeux Tapestry.*

TEDESCO'S RUBINA, ... F. D. MILLET, ... 499

THACKERAY, UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF, ... 387, 551, 672

With an introduction by Jane Octavia Brookfield, a frontispiece portrait engraved by Kruell, reproductions of drawings by Thackeray, and other illustrations.

TORPEDOES, MODERN AGGRESSIVE, . . . W. S. HUGHES, ... 427 Lieutenant U. S. Navy.

Illustrated from photographs and drawings furnished by the author.

TWO RUSSIANS, ... NORA PERRY, ... 745

UNCOMMERCIAL REPUBLIC, AN, ... W. T. BRIGHAM, ... 701

With illustrations from photographs by the author.

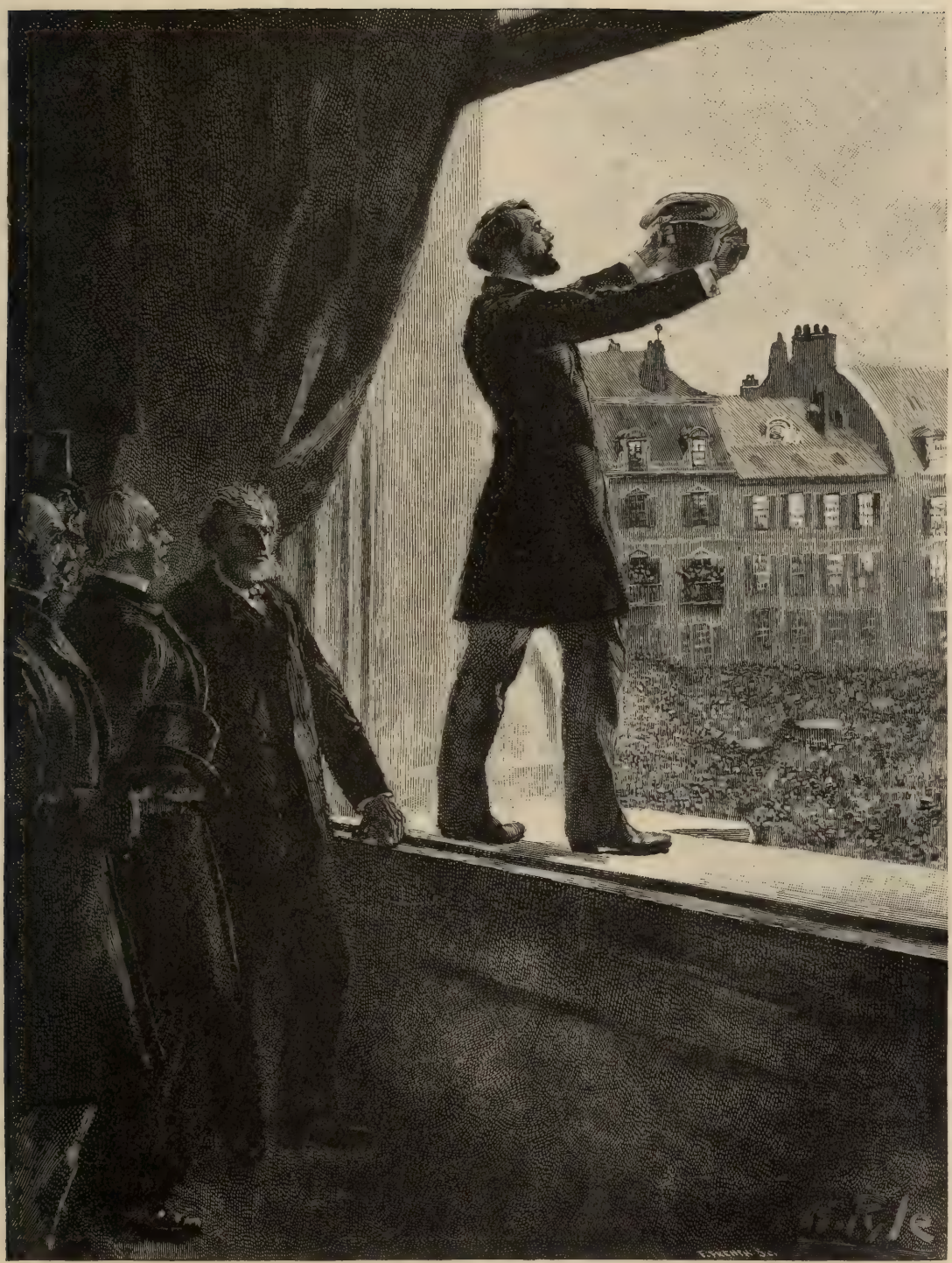
VIOLIN OBLIGATO, A, ... MARGARET CROSBY, . . . 120

WASHBURNE, E. B. See *Siege and Commune of Paris.*

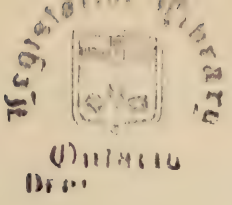
WORDS AND MUSIC, ... ARLO BATES, ... 637

POETRY.

		PAGE
AFTER DEATH,	LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,	243
ART MASTER, AN,	JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,	660
AT LAST,	PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON,	580
With a biographical note by Louise Chandler Moulton.		
BALLADE OF THE PENITENTS,	ANDREW LANG,	354
FOR AN OLD POET,	H. C. BUNNER,	691
FORTUNE,	ELYOT WELD,	437
FULFILMENT,	GRAHAM R. TOMSON,	761
HERRICK, ROBERT, IN A COPY OF HIS LYRICAL POEMS,	AUSTIN DOBSON,	66
INTERLUDE, AN,	R. ARMYTAGE,	332
IRISH WILD-FLOWER, AN,	SARAH M. B. PIATT,	593
IVORY AND GOLD,	CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS,	160
LAST FURROW, THE,	CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM,	198
LOHENGRIN,	SUSAN COOLIDGE,	614
NEW YEAR, THE,	MAYBURY FLEMING,	119
OLD EARTH, THE,	CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM,	478
PREPARATION,	MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS,	744
QUIET PILGRIM, THE,	EDITH M. THOMAS,	468
REMEMBRANCE,	JULIA C. R. DORR,	445
SEPARATION,	ELLEN BURROUGHS,	730
SISTER ANNUNCIATA,	HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT,	671
SONNETS IN SHADOW,	ARLO BATES,	49
TIDE, THE,	PERCIVAL LOWELL,	543



GAMBETTA PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1887. No. 1.

REMINISCENCES OF

THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, Ex-Minister to France.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE EMPIRE.

I WAS on the point of leaving Paris for a brief rest, when, toward the last of June, 1870, there arose so suddenly what was known as the "Hohenzollern incident;" which assumed so much importance, as it led up to the Franco-German war. In June, 1868, the Queen Isabella had been chased from Spain and had sought refuge in France. The Spanish Cortes, maintaining the monarchical form, offered the crown of Spain to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a relation of the King of Prussia. The French Minister at Madrid telegraphed that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern had been nominated to the throne of Spain and had accepted. This produced the utmost excitement and indignation among the French people. The Paris press teemed with articles more or less violent, calling on the government to prevent this outrage, even at the cost of war. The journals of all shades were unanimous in the matter, contending that it was an insult and peril to France, and could not be tolerated. The opposition in the Chamber made the incident an occasion for attacking the government, alleging that it was to its weak and vacillating policy that she was indebted for her fresh humiliation. The government journals, however, laid the whole blame upon the ambition of Count Bismarck, who had become to them a *bête noir*. He was accused of everything, and charged with doing everything for the grandeur of Prussia and the unification of Germany; all of which, they alleged, was on account of his hatred for France. The Duke de Gramont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was interpellated in the Chamber on the subject, and, in reply, declared that France would not permit any foreign power to place one of its princes upon the throne of Charles the Fifth, and disturb, to the detriment of France, the present equilibrium of Europe. All parties in the Chamber received this declaration with the utmost enthusiasm. The opposition members, who were largely in the minority, made as much noise as the government deputies. Much of this was owing to the personal feeling against Bismarck, and both parties vied with each other in showing the extent of their dislike to the great Prussian Chancellor. Much pressure was soon brought to bear in the proper quarters, and the result of this was the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidacy. Explanations were made, better counsels seemed to prevail, and all immediate trouble appeared averted.

It became quite certain that all danger of a war between France and Germany was at an end; and, all being quiet on the banks of the Seine, on the 3d of July I left Paris in pursuit of health and recreation at the healing

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waters of Carlsbad in far-off Bohemia. I had hardly reached Carlsbad, when scanty news was received of a somewhat



Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern.

threatening character. I could hardly believe that anything very serious was likely to result; yet I was somewhat uneasy.

As I was going to drink the water at one of the health-giving springs, early in the morning of the 15th of July, my Alsatian valet brought me the startling news that a private telegram, received at midnight, gave the intelligence that France had declared war against Germany. The news fell upon the thousands of visitors and the people of Carlsbad like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, and the most intense excitement prevailed. The nearest railroad at that time was at Eger, thirty miles distant. The visitors were then all dependent upon the diligence, which only left Carlsbad at night. I immediately determined to return to Paris, as my post of duty. Hiring my seat in the diligence, I rode all night from Carlsbad to Eger. Taking the railroad from Eger to Paris, and passing through Bavaria, Baden, and the valley of the Rhine, the excitement was something prodigious, and recalled to me the days at home of the firing upon Sumter in 1861. The troops were everywhere rushing to the depots; the trains were all blocked, and confusion reigned supreme. After great delays and much discomfort, and a journey of fifty-two hours, I reached Paris at ten o'clock at night, July 18th. The great masses of people, naturally so excitable and turbulent, had been maddened by the false news, so skilfully disseminated, that King William, at Ems, had insulted the French nation through its Ambassador. The streets, the boulevards, the avenues, were filled with people in the greatest state of enthusiasm and excitation. The Champs Elysées, with their brilliant and flashing gas-lights and all the cafés and open-air concert gardens, were encumbered by an immense multitude who filled the air with cries of "*A Berlin en huit jours!*" and whose hearts were set on fire by the refrain of the Marseillaise, that hymn of free France:

"*Allons enfants de la Patrie,*
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

It soon turned out that all the reports which had been spread over Paris, that King William had insulted the French Ambassador, were utterly false, and had not the slightest foundation to rest upon. The French Ambassador, M. Benedetti, denied that he had received the least indignity from the King. The plain truth seemed to be that the French Ambassador courteously approached the King, while walking in the garden of the Kursaal, and spoke to him in relation to the pending difficulties then existing between the two countries. The good old King was kind and polite, as he always is to everyone with whom he comes in contact, and when M. Benedetti began to speak in relation to matters of such a grave character, he politely stated that he would have to talk upon such questions with the German Foreign Office. All that was very proper; and nobody thought of it or supposed that there was any indignity, as there was not the slightest intended. The very spot where this meeting took place is now marked by a tablet, bearing date of the day of the occurrence.

The exaggerations in Paris and France of this simple incident surpassed all bounds, and they were apparently made to inflame the people still more. It really appeared that the Emperor and Government of France had determined

to have war with Germany, *coute qui coute*. The alleged causes, growing out of the talk that Germany was to put a German prince on the throne of Spain, were but a mere pretext. The Hohenzollern candidature had been withdrawn, and there was no necessity or sense in any further trouble. But the truth was that, after eighteen years of peace, the courtiers and adventurers who surrounded certain real reforms into his government.

The last dinner ever given at the Tuileries was on Tuesday night, June 7, 1870. It was in honor of the United States Minister and Mrs. Washburne. It was a large dinner, and was served in the usual elegant style of all the official dinners. The Emperor appeared in good health and spirits; but yet I

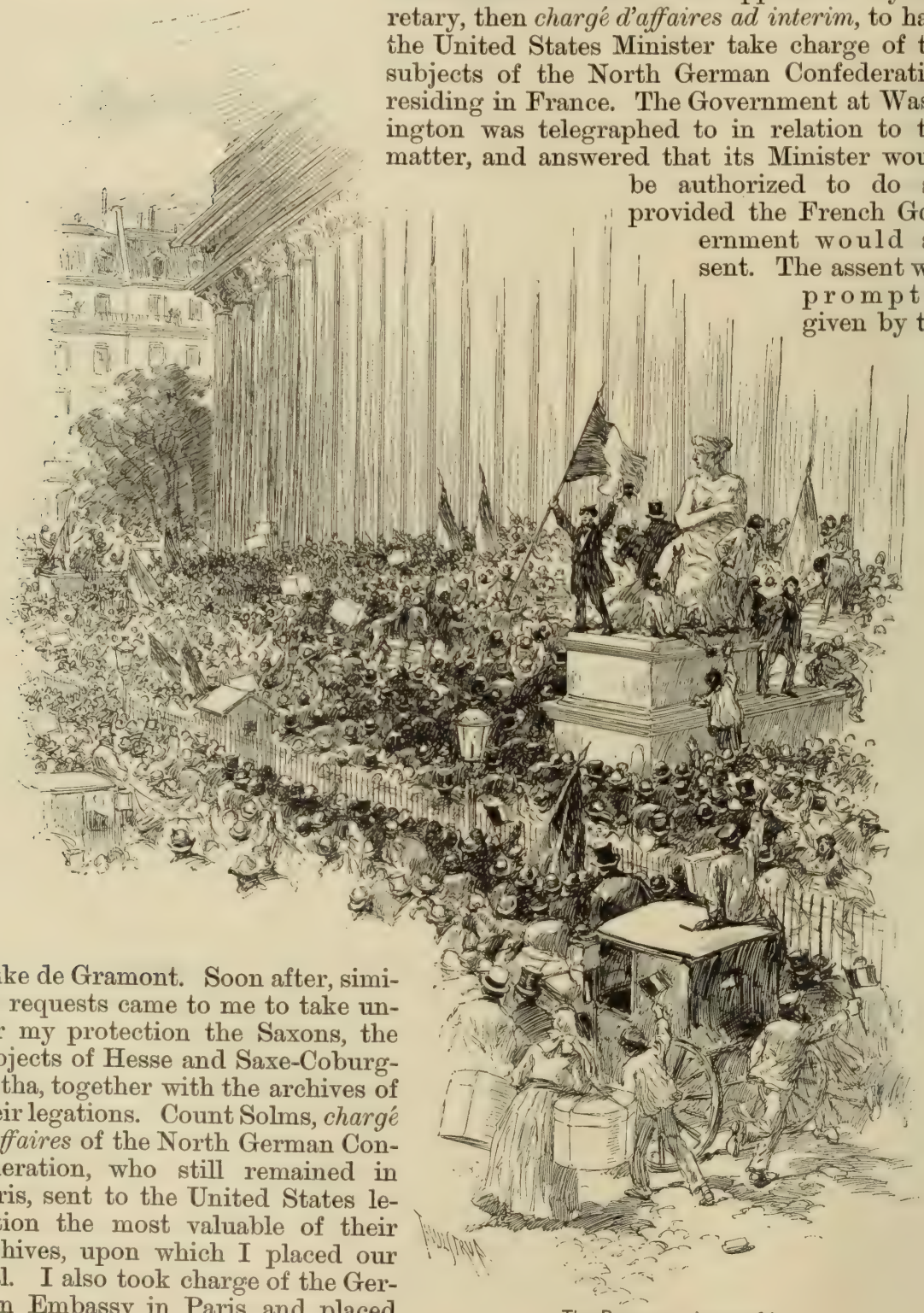


The German Embassy in the Rue de Lille.

the Emperor seemed to think that it was about time to have a war, to awaken the martial spirit of the French people, to plant the French eagles in triumph in the capital of some foreign country, and, as a consequence, to fix firmly on the throne the son of Napoleon the Third, and restore to the Imperial crown the lustre it had lost. It seemed to be very clear to my mind that if the Emperor had been left to himself, war would have been averted. I am quite sure that his heart was never in the venture. He had just entered upon his scheme of a parliamentary government, and everything promised a substantial success. I think he was sincere in his wish to introduce thought I saw a cloud of uneasiness over his face. He made inquiries of me in respect to the postal treaty, and, as was always the case when I met him, inquired very kindly for the President. He alluded to the fact that he was going to send Prévost-Paradol as Minister to the United States, and said that while M. Paradol was a very "clever man," he had yet to learn diplomacy. I replied that the relations of the two countries were then so pleasant and cordial that he would not require much skill in that line. He answered that he believed and hoped so. I speak of this occasion, as it was the last time that I ever saw the Emperor. Matters soon after began to drift

toward war, and the state of affairs required all his time and attention until he finally left the gorgeous old palace of St. Cloud to take command of the army, and never to return to France.

After the declaration of war, I found on my return to Paris that the German Ambassador to France had applied to my secretary, then *chargé d'affaires ad interim*, to have the United States Minister take charge of the subjects of the North German Confederation residing in France. The Government at Washington was telegraphed to in relation to the matter, and answered that its Minister would be authorized to do so, provided the French Government would assent. The assent was promptly given by the Duke de Gramont. Soon after, similar requests came to me to take under my protection the Saxons, the subjects of Hesse and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, together with the archives of their legations. Count Solms, *chargé d'affaires* of the North German Confederation, who still remained in Paris, sent to the United States legation the most valuable of their archives, upon which I placed our seal. I also took charge of the German Embassy in Paris, and placed over it the American flag. The *concierge* of the embassy having been forced to leave, I placed it under the charge of two young and trustworthy Americans who had been residents of my congressional district in Illinois. These young men courageously occupied the embassy until



The Bourse on August 6th.

the close of the hostilities; and, though sometimes threats were made, there was never any violence offered to the embassy or its guardians. The day after my return to Paris I took charge of my legation and relieved the *chargé d'affaires*. From this time I constantly recorded events as they occurred; and in writing my reminiscences in this complete and connected form, I have not hesitated, while weaving the whole into an unbroken story, to avail myself of the substance and in many portions the language of my despatches and letters sent to the Government at the time, and sometimes printed in congressional documents; as I have greatly preferred to trust to the vividness of the language which I then used in describing events as they passed before me, rather than to run any danger of losing the force of those immediate impressions.

It was on the 28th of July, 1870, that the Emperor left the palace of St. Cloud, to go to take command of the army in person. A gentleman belonging to the Court, who was present at the moment of departure, recounted to me that the occasion was a most solemn one, and that even then there was a prescience that the Emperor was leaving France never to return. By a decree, the Empress was made Regent during the absence of the Emperor. She remained at the palace of St. Cloud. Before the Emperor left for the army, he issued a bombastic proclamation to the French people, the first paragraph of which was as follows:

"Frenchmen—There are in the lives of peoples solemn moments, where national honor, violently excited, imposes itself as an irresistible force, dominates all interests, and takes in hand the direction of the destinies of the country. One of these decisive hours has just sounded for France."

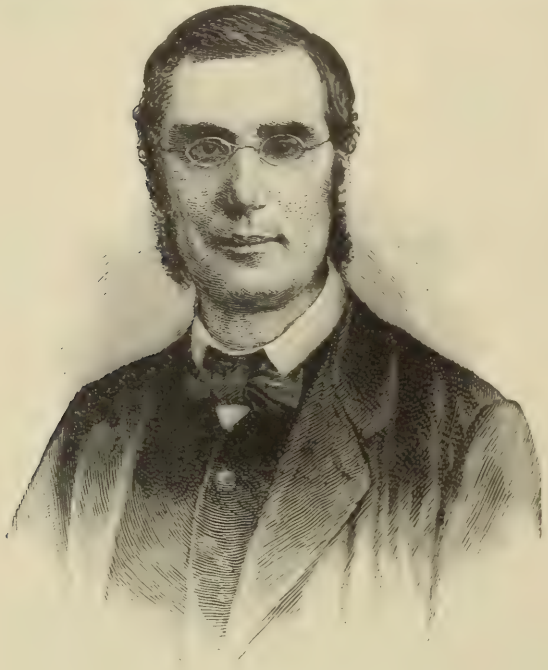
On the 2d of August, the Emperor having reached the French headquarters, there was a skirmish at Saarbrücken, and there was shed the first blood in the stupendous contest that was to follow. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial were present at the engagement. Napoleon magnified that little affair into an episode, and sent an account back to Paris which only excited ridicule; particularly that part of it in which he stated that Louis had received "*le baptème de feu.*" These proclamations did not disturb the Germans, and they soon put an end to those grotesque fanfaronades.

While these great events were in progress, the two nations were in full conflict, and blood was flowing like water on both sides, the people of Paris could get no reliable information from the seat of war. While in New York and London the particulars of the battle of Weissenbourg were published by the papers the next day, the people of Paris were kept in entire ignorance of them. The feeling of suspense and the excitement were something most painful and extraordinary at this time, and everybody was on the *qui vive* in search of news.

On Thursday, the 4th of August, occurred the battle of Weissenbourg, on the French frontier, which resulted in a practical defeat of the French army. There was no inkling in the Paris journals of the next day that there had been any fighting at all at Weissenbourg or anywhere else; and it was not until the London *Times* of that morning arrived that anybody in Paris had any particulars of the battle which had taken place. They had been kept in utter ignorance of it until twelve or one o'clock that day, when a very brief and unsatisfactory notice of the affair was communicated to the press by the French authorities. The suppression of the intelligence for so long a time excited a good deal of indignation among the public, and the Parisian newspapers were particularly indignant that the London *Times* should have published the news six or eight hours before it was given out to them. There was great uneasiness and discontent all over the city, and the people were prepared for anything.

At about noon on Saturday one of the most remarkable of those events took place which show how easily large masses of people may be imposed upon and deceived. At twelve o'clock there was assembled, as usual at that hour, a great crowd of people in front of the Bourse. It was then that a man in the uniform of a courier, or messenger, rode up in front of the Bourse where the

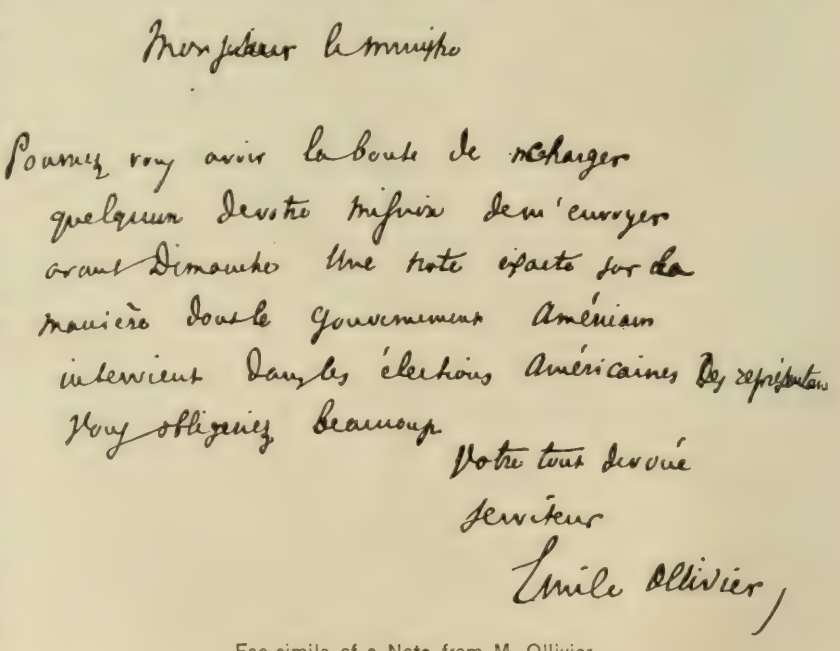
crowd had assembled, and delivered into the hands of a person, who was evidently



Emile Ollivier.

his confederate, what he pretended was an official despatch, which gave an account of a great battle having been fought in which the French were victorious, taking forty guns and twenty-five thousand prisoners, among whom was included the Crown Prince. A spark of fire falling upon a magazine could hardly have produced a greater explosion. The assembled multitude broke out into the wildest shouts, and the contents of the despatch were repeated from mouth to mouth, and men ran in every direction communicating the joyful intelligence. The people rushed into the streets; the tricolor was everywhere displayed; men embraced and kissed each other, shedding tears of joy; shouts, vociferations, and oaths filled the air, and such a delirium was never before witnessed. Rue Richelieu, the Boulevards of Montmartre and the Italiens, and the Rue de la Paix were filled with people singing the Marseillaise. Everybody declared that the news was true; the official report had been seen and closely scanned, and there could be no doubt of its correctness. Madame Sass, a distinguished opera-singer, was found in the street, and the crowd insisted upon her singing the Marseillaise from her carriage, which she did three times amid transports of enthusiasm. In another part of the streets the multitude forced another distinguished singer to mount to the top of an omnibus, also to sing the Marseillaise.

Soon the furor of the enthusiasm began to abate; and some persons were wise enough to suggest that it would be well to inquire more particularly into the news, and to see whether or not it should be confirmed. The result of the inquiry was that it was a stupendous hoax. The songs at once ceased, the flags were taken in, and the victims of the canard began to feel indignant. As the affair originated at the Bourse, the cry was raised in the crowd "*à la Bourse!*" and away the people went, breathing vengeance against the money-changers and speculators, who, it was alleged, had taken advantage of the false report to get the benefit of a rise of about four per cent. in the stocks. Never were money-changers



Fac-simile of a Note from M. Ollivier.

more summarily driven out of their temples. In a few moments all persons in the Bourse were expelled, some of whom, it was said, were thrown head and heels out of the windows and doors.

About half-past three o'clock in the afternoon the crowd, still greatly exasperated, started from the Bourse and directed themselves toward the Place Vendôme, halting under the windows of the Ministry of Justice. There they shouted for Émile Ollivier, the Minister of Justice, and demanded of him the closing of the Bourse, from which the false news had emanated. M. Ollivier responded in a short and well-turned speech, closing by asking them to disperse, which they did. But still there was great excitement all over the city, and there was intense indignation at being so easily made the victims of a vile canard.

At half-past five o'clock in the afternoon of that day I rode down to the Place Vendôme, and found another crowd of about three thousand persons gathered in front of the Ministry of Justice, demanding that M. Ollivier should show himself and make another speech. As he had already made one speech to the crowd, he considered that quite enough for one day and so he refused to appear. At this refusal the vociferations were increased every instant and hostile cries were raised against the minister by the multitude, who demanded the author of the false news and reclaimed the liberty of the press, which, they insisted, had been muzzled; for if it had been free to give information, no such event could have happened. I saw this turbulent crowd in front of the ministry, and stopped to ascertain the cause of it. Notwithstanding M. Ollivier had refused to make his appearance at the window in the first place, the pressure was so great that he finally was obliged to yield. Such was the tumult and noise that it was impossible for me, from where I stood, to hear precisely what he said; but it was evidently not very satisfactory, for the people did not disperse immediately, as he had requested, but began shouting in favor of the liberty of the press and raising hostile cries against M. Ollivier. The public held him responsible for the terrible severity of the press-law which prevented the journals from giving the news from the army. Everything was required to come through official channels, and it was given out at such times and in such measure as might suit the purposes of the government.

At ten o'clock on Saturday evening a gentleman connected with my legation, going down-town, found the Place Vendôme again literally crammed with both men and women who were in the highest state of excitement, singing a new song called the "Press song," and raising menacing cries against the Minister of Justice. Afterward, large crowds of people collected in the Rue de la Paix, on the boulevards, and in the Place de la Madeleine, all singing and shouting, and all in bad temper. But large bodies of troops being in the immediate vicinity, no acts of violence were perpetrated.

The Official Journal of the next day (Sunday) contained a despatch of two lines, dated at Metz, at eleven o'clock the evening before (Saturday). Here is the text of the despatch: "The corps of General Frossard is in retreat. There are no details." This and nothing more. And it is not to be wondered at that such a despatch inspired the greatest uneasiness and anxiety. It gave no indication of where the battle was fought or what was the extent of the losses; and naturally the great Paris public was tormented with fear and suspense. A proclamation of the Empress and her ministry appeared at noon in the second edition of the Official Journal. This proclamation contained a bulletin from the Emperor, dated at Metz, at half-past twelve o'clock on Sunday, announcing that Marshal MacMahon had lost a battle and that General Frossard had been obliged to retreat. Another bulletin from the Emperor, dated at Metz, three hours later, announced that his communication with Marshal MacMahon was interrupted, and that he had had no news of him since the day before; and still another despatch, one hour later, from headquarters at Metz, both of which were also contained in the proclamation of the Minister of the Interior, gave a brief account of the battles of MacMahon and Frossard, but said that the details were wanting. It further stated that the

troops were full of "*élan*," and that the situation was not yet compromised; but that the enemy was on French territory and a serious effort was necessary. Thereupon the proclamation went on to say that in the presence of the grave news the duty was clear; and that therefore:

"The Chambers are convoked; we shall place Paris in a state of defence; to facilitate the execution of military preparations, we declare it in a state of siege."

A decree of the Empress-Regent convoked the Senate and the *Corps Législatif* for Thursday, the 11th of August. Another decree placed the department of the Seine in a state of siege. No person not in Paris at the time could have any adequate idea of the state of feeling which the extraordinary news from the battle-field had created; and now these declarations were added to it. Never had Paris seen such a day since the time of the first revolution. The whole people appeared to be paralyzed by the terrible events which had burst upon them in such rapid and fearful succession. The rain had some influence in keeping the people from the street; but on going down-town, on the afternoon of Sunday, I found them collected in knots about the Grand Hôtel and on the boulevards, reading the newspapers and discussing the situation. Soon after, I saw large crowds of people proceeding in the rain toward the Ministry of Justice, in the Place Vendôme, which seemed to be the objective point, owing to the hostility which existed against Émile Ollivier. The rain, however, dampened the ardor of the crowd and it soon dispersed.

After these exhibitions, which would never have taken place had the people been advised of the true state of things in the field of military operations, the French Government wisely concluded that it was of no use to try any longer to conceal the real state of facts. Then they began to give out certain laconic and ambiguous despatches, which still increased the public anxiety. They all summed up that the French arms had been terribly beaten.

The full particulars of the fatal battles had, by this time, reached the Empress at the palace of St. Cloud. The last and most fatal and disquieting news reached her in the night of the 6th of August. Overcome and almost distracted by the terrible blow, she determined in the night to go at once to Paris and take up her residence at the Tuileries. Soon after the Emperor left Paris I had received a communication from my Government which, according to diplomatic etiquette, had to be presented to the Emperor in person. In his absence it had to be presented to the Empress-Regent. I had announced at the Foreign Office the mission with which I was charged, and asked when I could be received by the Empress-Regent. An early day was designated, and at the palace of St. Cloud. Early in the morning of the day named I received a note stating that I would be received at the Tuileries at eleven o'clock of that day, instead of at St. Cloud. It was the night before that the terrible news had been received from the battle-field which had brought the Empress back.

At the hour fixed I went to the palace to perform my mission. Received by the Master of Ceremonies, I was soon ushered into the presence of the Empress-Regent. After the ordinary salutation and the delivery of my message, we entered into conversation in respect to the news which had just been made public over Paris. She had evidently passed a sleepless and agitated night, and was in great distress of mind. She at once began to speak of the news which she had received, and of the effect it would have on the French people. I suggested to her that it might not be as bad as reported, and that the consequences, in the end, might be far better than the present circumstances indicated. I spoke to her about our first battle of Bull Run and the defeat that the Union armies had received; and that such defeat had only stimulated greater exertions, and had led to that display of courage, heroism, and endurance which had, in the end, suppressed the Rebellion. She replied: "I only wish the French, in these respects, were like you Americans; but I am afraid they would be too much discouraged and give up too soon." On the same day she issued a proclamation to the

French people, in which she frankly avowed that the French arms had submitted to a check, and implored the people to be firm in their reverse and hasten to repair it; that there should be among them only one party, that of France; and only one thought, and that of the national arms. She closed by adjuring all good citizens to maintain order; for to trouble it would be to conspire with the enemy.

All Paris was now under the empire of the most profound emotion. It was in the evening that there was the greatest excitement; the gatherings on the boulevard were immense, and people were singing, swearing, and yelling by turns. On one evening when I was down-town an immense procession had been formed, and the people were marching in twos on the Boulevards Italiens and Madeleine; they kept step to the words issuing from every mouth, "*Vive chassepot, vive chassepot!*" At the time of the declaration of war it was estimated that there were thirty thousand Germans in Paris, and I was charged with their protection in the midst of these events. The news of German triumphs seemed to have inflamed the natural hatred of the Parisians toward the German population. This caused the greatest anxiety and



Jules Ferry.

uneasiness among that peaceable and law-abiding population. The hostility was manifested in every possible way, and the consequence was that there was



Jules Favre.

a general desire among the German population to get out of Paris as soon as possible; but the French Government soon decided that they would not give passports to such Germans as owed military service to their government. This gave me great embarrassment, for how could I tell anything in respect to those who owed military service and those who did not? I could give *laissez-passers* to women, children, and old men; but if I gave one to a German who owed military service, he would not be permitted to leave Paris and France, and my *laissez-passers* might be rejected. The consequence of this was that in the first days the number of passports I gave was comparatively limited, although the number of Germans at the legation was very great, seeking such permission as would enable them to get out of Paris.

The excitement seemed to increase with every day and every hour. The *Corps Législatif* was the great point of interest, as everyone looked to that body for some action that might stem the tide of disaster which was rolling over Paris and France. Its meeting on Tuesday, the 9th of August, presented one of the most extraordinary spectacles which had ever taken place in a French legislative body, except in the



Jules Simon.

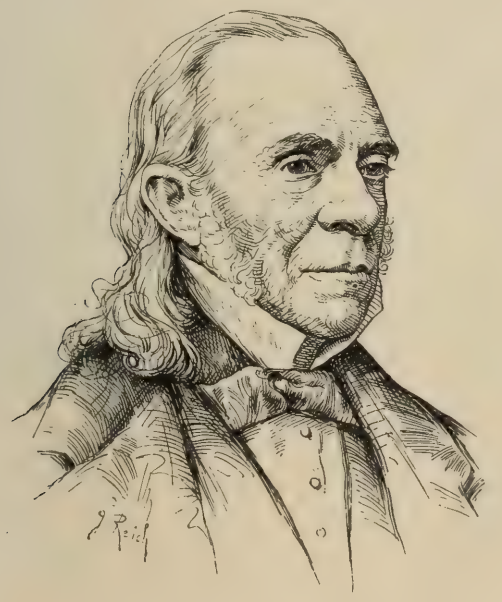
very heat of the revolution of '89. I had seen much turbulence in our own House of Representatives before the War of the Rebellion. I had been present when the Grow and Keitt fight took place, at a night session, where the members had a hand-to-hand scuffle in the area in front of the Speaker's chair—"All of which I saw and a part of which I was;" but never had I seen anything that would parallel the scene which took place in the *Corps Législatif*.

On the day for the opening of that body, fully appreciating that the session would be a remarkable one, I went early to the Palais Bourbon in order to get a good seat in the diplomatic tribune, so that I could see and hear all that took place. The President took his seat at half-past one o'clock P.M., and then the members came rapidly into the hall. The ministers took their places on the ministerial benches, and all were present except the Minister of War, who was in the field. The *Corps Législatif* at this time might be said to be composed of men of more than ordinary ability, and many of them of much political experience and somewhat distinguished in one way or another. As a body, it was made up of older men than the members of our House of Representatives at Washington, but the number of deputies was about the same. The real ability, the dash, the boldness, and the eloquence appertained to the Left. Many of those men had the qualities attributed to the Girondists in the National Convention. It was interesting to watch the deputies coming into the hall; the members of the Right and Centre quietly took their seats, but there was much agitation among the members of the Left. In fact, it was easy to see that there was a storm brewing.

The President, having declared the session opened, had only read the formal part of the proclamation, reciting, "By the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French, etc.," when many members of the Left broke out in furious exclamations, saying that they did not want any more of that; and it was some time before the President could finish reading the document. After he had concluded he awarded the floor to M. Ollivier, Minister of Justice, who mounted the tribune and commenced developing the reasons why the Chamber was called together. He had only said a few words when he was met with the most boisterous and insulting interruptions. A member of the Left having cried out that the country had been compromised, Jules Favre exclaimed, "Yes, by the imbecility of its chief! Come down from the tribune! It is a shame!" Arago cried out that the public safety required that the ministers should get out of the way. Pelletan said, "You have lost the country, but it will save itself in spite of you!" At length Ollivier was able to complete his speech, which he read from a written manuscript. The floor was then given to General de Jean, the Minister of War *ad interim*, who proposed a law and stated the reason therefor. Jules Favre then obtained the floor, and proposed resolutions in relation to the defence of the country, looking to the reorganization of the National Guard. He mounted the tribune to speak to his resolutions. A tall, heavy man, with rough, strong features, plainly dressed, and with an immense head of hair, he was a great orator; and at this time he rose to the highest pitch of eloquence, and denounced in unmeasured terms the weakness, mismanagement, and folly of the ministers, and the wretched manner in which the army had been commanded. He said that it was necessary that the Emperor should abandon his headquarters and return to

Paris; and that, in order to save the country, the Chamber should take all the powers into its own hands. He then proposed a decree providing for an Executive Committee of fifteen deputies, who should be invested with the full power of government to repel foreign invasion. This proposition was received with yells of denunciation by the Right, who denounced it as revolutionary and unconstitutional, and the President so decided.

After M. Favre had concluded, Granier de Cassagnac, a member of the Extreme Right, rushed to the tribune, and his first words were to denounce the proposition of Favre as the commencement of revolution. He proceeded in a strain of bitter denunciation, amid the shouts, vociferations, and the gestures of almost the entire Left. He accused them of hiding behind their privileges to destroy the government of the Emperor, who was in the face of the enemy. Here there came interruptions, calls to order, and threats. Thirty members of the Left rose to their feet, yelling at Cas-



Garnier-Pagès.

sagnac and shaking their fists toward him, and he returned the compliment by shaking his fist at them. All this time the members of the Right were applauding Cassagnac, who finally wound up with the terrible threat that if he were a minister he would send the members of the Left to a military tribunal before night. This was followed by one of the most terrific explosions ever witnessed in a legislative body. All the deputies of the Left jumped to their feet and raised their voices in most indignant protest. And then rose up the deputies of the Right to drown the cries of the Left with their own vociferations. Jules Simon, who was then simply a deputy from Paris, and who has since occupied so many high positions in France, rushed into the area in front of the tribune, gesticulating with vehemence and saying that if they dared to send them to a council of war they were ready to go; and if they wanted to shoot them they would find them ready. That added to the tumult. Nearly all the members were on their feet. The voice of Simon was heard above the din: "If you want violence, you shall have it." At that moment, Estancelin, under great excitement, cried out, "The Minister of Foreign Affairs laughs!" And that absurd ejaculation caused many others to laugh.

Jules Ferry, also a member of the *Corps Législatif* at that time, and since Prime Minister under President Grévy, was heard in the uproar to say that it was not proper "for a minister who was attempting to negotiate peace to——" and here his voice was lost in the tumult. Nearly the entire Left then started from their seats and rushed to the area in front of the tribune and up to the seat of the ministers; Estancelin, Ferry, and old Garnier-Pagès in front. Estancelin and Ferry were young men and advanced republicans. Garnier-Pagès was an old-time republican, at that time nearly seventy years of age, and had for a long time been a prominent man in France—a republican always, but considered somewhat conservative. He was a member of the provisional government of 1848, and was assigned to the Ministry of Finance, but was not entirely happy in his administration of it. At this time he was a man of striking personal appearance. Tall and slim, and with long white hair, he could not otherwise than attract attention wherever he went. As a speaker he was described as having the "*parole chaleureuse*," and such was his benevolent and exemplary character that he enjoyed the esteem of all men, even of his adversaries. After

the revolution of the 4th of September, 1870, being then a member of the *Corps Législatif* of Paris, he became a member of the government of the National Defence ; and, on the 31st of October, when the Hôtel de Ville was invaded and all the members of the government made prisoners, M. Garnier-Pagès was very badly treated, and even beaten. He was not elected to the National Assembly on the 8th of February, 1871, and from that time he was in private life. He had a country place at Cannes, where he lived the life of a retired gentleman.

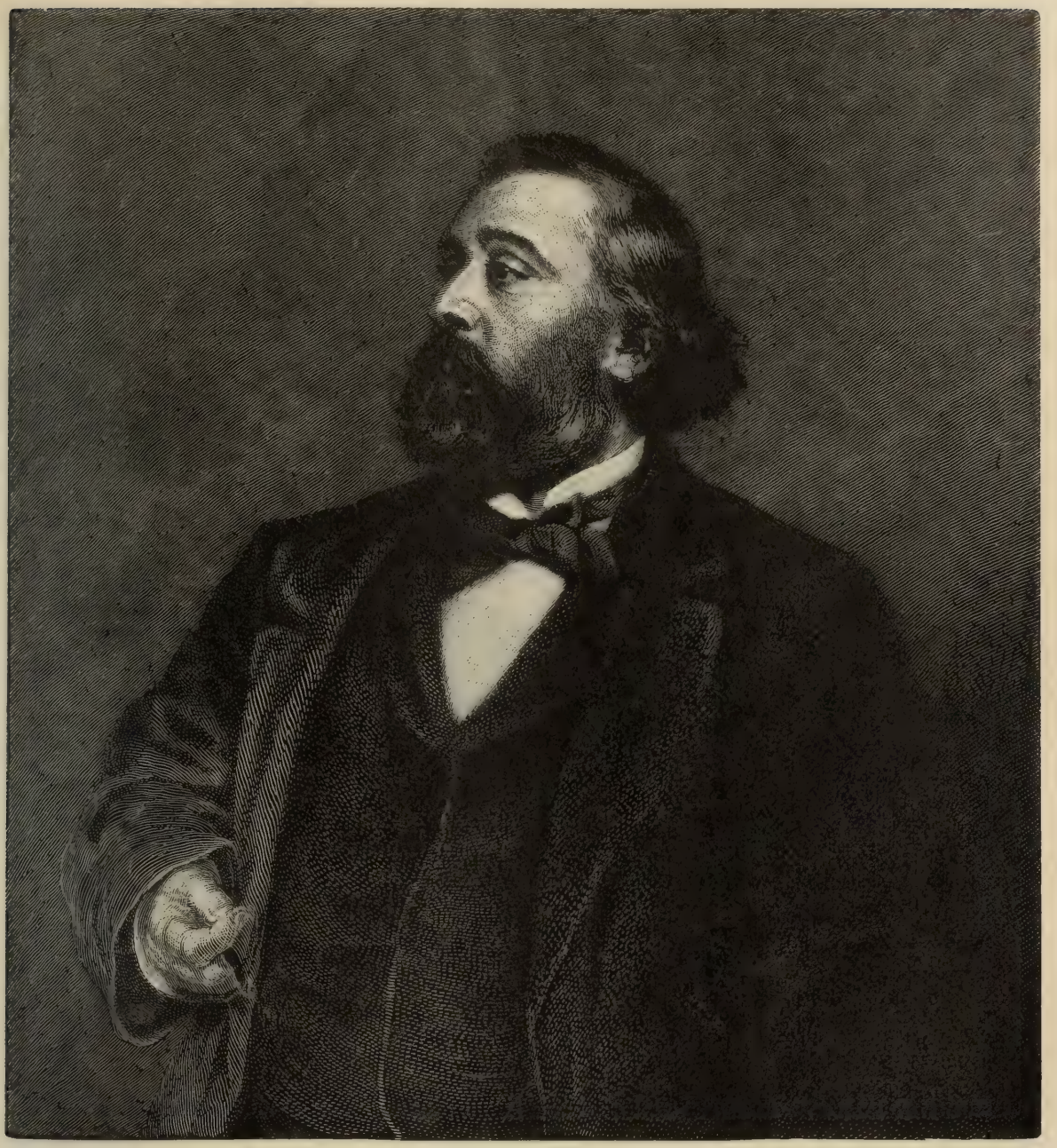
These members of the Left shook their fists directly in the face of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duke de Gramont, who sat fixed and without moving a muscle. Here the tumult reached its height. A hundred men were screaming at the top of their voices, and the President rang his bell furiously, but all to no effect. And then, as a signal that he had lost all control of the assembly, and as a flag of distress, he covered himself by putting on his hat. The huissiers then rushed in and separated the contending parties, and, some minutes after, comparative quiet was restored. The debate continued, and amid the greatest excitement. Finally, after a session of two hours, when all sides seemed wearied out by the contest, the Chamber took a recess until five o'clock. Its first action, after it reassembled, was a proposition substantially expressing a want of confidence in the ministry, and the question was put and fully disposed of in less time than it takes to write about it, and almost in the "twinkling of an eye" the ministers found themselves practically out of office, not more than a dozen members rising in their favor. They asked leave to retire for consultation, and in a few minutes brought in their resignations, with a statement that the Empress-Regent had directed the Count Palikao to form a new ministry. The Chamber then adjourned amid intense excitement. During all the session the Palais Bourbon, in which it was held, was surrounded by troops of the line to keep back the crowd that had assembled on the Pont de la Concorde, at the Place de la Concorde, and along the quays. Leaving the Chamber, I had occasion to go to the Foreign Office. I found the gates there all closed and a regiment of infantry quartered in the court.

It was evident, during the very first days of September, that matters in Paris were drifting to a crisis. It was a strange and indefinable feeling that existed among the population on Saturday, September 3d. Everybody was groping in the dark for news of military operations. The people, alarmed, discouraged, maddened, at all the disasters which had fallen upon their arms, were preparing for great events. I went down to the Chamber of Deputies, at the Palais Bourbon, at five o'clock in the afternoon. On leaving the Chamber a diplomatic colleague whispered trembling in my ear that all was lost to the French, that the whole army had been captured at Sedan, and that the Emperor had been taken prisoner. A session of the Chamber of Deputies was called to meet at midnight.

The startling news had fallen like a thunder-bolt over all Paris. The boulevards were thronged by masses of excited men filled with rage and indignation. The police authorities strove in vain to disperse them.

The Ministry had issued a proclamation which recognized the gravity of the situation, which was brought by my secretary to my residence at midnight. I at once foresaw that stupendous events were on the verge of accomplishment. The news of the full extent of the catastrophe which befell the army of MacMahon was not made public in Paris until about midnight on Saturday, September 3, 1870, though Palikao had, in the previous evening session of the Chamber, given out enough news to prepare the people for almost anything.

That Saturday night session of the *Corps Législatif* was represented as having been solemn and agitated. The hour designated for its meeting was at midnight, but the President did not take his chair until one o'clock on Sunday morning. M. Schneider, the President, came into the Chamber without the beating of the drum which ordinarily announced his entry. The silence was death-like ; but few of the



Léon Gambetta.

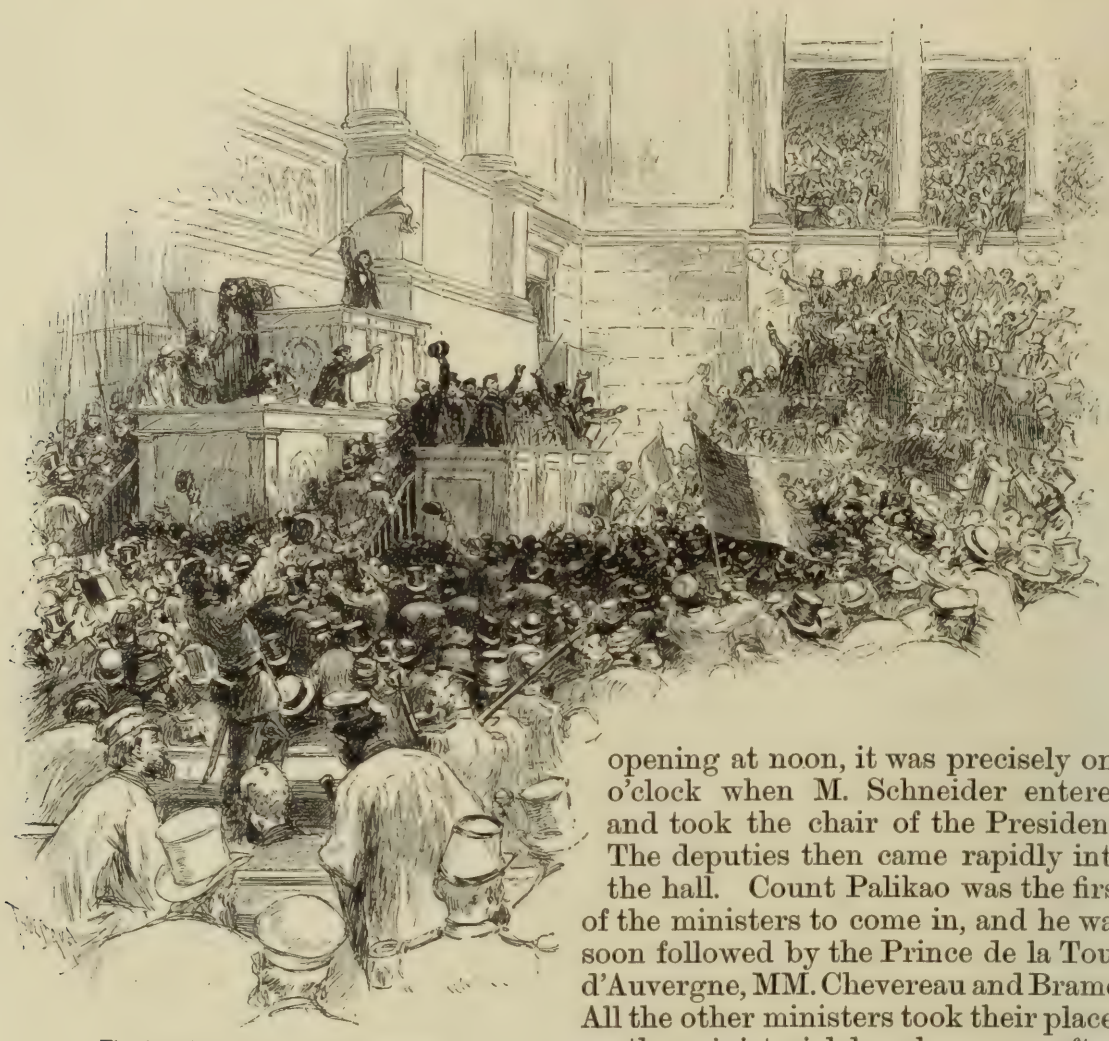
deputies of the Right were in their seats, though the members of the Left were almost all present. M. Palikao, the Minister of War, took the floor and said that in the presence of the serious news which had been received, he deemed it better not to take any action at that time, but to postpone everything until twelve o'clock of that day—it was then Sunday morning. After Palikao had made this suggestion, M. Jules Favre arose and said that he should not propose any serious opposition to that motion, but he asked leave to give notice of a proposition which he had to submit, and which he would discuss at the meeting at twelve o'clock (on Sunday). The proposition which he read was as follows :

"1. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his dynasty are declared fallen from the powers which the constitution has confided to them.

"2. There shall be named by the legislative body a commission vested with powers and composed of —— members, and you will designate yourself the number of members who shall compose this commission, who will make it their first

duty to repel the invasion and drive the enemy from the territory.

"3. M. Trochu shall be maintained in his functions of governor-general of the City of Paris."



The Invasion of the Hall of Deputies.

There was no discussion whatever on these propositions, and after a very brief session of ten minutes the Chamber adjourned.

It was easy to foresee that the sitting of the *Corps Législatif* on Sunday was likely to become historic. I went early to the hall. When I arrived there I found a few troops stationed in the neighborhood, and there was not a large number of people in the immediate vicinity. Indeed, I was quite surprised at the tranquillity which seemed everywhere to reign in the quarter of the Palais Bourbon. Taking my seat in the diplomatic tribune at a quarter before twelve, there was not a single person in the hall of the deputies, though the galleries were all well filled. Instead of the session opening at noon, it was precisely one o'clock when M. Schneider entered and took the chair of the President. The deputies then came rapidly into the hall. Count Palikao was the first of the ministers to come in, and he was soon followed by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, MM. Chevereau and Brame. All the other ministers took their places on the ministerial benches soon after. The members of the Left came in almost simultaneously, Gambetta hurrying along among the first, haggard with excitement. The venerable Raspail took his seat, and Garnier-Pagès hurried across the area in front of the President's chair in a state of intense agitation. Arago, Simon, Ferry, Estancelin, Guyot-Montpayvon, entered and took their seats. Thiers, the little, brisk and vigorous old man, walked quietly to his place. The President sat in his chair quietly, and seemed in no hurry to call the Chamber to order. The members became impatient and clamorous. There was loud talk and violent gesticulation. At precisely twenty minutes after one o'clock M. Schneider swung his bell, and the gruff voice of the huissier was heard above the din: "*Silence, messieurs! s'il vous plâit.*"

After some unimportant proceedings the floor was assigned to M. Palikao, the Minister of War, who, in behalf of the Council of Ministers, submitted the following:

"ART. 1. A council of Government and of National Defence is instituted. The council is composed of five members. Each member of this council is named by the absolute majority of the *Corps Législatif*.

"2. The ministers are named under the countersign of the members of this council.

"3. The General Count Palikao is named lieutenant-general of this council.

"Done in a council of ministers the 4th of September, 1870.

"For the Emperor, and in virtue of the powers which he has confided to us.

"EUGÉNIE."

After that project had been read, M. Thiers arose and submitted another proposition, which was as follows:

"Considering the circumstances, the Chamber names a commission of Government and National Defence. A Constituent Assembly will be convoked as soon as the circumstances will allow."

The proposition of Favre being already before the Chamber, "urgency" was voted on these three propositions, and they were sent to a committee for examination, under the rules of the Chamber. This voting of urgency, according to the rules of the Chamber, brings the matter before it for immediate consideration. At one o'clock and forty minutes in the afternoon the sitting was suspended, to await the report of the committee to which these three propositions had been submitted, and then all the members left the hall, going into a large lobby-room, called *La salle des pas perdus.*

As it was supposed that the sitting would not be resumed for an hour or more, I left the diplomatic gallery and descended into the court of the building, facing upon the street which runs parallel with the Seine. There I found a great many people who had been admitted by virtue of tickets. The street in front of the building had been kept quite clear by the military, though there was an enormous multitude of the National Guard and the people on the Place de la Concorde, on the opposite side of the river. The Pont de la Concorde seemed to be sufficiently guarded by the military to prevent their crossing over. All at once I saw quite a number of people on the steps of the Palais Bourbon, and soon they commenced to raise loud cries of "*Vive la République!*" "*Déchéance! Vive la France!*"

At this moment I was called away by the messenger of the legation, who brought me an urgent message from Madame MacMahon, who wanted a safe-conduct from me to enable her to pass the Prussian lines to visit her wounded husband at Sedan. I had asked my friend, the Honorable George Eustis, Jr., of Louisiana, who was a perfect master of the French language, to accompany me to the *Corps Législatif*, and he was with me at the time my messenger came in to get this *laissez-passer* for Madame MacMahon. Leaving the diplomatic tribune, we went into an antechamber, where I could find writing materials, to prepare the document which was sought for. I had no sooner sat myself down to the table than the cry was raised that the people had invaded the building. It seemed but a moment before the flood was rushing in, even into the antechamber where Mr. Eustis and myself were. The crowd and confusion were so great that I found it impossible to prepare the requisite paper, so we made our way into the court-yard.

There was presented a most extraordinary spectacle. A part of a regiment of the line had been brought hurriedly into the yard, and had formed across it and were loading their muskets. Behind them, and in the street, and rushing through the gates and up the front steps of the building, was a vast mass of excited people and the National Guard, who had fraternized—the guard having their muskets butt end upward as a token of friendship. It was evident that there had been collusion between the people who were on the steps of the Palais Bourbon and the people and the National Guard in the Place de la Concorde, on the other side of the

Proclamation du Conseil des ministres au
Peuple français
—
Français !
Un grand malheur frappe la patrie :
après trois jours de lutte héroïques contre l'armée
du Prince Royal de Prusse, notre armée, quarante
mille hommes ont été faits prisonniers.
de général Wimpffen, qui avait pris le commandement
l'armée, en remplacement du maréchal Mac-Mahon, grièvement
blessé, a signé une capitulation.
Le Conseil reçoit à l'instant par notre courage.
Paris est aujourd'hui en état de défense.
Les forces militaires du pays s'organisent ;

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL PROCLAMATION

Delivered to Mr. Washburne

Avant peu de jours, une armée nouvelle sera sous les murs de Paris, une autre armée se forme sur les rives de la Loire.

Votre patriotisme, votre union, votre énergie sauveront la France.

L'Empereur a été fait prisonnier dans la lutte.

Le Gouvernement, d'accord avec les pouvoirs publics, prend toutes les mesures que comporte la gravité des événements

Le Conseil des ministres :

Cte de Palikao, N Chevreau, Gal Rigault de Genouilly, Jules Brame, prince de La Tour-d'Auvergne, Grandperret. Clément Duvernois, Magne, Buffet - Billault, Jérome David.

This proclamation was issued Saturday evening September 3. 1870, and brought to me at my lodgings at twelve o'clock that night by Col Stoffel.

river; for it was upon the signal of the people on the steps that the guard and the people broke through the military force that was holding the bridge. As the crowd mounted the steps of the Palais Bourbon it was received with terrific cheers, and with shouts of "*Vive la République!*" and "*Déchéance!*"

Making our way into the street, Mr. Eustis and myself managed to pass through the crowd and to reach the building of the Agricultural Club, in the immediate neighborhood, and from the balcony of which we could see all that was going on. And now the soldiers of the guard, many of them with their hats on the ends of their muskets, accompanied by an indiscriminate mass of men, women, and children, poured over the Pont de la Concorde and filled the entire space, all in one grand fraternization, singing the Marseillaise and shouting "*Vive la République!*" The Municipal Guard, with its shining helmets and brilliant uniform, was forced back, inch by inch, before the people, until, finally, all military authority became utterly powerless. During this time the National Guard and the people had invaded the hall of the deputies, which they found vacant. M. Schneider and about a dozen of the members rushed in. The President in vain made appeals for order, and finally covered himself by putting on his hat, according to the immemorable usage of the French assemblies under such circumstances. Gambetta addressed a few energetic words to the invaders, and, a little order being restored, quite a number of deputies entered the hall. But at three o'clock a grand irruption into the Chamber took place. M. Jules Favre then ascended the tribune and was listened to for a moment. "Let there be no scenes of violence," he said; "let us reserve our arms for the enemy, and fight it to the last. At this moment union is necessary, and for that reason we do not proclaim the republic." The President then precipitately left his seat, and it turned out that it was for the last time. The irruption into the Chamber continued.

The floor and the seats of the deputies, on which a few members of the Left only remained, were filled with a motley crowd in blouses and coarse woollen shirts, or in the uniform of the National Guard or the Guard Mobile. They wore caps and *kepis* of all colors and shapes, and carried muskets with their muzzles ornamented with sprigs of green leaves. The tumult became indescribable, and some of the invaders seized on the pens and paper of the deputies and commenced writing letters, while different persons were going up to the President's chair and ringing his bell continually. The crowd in the hall now demanded the "*déchéance*" of the Emperor, which was declared, and then it was proposed to go to the Hôtel de Ville and proclaim the republic. The cry was therefore raised, "*À l'Hôtel de Ville!*" mingled with other cries, "*Cherchez Rochefort!*" etc., and then this vast multitude commenced moving away from the Palais Bourbon. The crowd having soon sufficiently dispersed, we were enabled to make our way back to the *Corps Législatif* and to enter the diplomatic tribune.

The hall was filled with dust, and was in the greatest possible confusion. A rough-looking man was in the President's chair, surrounded by a number of men still more rough in appearance. The soldiers and the people were occupying the seats of the deputies indiscriminately, writing letters, looking over documents, and talking and laughing, all in the best of humor. In the hall, at this time, I recognized Garnier-Pagès, Raspail, and a few other members of the Left. Leaving the Chamber, we went at once to the Hôtel de Ville. The number of people assembled there was enormous, and we found the same frater-

TRANSLATION OF PROCLAMATION.

FRENCHMEN:

A great misfortune has just fallen upon our country. After three days of heroic struggle kept up by the army of Marshal MacMahon against three hundred thousand of the enemy, forty thousand men have been made prisoners.

General Wimpffen, who had taken command of the army in place of Marshal MacMahon, severely wounded, has signed a surrender.

This cruel defeat does not shake our courage.

Paris is now in a state of defense.

The military forces of the country are organizing.

In a few days a new army will be under the walls of Paris, and still another army is forming on the banks of the Loire.

Your patriotism, your union, and your energy will save France.

The Emperor was made prisoner in the melee.

The Government in accord with the public authorities is taking every measure which befits the gravity of these events.

[Signed by the Council of Ministers.]

nization existing between them and the National Guard as elsewhere. The building had been invaded by the people, and all the windows fronting on the square were filled with rough and dirty-looking men and boys. Soon we heard a terrific shout go up. Rochefort was being drawn in a cab by a multitude through the crowd. He was ghastly pale; he stood up in the vehicle, covered with sashes of red, white, and blue, waving his hat in answer to the acclamations. As he was slowly hauled through the multitude to the main door of the Hôtel de Ville, the delirium seemed to have reached its height, and it is impossible to describe the frantic acclamations which were heard.

At precisely four o'clock and forty-five minutes in the afternoon, as I marked it by the great clock in the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, at one of the windows appeared Gambetta; a little behind him stood Jules Favre and Emanuel Arago; and then and there, on that historic spot, I heard Gambetta proclaim the republic of France. That proclamation was received with every possible demonstration of enthusiasm. Lists were thrown out of the window, containing the names of the members of the provisional government. Ten minutes afterward Raspail and Rochefort appeared at another window and embraced each other, while the crowd loudly applauded them. During this time the public were occupying the Tuileries, from which the Empress had just escaped. Sixty thousand human beings had rolled toward the palace, completely levelling all obstacles; the vestibule was invaded, and in the courtyard, on the other side of the Place du Carrousel, were to be seen soldiers of every arm, who, in the presence of the people, removed the cartridges from their guns, and who were greeted by the cries, "Long live the nation!" "Down with the Bonapartes!" "To Berlin!" etc. During all this time there was no pillage, no havoc, no destruction of property, and the crowd soon retired, leaving the palace under the protection of the National Guard.

Some discussion had been raised at the Hôtel de Ville about changing the flag, but Gambetta declared that the tricolor was the flag of 1792–93, and that under it France had been, and yet would be, led to victory. From the Hôtel de Ville Mr. Eustis and myself went back to the Chamber of Deputies, to find it still in the possession of the people. From there I returned to my legation, which I reached at half-past six o'clock in the evening. At eight o'clock I rode down to the *Corps Législatif* to see what the situation was there, but on my arrival I found everything closed and the lights extinguished. The doors leading to the hall of the deputies had been shut and seals put upon them. I then drove through some parts of the city, and found everything remarkably quiet. The day had been pleasant and the night was beautiful beyond description. Before returning to my lodgings I called upon Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, to talk over the events of the day which we had witnessed, and which we were certain would become one of the most memorable in the history of France. In a few brief hours of a Sabbath day I had seen a dynasty fall and a republic proclaimed, and all without the shedding of one drop of blood.



SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER I.

THE HIRED FOLK.

"Ef ther' ain't a flare-up in *this* haouse 'fore long, I miss *my* guess," said Alvira, as she kneaded the pie-crust, and pulled it out between her floury fingers to measure its consistency. "Ole Sabriny's got her back up this time to stay."

"Well, let 'em flare, says I. 'Taint none o' aour business, Alviry."

"I knaow, Milton; but still it seems to me she might wait at least till th' corpse was aout o' th' haouse."

"What's thet got to dew with it?"

The callousness of the question must have grated upon the hired girl, for she made no reply, and slapped the dough over on the board with an impatient gesture.

It was near the close of a fair day, late in May, and the reddened sunlight from the West would have helped to glorify any human being less hopelessly commonplace than Milton Squires as he sat in its full radiance on the doorstep, peeling and quartering apples over a pan which he held between his knees. This sunlight, to reach him, painted with warm tints many objects near at hand which it could not make picturesque. The three great barns, standing in the shadow to the south, were ricketty and ancient without being comely, and the glare only made their awkward outlines and patched, paintless surfaces the meaner; the score of lean cows, standing idly fetlock-deep in the black mire of the barnyard, or nipping the scant tufts of rank grass near the trough, seemed all the dingier and scrawnier for the brilliancy of the light which covered them; the broken gate, the bars eked out with a hop-pole, the wheelbarrow turned shiftlessly against a break in the wall, the mildewed well-curb, with its antiquated reach—all seemed in this glow of dying day to be conscious of exhibiting at its worst their squalid side. The sunset could not well have illuminated, during that hour at least, a less inspiring scene than this which Alvira, looking out as she talked, or the hired man, raising his head from over the apples, could see from the kitchen door of Lemuel Fairchild's farm-house. But any student of his species would have agreed that, in all the uninviting view, Milton was the least attractive object.

As he rose to empty his pan within, and start afresh, he could be seen more fully. He was clumsily cased from neck to ankle in brown overalls, threadbare, discolored, patched, with mud about the knees and ragged edges lower down. He wore rubber boots, over the bulging legs of which the trousers came reluctantly, and the huge feet of these were slit down the instep. His hat had been soft and black once; now it seemed stiffened with dirt, to which the afternoon milking had lent a new contribution of short reddish hair, and was shapeless and colorless from age. His back was narrow and bent, and his long arms terminated in hands which it seemed sinful to have touch anything thereafter to be eaten. Viewed from behind Milton appeared to be at least fifty. But his face showed a somewhat younger man, despite its sun-baked lines and the frowzy beard which might be either the yellow of unkempt youth or the gray of untidy age. In reality he was not yet thirty-six.

He slouched out now with a fresh lot of apples, and, squatting on the doorstone, resumed the conversation.

"I s'pose, naow Sissly's gone, ther' won't be no livin' under th' same roof with Sabriny fer any of us. Ther' ain't nobuddy lef' fer her to rassle with 'cep' us. Ole Lemuel's so broken up, he won't dare say his soul's his own; 'n John—well, Lize Wilkins says she heerd him say he did n't know 's he 'd come to th' funer'l 't all, after th' way him 'n' Sabriny hed it aout las' time he was here."

"I was n't talkin' o' *them!*" said Alvira, slapping the flour from her hands and beginning with the roller; "it 'd be nothin' new, her tryin' to boss *them.*

But she 's got her dander up naow agin somebuddy that beats them all holler. They won't no Richardsons come puttin' on airs 'raoun' here, an' takin' th' parlor bedroom 'thaout askin', not ef th' ole lady knaows herself—'n' I guess she does."

"What Richardsons?" asked Milton. "Thought Sissly was th' last of 'em—thet they wa'n't no more Richardsons."

"Why, man alive, ain't Albert's wife a Richardson, th' daughter of Sissly's cousin—you remember, that pock-pitted man who kep' th' fast hoss here one summer. Of course she's a Richardson—full-blooded! When she come up from th' train here this mornin', with Albert, I see by th' ole lady's eye 't she meant misch'f. I didn't want to see no raow, here with a corpse in th' haouse, 'n' so I tried to smoothe matters over, 'n' kind o' quiet Sabriny daown, tellin' her thet they had to come to th' funer'l, 'n' they 'd go 'way soon 's it was through with, 'n' that Albert, bein' the oldest son, hed a right to th' comp'ny bed-room."

"'N' what 'd she say?"

"She did n't say much, 'cep' thet th' Richardsons hed never brung nothin' but bad luck to this haouse, 'n' they never would, nuther. 'N' then she flaounced upstairs to her room, jis 's she allus does when she 's riled, 'n' she give Albert's wife sech a look, I said to m'self, 'Milady, I wouldn't be in *your* shoes fer all yer fine fixin's.'"

"Well, she's a dum likely lookin' woman, ef she *is* a Richardson," said Milton, with something like enthusiasm. "Wonder ef she wears one o' them low-necked gaowns when she's to hum, like th' picters in th' *Ledger*. They say they all dew, in New York."

"Haow sh'd I knaow!" Alvira sharply responded. "I got enough things to think of, 'thaout both'rin' my head abaout city women's dresses. 'N' you ought to hev, tew. Ef you 'n' Leander 'd pay more heed to yer work, 'n' dew yer chores up ship-shape, 'n' spen' less time porin' over them good-fer-nothin' story-papers, th' farm wouldn't look so run-daown 'n' slaouchy. Did yeh hear what Albert said this mornin', when he looked 'raoun'? 'I swan!' he said, 'I b'lieve this is th' seediest lookin' place 'n all Northern New York.' Nice thing fer him to hev to say, wa'n't it!"

"What d' I keer what *he* says? He ain't th' boss here, by a jug-full!"

"'N' more's th' pity, tew. He'd make yeh toe th' mark!"

"Yes, 'n' Sabriny 'd make it lively fer his wife, tew. Th' ole fight 'baout th' Fairchileses 'n' th' Richardsons would n't be a succumstance to thet. Sissly 'd thank her stars thet she was dead 'n' buried aout o' th' way."

These two hired people, who discussed their employer and his family with that easy familiarity of Christian names to be found only in Russia and rural America, knew very well what portended to the house when the Richardson subject came up. Alvira Roberts had spent more than twenty years of her life in the thick of the gaseous strife between Fairchild and Richardson. She was a mere slip of a girl, barely thirteen, when she had first hired out at the homestead, and now, black-browed, sallow from much tea-drinking, and with a sharp, deep wrinkle vertically dividing her high forehead, she looked every year of her thirty-five. Compared with her, Milton Squires was a new comer on the farm, but still there were lean old cows over yonder in the barnyard, lazily waiting for the night-march to the pastures, that had been ravenous calves in their gruel-bucket stage when he came.

What these two did not know about the Fairchild family was hardly worth the knowing. Something of what they knew the reader ought here to be told.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF LEMUEL.

Lemuel Fairchild, the bowed, gray-haired, lumpish man who at this time sat in the main living room within, feebly rocking himself by the huge wood-stove, and trying vaguely, as he had been for thirty-six hours past, to realize that his wife lay in her final sleep in the adjoining chamber, had forty odd years before been as likely a young farmer as Dearborn County knew. He was fine-looking and popular in those days, and old Seth Fairchild, dying unexpectedly, had left to this elder son his whole pos-

sessions—six hundred acres of dairy and hop land, free and clear, a residence much above the average farm-house of these parts, and a tidy sum of money in the bank.

The contrast now was sweeping. The Fairchild's house was still the largest residential structure on the Burfield road, which led from Thessaly across the hills to remote and barbarous latitudes, but respect had long since ceased to accrue to it upon the score of its size. To the local eye it was the badge and synonym of "rack and ruin;" while sometimes strangers of artistic tastes, chancing to travel by this unfrequented road, would voice regrets that such a prospect as opened to the vision just here, with the noble range of hills behind for the first time looming in their true proportions, should be spoiled by such a gaunt, unsightly edifice, with its tumble-down surroundings, its staring windows cheaply curtained with green paper, and its cheerless, shabby color—that indescribable gray with which rain and frost and Father Time supplant unrenewed white. The garden, comprising a quarter-acre to the east of the house, was a tangled confusion of flowers and weeds and berry-bushes run wild, yet the effect somehow was mean rather than picturesque. The very grass in the yard to the west did not grow healthfully, but revealed patches of sandy barrenness, created by feet too indifferent or unruly to keep the path to the barns.

Yet the neighbors said, and Lemuel had come himself to feel, that the blame of this sad falling off was not fairly his. There had been a fatal defect in the legacy.

The one needful thing which the Hon. Seth Fairchild did *not* leave his elder son was the brains by means of which he himself, in one way or another, had gathered together a substantial competency, won two elections to the State Senate, and established and held for himself the position of leading citizen in his town—that most valued and intangible of American local distinctions. But while Lemuel's brown hair curled so prettily, and his eyes shone with the modest light of wealthy and well-behaved youth, nobody missed the brains. If there was any change in the management of the farm, it passed unnoticed, for all attention was centred on the great problem, interesting enough always when means seeks a help-meet, but indescribably absorbing in rural communities, where everybody knows everybody and casual gallants never come for those luckless damsels neglected by native swains—Whom will he marry?

It boots not now to recall the heart-burnings, the sad convictions that life would henceforth be a blank, the angry repinings at fate, which desolated the village of Thessaly and vicinity when Lemuel, returning from a mid-winter visit to Albany, brought a bride in the person of a bright-eyed, handsome, and clever young lady who had been Miss Cicely Richardson. He had known her, so they learned, for some years—not only during his school-days at the academy there, but later, in what was mysteriously known at Thessaly as "society," in whose giddy mazes he had mingled while on a visit to his legislative sire at the Capital City. No, it is not worth while to dwell upon the village hopes rudely destroyed by this shock—for they are dim memories of the far, far past.

But to one the blow was a disappointment not to be forgotten, or to grow dim in recollection. Miss Sabrina Fairchild was two years younger than her brother in age—a score of years his senior in firmness and will. She had only a small jointure in her father's estate, because she had great expectations from an aunt in Ohio, in perpetual memory of whose anticipated bounty she bore her scriptural name, but she was a charge on her brother in that she was to have a home with him until she chose to leave it for one of her own. I doubt not that her sagacious father foresaw, from his knowledge of his daughter, the improbability that this second home would ever be offered her.

Miss Sabrina, even at this tender age, was clearly not of the marrying kind, and she grew less so with great steadiness. She was at this early date, when she was twenty-four, a woman of markedly strong character, of which perhaps the most distinct trait was family pride.

There has been a considerable army of State Senators since New York first took on the honors of a Commonwealth, and unto them a great troop of daughters have been born, but surely no other of all these girls ever exulted so fondly, nay, fiercely, in the paternal dignity as did Sabrina. She knew nothing of politics, and little of the outside world; her conceptions of social possibilities were of the most primitive sort; one winter, when she went to Albany with her father, and was passed in a bewildered way through sundry experiences said to be of a highly fashionable nature, it had been temporarily apparent to her own consciousness that she was an awkward, ignorant, red-armed country-girl—but this only for one wretched hour or so. Every mile-post passed on her homeward ride, as she looked through the stage window, brought restored self-confidence, and long before the tedious journey ended she was more the Senator's daughter than ever.

Through this very rebound from mortification she queened it over the simpler souls of the village with renewed severity and pomp. The itinerant singing-master who thought to get her for the asking into his class in the schoolhouse, Wednesday evenings, was frozen by the amazed disdain of her refusal. When young Smith Thurber, the kiln-keeper's son, in the flippant spirit of fine buttons and a resplendent fob, asked her to dance a measure with him at the Wallaces' party, the iciness of her stare fairly took away his breath.

Something can be guessed of her emotions when the brother brought home his bride. With a half-cowardly, half-kindly idea of postponing the trouble certain to ensue, he had given Sabrina no warning of his intention, and, through the slow mails of that date, only a day's advance notice of his return with Mrs. Lemuel. The storm did not burst at once. Indeed it may be said never to have really burst. Sabrina was not a bad woman, according to her lights, and she did nothing consciously to make her sister-in-law unhappy. The young wife had a light heart, a sensible mind, and the faculty of being cheerful about many things which might be expected to annoy. But she had some pride, too, and although at the outset it was the very simple and praiseworthy pride of a well-meaning individual, incessant vaunting of the Fairchilds quite naturally gave a family twist to it, and she soon was able to resent slights in the name of all the Richardsons.

After all, was she not in the right? for while the grass was scarcely green on the grave of the first Fairchild who had amounted to anything, there were six generations of Richardsons in Albany chronicles alone who had married into the best Dutch families of that ancient, aristocratic town, to say nothing of the New England record antedating that period. Thus the case appeared to her, and came gradually to have more prominence in her mind than, in her maiden days, she could have thought possible.

So this great Forty Years' War began, in which there was to be no single, grand, decisive engagement, but a thousand petty skirmishes and little raids, infinitely more vexatious and exhausting, and was waged until the weaker of the combatants, literally worn out in the fray, had laid down her arms and her life together, and was at peace at last, under the sheet in the darkened parlor.

The other veteran party to the feud, her thin, iron-gray hair half concealed under a black knit cap, her bold, sharp face red as with stains of tears, sat at the window of her own upper room, reading her Bible. If Milton and Alvira had known that she was reading in Judges, they might have been even more confident of a coming "flare-up."

CHAPTER III.

AUNT SABRINA.

Neighboring philosophers who cared, from curiosity or a loftier motive, to study the Fairchild domestic problem, in all its social and historic ramifications, generally emerged from the inquiry with some personal bias against Miss Sabrina, tempered by the conclusion that, after all, there was a good deal to be said on the old lady's side.

Certainly, as the grim old maid in the

rusty bombazine gown and cap, which gave a funereal air even to the red plaid shawl over her shoulders, sat at her upper window, and tried through a pained and resentful chaos of secular thoughts to follow the Scriptural lines, there was an extremely vivid conviction uppermost in her mind that justice had been meted out neither to her nor to the Fairchilds. She would have repelled indignantly, and honestly enough too, the charge that there was any bitterness in her heart toward the sister-in-law whose burial was appointed for the morrow. She had liked poor Cicely, in her iron-clad way, and had wept genuine tears more than once since her death. Indeed, her thoughts—and they were persistent, self-asserting thoughts, which not even her favorite recital of Gideon's sanguinary triumph could keep back—ran more upon the living than upon the dead.

And what gloomy, melancholy thoughts they were! They swept over two score of years, the whole gamut of emotion, from the pride and hope of youth to the anguish of disappointed, wrathful, hopeless old age, as her hand might cover all there was of sound in music by a run down her mother's ancient spinet which stood, mute and forgotten, in the corner of the room. Her brother, this brother whom satirical fate had made a Lemuel instead of a Lucy or a Lucretia, a man instead of a woman as befitted his weakness of mind and spirit—had begun life with a noble heritage. Where was it now? He had been the heir to a leading position among the men of his county. What was he now? The Fairchilds had been as rich, as respected, as influential as any Dearborn family. Who did them honor now?

The mental answers to these questions blurred Miss Sabrina's spectacles with tears, and Gideon's performance with the lamps seemed a tiresome thing. She laid the Book aside, and went softly down stairs to her brother, who sat, still rocking in his late wife's high, cushioned arm-chair, disconsolate by the stove.

There were also in the room his oldest son and this son's wife, sitting dumbly, each at a window, making a seemly pretence of not being bored by the meagre prospect without. They looked at their aunt in that far-off impassive manner with which participants in a high pageant or solemn observance always regard one another. There was no call for a greeting, since they had already exchanged whispered salutations, earlier in the day. Miss Sabrina glanced at the young wife for an instant—it was not a kindly glance. Then her eyes turned to the husband, and while surveying him seemed suddenly to light up with some new thought. She almost smiled, and her tight pressed lips parted. Had they followed the prompting of the brain and spoken, the words would have been:

"Thank God, there is still Albert!"

Albert Fairchild would have been known in any company, and in any guise, I think, for a lawyer. The profession had its badge in every line and aspect of his face, in every movement of his head, and, so it seemed, in the way he held his hands, in the very tone of his voice. His face was round, and would have been pleasant, so far as conformation and expression went, had it not been for the eyes, which were unsympathetic—almost cold. Often the rest of his countenance was wreathed in amiable smiles; but the eyes smiled never. He had looked a middle-aged man for a decade back, and casual acquaintances who met him from year to year complimented him on not growing old, because they saw no change. In fact he had been old from the beginning, and even now looked more than his age, which lacked some few months of forty. He was growing bald above the temples, and, like all the Fairchilds, was taking on flesh with increasing years.

Nothing could have better shown the extremity of poor Sabrina's woe than this clutching at the relief afforded by the sight of Albert, for she was not on good terms with him. Albert had been born and reared through boyhood at a time when the farm was still prosperous and money plenty. He had been educated far beyond the traditions of his sires, and was the first University man of his family, so far as was known. He had been given his own bent in all things, before he settled down to a choice of profession, and then, at considerable expense, had been secured a place with one of the greatest legal firms in New York City. For years the first

fruits of the soil, the cream off all the milk—so the Aunt's mingled scriptural and dairy metaphors ran—had been his. And what return had they had for it? He had become a sound, successful lawyer, with a handsome income, and he had married wealth as well. Yet year after year, as the fortunes of the Fairchild homestead declined, he had never interfered to prevent the fresh mortgage being placed—nay, had more than once explicitly declined to help save it.

"Agriculture is out of date in this State," she had heard him say once, with her own ears, "Better let the old people live on their capital, as they go along. It's no use throwing good money after bad. Farm land here in the East is bound to decrease in value, steadily."

This about the homestead—about the cradle of his ancestors! Poor old lady, had the Fairchilds been sending baronial roots down through all this soil for a thousand years, she couldn't have been more pained or mortified over Albert's callous view of the farm which her grandfather, a revolted cobbler from Rhode Island, had cleared and paid for at ten cents an acre.

Then there was his marriage, too. In all the years of armed neutrality or tacit warfare which she and Cicely had passed together under one roof, they had never before or since come so near an open and palpable rupture as they did over a city-bred cousin of Cicely's —a forward, impertinent, ill-behaved girl from New York, who had come to the farm on a visit some ten years before, and whose father was summoned at last to take her away because otherwise she, Sabrina, threatened to herself leave the house. There had been a desperate scene before this conclusion was reached. Sabrina had stormed and threatened to shake the dust of the homestead from off her outraged sandals. Cicely for the once had stood her ground, and said she fancied even worse things than that might happen without producing a universal cataclysm. Lemuel had almost wept with despair over the tumult. The two older boys, particularly John, had not concealed their exuberant hope that their maiden Aunt might be taken at her word, and allowed to leave. And the girl herself, this impudent huzzy of a Richardson, actually put her spoke in too, and said things about old cats and false teeth, which it made Sabrina's blood still boil to recall.

And it was this girl, of all others in the world, whom Albert must go and marry!

Yet Sabrina, in her present despondent mood, felt herself able to rise above mere personal piques and dislikes, if there really was a hope for the family's revival. She was not very sanguine about even Albert, but beyond him there was no chance at all.

John, the second brother, had talent enough, she supposed. People said he was smart, and he must be, else he could scarcely have come in his twenty-eighth year to be owner and editor of the Thessaly *Banner of Liberty*, and put in all those political pieces, written in the first person plural, as if he had the power of attorney for all Dearborn County. But then he was mortally shiftless about money matters, and they did say that since his wife's death —a mere school-teacher she had been —he had become quite dissipated and played billiards. Besides she was at open feud with him, and never, never would speak to him again, the longest day *he* lived! So that settled John.

As for Seth, the youngest of the brothers, it is to be doubted if she would have thought of him at all, had he not come in at the moment. He had been down to the village to get some black clothes which the tailor had constructed on short notice for him, and he, too, passed through the sitting-room to the stairs with the serious look and the dead silence which the awful presence imposes.

Then she did think of him for a moment, as she stood warming her fingers over the bald, flat top of the stove—for though bright and warm enough outside, the air was still chilly in these great barns of rooms.

Seth was indisputably the handsomest of all the Fairchilds, even handsomer than she remembered his father to have been—a tall, straight, broad-shouldered youth, who held his head well up and looked everybody in the face with honest hazel eyes. He had the Richardson com-

plexion, a dusky tint gained doubtless from all those Dutch intermarriages of which poor Cicely used to make so much, but his brown hair curled much as Lemuel's used to curl, only not so effeminately, and his temper was as even as his father's had been, though not so submissive or weak. His hands were rough and coarse from the farm work, and his walk showed familiarity with ploughed ground, but still he had, in his way, a more distinguished air than either Albert or John had ever had.

Looking him over, a stranger would have been surprised that his aunt should have left him out of her thoughts of the family's future—or that, once pausing to consider him, she should have dropped the idea so swiftly. But so it was. Miss Sabrina felt cold and aggrieved toward Albert, and she came as near hating John as a deeply devout woman safely could. She simply took no account of Seth at all, as she would have expressed it. To her he was a quiet, harmless sort of youngster, who worked pretty steadily on the farm, and got on civilly with people. She understood that he was very fond of reading, but that made no special impression on her. If she had been asked, she would undoubtedly have said that Seth was her favorite nephew—but she had never dreamed of regarding him as a possible restorer of the family glories.

"Is yer oven hot enough?" she asked Alvira in the kitchen, a minute later. "If they 's anything I *dew* hate, it 's a soggy undercrust."

"I guess I kin manage a batch o' pies by this time," returned the hired girl with a sniff. Through some unexplained process of reasoning, Alvira was with the Fairchilds as against the Richardsons, but she was first of all for herself, against the whole human race.

"Milton gone aout with the caows?" asked the old lady, ignoring for once the domestic's challenge. "When he comes back, he 'n' Leander better go over to Wilkinses, and get what chairs they kin spare. I s'pose there'll be a big craowd, ef only to git in and see if there 's any holes in our body-Brussels yit, 'n' haow that sofy-backed set in the parlor 's holdin' out. Poor Cicely! I think they better bring over the chairs to-night, after dusk. What people don't see they can't talk abaout."

"Heard Milton say he was goin' to borrer some over at Warren's," remarked Alvira, in a casual way, but looking around to see how the idea affected Miss Sabrina.

"Well he jis' won't!" came the answer, very promptly and spiritedly. "If every mortal soul of 'em hes to stan' up, he won't! I guess Lemuel Fairchild's wife can be buried 'thaout asking any help from Matildy Warren. I wouldn't ask her if 't was th' las' thing I ever did."

"But Annie sent word she was comin' over fus' thing in th' mornin', so 's to help clear up th' breakfast things. If she's good enough fer that, I don't see why you need be afeered o' borryin' her chairs."

"They ain't her chairs, and you knaow it, Alviry. I ain't got a word to say agin' Annie Fairchild, but when it comes to her gran'mother, I kin ride a high horse as well 's she kin. After all the trouble she made my family, the sight of a single stick of her furnitur' here 'd be enough to bring the rafters of this haouse daown over my head, I do believe!"

"Well, of course, 'taint none o' my business, but seems to me there 'll be a plaguey slim fun'r'l when *your* turn comes if you 're goin' to keep up all these old-woman's fights with everybody 'raound abaout."

"Naow Alviry!" began Miss Sabrina, in her shrillest and angriest tone; then with a visible effort, as if remembering something, she paused and then went on in a subdued, almost submissive voice, "You knaow jis' haow Matildy Warren's used us. From the very day my poor brother William ran off with her Jenny—and goodness knaows whatever possessed him to dew it—thet old woman's never missed a chance to run us all daown—ez ef she oughtn't to been praoud o' th' day a Fairchild took up with a Warren."

"Guess you ain't had none the wu'st of it," put in Alvira, with sarcasm. "Guess your tongue's 'baout as sharp as her'n ever was. B'sides she's bedridden naow, 'n' everybody thought

she wouldn't get threw th' spring. 'N' ef Seth's goin' to make up to Annie, you ought to begin to smooth things over 'fore she dies. There's no tellin' but what she mightn't leave the farm away f'm th' girl at th' last minute, jis' to spite you."

"Yeh needn't talk as if *I* wanted her pesky farm!"

"Oh, well now, you knaow what I mean 's well 's I dew. What 's th' use o' harpin' on what yer brother William did, or what ole Matildy said, 'fore I was born, when you knaow th' tew farms jine, and yer heart's sot on havin' 'em in one. Yes, 'fore I was born," repeated the domestic, as if pleased with the implication of juvenility.

Miss Sabrina hesitated, and looked at Alvira meditatively through her spectacles, in momentary doubt about the propriety of saying a sharp thing under all the circumstances; but the temptation was not to be resisted. "'N' you ain't percisely a chicken yourself, Alviry," she said and left the kitchen.

Later, when Milton had returned from the pasture, and hung about the kitchen, mending the harness that went with the democrat-wagon while waiting for Leander to return from the cheese factory, Alvira remarked:

"Seems 'if Sabriny 'd lost all her sper't this last day or tew. Never see sech a change. She don't answer up wuth a cent. I shouldn't be s'prised if she didn't tackle Albert's wife after all. Oh yes, 'n' you ain't to go to Warren's for them chairs. Sabriny's dead-set agin that."

"What's up?" asked Milton. "Hez Seth broke off with Annie?"

"Don't knaow 's they ever was anything particular to break off. No, 't 'aint that; it's the same raow 'tween the two ole women. Goodness knaows, I'm sick 'n' tired of hearin' 'baout it."

"No, but ain't Seth 'n' Annie fixed it up?" persisted Milton. "Daown 't th' corners they say it's all settled." Then he mutteringly added, as he slouched out to meet Leander, who drove up now with a great rattle of empty milk-cans, "I wish 't *I* was in Seth's shoes."

"Oh, you *dew*, dew yeh!" said Alvira, thus left to herself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN.

THE young girl whose future had been settled down at the corners, came along the road next morning toward the Fairchild house, all unconscious of her destiny. She lived in a small, old-fashioned farm-dwelling back in the fields, alone with her grandmother, and although there was a bitter feud between the heads of the two houses, it had not stopped her from being a familiar and helpful figure in her uncle's homestead.

Annie Fairchild was a country girl in some senses of the term, calm-faced, clear-eyed, self-reliant among her friends, but with a curious disposition toward timidity in the presence of strangers. She was held to be too serious and "school-ma'am-ish" for pleasant company by most rural maidens of her acquaintance, and the few attempts of young farmers of the country-side to establish friendly relations with her had not been crowned with conspicuous success. It could scarcely be said that she was haughty or cold; no one could demonstrate in detail that her term of schooling in a far-off citified seminary had made her proud or uncivil; but still she had no intimates. This was the more marked from the fact that she was a pretty girl—or if not precisely pretty, very attractive and winning in face. No other girl of the neighborhood had so fine and regular a profile, or such expressive, dark eyes, or so serenely intelligent an expression. It had been whispered at one time that Reuben Tracy, the schoolmaster, was likely to make a match of it with her, but this had faded away again as a rootless rumor; by this time everybody on the Burfield road tacitly understood that eventually she was to be the wife of her cousin Seth, when it "came time for the two farms to join." And she had grown accustomed long since to the furtive, half-awed, half-covetous look which men cast upon her, without suspecting the spirit of reluctant renunciation underlying it.

She met Milton Squires on the road, close in front of the Fairchild's house, this morning, and, nodding to him, passed on. She did not particularly note the gaze he bent upon her as she

went by, and which followed her afterward, almost to the Fairchild gate. If she had done so, and could have read all its meaning, she would not have gone on with so unruffled a face, for it was a look to frighten an honest young woman —an intent, hungry, almost wolfish look, unrelieved by so much as a glimmer of the light of manliness. But she was alike unconscious of his thoughts and of the gossip he had heard at the corners. Certainly no listener who followed her to the gate, where she encountered Seth at work screwing on a new hinge, would have gathered from the tone or words of the greeting on either side any testimony to confirm the common supposition that they were destined for each other.

"Good morning, Seth," she said, halting while he dragged the great gate open for her, "you 're all through breakfast, I suppose?"

"No, I think Albert and his wife are at the table still. We didn't call them when the rest got up, you know. They 're not used to country ways."

"Anybody else here?"

"No, except John."

"Oh, I'm so glad he came. That Lize Wilkins has been telling everybody he would n't come on Sabrina's account. And it would have looked *so* bad."

"Yes, Lize Wilkins talks too much. All John ever said was that he would n't stay here in the house any more than he could help. It's too bad he can't get along better with Aunt; it would make things so much pleasanter."

"How 's your father, Seth? He seemed at first to take it pretty hard."

"He appeared a little brighter yesterday, after Albert came, but he's very poorly this morning. Poor old man, it makes a sad difference with him—more I suppose than with us boys, even with me, who never have been away from her hardly for a day."

"Yes, Seth, a boy outgrows his mother, I suppose, but for an old couple who have lived together forty years a separation like this must be awful. I shall go up to the house now."

Seth followed her with his eyes as she walked up the road, past the old-fashioned latticed front door with its heavy fold of crape hanging on the knocker, and turned from sight at the corner of the house; and the look in his face was soft and admiring, even if it was hardly loverlike. In his trouble—and he felt the bereavement most keenly—it seemed restful and good to have such a girl as Annie about. Indeed, a vague thought that she never before seemed so sweet and likeable came to him, as he turned again to the hinge, and lightened his heart perceptibly, for almost the last words his mother had spoken to him had been of his future with Annie as his wife.

"You will have the farm before long, Seth," she said, smiling faintly as he stroked her pale hair—somehow to the last it never grew gray—and looked at her through boyish tears, "and Annie wi'l bring you the Warren farm. Her grandmother and I have talked it over many a time. Annie 's a good girl, there's no better, and she'll make my boy a good, true, wife."

For a year or two back Seth had understood in a nebulous way that his parents had an idea of his eventually marrying Annie, but his mother's words still came to him in the form of a surprise. First, it had been far from his thoughts that old Mrs. Warren, Annie's invalid grandmother, would listen to such a thing, much less plan it. There was a bitterness of long standing between the two families, he knew. His father's younger brother—a half-brother —named William Fairchild, had married Mrs. Warren's only daughter under circumstances which he had never heard detailed, but which at least had enraged the mother. Both William and his wife had died, out West he believed, years and years ago, leaving only this girl, Annie Fairchild, who came an orphan to the grandmother she had never seen before, and was reared by her. In this Mrs. Warren and his aunt Sabrina had found sufficient occasion for a quarrel, lasting ever since he could remember, and as he had always understood from his aunt that her battle was in defence of the whole family, he had taken it for granted that he not less than the other Fairchilds was included in Mrs. Warren's disfavor. He recalled, now, indeed, having heard Annie say once or twice that her grandmother liked him; but this he had taken in a negative way, as

if the grandmother of the Capulets had remarked that of all the loathed Montagus perhaps young Romeo was personally the least offensive to her sight.

And second, he was far from being in a Romeo's condition of heart and mind. He was not in love with Annie for herself—much less for the Warren farm. To state plainly what Seth had not yet mustered courage to say in entire frankness even to himself, he hated farming, and rebelled against the idea of following in his father's footsteps. And the dreams of a career elsewhere which occupied the mutinous thoughts Seth concealed under so passive an exterior had carried him far away from the plan of an alliance with the nice sort of country cousin who would eventually own the adjoining farm. So in this sense, too, his mother's dying words were a surprise—converting into a definite and almost sacred desire what he had supposed to be merely a shapeless fancy.

Not all this crossed his mind, as he watched Annie till she disappeared, and then turned back to his work. But the sight of her had been pleasant to him, and her voice had sounded very gentle and yet full of the substance of womanliness—and perhaps his poor, dear mother's plan for him, after all, was the best.

The gate swinging properly at last, there was an end to Seth's out-door tasks, and he started toward the house. The thought that he would see Annie within was distinct enough in his mind, almost, to constitute a motive for his going. At the very door he encountered his brother Albert's wife, coming out, and stopped.

Isabel Fairchild was far from deserving, at least as a woman, the epithets with which Aunt Sabrina mentally coupled her girlhood. There was nothing impertinent or ill-behaved about her appearance, certainly, as she stood before Seth, and with a faint smile bade him good-morning. She was above the medium height, as woman's stature goes, and almost plump; her hair, much of which was shown in front by the pretty Parisian form of straw hat she wore, was very light in color; her eyes were blue, a light, noticeable blue. She wore some loose kind of black and gray morning dress, with an extra fold falling in graceful lines from her shoulders to her train, like a toga, and she carried a dainty parasol, also of black and gray, like the ribbons on her dark hat. To Seth's eyes she had seemed yesterday, when he saw her for the first time, a very embodiment of the luxury, beauty, refinement of city life—and how much more so now, when her dingy travelling raiment had given place to this most engaging garb, so subdued, yet so lovely. It seemed to him that his sister-in-law was quite the most attractive woman he had ever seen.

"I thought of going for a little stroll," she said, again with the faint half-smile. "It is so charming outside, and so blue and depressing in the house. Can I walk along there through the orchard now?—I used to when I was here as a girl, I know—and won't you come with me? I've scarcely had a chance for a word with you since we came."

The invitation was pleasant enough to Seth, but he looked deprecatingly at his rough chore clothes, and wondered whether he ought to accept it or not.

"Why, Seth, the *idea* of standing on ceremony with *me!* As if we had n't played together here as children—to say nothing of my being your sister now!"

They had started now toward the orchard, and she continued:—

"Do you know, it seems as if I did n't know anybody here but you—and even you almost make a stranger out of me. Poor Uncle Lemuel, he is so broken-down that he scarcely remembers me, and of course your Aunt and I couldn't be expected to get very intimate—you remember our dispute? Then John, he's very pleasant, and all that, but he isn't at all like the John I used to look up to so, the summer I was here. But you—you have hardly changed a bit. Of course," she made haste to add, for Seth's face did not reflect unalloyed gratification at this, "you have grown manly and big, and all that, but you haven't changed in your expression or manner. It's almost ten years—and I should have known you anywhere. But John *has* changed—he's more like a city man, or rather a villager, a compromise between city and country."

"Yes, I'm a countryman through and

through, I suppose," said Seth, with something very like a sigh.

"John has seen a good deal of the world they tell me, and been on papers in large cities. I wonder how he can content himself with that little weekly in Thessaly after that."

"I don't think John has much ambition," answered Seth, meditatively. "He doesn't seem to care much how things go, if he only has the chance to say what he wants to say in print. It doesn't make any difference to him, apparently, whether all New York State reads what he writes, or only thirty or forty fellows in Dearborn County—he's just as well satisfied. And yet he's a very bright man, too. He might have gone to the Assembly last fall, if he could have bid against Elhanan Pratt. He *will* go some time, probably."

"Why, do you have an auction here for the Assembly?"

"Oh, no, but the man who's willing to pay a big assessment into the campaign fund can generally shut a poor candidate out. John did n't seem to mind much about being frozen out though—not half so much as I did, for him. Everybody in Thessaly knows him and likes him and calls him 'John,' and that seems to be the height of his ambition. I can't imagine a man of his abilities being satisfied with so limited a horizon."

"And, you, Seth, what is your horizon like?" asked Isabel.

They had entered the orchard, now, and the apple blossoms close above them filled the May morning air with that sweet spring perfume which seems to tell of growth, harvest, the fruition of hope.

"Oh, I'm picked out to be a countryman all the days of my life I suppose." There was the sigh again, and a tinge of bitterness in his tone, as well.

"Oh, I hope not—that is, if you don't want to be. Oh, it must be such a dreary life! The very thought of it sets my teeth on edge. The dreadful people you have to know; men without an idea beyond crops and calves and the cheese-factory; women slaving their lives out doing bad cooking, mending for a household of men, devoting their scarce opportunities for intercourse with other women to the weakest and most wretched gossip; coarse servants who eat at the table with their employers and call them by their Christian names; boys whose only theory about education is thrashing the school teacher, if it is a man, or breaking her heart by their mean insolence if it is a woman; and girls brought up to be awkward gawks, without a chance in life, since the brighter and nicer they are the more they will suffer from marriage with men mentally beneath them—that is, if they don't become sour old maids. I don't wonder you hate it all, Seth."

"You talk like a book," said Seth, in tones of unmistakable admiration. "I didn't suppose any woman could talk like that."

"I talk as I feel always, when I come into contact with country life, and I get angry with people who maunder about its romantic and picturesque side. Where is it, I should like to know?"

"Oh, it isn't all so bad as you paint it, perhaps, Isabel. Of course——" —here he hesitated a little—"you don't quite see it at its best here, you know. Father hasn't been a first-rate manager, and things have kind o' run down."

"No, Seth, it isn't that; the trail of the serpent is over it all—rich and poor, big and little. The nineteenth century is a century of cities; they have given their own twist to the progress of the age—and the farmer is almost as far out of it as if he lived in Alaska. Perhaps there may have been a time when a man could live in what the poet calls daily communion with Nature, and not starve his mind and dwarf his soul, but this isn't the century."

"But Webster was a farm boy, and so was Lincoln and Garfield and Jackson; almost all our great men. Hardly any of them are born in cities, you will find."

"Oh, the country is just splendid to be born in, no doubt of that; but after you are born, get out of it as soon as you can."

"I don't know as I can leave Father very well," said Seth, slowly, and as if in deep thought.

They walked to the end of the pasture beyond the orchard, to within view of the spot where all the Fairchilds for three generations had been laid, and where, among the clustering sweet-briars and wild strawberry vines Milton had

only yesterday dug a new grave. The sight recalled to both another subject, and no more was said of country life as they returned to the house. Indeed, little was said of any sort, for Seth had a thinking mood on. Nothing was very clear in his mind perhaps, but more distinctly than anything else he felt that existence on the farm had all at once become intolerable.

CHAPTER V.

THE FUNERAL.

THE American farm-house funeral is surely, of all the observances with which civilized man marks the ending of this earthly pilgrimage, the most pathetic. The rural life itself is a sad and sterile enough thing, with its unrelieved physical strain, its enervating and destructive diet, its mental barrenness, its sternly narrowed groove of toil and thought and companionship—but death on the farm brings a desolating gloom, a cruel sense of the hopelessness of existence, which one realizes nowhere else. The grim, fatalist habit of seizing upon the grotesque side, which a century of farm life has crystallized into what the world knows as American humor, is not wanting even in this hour; and the comforting conviction of immortality, of the shining reward to follow travail and sorrow, is nowhere more firmly insisted upon than among our country people. But the bleak environment of the closed life, the absence of real fellowship among the living, the melancholy isolation and vanity of it all, oppress the soul here with an intolerable weight which neither fund of sardonic spirits nor honest faith can lighten.

Something of this Isabel felt, as the mid-day meal was hurried through, on Alvira's sharp intimation that the room couldn't be cleared any too soon, for the crowd would begin coming now, right along. There were three strangers at the table—though they seemed to be scarcely more strangers than the members of her husband's family—of whom two were clergymen.

One of these, who sat next to her, was the Episcopalian minister at Thessaly, a middle-aged, soft sort of man, with short hair so smooth and furry that she was conscious of an impulse to stroke it like a seal-skin, and little side-whiskers which reminded her of a baby brush. He impressed her as a stupid man, but in that she was mistaken. He was nervous and ill at ease, first because he could not successfully or gracefully use the narrow three-tined steel fork with a bone handle that had been given him, and second, because he did not understand the presence of the Rev. Stephen Bunce, who sat opposite him, offensively smacking his lips, and devoting to loud discourse periods which it seemed might better have been employed in mastication.

If quiet Mr. Turner was ill at ease, the Rev. Stephen was certainly not. He bestrode the situation like a modern Colossus. The shape of his fork did not worry him, since he used it only as a humble and lowly adjunct to his knife. The presence of Mr. Turner too, neither puzzled nor pained him. In fact, he was rather pleased than otherwise to have him there, where he could talk to him before sympathetic witnesses, and make him realize how the man of the people who had a genuine call towered innately superior to mere beneficed gentility. "Beneficed gentility"—that was a good phrase, and he made a mental note of it for future use; then—the temptation was too strong—he bundled it neck and crop into the florid sentence with which he was addressing Albert—and looked at the Episcopalian to watch its effect.

Mr. Turner was occupied with his javelin-shaped fork, and did not seem to hear it.

Mr. Bunce suspected artifice in this, and watched the rector's meek face for a sign of secret confusion. After a moment he said, with his full, pompous voice at its loudest and most artificial pitch :—

"Ah, Mr. Turner, this is a sad occasion!"

The rector glanced up with some surprise, for he had not expected this overture, and answered: "Yes, truly it is; extremely sad."

"Yet it is consoling to feel that even so sad an occasion can be converted into a means of grace, a season of spiritual solace as it were."

Mr. Turner only nodded assent to

this; he felt that the whole company around the table, hired people and all, were eagerly watching him and the burly, bold-faced preacher opposite, as if they were about to engage in gladiatorial combat.

But Mr. Bunce would not permit the challenge to be declined. He stroked his ochre-hued chin-whisker, looked complacently around the board, and asked:

"I s'pose you 've brought your white and black riggin's along, eh? Or don't you wear 'em except in church?"

There was a pained looked in Mr. Turner's face; he made a little gesture toward the folding-doors leading to the parlor, beyond which lay the dead, and murmured:

"It will be better, will it not, to speak of these matters together, after dinner?"

Again the Rev. Stephen glanced around the table, looking especially toward Miss Sabrina for approval, and remarked loftily:

"There is no need of concealment here, sir. It is all in the family here. We all know that the Mother in Israel who has departed was formerly of your communion, and if she wanted to have you here, sir, at her funeral, why well and good. But the rest of this sorrowin' family, sir, this stricken household, air Baptists——"

"I declare! there's the Burrells drivin' into the yard, a'ready!" said Alvira, rising from her chair abruptly. "If you 're threw we better hustle these things aout, naow; you women won't more 'n have time to dress 'fore they'll all be here."

The interruption seemed a welcome one to everybody, for there was a general movement on both sides of Mr. Bunce, which he, with his sentence unfinished, was constrained to join.

The third stranger, a small, elderly man with a mobile countenance and rusty black clothes, drew himself up, put on a modifiedly doleful expression, and, speaking for the first time, assumed control of everything:

"Naow, Milton, you 'n' Leander git the table aout, 'n' bring in all the extry chairs, 'n' set 'em 'raound in rows. Squeeze 'em pooty well together in back, but the front ones kind o' spread aout. You, Miss Sabriny, 'n' the lady" —indicating Isabel with his thumb— "'n' Annie 'd better go upstairs 'n' git yer bonnets on, 'n' things, 'n' go 'n' set in the room at the head o' the stairs. You men, tew, git your gloves on, 'n' naow be sure 'n' have your hankch'fs in some pocket where you can git at 'em with your gloves on—'n' have your hats in your hands, 'n' then go 'n' set with the ladies. Miss Sabriny, you'll come daown arm-in-arm with yer brother, *when* I call, 'n' then Albert 'n' his wife, 'n' John with Annie, 'n' Seth with—pshaw, there's odd numbers. Well, Seth can come alone. And dew keep step comin' daown stairs!

"'N' naow, gents," turning to the Rev. Mr. Turner, "your gaown's in the fust room to the right on the landin', and if you"—addressing Mr. Bunce—"will go up with him, and arrange 'baout the services, so 's to come daown together—it 'll look pootier than to straggle in by yourselves—'N' you, Milton, ain't you got somethin' besides overalls to put on?"

Thus the autocrat cleared the living room. Then, going around through the front hall, he entered the parlor to receive, with solemn dignity and a fine eye to their relative social merit, the first comers.

These were almost exclusively women, dressed in Sunday garb. As each buggy or democrat wagon drove up inside the gate, and discharged its burden, the men would lead the horses further on, to be hitched under or near the shed, and then saunter around to the kitchen side of the house, where cider was on tap, and other men were standing in the sunshine, chewing tobacco and conversing in low tones, while the women from each conveyance went straight to the front door, and got seats in the parlor as close to the coffin as possible. The separation of the sexes could hardly have been more rigorous in a synagogue. There were, indeed, two or three meek, well-brushed men among the women, sitting, uncomfortable but resigned, in the geranium-scented gloom of the curtained parlor, but, as the more virile brethren outside would have said, they were men who didn't count.

The task of the undertaker was neither light nor altogether smooth. There were some dozen chairs reserved, nearest the

pall, for the mourners, the clergymen, and the mixed quartette expected from Thessaly. Every woman on entering made for these chairs, and the more unimportant and "low-down" she was in the rural scale of social values, the more confidently she essayed to get one of them. With all of these more or less argument was necessary—conducted in a buzzing whisper from which some squeak or guttural exclamation would now and again emerge. With some, the undertaker was compelled to be quite peremptory; while one woman—Susan Jane Squires, a slatternly, weak-eyed creature who presumed upon her position as sister-in-law of Milton, the hired man—had actually to be pushed away by sheer force.

Then there was the further labor of inducing all these disappointed ones to take the seats furthest back, so that late comers might not have to push by and over them, but efforts in this direction were only fitful at the best, and soon were practically abandoned.

"Fust come, fust sarved!" said old Mrs. Wimple. "I'm jes ez good ez them that 'll come bimeby, 'n' ef I don' mind their climbin' over me, *you* need n't!" and against this the undertaker could urge nothing satisfactory.

In the intervals of that functionary's activity, conversation was quite general, carried on in whispers which, in the aggregate, sounded like the rustle of a smart breeze through the dry leaves of a beech-tree. Many women were there who had never been in the house before — could indeed, have had no other chance of getting in. These had some fleeting interest in the funeral appointments, and the expense incident thereto, but their chief concern was the furnishing of the house. They furtively scraped the carpet with their feet to test its quality, they felt of the furniture to see if it had been re-varnished, they estimated the value of the curtains, speculated on the cost of the melodeon and its age, wondered when the ceiling had last been whitewashed. Some, who knew the family better, discussed the lamentable decline of the Fairchilds in substance and standing within their recollection, and exchanged hints about the endemic mortgage stretching its sinister hand even to the very chairs they were sitting on. Others, still more intimate, rehearsed the details of the last and fatal illness, commented on the character of individuals in the family, and guessed how long old Lemuel would last, now that Cicely was gone.

In the centre of these circling waves of gossip lay the embodiment of the eternal silence. Listening, one might fain envy such an end to that living death of mental starvation which was the lot of all there, and which forced them, out of their womanhood, to chatter in the presence of death.

The singers came. They were from the village, belonging to the Congregational Church there, and it was understood that they came out of liking for John Fairchild. None of the gathering knew them personally, but it was said that the contralto—the woman with the bird on her bonnet, who took her seat at the melodeon—had had trouble with her husband. A fresh buzz of whispering ran round. Some stray word must have reached the contralto, for she colored and pretended to study the music before her intently, and, later, when "Pleyel's Hymn" was being sung, she played so nervously that there was an utter collapse in the sharps and flats of the third line, which nearly threw the singers out.

The undertaker now stalked in, and stood on tip-toe to see if the back room was also filled. He had been out with the men at the kitchen-door, fixing crape on the arms of six of the best-dressed and most respectable-looking farmers in an almost jocular mood, and drilling them affably in their duties; drinking cider, exchanging gossip with one or two acquaintances, and conducting himself generally like an ordinary mortal. He had now resumed his dictatorship.

Most of the men had followed him around to the front of the house, and clustered now in the hall, or in a group about the outer door, holding their hats on a level with their shoulders.

A rustle on the stairs told that the mourners were descending. Then came the strains of the melodeon, and the singing, very low, solemn and sweet.

A little pause, and the full voice of

the Baptist preacher was heard in prayer—then in some eulogistic remarks. What he said was largely nonsense, from any point of view, but the voice was that of the born exhorter, deep, clear-toned, melodious; there seemed to be a stop in it, as in an organ, which at pathetic parts gave forth a tremulous, weeping sound, and when this came, not a dry eye could be found. He was over-fond of using this effect, as are most men possessing the trick, but no one noticed it, not even Isabel, who from sitting sternly intolerant of the whispering women around her, and indignant at Mr. Bunce for his dinner performance, found herself sobbing with all the rest when the tremulo stop was touched.

There was more singing, this time fine, simple old "St. Denis," and then the bearers were summoned in.

The men asked one another in murmurs outside if the Episcopal clargyman was to take no part in the services. Within, Mrs. Wimple went straighter to the point. She plucked him by the sleeve of his robe and leaning over with some difficulty, for she was a corpulent body, whispered to the hearing of a score of her neighbors:

"What air you here fer, mister, if you ain't goin' to say nor dew nothin'?"

"I officiate at the grave," he had said, and then regretted all the remainder of the day having answered her at all.

On the return of the procession from the little knoll where the slate and marble tomb-stones of long dead Fairchilds bent over the new brown mound, Annie and Seth walked together. There was silence between them for a time, which he broke suddenly.

"It 's *all* very hard, Annie, for you know how much mother and I loved each other. But, truly, the hardest thing of all is to think of staying here among these narrow dolts. While she was here I could stand it. But I can't any more."

Annie said nothing. She felt his arm trembling against hers, and his voice was strained and excited. What *could* she say?

"They 're not like me," he went on; "I have nothing in common with them. I hate the sight of the whole of them. I never realized till to-day how big a gulf there was between them and me. Did n't *you* see it—what a mean, narrow-contracted lot they all were?"

"Who do you mean, Seth?"

"Why all of them. The Burrells, the Wimples, old Elhanan Pratt, old Lyman Tenney, that fellow Bunce—the whole lot of them. And the women too! Did you watch them—or, what's worse, did you hear them? I wonder you can bear them yourself, Annie, any more than I can."

"Sometimes it *is* hard, Seth, I admit; when I first came back to grandma from school it was awfully hard. But then I've got to live here, and reconcile myself to what the place offers—and, after all, Seth, they are well-meaning people, and some of them are smart, too, in their way."

"Oh, well-meaning—in their way—yes! But I haven't got to live here, Annie, and I haven't got to reconcile myself, and I *won't!* That 's the long and short of it. I can make my living elsewhere—perhaps more than my living—and be among people who don't make me angry every time I set eyes on them. And I can find friends, too, who feel as I do, and look at things as I do, instead of these country louts who only know abominable stories, and these foolish girls—who—who——"

"Nobody can blame you to-day, Seth, for feeling blue and sore, but you ought not to talk so, even now. They 're not all like what you say. Reuben Tracy, now, he's been a good friend and a useful friend to you."

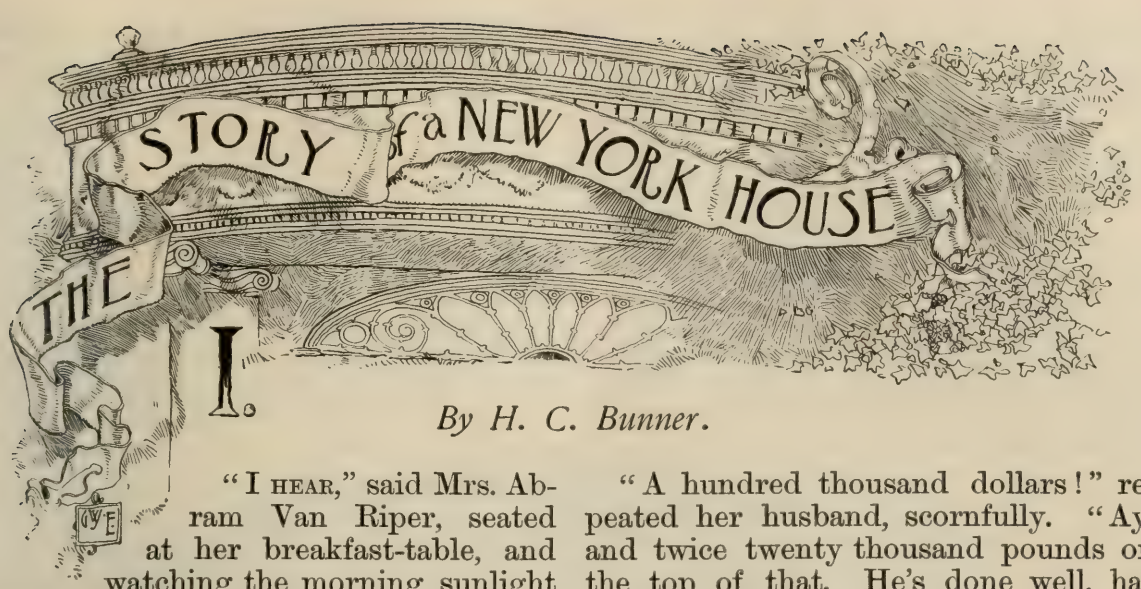
"Yes, Rube 's a grand, good fellow, of course. I know all that. But then just take his case. He's a poor schoolmaster now, just as he was five years ago, and will be twenty years from now. What kind of a life is that for a man?"

"And maybe the girls *are*—foolish, as you started to say, but——"

"Now, Annie, don't think I meant anything by that, *please!* I know you 're the dearest girl and the best friend in the world. Truly, now, you won't think I meant anything, will you?"

"No, Seth, I won't," said Annie softly. It was her arm that trembled now.

(To be continued.)



By H. C. Bunner.

"I HEAR," said Mrs. Abram Van Riper, seated at her breakfast-table, and watching the morning sunlight dance on the front of the great Burrell house on the opposite side of Pine Street, "that the Dolphs are going to build a prodigious fine house out of town—somewhere up near the Rynders's place."

"And I hear," said Abram Van Riper, laying down last night's *Evening Post*, "that Jacob Dolph is going to give up business. And if he does, it's a disgrace to the town."

It was in the summer of 1807, and Abram Van Riper was getting well over what he considered the meridian line of sixty years. He was hale and hearty; his business was flourishing; his boy was turning out all that should have been expected of one of the Van Riper stock; the refracted sunlight from the walls of the stately house occupied by the Cashier of the Bank of the United States lit with a subdued secondary glimmer the Van Riper silver on the breakfast-table—the squat tea-pot and slop-bowl, the milk-pitcher that held a quart, and the apostle-spoon in the broken loaf-sugar on the Delft plate. Abram Van Riper was decorously happy, as a New York merchant should be. In all other respects, he was pleased to think, he was what a New York merchant should be, and the word of the law and the prophets was fulfilled with him and in his house.

"I'm sure," Mrs. Van Riper began again, somewhat querulously, "I can't see why Jacob Dolph shouldn't give up business, if he's so minded. He's a monstrous fortune, from all I hear—a good hundred thousand dollars."

"A hundred thousand dollars!" repeated her husband, scornfully. "Ay, and twice twenty thousand pounds on the top of that. He's done well, has Dolph. All the more reason he should stick to his trade; and not go to lolling in the sun, like a runner at the Custom House door. He's not within ten years of me, and here he must build his country house, and set up for the fine gentleman. Jacob Dolph! Did I go on his note, when he came back from France, brave as my master, in '94, or did I not? And where 'ud he have raised twenty thousand in this town, if I hadn't? What's got into folks now-a-days? Damn me if I can see!"

His wife protested, in wifely fashion. "I'm sure, Van Riper," she began, "you've no need to fly in such a huff if I so much as speak of folks who have some conceit of being genteel. It's only proper pride of Mr. Dolph to have a country house, and——" (her voice faltering a little, timorously) "ride in and —and out——"

"*Ride!*" snorted Mr. Van Riper. "In a carriage, maybe?"

"In a carriage, Van Riper. You may think to ride in a carriage is like being the Pope of Rome; but there's some that knows better. And if you'd set up your carriage," went on the undaunted Mrs. Van Riper, "and gone over to Greenwich Street two years ago, as I'd have had you, and made yourself friendly with those people there, I'd have been on the Orphan Asylum Board at this very minute; and *you* would——"

Mr. Van Riper knew all that speech by heart, in all its variations. He knew perfectly well what it would end in, this time, although he was not a man of

quick perception: "He would have been a member of the new Historical Society."

"Yes," he thought to himself, as he found his hat and shuffled out into Pine Street; "and John Pintard would have had my good check in his pocket for his tuppenny society. Pine Street is fine enough for me."

Mr. Van Riper had more cause for his petulancy than he would have acknowledged, even to himself. He was a man who had kept his shop open all through Clinton's occupancy, and who had had no trouble with the British. And when they were gone he had had to do enough to clear his skirts of any smirch of Toryism, and to implant in his own breast a settled feeling of militant Americanism. He did not like it that the order of things should change, and the order of things was changing. The town was growing out of all knowledge of itself. Here they had their Orphan Asylum, and their Botanical Garden, and their Historical Society; and the Jews were having it all their own way; and now people were talking of free schools, and of laying out a map for the upper end of the town to grow on, in the "system" of straight streets and avenues. To the devil with Systems and Avenues! said he. That was all the doing of those cursed Frenchmen. He knew how it would be when they brought their plaguy frigate here in the first fever year—'93—and the fools marched up from Peck's Slip after a red nightcap, and howled their cut-throat song all night long.

It began to hum itself in his head as he walked toward Water Street—*Ça ira, —ça ira—les aristocrats à la lanterne.* A whiff of the wind that blew through Paris streets in the terrible times had come across the Atlantic and tickled his dull old Dutch nostrils.



But something worse than this vexed the conservative spirit of Abram Van Riper. He could forgive John Pintard —whose inspiration, I think, foreran the twentieth century—his fancy for Free Schools and Historical Societies, as he had forgiven him his sidewalk-building fifteen years before; he could proudly overlook the fact that the women were busying themselves with all manner of wild charities; he could be contented though he knew that the Hebrew Hart was President of that merchants' club at Baker's, of which he himself would fain have been a member. But there was something in the air that he could neither

forgive nor overlook, nor be contented with.

There was a change coming over the town—a change which he could not clearly define, even in his own mind. There was a great keeping of carriages, he knew. A dozen men had bought carriages, or were likely to buy them at any time. The women were forming societies for the improvement of this and that. And he, who had moved uptown from Dock Street, was now in an old-fashioned quarter. All this he knew, but the something which made him uneasy was more subtle.

Within the last few years he had observed an introduction of certain strange distinctions in the social code of the town. It had been vaguely intimated to him—perhaps by his wife, he could not remember—that there was a difference between his trade and Jacob Dolph's trade. He was a ship-chandler. Jacob Dolph sold timber. Their shops were side by side. Jacob Dolph's rafts lay in the river in front of Abram Van Riper's shop. And Abram Van Riper had gone on Jacob Dolph's note, only a few years ago. Yet, it seemed that it was *genteel* of Jacob Dolph to sell timber, and it was not genteel of Abram Van Riper to be a ship-chandler. There was, then, a difference between Jacob Dolph and Abram Van Riper—a difference which, in forty years, Abram Van Riper had never conceived of. There were folks who held thus. For himself, he did not understand it. What difference there was between selling the wood to make a ship and selling the stores to go inside of her he could not understand.

The town was changing for the worse; he saw that. He did not wish—God forbid!—that his son John should go running about to Pleasure Gardens. But it would be no more than neighborly if these young bucks who went out every night should ask him to go with them. Were William Irving's boys and Harry Brevoort and those young Kembles too fine to be friends with his boy? Not that he'd go with them a-rollicking—no, not that—but—'twould be neighborly. It was all wrong, he thought; they were going whither they knew not, and wherefore they knew not; and with that he cursed their airs and their graces, and pounded down to the Tontine, to put his name at the head of the list of those who subscribed for a testimonial service of plate, to be presented to Our Esteemed Fellow-Citizen and Valued Associate, Jacob Dolph, on his Retirement from Active Business.

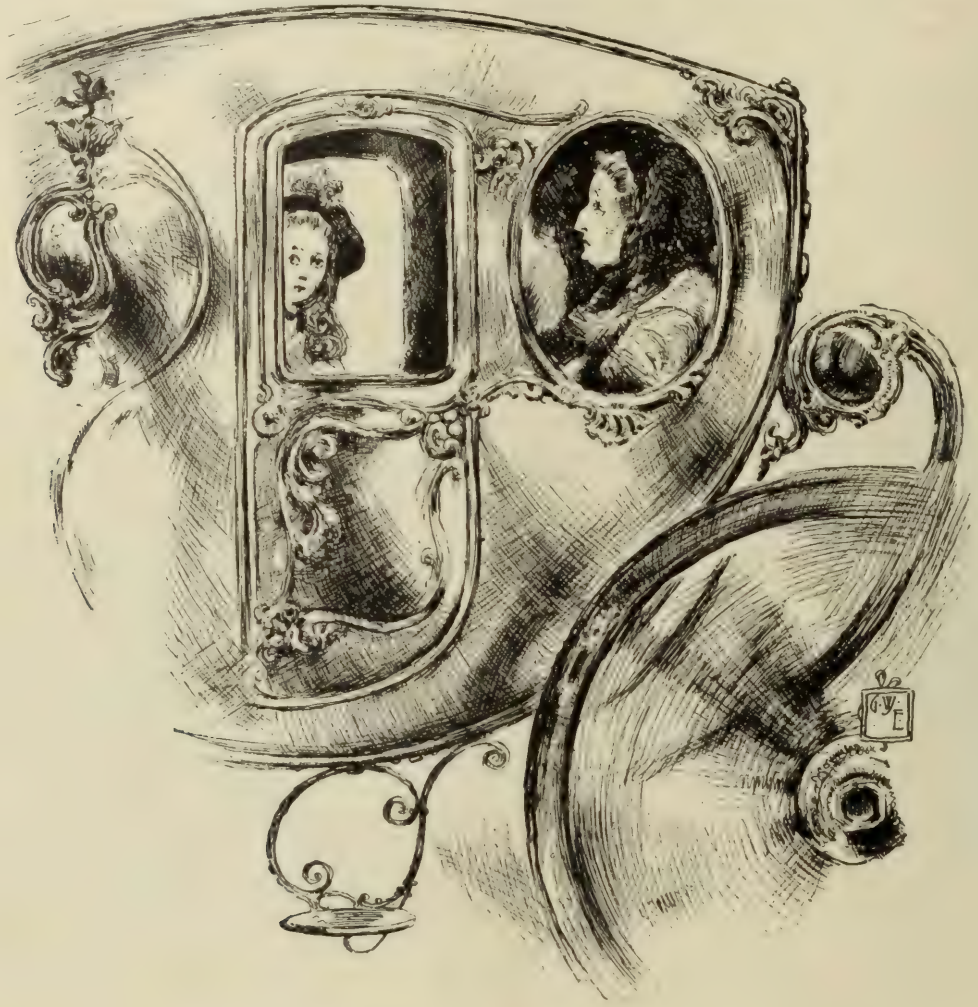
. . . . . .

Jacob Dolph at this moment was setting forth from his house in State Street, whose pillared balcony, rising from the second floor to the roof, caught a side glance of the morning sun that loved the Battery far better than Pine Street. He had his little boy by the hand—young Jacob, his miniature, his heir, and the last and only living one of his eight children. Mr. Dolph walked with his stock thrust out and the lower end of his waistcoat drawn in—he was Colonel Dolph, if he had cared to keep the title; and had come back from Monmouth with a hole in his hip that gave him a bit of a limp, even now in eighteen-hundred-and-seven. He and the boy marched forth, like an army with a small but enthusiastic left wing, into the poplar-studded Battery. The wind blew fresh off the Bay; the waves beat up against the sea-wall, and swirled with a chuckle under Castle Garden Bridge. A large brig was coming up before the wind, all her sails set, as though she were afraid—and she was—of British frigates outside the Hook. Two or three fat little boats, cat-rigged, after the good old New York fashion, were beating down toward Staaten Island, to hunt for the earliest blue-fish.

The two Dolphs crossed the Battery, where the elder bowed to his friends among the merchants who lounged about the city's pleasure-ground, lazily chatting over their business affairs. Then they turned up past Bowling Green into Broadway, where Mr. Dolph kept on bowing, for half the town was out, taking the fresh morning for marketing and all manner of shopping. Everybody knew Jacob Dolph afar off by his blue coat with the silver buttons, his nankeen waistcoat, and his red-checked Indian silk neck-cloth. He made it a sort of uniform. Captain Beare had brought him a bolt of nankeen and a silk kerchief every year since 1793, when Mr. Dolph gave him credit

for the timber of which the *Ursa Minor* was built.

And everybody seemed willing to make acquaintance with young Jacob's London-made kerseymere breeches, of a bright canary-color, and with his lavender silk coat, and with his little *chapeau de Paris*. Indeed, young Jacob was quite the most prominent moving spectacle on Broadway, until they came to John Street, and saw something rolling down the street that quite cut the yellow kerseymeres out of all popular attention.



This was a carriage, the body of which was shaped like a huge section of a cheese, set up on its small end upon broad swinging straps between two pairs of wheels. It was not unlike a piece of cheese in color, for it was of a dull and faded grayish green, like mould, relieved by pale-yellow panels and gilt ornaments. It was truly an interesting structure, and it attracted nearly as much notice on Broadway in 1807 as it might to-day. But it was received with far more reverence, for it was a court coach, and it belonged to the Des Anges family, the rich Huguenots of New Rochelle. It had been built in France, thirty years before, and had been sent over as a present to his brother from the Count des Anges, who had himself neglected to make use of his opportunities to embrace the Protestant religion.

When the white-haired old lady who sat in this coach, with a very little girl by her side, saw Mr. Dolph and his son, she leaned out of the window and signalled to the old periwigged driver to stop, and he drew up close to the sidewalk. And then Mr. Dolph and his son came up to the window and took off their hats, and made a great low bow and a small low bow to the old lady and the little girl.

"Madam Des Anges," said Mr.

Dolph, with an idiom which he had learned when he was presented at the court of Louis the Sixteenth, "has surely not driven down from New Rochelle this morning? That would tax even her powers."

Madam Des Anges did not smile—she had no taste for smiling—but she bridled amiably.

"No, Mr. Dolph," she replied; "I have been staying with my daughter-in-law, at her house at King's Bridge, and I have come to town to put my little granddaughter to school. She is to have the privilege of being a pupil of Mme. Dumesnil."

Madam Des Anges indicated the little girl with a slight movement, as though she did not wish to allow the child more consideration than a child deserved. The little girl turned a great pair of awed eyes, first on her grandmother, and then on the gentlemen, and spoke no word. Young Jacob Dolph stared hard at her, and then contemplated his kerseymeres with lazy satisfaction. He had no time for girls. And a boy who had his breeches made in London was a boy of consequence, and need not concern himself about everyone he saw.

"And this is your son, I make no doubt," went on Madam Des Anges; "you must bring him to see us at King's Bridge, while we are so near you. These young people should know each other."

Mr. Dolph said he would, and showed a becoming sense of the honor of the invitation; and he made young Jacob say a little speech of thanks, which he did with a doubtful grace, and then Mr. Dolph sent his compliments to Madam Des Anges's daughter-in-law, and Madam Des Anges sent her compliments to Mrs. Dolph, and there was more stately bowing, and the carriage lumbered on, with the little girl looking timorously out of the window, her great eyes fixed on the yellow kerseymeres, as they twinkled up the street.

"Papa," said young Jacob, as they turned the corner of Ann Street, "when may I go to a boys' school? I'm monstrous big to be at Mrs. Kilmaster's. And I don't like to be a girl-boy."

"Are you a girl-boy?" inquired his father, smiling.

"Aleck Cameron called me one yesterday. He said I was a girl-boy because I went to dame-school. He called me Missy, too!" the boy went on, with his breast swelling.

"We'll see about it," said Mr. Dolph, smiling again; and they walked on in silence to Mrs. Kilmaster's door, where he struck the knocker, and a neat mulatto girl opened the narrow door. Then he patted his boy on the head and bade him good-by for the morning, and



told him to be a good boy at school. He took a step or two and looked back. Young Jacob lingered on the step, as if he had a further communication to make. He paused.

"I thumped him," said young Jacob, and the narrow door swallowed him up.

Mr. Dolph continued on his walk up Broadway. As he passed the upper end of the Common he looked with interest at the piles of red sandstone among the piles of white marble, where they were building the new City Hall. The Council had ordered that the rear or northward end of the edifice should be constructed of red stone; because red stone was cheap, and none but a few suburbans would ever look down on it from above Chambers Street. Mr. Dolph shook his head. He thought he knew better. He had watched the growth of trade; he knew the room for further growth; he had noticed the long converging lines of river-front, with their unbounded accommodation for wharves and slips. He believed that the day would come—and his own boy might see it—when the business of the city would crowd the dwelling-houses from the riverside, east and west, as far, maybe, as Chambers Street. He had no doubt that the boy might find himself, forty years from then, in a populous and genteel neighborhood. Perhaps he foresaw too much; but he had a jealous yearning for a house that should be a home for him, and for his child, and for his grandchildren. He wanted a place where his wife might have a garden; a place which the boy would grow up to love and cherish, where the boy might bring a wife some day. And even if it were a little out of town—why, his wife did not want a rout every night; and it was likely his old friends would come out and see him once in a while, and smoke a pipe in his garden and eat a dish of strawberries, perhaps.

As he thought it all over for the hundredth time, weighing for and against in his gentle and deliberative mind, he strolled far out of town. There was a house here and there on the road, a house with a trim, stiff little garden, full of pink and white and blue flowers in orderly clam-shell-bordered beds. But it was certainly, he had to admit, as he looked about him, very *countrified* indeed. It seemed that the city must lose itself if it wandered up here among these rolling meadows and wooded hills. Yet even up here, half way to Greenwich Village, there were little outposts of the town—clumps of neighboring houses, mostly of the poorer class, huddling together to form small nuclei for sporadic growth. There was one on his right, near the head of Collect Street. Perhaps that quizzical little old German was right, who had told him that King's Bridge property was a rational investment.

He went across the hill where Grand Street crosses Broadway, and up past what was then North and is to-day Houston Street, and then turned down a straggling road that ran east and west. He walked toward the Hudson, and passed a farmhouse or two, and came to a bare place where there were no trees, and only a few tangled bushes and ground-vines.

Here a man was sitting on a stone, awaiting him. As he came near, the man arose.

"Ah, it's you, Weeks? And have you the plan?"

"Yes, Colonel—Mr. Dolph. I've put the window where you want it—that is, my brother Levi did—though I don't see as you're going to have much trouble in looking over anything that's likely to come between you and the river."

Mr. Dolph took the crisp roll of parchment and studied it with loving interest. It had gone back to Ezra Weeks, the builder, and his brother Levi, the architect, for the twentieth time, perhaps. Was there ever an architect's plan put in the hands of a happy nest-builder where the windows did not go up and down from day to day, and the doors did not crawl all around the house, and the verandah did not contract and expand like a sensitive plant; or where the rooms and closets and corridors did not march backward and forward and in and out at the bidding of every fond, untutored whim?

"It's a monstrous great big place for a country-house, Mr. Dolph," said Ezra Weeks, as he looked over Jacob Dolph's shoulder at the drawings of the house, and shook his head with a sort of pitying admiration for the projector's audacity.

They talked for a while, and looked at the site as if they might see more in it than they saw yesterday, and then Weeks set off for the city, pledged to hire laborers and to begin the work on the morrow.

"I think I can get you some of that stone that's going into the back of the City Hall, if you say so, Mr. Dolph. That stone was bought cheap, you know —bought for the city."

the fire flickering on the new hearth. Then he looked over toward the Hudson, and saw the green woods on Union Hill and the top of a white sail over the high river-bank. He hoped that no one would



"See what you can do, Weeks," said Mr. Dolph; and Mr. Weeks went whistling down the road.

Jacob Dolph walked around his prospective domain. He kicked a wild blackberry bush aside to look at the head of a stake, and tried to realize that that would be the corner of his house. He went to where the parlor fireplace would be, and stared at the grass and stones, wondering what it would be like to watch

build a large house between him and the river.

He lingered so long that the smoke of midday dinners was arising from Greenwich Village when he turned back toward town. When he reached the Commons on his homeward way he came across a knot of idlers who were wasting the hour of the noontide meal in gaping at the unfinished municipal building.

They were admiringly critical. One man was vociferously enthusiastic.

"It's a marvellous fine building say I, sir! Worthy of the classic shades of antiquity. If Europe can show a finer than that will be when she's done, then, in *my* opinion, sir, Europe is doing well."

"You admire the architecture, Mr. Huggins?" asked Mr. Dolph, coming up behind him. Mr. Huggins turned around slightly disconcerted, and assumed an amiability of manner such as can only be a professional acquirement among us poor creatures of human nature.

"Ah, Mr. Dolph—Colonel, I should say! I have purposed to do myself the honor of presenting myself at your house this afternoon, Colonel Dolph, to inquire if you did not desire to have your peruke *frisée*. For I had taken the liberty of observing you in conversation with Madam Des Anges this morning, in her equipage, and it had occurred to me that possibly the madam might be a-staying with you."



"Madam Des Anges does not honor my house this time, Huggins," returned Mr. Dolph, with an indulgent little laugh; "and my poor old peruke will do very well for to-day."

There was a perceptible diminution in Mr. Huggins's ardor; but he was still suave.

"I hope the madam is in good health," he remarked.

"She is, I believe," said Mr. Dolph.

"And your good lady, sir? I have not had the pleasure of treating Mrs. Dolph professionally for some time, sir. I——"

Mr. Dolph was weary. "I don't think Mrs. Dolph is fond of the latest modes, Huggins. But here comes Mr. Van Riper. Perhaps he will have his peruke *frisée*."

Mr. Huggins got out of a dancing-master's pose with intelligent alacrity, bade Mr. Dolph a hasty "Good afternoon!" and hurried off toward his shop, one door above Wall Street. Mr. Van Riper did not like "John Richard Desbrosses Huggins, Knight of the Comb."

There was something else that Mr. Van Riper did not like.

"Hullo, Dolph!" he hailed his friend. "What's this I heard about you building a preposterous tom-fool of a town house out by Greenwich? Why don't you hire that house that Burr had, up near Lispenard's cow-pasture, and be done with it?"

Mr. Dolph seized his chance.

"It 's not so preposterous as all that. By the way, talking of Burr, I hear from Richmond that he'll positively be tried next week. Did you know that young Irving—William's son, the youngest, the lad that writes squibs—has gone to Richmond for the defence?"

"William Irving's son might be in better business," grunted Mr. Van Riper, for a moment diverted. "If we'd got at that devil when he murdered poor Hamilton—'fore gad, we'd have saved the trouble of trying him. Do you remember when we was for going to Philadelphia after him, and there the sly scamp was at home all the time, up in his fine house, a-sitting in a tub of water, reading French stuff as cool as a cowcumber, with the whole town hunting for him?" Then he came back. "But that house of yours. You haven't got this crazy notion that New York's going to turn into London while you smoke your pipe, have you? You're keeping some of your seven business senses, ain't you?"

"I don't know," Mr. Dolph mildly defended his hobby; "there is a great potentiality of growth in this city. Here 's an estimate that John Pintard made the other day——"

"John Pintard! He 's another like *you!*" said Mr. Van Riper.

"Well, look at it for yourself," pleaded the believer in New York's future.

Mr. Van Riper took the neatly written paper, and simply snorted and gasped as he read this:

Statistical.

By the numeration of the inhabitants of this city recently published the progress of population for the last 5 years appears to be at the rate of 25 per cent. Should our city continue to increase in the same proportion during the present century, the aggregate number at its close will far exceed that of any other city in the Old World, Pekin not excepted, as will appear from the following table. Progress of population in the city of New York, computed at the rate of 25 per cent. every 5 years:

1805.....	75,770	1855.....	705,650
1810.....	95,715	1860.....	882,062
1815.....	110,390	1865.....	1,102,577
1820.....	147,987	1870.....	1,378,221
1825.....	184,923	1875.....	1,722,776
1830.....	231,228	1880.....	2,153,470
1835.....	289,035	1885.....	2,691,837
1840.....	361,293	1890.....	3,364,796
1845.....	451,616	1895.....	4,205,995
1850.....	564,520	1900.....	5,257,493

When he had read it through he was a-quivering, crimson with that rage of conservative indignation which is even more fervent than the flames of radical enthusiasm.

"Yes," he said; "there 's seventy-five thousand people in this town, and there 'll be seventy-five thousand bankrupts if this lunacy goes on. And there 's seventy-five thousand maggots in your brain, and seventy-five thousand in John Pintard's; and if you two live to see nineteen hundred, you 'll have twice five million two hundred and fifty-seven thousand four hundred and ninety-three—whatever that may be!" And he thrust the paper back at Jacob Dolph, and made for the Tontine and the society of sensible men.

. . . . . .

The house was built, in spite of Abram Van Riper's remonstrance. It had a stone front, almost flush with the road, and brick gable ends, in each one of which, high up near the roof, stood an arched window, to lift an eyebrow to the sun, morning and evening. But it was only a country-house, after all; and the Dolphs set up their carriage and drove out and in, from June to September.

There was a garden at the side, where Mrs. Dolph could have the flowers her heart had yearned after, ever since Jacob Dolph brought her from her home at Rondout, when she was seventeen.

. . . . . .

Strengthened by the country air—so



they said—young Jacob grew clean out of his dame-school days and into and out of Columbia College, and was sent abroad, a sturdy youth, to have a year's holiday. It was to the new house that he came back the next summer, with a

wonderful stock of fine clothes and of finer manners, and with a pair of moustachios that scandalized everybody but Madam Des Anges, who had seen the like in France when she visited her brother. And a very fine young buck was young Jacob, altogether, with his knowledge of French and his ignorance of Dutch, and a way he had with the women, and another way he had with the men, and his heirship to old Jacob Dolph's money and his two houses.

For they stayed in the old house until 1822.

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It was a close, hot night in the early summer; there was a thick, warm mist that turned now and then into a soft rain; yet every window in the Dolphs's house in State Street was closed.

It had been a hideous day for New York. From early morning until long after dark had set in, the streets had been filled with frightened, disordered crowds. The city was again stricken with the old, inevitable, ever-recurring scourge of yellow fever, and the people had lost their heads. In every house, in every office and shop, there was hasty packing, mad confusion, and wild flight. It was only a question of getting out of town as best one might. Wagons and carts creaked and rumbled and rattled through every street, piled high with household chattels, upheaped in blind haste. Women rode on the swaying loads, or walked beside with the smaller children in their arms. Men bore heavy burdens, and children helped according to their strength. There was only one idea, and that was flight—from a pestilence whose coming might have been prevented, and whose course could have been stayed. To most of these poor creatures the only haven seemed to be Greenwich Village; but some sought the scattered settlements above; some crossed to Hoboken; some to Bushwick; while others made a long journey to Staaten Island, across the bay. And when they reached their goals, it was to beg or buy lodgings anywhere and anyhow; to sleep in cellars and garrets, in barns and stables.

The panic was not only among the poor and ignorant. Merchants were moving their offices, and even the Post Office and the Custom House were to be transferred to Greenwich. There were some who remained faithful throughout all, and who labored for the stricken, and whose names are not even written in the memory of their fellow-men. But the city had been so often ravaged before, that at the first there was one mere animal impulse of flight that seized upon all alike.

At one o'clock, when some of the better streets had once more taken on their natural quiet, an ox-cart stood before the door of the Dolphs's old house. A little behind it stood the family carriage, its lamps unlit. The horses stirred uneasily; but the oxen waited in dull, indifferent patience. Presently the door opened, and two men came out and awkwardly bore a plain coffin to the cart. Then they mounted to the front of the cart, hiding between them a muffled lantern. They wore cloths over the lower part of their faces, and felt hats drawn low over their eyes. Something in their gait showed them to be seafaring men, or the like.

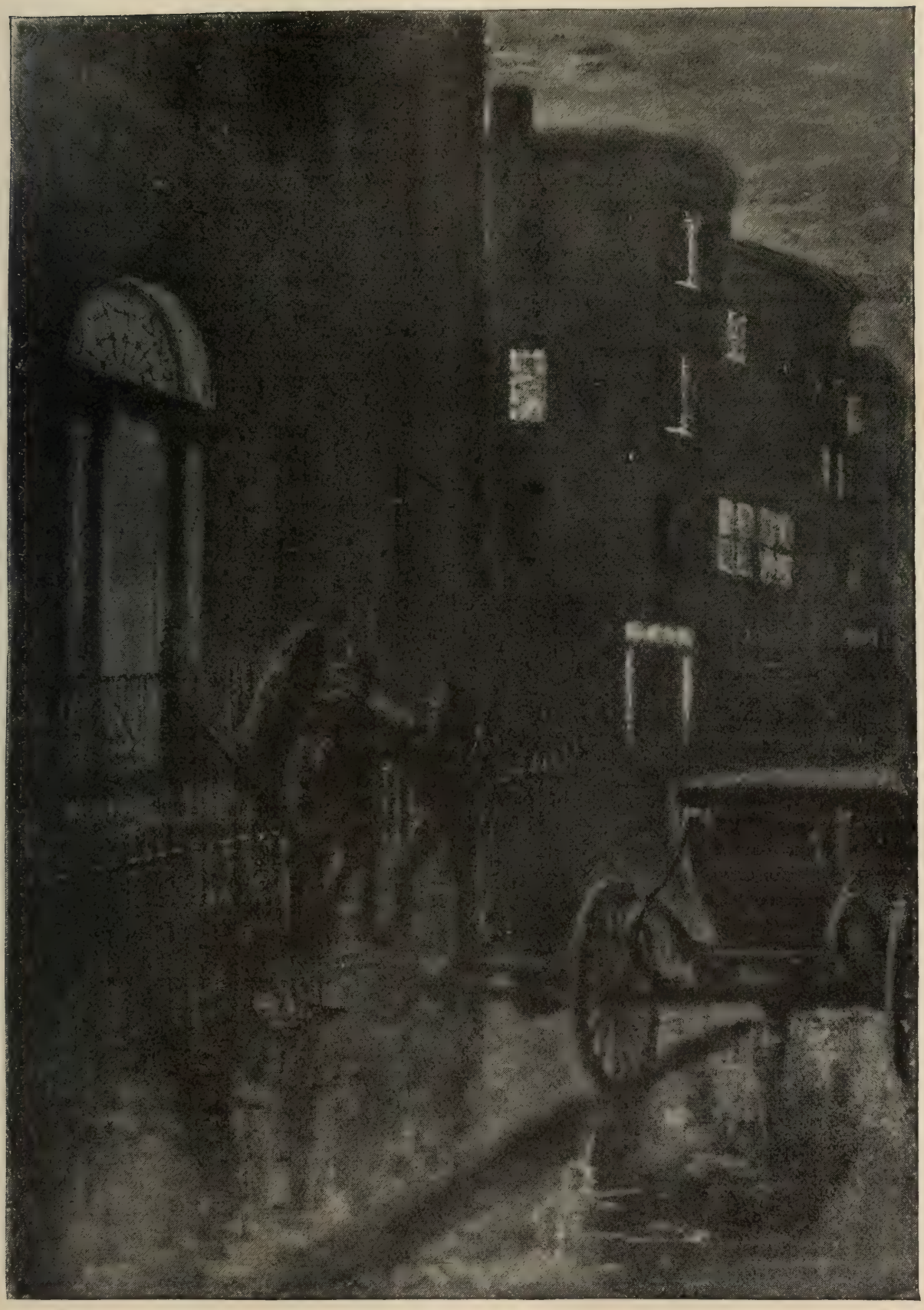
Then out of the open door came Jacob Dolph, moving with a feeble shuffle between his son and his old negro coachman—this man and his wife the only faithful of all the servants. The young man put his father in the carriage, and the negro went back and locked the doors and brought the keys to his young master. He mounted to the box, and through the darkness could be seen a white towel tied around his arm—the old badge of servitude's mourning.

The oxen were started up, and the two vehicles moved up into Broadway. They travelled with painful slowness; the horses had to be held in to keep them behind the cart, for the oxen could be guided only with the whip, and not by word of mouth. The old man moaned a little at the pace, and quivered when he heard the distant sound of hammers.

"What is it?" he asked, nervously.

"They are boarding up some of the streets," said his son; "do not fear, father. Everything is prepared; and if we make no noise, we shall not be troubled."

"If we can only keep her out of the Potter's Field—the Potter's Field!"

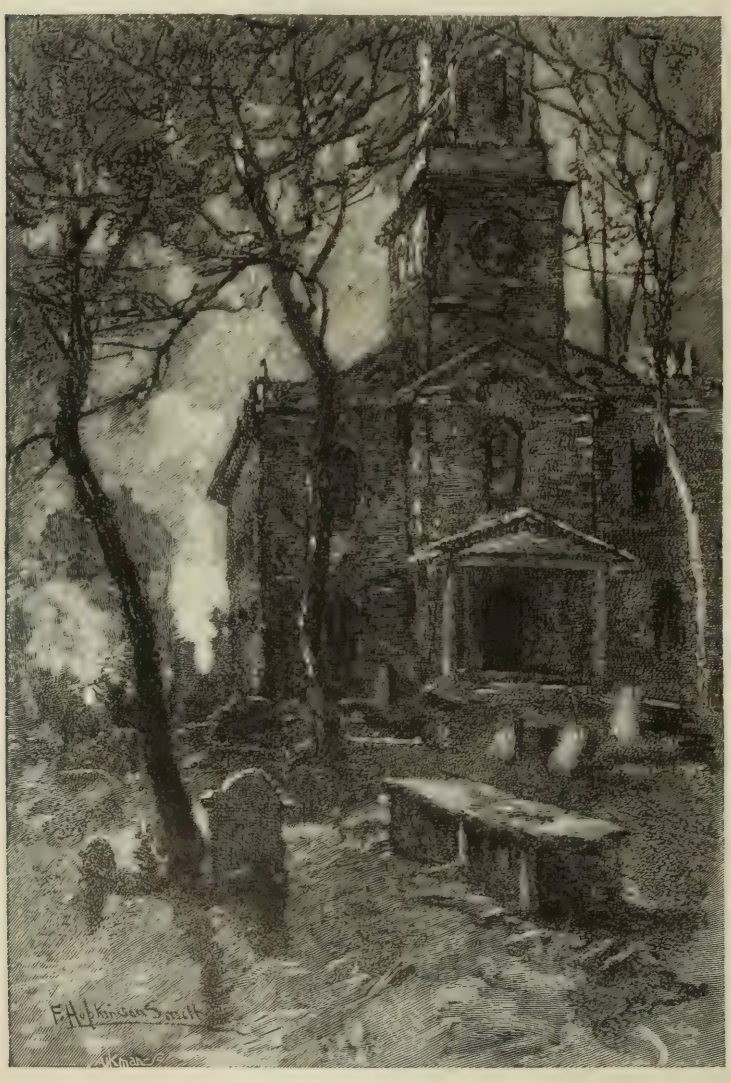


"Then out of the open door came Jacob Dolph."

cried the father; "I'll thank God—I'll ask no more—I'll ask no more!"

And then he broke down and cried a little, feebly, and got his son's hand in the darkness and put on his own shoulder.

It was nearly two when they came to St. Paul's and turned the corner to the gate. It was dark below, but some frenzied fools were burning tar-barrels far down Ann Street, and the light flickered on the top of the church spire. They crossed the church-yard to where a shallow grave had been dug, half way down the hill. The men lowered the body into it; the old negro gave them a little pomander-box to his face. He was not more foolish than his fellows; in that evil hour men took to charms and to saying of spells. Below the grave and apart, for the curse rested upon them, too, stood Jacob Dolph and his son, the old man leaning on the arm of the younger. Then the clergyman began to read the service for the burial of the dead, over the departed sister—and wife and mother. He spoke low; but his voice seemed to echo in the stillness. He came forward with a certain shrinking, and cast the handful of dust and ashes into the grave. When it was done, the sexton stepped forward and rapidly threw in the earth until he had filled the little hollow even with the ground. Then, with fearful precaution, he laid down the carefully cut sods, and smoothed them until there was no sign of what had been done. The clergyman turned to the two mourners, without moving nearer to them, and lifted up his hands. The old man tried to kneel; but his son held him up, for he was too feeble, and they bent their heads for a moment of silence. The clergyman went away as he had come; and Jacob Dolph and his son went back to the carriage. When his father was seated, young Jacob Dolph said to the coachman: "To the new house."



rouleau of coin, and they went hurriedly away into the night.

The clergyman came out by and by, with the sexton behind him. He stood high up above the grave, and drew his long cloak about him, and lifted an old

The heavy coach swung into Broadway, and climbed up the hill out into the open country. There were lights still burning in the farm-houses, bright gleams to east and west, but the silence of the damp summer night hung over the sparse suburbs, and the darkness seemed to grow more intense as they drove away from the city. The trees by the road-side were almost black in the gray mist; the raw, moist smell of the night, the damp air, chilly upon the high land, came in through the carriage windows. Young Jacob looked out and noted their prog-

ress by familiar landmarks on the road; but the old man sat with his head bent on his new black stock.

It was almost three, and the east was beginning to look dark, as though a storm were settling there in the grayness, when they turned down the straggling street and drew up before the great dark mass that was the new house. The carriage-wheels gritted against the loose stones at the edge of the road-way, and the great door of the house swung open. The light of one wavering candle-flame, held high above her head, fell on the black face of old Chloe, the coachman's wife. There were no candles burning on the high-pitched stairway; all was dark behind her in the empty house.

Young Jacob Dolph helped his father to the ground, and between the young man and the negro old Jacob Dolph wearily climbed the steps. Chloe lifted her apron to her face, and turned to lead them up the stair. Her husband went out to his horses, shutting the door softly after him, between Jacob Dolph's old life and the new life that was to begin in the new house.



SONNETS IN SHADOW.

By Arlo Bates.

I.

If it should be we are watched unaware
By those who have gone from us; if our sighs
Ring in their ears; if tears that scald our eyes
They see and long to stanch; if our despair

Fills them with anguish; we must learn to bear
In strength of silence. Though doubt still denies,
It cannot give assurance which defies
All peradventure; and, if anywhere

Our loved grieve with our grieving, cruel we
To cherish selfishness of woe. The chance
Should keep us steadfast. Tortured utterly,

This hope alone in all the world's expanse
We hold forlornly; how deep love can be,
Grief's silence proving more than utterance.

II.

When two souls have been truly blent in one,
    It could not chance that one should cease to be
    And one remain alive. 'Twere falsity
To all that has been to count union done

Because death blinds the sight. Such threads are spun
    By dear communion, even the dread Three
    Cannot or cut or disentangle. Sea
From shore the moon may draw; but two drops run

Together what can separate? What thought
    Touched but one brain? What pulse-beat, faint or high,
Did not both hearts share duly? There is naught

In all we do or dream, from lightest sigh
    To weightiest deed, by which we are not taught
We live together or together die.

III.

We must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
    Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
    Deceive with gloss of seeming, but all lies
Were vain to cheat a prescience spirit pure.

Our soul's true worth and aim, however poor,
    They see who watch us from some deathless skies
    With glance death-quickened. That no sad surprise
Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.

Living, our loved ones make us what they dream;
    Dead, if they see, they know us as we are.
Henceforward we must be, not merely seem.

Bitterer woe than death it were by far
    To fail their hopes who love us to redeem.
Loss were thrice loss which thus their faith could mar!

OUR DEFENCELESS COASTS.

By F. V. Greene, Captain U. S. Engineers.

To the great majority of the American people the experience of Europe is of no value as a guide. It is nothing to us that other nations find it necessary or advisable to pursue certain policies. We believe that we are placed in exceptional circumstances; and we decide and act upon our own judgment of the matter in hand, regardless of the way in which other nations have acted upon a similar matter. Nor can it be denied that there is much to justify this self-confidence. Our political system was devised and adopted, not only without the aid of foreign experience, but in direct opposition and defiance of that experience. Yet it has been successful beyond the wildest dreams of its designers; it might fairly be called the most successful system of modern times, and no surer proof of this could be adduced than the fact that a large number of British statesmen believe that the only remedy for Irish misgovernment lies in grafting some of its most important features upon the venerable constitution of England.

As in politics, so in war. We have thrown aside all the traditions of European governments as to the necessity of maintaining a large army for purposes of defence; we maintain only the merest nucleus of a military organization—a force which, in proportion to the population, is now and always has been utterly insignificant. Yet we have never been beaten in war. In less than one century we prosecuted, with signal success, four wars, one of them being the mightiest conflict—the most far-reaching in its consequences to the human race—of which there is authentic record.

In nothing does this independence of thought, this disregard of precedents and foreign experience, this determination to decide our own questions on our own judgment, show itself more clearly than in the question of the necessity of properly defending our coasts. And we have now to consider whether, in deciding to do absolutely nothing—as we have done in the last ten years, while other nations are spending millions—we maintain a sturdy independence of thought, or whether we display an ignorant arrogance which, like pride, goes before a fall.

The question is not a new one. It was vigorously debated after the War of 1812; and in 1816 a competent board of engineers was appointed, who laid down the fundamental principles on which a system of coast defences suited to our needs should be constructed, and their plans were approved by the President and by Congress. The leading spirit of this board was Captain (afterward General) Joseph G. Totten, of the Corps of Engineers. This eminent officer, whose active service extended over a period of fifty-nine years, not only devised the entire system of defences for the Atlantic coast—and subsequently for the Pacific and the northern frontier—but lived to complete it, nearly thirty years ago, substantially as it is to-day. He served in his youth in the War of 1812, was in his prime the chief engineer of the army in Mexico, and in his old age he approved the plans for the defences of Washington at the outbreak of the great rebellion. He was also the first to make use of iron in fortifications; and his granite forts, with iron shutters for the gun embrasures, built between 1850 and 1860, were the finest models of military engineering of their day.

The question of the necessity of seacoast defences, or—granted the necessity—the principles on which they should be constructed, was periodically revived in Congress during the fifty years preceding the civil war, and at each period there were corresponding boards of engineers to make their reports to Congress. These were the boards of 1816, 1826, 1836, 1840, 1851, and 1861. The exhaustive reports of these various boards were all written by General Totten, and during his lifetime he spoke with the voice of authority and almost without a

rival. His views and arguments carried conviction both with the executive and legislative branches of the Government. Only twice were they seriously called in question—once, in 1836, by Mr. Poinsett, the Secretary of War, who contended that the enormous size of Fort Monroe, at Hampton Roads, and Fort Adams, at Newport, with a view to their defence against a land siege, was unnecessary, as no nation would have the hardihood to venture to land an army on our coasts large enough to carry on a siege; and once by General Gaines, in 1840, who advocated the abandonment of forts and the substitution of a system of floating batteries combined with seven great lines of railroads, radiating from the "central States of Kentucky and Tennessee" to various points on the sea-board, by which troops could be concentrated at any point which might be threatened. General Gaines was a gallant officer of the War of 1812, but he was regarded as eccentric and visionary—in the slang of to-day, somewhat of a "crank." The Secretary of War curtly dismissed his project, by reporting to Congress that, "with every respect for the experience of the gallant author, he was constrained to differ from him;" the engineers reported that the proposed railways would cost $126,000,000, and no further attention was given to the scheme.

In General Totten's earlier reports he addressed himself not only to the question of location of works, their size, armament, and cost, but also to the broader question of the necessity of coast defences as a matter of public policy. His remarks on this subject are as apposite to-day as when they were written, two generations ago, being eternal principles as unanswerable as the laws of mechanics. Some of them will well bear quoting.

"The United States, separated from the rest of the world by an ocean on one hand, and a vast wilderness on the other, pursuing toward all nations a policy strikingly characterized by its pacific tendency, its impartiality, and justice; contracting no political alliances; confining her intercourse with the rest of the world rigidly to the letter of such temporary arrangements as are dictated by reciprocal commercial interests—might at first view be regarded as too remote physically, and as politically too insulated, to be endangered by the convulsions which, from time to time, disturb the nations of the earth."

Yet

"Neither our geographical position, nor our forbearance, nor the equity of our policy, can always avail under the relation in which it is our destiny to stand to the rest of the world. . . . We are admonished by history to bear in mind that war cannot at all times be avoided, however pacific and forbearing our policy; and that nothing will conduce more to an uninterrupted peace than that state of preparation which exposes no weak point to the hostility, and offers no gratification to the cupidity, of the other nations of the earth."

While these abstract principles are perfectly true and applicable to-day, yet the concrete problem of national defence is a thousand-fold simpler now than it was in the earlier days of our national life. The wants of commerce and private enterprise have developed a system of railroads twenty times more extensive than that projected by General Gaines, the cost of which prevented his project from having any consideration. No nation which has a great army has the mercantile marine for transporting it across the ocean. Before England could raise an army of respectable size, or before any of the continental powers could buy or build the ships to transport their armies, we could raise a force of our own amply sufficient to repel the invaders, and by means of our railroads we could concentrate it at any point on the coast, while the foreign army was being landed. In proof of this we have only to remember that in the Crimean War the maritime resources of England were taxed to the utmost in order to maintain an army abroad which never had an effective strength of 50,000 men; and in 1879, when England prepared to make war on Russia, it required four months to get 60,000 men ready for embarkation, and an additional force of 30,000 men, which were promised in two months more, exhausted her entire strength available for foreign service.

All idea, therefore, of any nation at-

tempting the conquest of this country may be rejected as purely chimerical. To attack us with 100,000 men would be but child's play, and to attempt to carry on a war across three thousand miles of ocean, with a nation which has maintained over one million of men under arms, would be the act of a madman. But the very elements of wealth and population which have made an invasion impossible have brought an increase of danger in another direction. They have built up on the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the northern lakes a series of great cities, containing an aggregate population of more than five million souls, and destructible property which is carried on the assessors' books with a valuation of $4,000,000,000 (and has probably an actual value of nearly twice as much), yielding annually a product in manufactured goods alone valued at over one thousand million dollars.*

Every man, woman, and child in this great population, every dollar in this vast aggregation of wealth, is to-day in danger of destruction by a hostile fleet; for it is certainly a fact that the shells of an enemy's vessels could, in a few weeks, or even days, after declaration of war, reach every portion of it—so utterly defenceless are our harbors against the ships and guns which have been developed in the last twenty years, during which we have done nothing. So that while the idea of invasion and conquest may now be dismissed as visionary, the problem of national defence has simplified itself to merely protecting life and property against a possible enemy in our sea-board and lake-board cities. It is, in brief, a problem of national insurance on life and property, to provide for just those cases of danger which are specially excepted from all ordinary policies—cases which lie beyond the grasp of private enterprise, and not only fall within the legitimate province of general government, but are expressly provided for in the Constitution, which gives power to Congress to provide for the common defence. The usual annual premium on policies of insurance on life or property, with good risks, is from one to one and a half per cent. One per cent. on the $4,000,000,000 of destructible property within reach of hostile shells is $40,000,000. Less than half that amount, viz., $20,000,000, expended annually for six years, would give us a complete system of insurance—*i.e.*, it would give us harbor defences stronger than any ships which could be brought against them. It is probable that so large a sum could not be judiciously expended in one year, and the expenditure would be less, and the number of years greater; but with $10,000,000 a year for six years, fully three-fourths of the lives and property on our coasts could be placed out of danger. This amount is about three per cent. of our annual appropriations for the support of the Government and its obligations. During the ten years from 1826 to 1836, with an average total expenditure of $17,000,000 per annum, the yearly expense for fortifications was about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or four and a half per cent., so that it would be within precedent to spend three per cent. of our revenue for the same purpose now. And while the existence of an overflowing treasury affords no good grounds for lavish and unnecessary expenditure, with its attendant extravagance and demoralization, yet such a condition removes the only possible objection to proper expenditures for worthy objects. We have the ready cash to invest in insurance; and if we fail to make the investment, we incur a risk which no prudent man would

* The principal cities on the sea and lake coasts, with their population, valuation, and manufactured products, are as follows, the figures being taken from the Compendium to the Tenth Census, 1880:

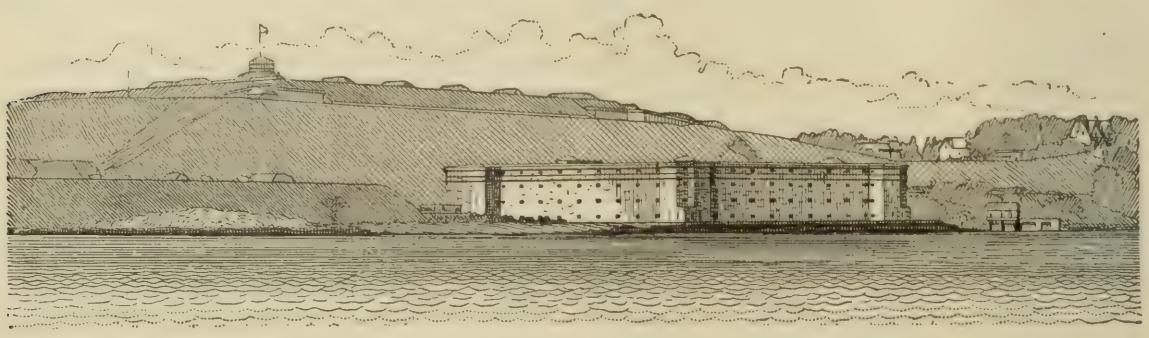
	Population.	Assessed valuation of property.	Annual value of manufactured products.
Baltimore	332,313	244,044,181	78,417,304
Boston	362,839	658,220,621	130,531,993
Brooklyn	566,663	244,556,977	177,223,142
Buffalo	155,134	118,454,621	42,937,701
Chicago	503,185	148,982,393	249,022,948
Cleveland	160,146	88,353,139	48,604,050
Detroit	116,340	100,206,905	30,181,416
Jersey City	120,722	90,371,969	60,473,905
Milwaukee	115,587	53,774,035	43,473,812
New Orleans	216,090	91,794,350	18,803,696
New York	1,206,299	1,094,069,335	472,926,437
Philadelphia	847,170	581,729,759	324,342,935
Providence	104,857	178,448,469	42,597,512
San Francisco	233,959	244,626,760	77,824,299
Washington	159,871	99,401,787	11,882,316
Total	5,201,175	4,037,034,281	1,109,243,466

for a moment permit in his private business.

It is now necessary to examine the causes which have brought about the present state of affairs, and see how it is that our coasts have come to be in a defenceless condition, what is necessary to put them in a state of defence, and what other nations have been doing while we have been idle.

when the war broke out. The actual expenditures for fortifications, arsenals, and armories have been, in round numbers, as follows :

1794–1812	$3,650,000
1813–1860	39,400,000
1861–1875	39,550,000
1876–1886	4,500,000
	$87,100,000



Fort Wadsworth, West Side of the Narrows, New York Harbor.

The earlier reports of General Totten, those of 1816 and 1826, contained a complete project for the defence of the Atlantic coast. His later reports contained the plans for the Pacific coast and the lake ports. His first estimates, for the Atlantic coast only, were for $16,500,000, a sum which, gauged by the annual expenditures then and now, is equivalent to over three hundred million dollars today. The amount was large, but the experience of the War of 1812 was fresh in people's minds, and Congress met the case by appropriating a little more than one million dollars (about seven per cent. of the total revenue) for 1816, and about six hundred thousand dollars per annum for several years afterward. From 1794 to 1820 all appropriations for fortifications were in a lump sum, to be expended at such points as the President might select, but after 1820 specific appropriations were made for each work. In his subsequent reports General Totten's estimates were increased, both on account of enlargement of the projected works, and of new localities to be fortified ; but in his report of 1840 he states the aggregate cost of works, completed and projected, to be about thirty-three million dollars, and this estimate was substantially correct, the works having been nearly completed for about that sum of which about sixteen million dollars have been expended for arsenals and armories, one-half of it at the great inland arsenal at Rock Island, Ill. The outbreak of the civil war caused a large increase of expenditure, not only for the fortifications of principal cities on the sea-coast, but also of Washington, and this expenditure was kept up after the war until the first Democratic Congress convened, in 1875. Then the money for building forts was stopped entirely, and during the last ten years the appropriations have been limited to from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand dollars annually for the care of fortifications, and certain sums for the purchase of torpedo materials and experiments with large guns. At the last session of Congress the House proposed a bill of this character, which the Senate amended by carrying the amount to over six million dollars, and between the two no bill of any kind was passed ; so that the fort-keepers and watchmen have at last had to be discharged.

As an illustration of the history of our fortifications, it will be well to take the case of New York, and trace the development of its defensive works. Each of the entrances to New York Harbor contains a point which a moment's glance at the map shows to be specially suited

for fortifications. In the ocean entrance it is the Narrows, and in the sound entrance it is at Throgg's Neck, which might well be called the Eastern Narrows. There are no other points in coming from the sound which are specially adapted for defence; but in the lower bay the main channel runs very close to Sandy Hook, giving an outer line of defence at that point, and there are islands and shoals near the junction of the Hudson and East Rivers, which, before the days of long-range guns, were thought to afford good points for an inner line of defence.

The first permanent work to be erected in New York Harbor was on this inner line of defence. This was Castle Williams, the reddish stone tower on Governor's Island, just opposite the Battery, which is a familiar object to everyone who has been on the bay. It was built in 1807–10. In 1812 a somewhat similar structure—Fort Lafayette—was erected on a shoal near the eastern shore of the Narrows. In 1824 the land was purchased on the adjacent shore of Long Island, at New Utrecht Point, and the construction of Fort Hamilton was commenced and rapidly pushed to completion. In 1826 the land was acquired at Throgg's Neck for Fort Schuyler. General Totten had urgently insisted in his earliest reports upon the necessity of fortifying this point, but his views were opposed on the grounds that it was too far distant from the city, and that the difficult navigation of Hell Gate was in itself a sufficient defence on the side of the sound. His views finally prevailed, however, and in 1833 the construction was commenced in earnest. Between 1831 and 1834 Fort Columbus was built—to the south of Castle Williams, on Governor's Island.

In 1841 the old work on Bedlow's Island, on the inner line of defence, was removed, and the existing fort—within which the Liberty Statue has just been erected—was built in the next few years. At the same time a small work was built on Ellis Island, between Bedlow's Island and the New Jersey shore. In 1846 the fine masonry work at the water's edge on the west side of the Narrows — Fort Wadsworth — was commenced; and in 1850 Battery Hudson, on the hills behind it. In 1857 steps were taken to build three large and expensive works, to cost between one million and two million dollars each. One of them was on the sound entrance, at Willet's Point, opposite Fort Schuyler; another was at Sandy Hook; and the third was the rebuilding on a larger scale of Fort Tompkins, on the Staten Island hills at the Narrows. But little progress was made on these three works until the outbreak of the civil war, when they were vigorously prosecuted, although the works at Willet's Point and Sandy Hook have never been fully completed. In the early reports of the Board of Engineers there was a project for building works on the Middle Ground and East Bank, between Sandy Hook and Coney Island, but owing to doubts as to the stability of these shoals the project has never been carried out. After the civil war



Sketch Map of New York Harbor.

A, New York.
B, Brooklyn.
C, Jersey City.
D, Newark.
E, Staten Island.
F, Coney Island.
G, Sandy Hook (Ft.).
H, Ft. Wadsworth.
I, Ft. Tomkins and Batt'y Hudson.
K, Ft. Lafayette.
L, Ft. Hamilton.
M, Castle Williams and Ft. Columbus
N, Ft. on Bedlow's Island.
O, Ft. on Ellis Island.
P, Ft. Schuyler.
Q, Ft., Willet's Point.

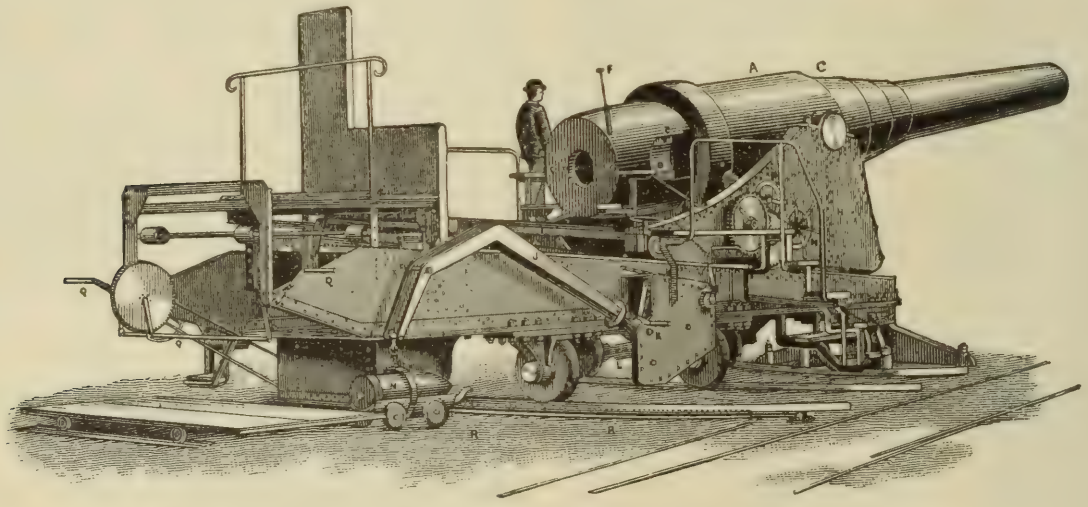
[The circles are drawn with radii of seven and fourteen miles respectively, and centres at City Hall.]

a large amount of work was done in building several lines of earthern batteries on both sides of the Narrows and at

Willet's Point. All work on fortifications, as previously stated, stopped in 1875. The total cost of the works hitherto constructed for the defence of New York is about nine million dollars.

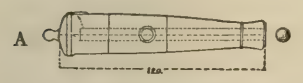
The fortifications of New York illustrate very clearly the progressive changes in the system of defence. The problem has always been to place more, or larger, guns ashore than can be brought against them afloat, and to put them behind walls stronger than the sides of a ship. Prior to 1860 the forts answered these conditions fully. In 1812 navies were composed of wooden sailing-vessels, and the largest of them carried seventy-four small guns. Castle Williams and Fort Lafayette mounted seventy-eight guns each, of a much heavier calibre than those of the ships, and their walls were incomparably superior in strength to the sides of the wooden frigates. With the rapid development, between 1840 and 1860, of steam ships of war, propelled by screws, and carrying guns as large as 9-inch and 11-inch, it was evident that a corresponding increase must be made in the strength of fortifications. This was effected, in part, by earthen batteries, exterior to the fort, where the ground permitted their construction, and in part (where the site was restricted in size) by strong castellated structures of the best granite masonry, with walls eight feet thick, the embrasures (or gun-ports) protected by iron shutters, and the guns (10- and 12-inch smooth-bore) arranged in several tiers. Fort Wadsworth and the fort near the water at Willet's Point are types of the latter class, and the batteries near Fort Hamilton of the former.

The advent of the civil war brought into practical application two new principles. First, the application of iron armor to vessels, and, second, the use of torpedoes, or submarine explosive mines. Simultaneously with these came a great development in the size and power of guns. The germs of all the modern ideas of guns, armored ships, and torpedoes were found in the war of 1861–65. In guns we produced the 300-pounder rifled Parrotts, and the 15-inch (450-pounder) smooth-bore Rodman. In ships we had the turretted monitors and the broadside armored "New Ironsides." In torpedoes we had the spar torpedo from an open boat, with which Cushing blew up the Albemarle, and the iron powder-kegs, exploded by contact with electricity, with which the Confederates destroyed the monitor Tecumseh and other vessels. But at the close of the war our development (except in torpedoes) ceased, while the development of other nations went on with rapid strides. Every year new vessels were constructed with ever-increasing thickness of armor, and every year still larger guns were produced. In this costly series of experiments between guns, on the one hand, and armor, on the other, the United States took no

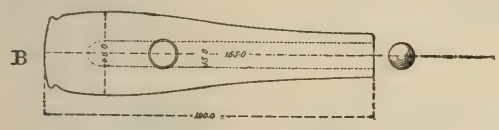


Krupp's 40 Centimetre (15¾ Inch) Rifle, Mounted on Sea Coast Carriage.

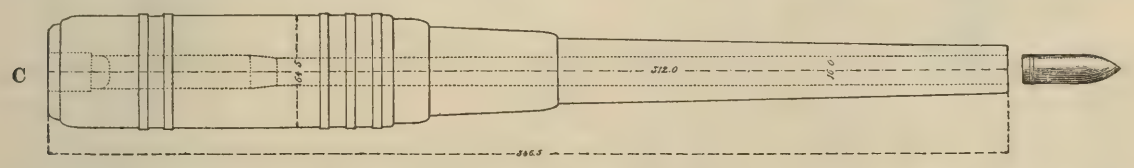
part. We calmly looked on, waiting for the time when it should be demonstrated whether the attacking or resisting forces should prove superior. The struggle virtually culminated, a few years ago, in the 100-ton guns of Krupp and Armstrong. These are colossal steel machines, worked entirely by hydraulic engines, 40 feet long, 6 feet in diameter at the base, carrying a projectile 4 feet long and 17 inches in diameter, weighing 2,200 pounds, and propelled by the explosion of over eight hundred pounds of powder. Its velocity is a mile in three seconds, and its range more than nine miles. At a distance of over half a mile it can penetrate thirty inches of iron, twenty-four feet of concrete masonry, or seventy-five feet of earth. The only form of defence which has successfully resisted it is the Gruson cast-iron dome.



A.—The 42-pounder of 1812. Length, 10 feet; weight, 4 tons; charge, 16 pounds; projectile, 42 pounds; muzzle energy, 800 foot tons.



B.—The 15-inch Rodman of 1862. Length, 16 feet; weight, 20 tons; charge, 130 pounds; projectile, 450 pounds; muzzle energy, 9,000 foot tons.



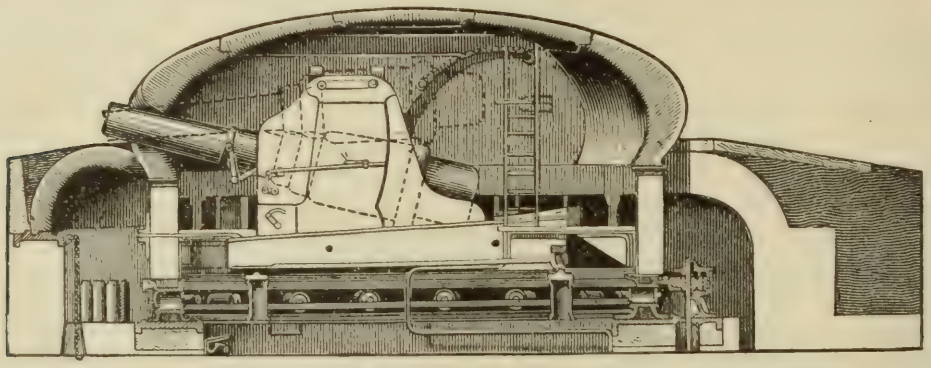
C.—The 16-inch Rifle of 1886. Length, 45 feet 6 inches; weight, 115 tons; charge, 800 pounds; projectile, 2,300 pounds; muzzle energy, 55,000 foot tons.

The Great Guns of Different Periods of the Nineteenth Century.

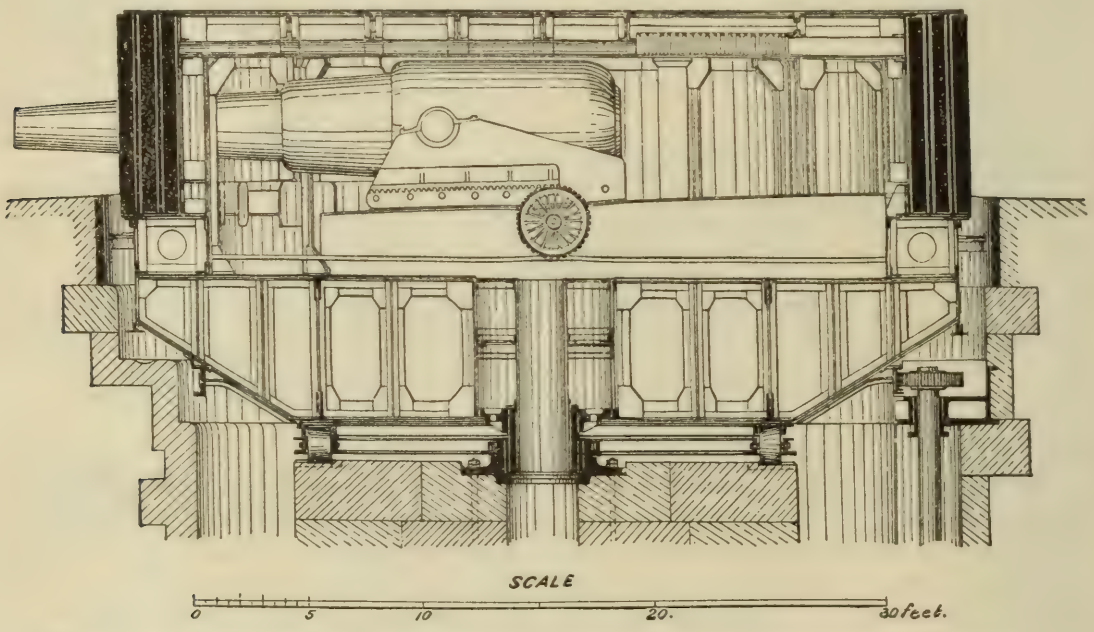
At the beginning of this development of modern great guns, just after the close of the war, our engineers made some experiments with heavy iron shields placed in and around the embrasures of our granite forts, with a view of seeing whether this adaptation would not serve to continue the usefulness of our masonry works. But while the iron shields resisted fairly well the guns of that period, the masonry adjacent to them was soon demolished, and it was evident that our masonry forts were already obsolete. The engineers, therefore, confined their attention to the development of a torpedo system, and pending the solution of the gun-and-armor problem they built, as a temporary expedient, earthen batteries, and enlarged the ramparts of some of the existing forts, intending to arm them with 12-inch rifled guns and large mortars. The guns, however, were not built, and in 1875 the whole work stopped. Our present stock of heavy ordnance consists of 1518 smooth-bore Rodmans, of various sizes, mostly 10-inch and 15-inch, and 210 8-inch rifles, converted from 10-inch smooth-bores by inserting a steel lining. None of these can properly be called heavy guns, as compared with the modern sea-coast guns of Europe.

Thus we are to-day, in the matter of coast defence, just where we were during the civil war; we are a whole generation behind the other nations of the world, and a generation, too, in which more advance has been made in methods of coast attack than in the whole previous period of the world's history. And this in spite of the fact that we alone of all the nations of the world have a series of great cities on our ocean coasts. It is doubtful if all the nations of Europe combined have as many lives and as much property within reach of hostile ironclads as we have, since all their chief cities are inland. Yet we have absolutely no means of defence. There has been no such spectacle in the previous history of the world, as this of a rich and pre-eminently powerful people inviting attack upon life and property—or the payment of enormous ransoms as the price of their safety—by leaving its coasts wholly undefended against the implements of war of the period. Nor can any valid reason be given why we alone of all the world should expect immunity from such attacks.

For nearly an entire generation—ever since 1859—the progress of fortification in Europe has been in the direction of the use of some form of iron armor. In this the United States has taken no part. Our forts were among the foremost during the masonry age and the earthen age, but during the iron age we have as yet done nothing. In England the necessity for using iron in fortifications was apparent just as soon as this material began to be used in ships, and in 1861 England entered upon the work of rebuilding her forts with iron. It was substantially completed in 1878, at a cost of $37,000,000, expended on nine harbors, the total population and property within reach of which is far less than at New York alone. The manner in which the iron was used varied at different localities—in some places there were circular forts, composed wholly of iron; in others the iron was in the form of a shield in front of the gun only, the spaces between guns being filled with masonry and earth. The iron was also used differently—sometimes in a single plate of great thickness, and at others in a series of thinner plates separated by layers of concrete; occasionally the iron formed an exterior facing to masonry. Finally, within the last few years have come the solid iron turrets, of enormous thickness, carrying two 80-ton guns each, which form part of the defences of Dover. While many of these forts, which were built while the contest between guns and armor was still in progress, can be pierced by the more recent guns, yet the number



Gruson Cupola (Cast Iron), Forming Part of the Defences of Antwerp, Belgium.

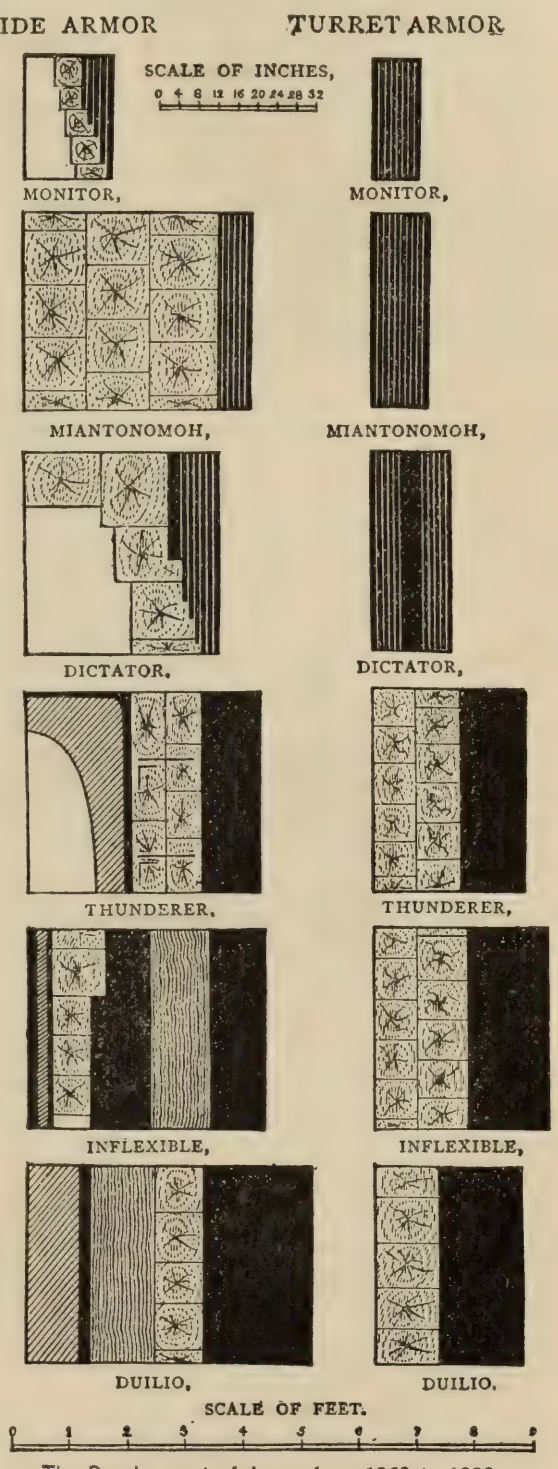


Wrought Iron Turret, Containing Two 80-ton Guns, Forming Part of the Defences of Dover, England.

of large guns which they mount is far superior to the number that could be brought against them afloat, and in connection with torpedoes and iron-clad ships they afford a secure defence.

On the Continent the problem was not taken up until guns had reached a greater development, and then it was solved generally in the direction of using iron alone, in the form of turrets or domes. Some of these were of wrought-iron, some of steel, and some of cast-iron. The latter were the Gruson cupolas, of which 28 have been constructed in various harbors of Germany, Austria, Belgium, and Holland. Recently the Italian Government gave an order for two of these cupolas, to mount two 120-ton Krupp guns each, for the defence of their naval station at Spezzia. The order was conditioned on a test shield, or segment of the cupola, resisting three shots of the Armstrong 100-ton gun—a test which it successfully withstood, although the same gun has pierced every other form of construction yet devised.

It is generally conceded that a complete system of defence must consist of three distinct elements—land forts, torpedoes, and ships or floating batteries. If an undoubted superiority in naval force can be maintained at every port against anything that can be brought against it, the forts and torpedoes could be dispensed with. But this is manifestly impossible. The small extent of coast-line in the British Islands, and the proximity of her harbors to each other, enable England to rely much more on her naval force than other nations; but for us, with 3,000 miles of coast on the Atlantic, 1,200 miles on the Pacific, and 2,200 miles on the lakes, the idea of having a great squadron at every port is out of the question. Our main reliance must be on forts and torpedoes. Forts, torpedoes, ships, and guns are thus the four great branches of defensive science, each of them involving a distinct branch of manufacturing industry, and each of them (except torpedoes) requiring large capital and payments for manufactured product commensurate with the millions of property which they are intended to defend. As before stated, since the war we have contented ourselves with watching other nations, and have done nothing ourselves except accumulate a certain



The Development of Armor from 1860 to 1880.

amount of torpedo material. In forts, we built some earthworks from 1866 to 1875, when the money was withheld and all work stopped. In guns, we converted a few smooth-bores into small rifles of doubtful efficiency. In ships, we patched up or rebuilt, under the

name of repairs, the wooden vessels of the ante-bellum period.

With the incoming of Garfield's administration, in 1881, however, the first signs of change began to be apparent, and since then, though the output as yet is small, we have been incessantly investigating the subject, until we are now possessed of the most complete information, in convenient printed form, concerning guns, armor, ships, and everything relating to the subject of coast defence, and it only remains to act on this information. It will be well to follow these steps in order, so that we may see what progress has been made in study, and what we may hope for in results.

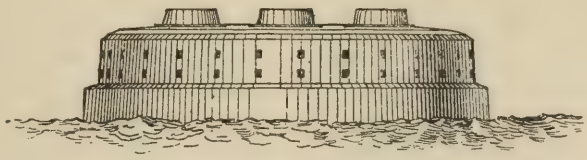
The first subject taken up was ships. In the summer of 1881 a naval advisory board was appointed to state the requirements of a new navy. They reported to the Secretary of the Navy that we needed, for the "present exigencies of the navy," 38 unarmored cruisers, estimated to cost $26,000,000, and 5 rams and 25 torpedo-boats, estimated to cost $4,000,000. They stated that heavy iron-clads were needed; but they gave no estimate in regard to them, as that subject was not included within their instructions. At its next session Congress authorized the construction of two cruisers; but no contracts had been made for them when, in the spring of 1883, it authorized the construction of four vessels, three of them to be steel cruisers—two of 3,000 tons and one of 4,500 tons—and one of them a despatch-boat. The armament was to be from eight to twelve rifle-guns for each ship, of calibre from six inches to eight inches. The contracts were signed in July, 1883, and the new navy was begun with the launching of the Dolphin. This vessel was completed in the summer of 1885. The Atlanta, one of the cruisers, was put in commission in the summer of 1886, and the other two are not yet finished, nearly three years after the passage of the act authorizing their construction. No appropriation for ships was made during the session of 1884, but during the sessions of 1885 and of 1886 authority was given for three more cruisers, two gun-boats, two large armored iron-clads, one torpedo-boat, and one pneumatic dynamite-gun ship, and for the completion of five large double-turretted monitors, whose construction was commenced, under the name of repairs, during Grant's administration. These 14 ships, added to the 4 authorized in 1883, make a total of 18 modern vessels for which authority has been granted. This is the outcome of more than five years' consideration of the subject, and the practical result to date is 2 ships in commission, 7 (including the 5 monitors) launched, but not finished; 5 designed, but not contracted for; and 4 not yet designed. The length of time thus consumed shows how large and complicated is the problem, and how many years must elapse between granting authority for ships and seeing them in commission.* As to the value of the ships thus far acquired, the only serious criticism made upon them is in regard to their speed. A cruiser which makes fifteen knots an hour, when the fast passenger steamers, that would be pressed into service in war, make eighteen to nineteen knots on every voyage, is of somewhat doubtful utility. The cruisers recently designed, however, are intended to have a speed of eighteen and nineteen knots. But, except in the matter of speed, all are agreed that the new vessels are well designed and well built, and that they make an excellent beginning for a naval force suited to the requirements of modern times.

In guns the progress has been of a somewhat similar character. In March, 1881, Congress ordered a board of engineer, ordnance, and artillery officers, to examine into the whole question of guns and projectiles. This was commonly known as the Getty Board, from the name of its senior officer. They examined several hundred designs, out of which they selected a small number as worthy of trial. They also made a thorough examination of the merits of cast-iron, wrought-iron, and steel, as material for guns, and decided in favor of steel—an opinion which is in accord with that of the majority of gun-builders

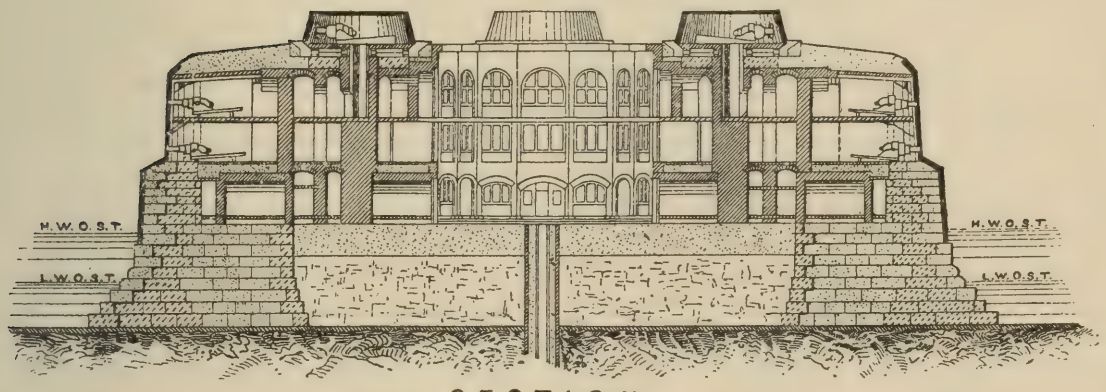
* The Collingwood, one of the most recent English iron-clads, was laid down in 1880, launched in 1882, and went into commission in 1886, six years after her construction was begun. She cost about three million five hundred thousand dollars.

throughout the world, although this opinion is by no means unanimous. No immediate action was taken on this report; but at the next session of Congress a select committee was appointed by the Senate, of which Senator Logan was chairman, to examine into the subject of heavy ordnance and projectiles. This committee reported in the winter of 1883, and its report was embodied in legislation which appropriated $400,000 for heavy guns, and a beginning was thus made with modern ordnance. Under this appropriation contracts were made for the conversion of fifty 10-inch smooth-bores into 8-inch rifles, and for seven experimental rifled guns of calibres from eight to twelve inches. One of these was wholly of cast-iron, one of cast-iron with a steel tube, one of cast-iron wrapped with steel wire, two of cast-iron banded with steel hoops, and two entirely of steel. Nearly all of them required gun-steel in suitable masses and of the requisite quality, and the question at once arose whether this material could be obtained in this country. Inquiries addressed to the principal steel manufacturers developed the fact that they had not the requisite plant for making such metal, and could not afford to invest in it for such small orders as Congress had then authorized.

The steel had therefore to be imported. But the importance of relying on our own resources for material of this character was so vital that at the same session of Congress, in 1883, an act had been passed providing for another board, known as the Gun Foundry Board, to report whether we had any arsenals or navy-yards suitable for a gun foundry, or what other method, if any, should be adopted for the manufacture of heavy ordnance. This board met in the spring of 1883, visited all the principal steel factories of the United States and Europe, and made two exhaustive reports in 1884. Their conclusions were that the Government should establish on its own territory a plant for the fabrication of cannon, and should contract with private parties for the delivery of the forged and tempered material, the contracts being of sufficient magnitude to justify the investment of capital in the necessary plant; in other words, that the Government should not establish a gun foundry, but a gun factory, where it would fabricate its own guns, while buying the material from manufacturers. As sites for gun factories they recommended the Washington Navy Yard for the Navy, and the Watervliet Arsenal, at Troy, for the Army, and stated that $1,000,000 would be required to fit up each of them, and that $15,000,000 should be appropriated for the purchase of steel for guns. These recommendations, however, were not acted upon at once, and



ELEVATION



SECTION

Fort Horse-Sand Forming Part of the Defences of Portsmouth, England.

another select committee of the Senate, with Senator Hawley as chairman, known as the Committee on Ordnance and War Ships, was appointed in the summer of 1884, for the purpose of examining the same subject. They made their report in the winter of 1886; it contained a large amount of information, and confirmed the views and conclusions of the Gun Foundry Board, but made no specific recommendations. Meantime, still another congressional committee had been appointed, composed of members of both Houses, with Mr. Randall as chairman, to investigate the same subject. This also submitted, in the spring of 1886, a report containing considerable information, but no positive plan of action.

While these committees were studying the problem the new cruisers were building, and it was necessary to provide guns for them. The necessary money had been appropriated in 1883, and the size of the guns was fixed at 6-inch and 8-inch rifles. The Navy Department began the construction of thirty of these guns, contracting for a small portion of their steel with the Midvale Steel Works, of Philadelphia, and for the bulk of it with Whitworth, of England. The finishing of the guns was to be done at the Washington Navy Yard. A few of these guns have been finished, and have proved in the highest degree satisfactory at the Annapolis proving-grounds, but none of them are yet on board of ships. It is expected to have the Atlanta's armament of two 8-inch and six 6-inch guns ready during the present winter.

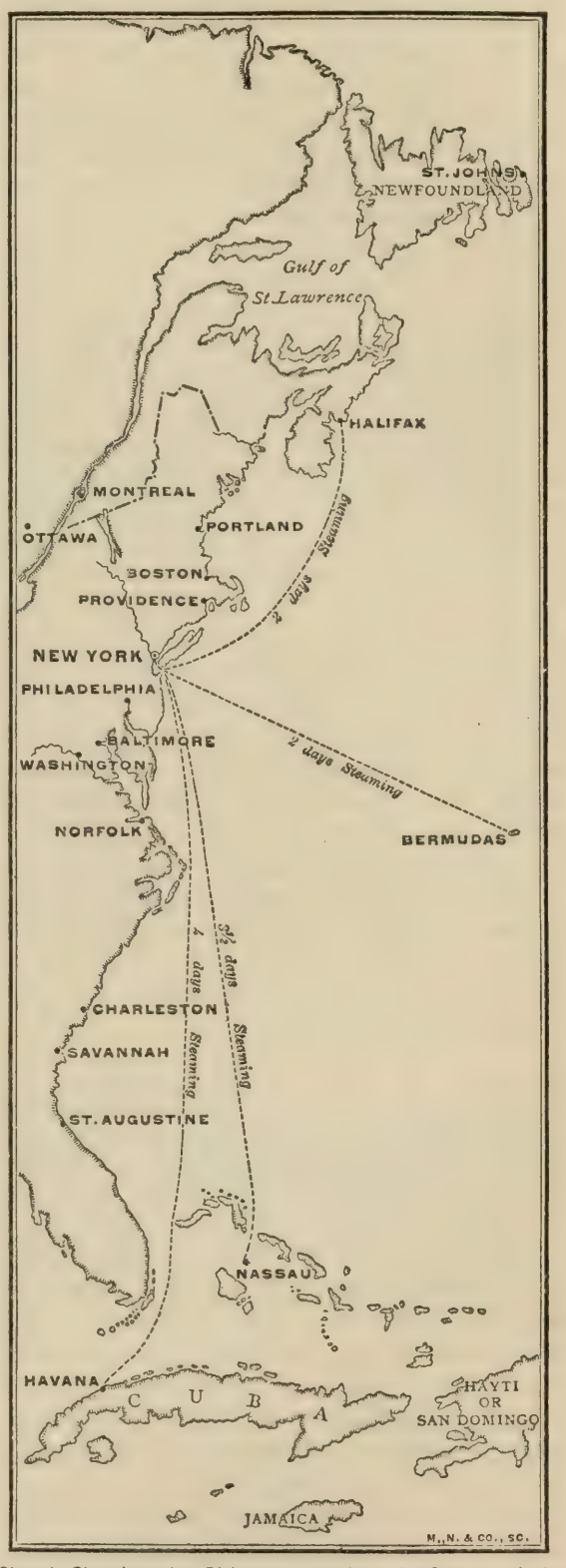
A certain amount of progress had thus been made on the policy outlined by the Gun Foundry Board—viz., to buy steel forgings of private manufacturers, and to build the guns at Government shops—when the bill authorizing the additional cruisers and iron-clads was passed, last July. That bill appropriated $1,000,000 toward the armament of these vessels, and distinctly authorized the Secretary of the Navy to expend as much of this as he deemed necessary in fitting up one of the navy-yards as a gun factory, provided the gun-steel was purchased from private factories. Under this law the Washington Navy Yard is now being transformed into a gun shop exclusively, and advertisements have been issued calling on steel manufacturers to submit proposals for furnishing about thirteen hundred tons of gun-steel, in masses from three to twelve tons, suitable for making modern rifled guns from six to twelve inches in calibre and from five to thirty-five tons in weight.

We are thus fairly started, after nearly five years of investigation and discussion, in the business of building modern guns for the Navy. For the Army little has yet been done. The 8-inch and 10-inch steel guns authorized in 1883 are not yet finished, and the experimental guns ordered at the same time are still in the experimental stage, with results not altogether satisfactory. When the fortification bill, appropriating a few hundred thousand dollars for the care of forts and further experiments with guns, reached the Senate, last summer, Senator Hawley offered an amendment appropriating $6,000,000 for the purchasing of 10,000 tons of gun-steel of domestic manufacture. The Senate adopted this, but the House refused to accept it, and the bill failed altogether—with the understanding that a new conference should be held, after the elections, in the first ten days of this winter's session. It remains to be seen whether the manufacturers will be willing to bid on the comparatively small amount of 1,300 tons authorized for the Navy. Even should they decline it is almost certain that a larger amount will be authorized at the present session, and then the work will begin. It will probably be four years, however, before we can have any guns as large as 10-inch and 12-inch. The bids for the Navy give the manufacturers two years and a half in which to deliver their forgings, and after that the guns are yet to be fabricated.

In the matter of forts, the Engineer Department has, year by year, represented in its annual reports, in the strongest possible language, that our forts are antiquated and our harbors at the mercy of an enemy's fleet. It has tried to dispel the popular fallacy that we can rely on torpedoes alone, by showing that forts and torpedoes are mutually dependent. With forts alone

an armored fleet can run by them, and with torpedoes alone a fleet can pick them up or explode them harmlessly. For the immediate protection of torpedo lines from derangement some of our present small guns and masonry forts or earthworks would still be very useful, provided there are forts and great guns that can keep the hostile iron-clads at a distance. But in our present condition the armored ships, with their 12-inch and 16-inch rifles, can demolish our forts completely, and then take up the torpedoes at their leisure. The lesson of the bombardment of Alexandria—the only instance of the attack of forts by ships since the development of the present types of iron-clads and guns — should not be lost upon us. These fortifications were somewhat inferior in construction, but in their general design and character they were quite similar to ours, and their armament was more powerful than any that we have. The English brought eight iron-clads against them, and in one day's bombardment rendered them useless and caused their evacuation. If our relations with England should become strained on account of the fisheries, the interoceanic canal, or any other question, the same, or a stronger, fleet would naturally rendezvous at Halifax or Bermuda, just as a similar fleet went to Constantinople in 1879, and to Alexandria in 1882. Forty-eight hours would suffice to bring them to New York, where a few days at the most would be necessary to destroy our existing fortifications, a few more to remove the torpedoes that we might meanwhile have placed, and then the city of New York would be at its mercy. Its destruction, or a ransom running into the hundreds of millions, would be the inevitable result, unless we yielded our diplomatic claims—which would not be probable.

All these risks have been set forth year by year in annual reports and messages, and in countless other publications, until the tale has become threadbare ; yet, up to this time, the only result has been the well-worn expedient of another board of officers to consider and report. This board was authorized by the act approved March 3, 1885. The Secretary of War was its chairman, and its members comprised four officers of



Sketch Showing the Cities on the Atlantic Coast and the Proximity of Foreign Naval Stations.

the Army and two of the Navy, who were well known as eminent authorities on this subject, and two civilians, equally well known as metal manufacturers.

Their report was submitted, with remarkable promptness, in January, 1886. It is probably the most exhaustive treatise on coast defence ever made. It not only gives a complete project for the defence of our ports, with estimates of coast, but in the various subreports attached to it are found elaborate descriptions and drawings of modern guns, gun-carriages, ships, torpedoes, and armor—all forming a complete *résumé* of the entire subject at the date of January, 1886 This information could not have been collated in so short a time but for the assistance of the Office of Naval Intelligence in the Navy Department. This office was established a few years ago, for the purpose of collecting, classifying, and indexing information of every kind relating to naval and military affairs. It fulfils the functions of the corresponding bureau in the General Staff Office, in Berlin, whose researches had so marked an influence on the war of 1870. The Washington office is in no way inferior to the one in Berlin, and if we have no guns, or forts, or armored ships, we at least know, in the minutest detail, just what every other nation has, and what can be brought against us.

The fortification board makes its estimate for 27 different ports, of which 11 are considered urgent. For these 11 the total of expense, $102,970,450, is itemized as follows:

For forts	$44,444,000
For guns and carriages	30,360,800
For floating batteries	18,875,000
For torpedoes (submarine mines)	2,450,650
For torpedo-boats	6,840,000

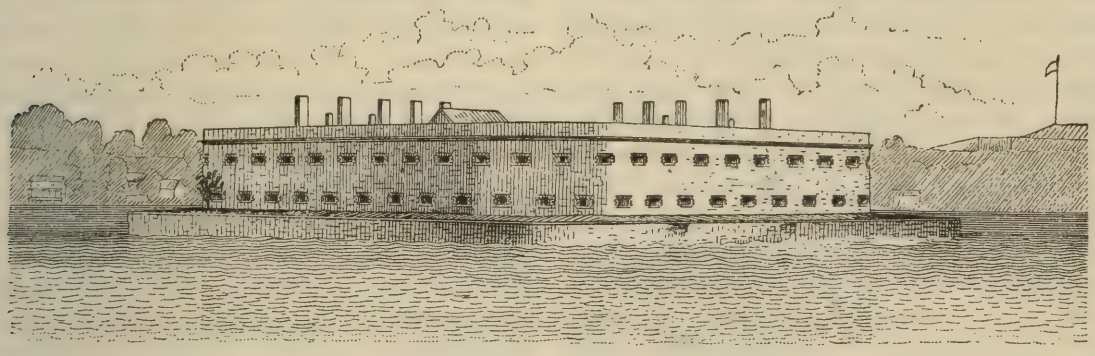
It repeats the recommendation of the Gun Foundry Board, that the Government buy its steel from private manufacturers and provide its own gun factory. It urges that $8,000,000 be appropriated for gun-metal, so as to induce the necessary investment of capital for its manufacture; that $1,000,000 be voted for the gun factory, and $12,500,000 for the beginning of forts, guns, carriages, floating batteries, torpedoes, and torpedo-boats. Starting thus with an appropriation for the first year of $21,500,000, it recommends future appropriations of about nine million dollars annually until the work is completed. This is certainly a comprehensive scheme, involving a large expenditure; but it is much more within our present means than was the scheme presented by General Totten in 1826, and adopted by Congress and carried out during the succeeding thirty years.

The plan of fortifications proposed by this board consists of forts of three kinds, viz., armored turrets, armored casemates, and barbette batteries of earth and concrete. These forts will carry guns of size proportionate to the importance of the harbor they defend. They range in size from 16-inch (115 tons) to 8-inch (13 tons), and the total number is 581. In addition to these are 724 mortars of 12-inch and 10-inch. Both guns and mortars are to be rifled, and the board emphatically recommends that they be built of steel. In addition to the forts the board recommends auxiliary defences in the shape of submarine mines, torpedo-boats, and floating batteries, according to the necessities of each particular harbor.

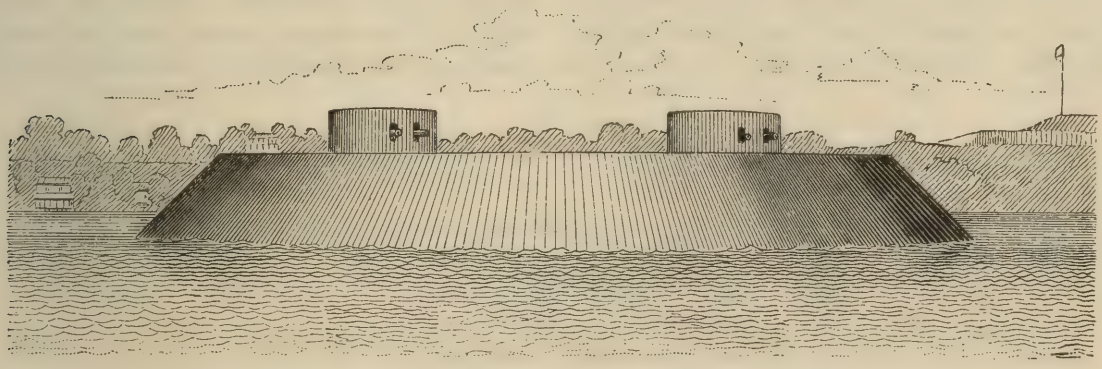
To illustrate their plan of defence, it is well to again take the case of New York Harbor. Of ships that can cross the bar at New York, and that carry guns capable of piercing more than 12 inches of armor, England has 74, carrying 352 guns; France 35, with 100 guns; Italy 9, with 28 guns; Russia 24, with 56 guns; and Germany 22, with 65 guns; yet of all these there are but 9 vessels, with 22 guns, that can pierce more than 20 inches of armor. To protect the harbor it is proposed to fortify three lines of defence—two for the southern entrance (one being from Sandy Hook to Coney Island, and the other at the Narrows), and one for the eastern entrance (from Throgg's Neck to Willet's Point). Each line would be protected by several groups of torpedoes, and by a fleet of 6 torpedo-boats. At the Narrows, Fort Lafayette would be demolished to give place for two turrets, with walls of steel three feet thick; opposite them, near Fort Wadsworth, would be two similar turrets, and two more at Sandy Hook. Each of these turrets would carry two 115-ton (16-inch) guns. In or near Fort Hamilton, on one side, and Fort Tompkins, on the other, would be built 10 armored casemates, each holding a

single gun, and 10 earth-and-concrete batteries, also each for a single gun, mounted on a carriage to lower or disappear behind the parapet after each shot. At Sandy Hook would be 17 similar casemates and batteries. These guns would be 12-inch (50 tons) and 10-inch (27 tons). On Coney Island and thence back along the shore to Fort Hamilton, and on the Staten Island side on the hills above Fort Wadsworth, would be a series of 12-inch rifled mortars, 96 in all. For the eastern entrance the same plan of torpedoes and torpedo-boats, steel turrets, armored casemates and barbette batteries, and mortars would be followed. For the entire defence there are 9 turrets, with 18 guns of 115 tons, casemates and batteries for 77 slightly smaller guns, 144 mortars, 18 torpedo-boats, and 690 torpedoes. The total cost is estimated at $8,000,000. (The total value of property protected is nearly two billion dollars, and the cost of protection less than half of one per cent.) In addition to these defences, as there is anchorage- and cruising-ground off Coney Island, which is but seven miles from a portion of Brooklyn, though the heavy guns will carry nine or ten miles, it is proposed to have armored floating batteries, carrying the largest guns, to aid in the defence.

This report, containing, as has been said, a complete plan of defence for all our harbors, was presented to Congress in January, 1886. No action was taken upon it. We have now exhausted our ingenuity in forming boards to collect information and report. Our information is complete, and it can be kept up to date from month to month by the Office of Naval Intelligence. We have obtained the best attainable expert advice and opinion, and we have a complete plan of defence, based on modern requirements, with full estimates of cost. The question now is, Shall forts be built? And the answer to that depends on two factors—one of which is public opinion, and the other is the necessities of partisan politics as interpreted by the leaders in Congress. Mr. Tilden wrote, last June, that he knew that public opinion was overwhelmingly in favor of fortifications, and he based his judgment on the views of over seven hundred newspapers. On the other



Fort Lafayette, East Side of the Narrows, New York Harbor.



Proposed Arrangement of Turrets on the Site of Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor.

hand, Mr. Randall thinks it not good politics for his party to spend large sums on forts—and he is a very shrewd judge of popular opinion.

As for the public at large, it is doubtful if it is as yet actively in favor of forts. The citizens of St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Louisville know very well that no foreign force can directly injure them, and they hardly realize the indirect injury which would result to their trade from a loss of property in New York or other seaports. The vast population of the interior States is much more anxious to see the public money spent for improving their rivers, from which, in spite of the abuses of the river and harbor bills, they see an immediate advantage, than to have it invested in insurance for sea-coast cities. Even on the lakes people do not realize their danger. They have seen comparatively small expenditures in making lake harbors and ports result in building up a commerce which rivals that of the entire sea-coast. They do not realize that while under existing treaties neither England nor the United States can maintain any naval force on the lakes, yet on the outbreak of war England can send through the Welland Canal 111 vessels, with over four hundred guns, while we are absolutely powerless. The Welland Canal can carry vessels of 13 feet draft, the Erie only 7 feet. So long as we leave the Erie Canal in its present condition we leave it in England's power, on the outbreak of war, to destroy Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, and a number of smaller cities; and, unless the English vessels could be stopped by torpedoes in the Detroit River, Chicago, and Milwaukee as well. The State of New York spent its money freely to build this canal, and thereby gain the commercial supremacy of the Western Continent. It remains for the General Government to enlarge the work, for the protection of the great States from whose lake-shores the commerce annually passes through it. But it is one thing to spend money for a purpose which yields a quick commercial return; it is another and far harder thing to sink money in insurance which yields no visible return, and against a contingency which millions of people insist on considering too remote to take cognizance of.

The question finally resolves itself to this: Our harbors on the ocean- and lake-shores are defenceless against existing navies. Is it wise to leave them so when we have the means to protect them? It never has been so considered until within the last few years. Who can name any reasons why such a risk is more justifiable now than it has been in the past? Does not the enormous increase in property values render the risk greater now than it ever has been before?

IN A COPY OF THE LYRICAL POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

By Austin Dobson.

Many suns have set and shone,
Many springs have come and gone,
Herrick, since thou sang'st of Wake,
Morris-dance, and Barley-break;
Many men have ceased from care,
Many maidens have been fair,
Since thou sang'st of *Julia's* eyes,
Julia's lawns and tiffanies;
Many things are past—but thou,
Golden-Mouth, art singing now,
Singing clearly as of old,
And thy numbers are of gold.

IN MEXICO.

By Thomas A. Janvier.

George Rand, of tough New England stock, was as brisk and as capable an engineer as ever held a transit. But with his cool, practical Yankee blood ran another strain. His grandfather, more fortunate than most young Americans of his day, had been sent over seas to make the grand tour, and had vexed sorely the Puritan prejudices of his family by bringing home a Papist wife. The land of her birth never was clearly known in the family, for the respectable New England folk to whom, thus unwarrantably, she had become akin, simply and decidedly refused to have anything to do with her. Therefore, she lived with her husband apart from the world, bore him a child or two, and then, possibly not unwillingly, yielded up the ghost. Her portrait, hanging in the Rand drawing-room—in the old-fashioned house up at the State House end of the Common, in a private way ceremoniously chained off once a year to the end that its privacy might be kept inviolate—was proof enough that she came from a southern land: a gentle, gracious face of clear olive brown; dark eyes, all fire and tenderness; lips soft and full, on which warm kisses seemed to wait.

As a little boy, Rand fell into the odd habit of worshipping this portrait: not metaphorically but literally. In the doubtful light of dying day, in the warm darksomeness of summer afternoons when close-bowed shutters barred the sunlight's entrance, he would steal softly into the room and kneel before the picture and make to it strange prayers of his own devising—until one day he was fairly caught in the midst of this irregular, not to say unholy, adoration by his mother. Mrs. Rand was a severely common-sensible young woman, born in Newtonville, who, being fair herself, and holding to sound Congregational doctrine, hated black-haired Papistical women as she hated the personal devil who was an important part of her rigid creed. Therefore, finding her offspring thus engaged, she was not a little horror-stricken: which feeling found characteristic expression upon the person of the offender in a sound spanking. Possibly this form of correction was not precisely suited to the offence that it corrected. But it seemed to have the desired effect. So far as outward and visible worship went, George Rand worshipped his grandmother's portrait no more.

With the years that followed at school and college in the keen New England atmosphere, with yet more years of sternly practical life passed in building railroads in the energetic West, whatever had been moody and whimsical in the boy disappeared. When he was seven- or eight-and-twenty, being then back in New England at work on a road that gave him, before it was finished, a couple of years of life in the East, he married: as genuine a love-match, he believed, as ever was made by man. Mrs. Rand the elder was well pleased with this marriage, for her daughter-in-law was a woman after her own heart: of good Salem stock, clever, wholesome, and, withal, fair to look upon, and having a loving heart. That her lovingness for her husband was deep and genuine there could not be a doubt, and very tender was her husband's love for her—and these loves were yet stronger and yet richer after the boy was born. The marriage was one of those ideal marriages in which respect and trustfulness and feeling of good comradeship unite to make an earnest, lasting love.

Before the baby was a year old, Rand went down to Mexico. It was tough work for him to go, but his going scarcely was a matter of choice. Such a chance as was offered to him was not likely to come twice in a lifetime—not often in an engineer's lifetime did such a chance come once. The tide was turning, and he could not afford to miss so fair an opportunity to take it at the turn. Like the brave woman that she was, his wife gave him brave words of

cheer and comforting; bearing her share, and more than her share, of the bitter trial of parting, that his share might be less. So, with great love for her, and cherishing in his heart the loving God-speed with which she had sent him forth, he journeyed downward into the South.

Late day is a very perfect time in Mexico. As the sun sinks behind the mountains, and the glare and heat go after it, cool shadows come forth modestly from where they have been in hiding all day long; and a cool, delicious breeze sweeps down from the mountains comfortingly; and after the weariness of long hours of scorching sunlight there is coolness, and duskiness, and rest.

Then do the house-doors open slowly, one by one, and those who have sought shelter from the heat within their thick, clay walls, arouse themselves from sleep and come forth drowsily. Little groups form here and there before the open doors and talk about nothing—with the ease that only a life-long habit of talking about nothing can give. Women pass and repass to and from the spring, or the *acequia*, if the town is not lucky enough to own a spring—bearing upon one shoulder, gracefully, great water-jars; "oyas," as they call them in the softened Spanish, that is not of Spain. Thin lines of smoke curl upward from many little fires, and a smell of many *tortillas* cooking comes most cheeringly to the nostrils of a hungry man.

George Rand, standing in front of an *adobe* house, waiting for his supper to be got ready, dwelt upon this slow-going activity and found therein great solace for his soul. It was not new to him now. In one little town or another, where his headquarters for the time had been, he had known it and greatly relished it each night for the past half year. But custom could not stale for him the charm of this easy-going languorous life; that yet had underlying it lava seas of passionate energy—whence, at any moment, might burst forth storms of raging hatred, or not less raging storms of love.

In some strange way that he could feel, but could not understand, Rand's whole heart went out to these people, whose life and customs and modes of thought, though so unlike those of the people from among whom he came, in very truth seemed those to which he had been born. It was an absurd fancy, of course, but from the first day that he was in Mexico he had felt not like a stranger, but like one who, having been for long years in foreign lands, at last gladly and thankfully comes home. Each day this feeling had grown stronger, until now it well-nigh wholly possessed his being—frightening him when, as would happen now and then, he realized how utterly he was becoming estranged from his own land. At first he had given play to this queer fancy, taking a humorous pleasure in strengthening it by throwing himself as completely as possible into the life that surrounded him; by seeking to adopt not merely Mexican customs of living but Mexican views of life and modes of thought. And now, when he was beginning to realize how completely his whim, as he had regarded it, had become himself, the way backward was beset with difficulties hard to pass. Moreover, he knew that he was losing his old-time fighting power; that his moral strength was slipping away from him; that he was dropping each day more and more into the very Mexican habit of drifting with the stream.

The only strong ties which bound him to the sterner, higher civilization of which he had been a part, were his wife and child. These still were realities to him; but even these were beginning to grow unreal. Each week came loving letters from his wife, fresh breezes which, for a little space, cleared the warm, enervating atmosphere in which he lived. While the freshness lasted his answers were written. He found that if he suffered more than a day to pass after the letter came, the effort of writing was so great that he had not strength to overcome it. He believed that his love for his wife still was strong and true—yet would he be startled now and then when he found himself fancying what his life would have been had he not married this fair Saxon woman, but one of these Mexican women whom he now saw around him: whose dark

beauty entreated him, and whose Latin-Indian blood was flame. These were not safe thoughts, still less safe were they when from generalities they descended to particulars; when he came to think how his life might have been shaped had he been born not in Massachusetts but in Chihuahua, had he won not the prettiest girl in Salem but the most beautiful woman in Santa Maria de la Cañada for his wife. Now the most beautiful woman in Santa Maria was Joséfa, daughter of the old Mexican in whose house he lived.

Possibly, then, Rand's enjoyment of the awakening life in the village that evening was less wholesome than keen. It was keen, most certainly. Santa Maria was a mere mite of a village, but it was perfect as a type. Low *adobe* houses straggled around three sides of the treeless plaza; on the fourth side was the church. Back of the houses lay corrals and gardens, and back of these again the cultivated fields, crossed and recrossed by *acequias*, through which the water came that made fruitful the land. And back of all, towering up grandly, in blue-black masses against the evening sky, the mountains. Rand had seen fifty villages like this since he came into Mexico; he had seen this very village under precisely these conditions more than fifty times—for he had been quartered there near two months—but his enjoyment of it all was as fresh and full as though that night it all were new to him. But with his enjoyment of it was blended now a deeper feeling than that which in the beginning he had known. When he came to it at first, he had loved this simple placid life with slumberous surroundings purely for itself, for its beauty, for its restfulness; and these, truly, were cause enough for love. But now, half consciously, half unconsciously, his love was less for the life at large than for the single figure that had come to be to him its centre and its type. Standing there before the doorway, in the waning light of day, it was of her, rather than of the village and the villagers before him, that he thought.

As he stood thus, dreamily, Joséfa came out from the house and stood beside him for a moment, while she told him that his supper was ready. He started as he heard her voice, and as he turned to enter their eyes met full; in his there was a look of longing, of sadness, of doubt; in hers there was a dangerous light, half of defiance, half of strong love confessed. He paused by the doorway that she might pass in before him. As she passed, the palm of her warm hand brushed lightly against his.

That Rand should take up his quarters in a Mexican house, instead of in camp, was the outcome of his whim for identifying himself with the Mexican people; with the further and more practical reason that it gave him opportunities for studying Spanish, which could be had in no other way. He had imagined that his desire in this direction would be easily gratified, but as he tried to gratify it in one village after another, as his work advanced and his camp moved forward, and failed always, his views concerning household life in Mexico underwent some modifications. Here was a people, he found, that would not sell the right of entrance into its homes. So he had pretty much abandoned his purpose when, coming to Santa Maria, he fell in with old Pepe, Joséfa's father.

Pepe, it must be confessed, was a sad old scamp. At all times a very perceptible odor of *mescal* hung about him, and frequently the effects of this potent liquor were visible in the tangled condition of his legs; though it is a notable fact that, save that it finally put him very sound asleep, *mescal* had no effect whatever upon his rascally old brain. Between his love of drunkenness and his love of gambling Pepe had a hard time of it, for the demands of these passions for ready money were so constant and so imperative that little was left on which himself and his daughter could live. Things had been somewhat better while Joséfa's mother was alive; but she had been dead for a half dozen years now, and in this time Pepe had been driving as rapidly as anybody can do anything in Mexico to the dogs. He had sold his cattle one by one, he had sold some of his ground and mortgaged the rest—and he had sold himself. It was this last sale that struck bitterness into Pepe's soul. The sale had not been

accomplished at a single stroke. It had come about little by little, ten dollars worth of him going at one time, five dollars worth at another—as gambling necessities, or the need for preparation for some especially grand *fiesta* required —until now he found himself bonded for near two hundred dollars; and he knew perfectly well that without the blessed saints worked a miracle in his behalf he would be a bondsman for all the rest of his days. He also knew, in a general sort of way, that he was not precisely one of those shining examples of virtue such as the blessed saints are in the habit of selecting to work miracles upon. Therefore his case seemed to be about hopeless.

When this respectable Mexican heard of Rand's quest, he thought with much satisfaction that the saints really were lending him a helping hand; for the fact that all *Americanos* possess inconceivably great wealth was well known to him, and he saw clearly an opportunity for making money to an extent that quite took his breath away. He could not, of course, hope to pay off his bond and be a free man again; but he certainly could get his hand on an amount of hard cash that would assure to him a grand time during the festival of the Corpus Christi, now only a month away. He might even—glorious thought!—go down to the great city of Chihuahua and lie drunk there for a whole week!

Therefore Pepe's heart was as lead within him when Rand, by no means prepossessed by his appearance and address, firmly declined his offer of the freedom of his home. But Rand at last yielded so far as to consent to see the house—and seeing that it was far more habitable than he had been led to suppose by the appearance of its proprietor, and moreover seeing Joséfa, he filled Pepe's heart with joy again by accepting his offer at once. Pepe, who was a shrewd old scoundrel, saw the involuntary look of admiration that Rand cast upon Joséfa, and in his mind he began to evolve a plan. Perhaps he might be a free man again, after all!

Joséfa had no knowledge of this plan, but had she been made acquainted with it, she could not have played more directly into her father's hands. For there was for her a rare attraction in this *Americano*, who was so unlike the men of her own race; in whom, her instinct told her, was a power for passionate love that equalled, if, indeed, it did not exceed, her own. But as time passed on, and the love that she knew—knew better than Rand himself—existed, was not declared, her pride was piqued, and her curiosity was aroused. What manner of man was this, she thought, who, with no lack of opportunity, failed to make plain the feeling that was stirring in his heart? Under the sun of Mexico never had such man been before. Therefore was she perplexed, and her own heart was troubled, and the more went out to him. And the whole strength of her being was bent upon gaining a return for her love.

Rand was not so dull, but that he saw all this; and because he saw it, and because he knew how weak he had become, he forced himself to fight against it and to be strong. He called to his aid the steadfast honesty and love of honor for honor's sake that belonged to him by right of his Saxon blood, and with these he fought the weakness that his Latin blood had brought him. But his weakness had many strong allies. The strangeness of his life, that was all the stranger because it seemed so familiar to him; the absence of the bracing moral atmosphere, out of which —even in the roughest of his frontier life in the States—he had never lived; a climate that filled him with a fuller, richer, sense of life than he had ever known; all these forces were allies to his weakness; all were united to arouse that portion of his nature which had slumbered ever since he was a boy.

And more than all else, Joséfa wrought upon him strangely and potently. Her dark eyes, alight with fire and tenderness; her clear, olive-brown skin, tinged ruddily with her Southern blood; her tall, supple, rounded form wherein were grace and strength, and a vigorous vitality—these characteristics made up a type that was new to him, yet that he felt to be as old as his own being, and a very part of himself. Half unconsciously, he would watch her come and go about the house; and misty memories would rise up in his mind, as though

all that he now saw and felt he had seen and felt in some other existence in a time long past. It was like living out a dream, or dreaming vividly of that which he had lived.

For a man constituted as he was, a curious mixture of adverse elements, a dual being in whom were united, not combined, the instincts of two civilizations, which must remain irreconcilable to the end of time, the issue of such a conflict as had arisen within his breast was, to a great extent, a matter beyond his own control. His will power, played upon by antagonistic forces, which counterbalanced and neutralized each other, was reduced wellnigh to a negative quantity. A turn of chance would decide the result.

And the turn of chance came that night in Santa Maria with the touch of Joséfa's hand. Her touch thrilled him. A flush came upon his face. There was a ringing in his ears. There seemed to come a fever into his brain.

She turned as she passed him, and again their eyes met. From his, in the moment, the look of sadness, of doubt, had vanished; but the look of longing, grown passionate, remained. In hers there was a look of triumph in which also was fear and a great tenderness: for she knew that she had conquered at last.

Possibly Pepe had seen this encounter—he had keen eyes, this old villain. Presently he rolled a *cigarito* deftly, lighted it, and went forth upon the plaza, closing the door behind him as he passed. Night had fallen, and Joséfa had lighted the kerosene lamp. Rand leaned back in his seat, and slowly filled his pipe and began to smoke. The puffs came fast at first, then slowly and irregularly, then not at all. He was watching Joséfa as she moved about the room, with free, graceful steps, placing the house in order for the night. She did not look at him, for she knew that his eyes were fastened upon her. She grew a little pale, and her breath came quickly.

He looked at her thus for a long while. He could not think coherently. His mind was in such strange confusion that continuity of thought was impossible. His only clear perceptions were of Joséfa's presence and of his consciousness that with the touch of her hand she had confessed her love for him, and that his eyes had told her as plainly as in words, that her love was returned. He sat in a sort of trance, motionless, save that his eyes moved as they followed her about the room. There was a fascination upon him that his will, had he exerted it, was powerless to break. But he did not in the least degree exert his will: he was dully conscious of the desire to sit thus silently looking at her always—in a vague way he felt that ages before he had gazed at her thus; that he was living over again a life that was buried in the depths of the past.

Joséfa drew nearer to him, making a feint of placing straight a picture of the Madonna hanging against the wall, and paused by his side. He saw that she trembled. She did not look at him.

"The Señor is very sad and silent tonight," she said. Her voice was broken. The sound dispelled the charm that held him still. Their eyes met. In a moment he had clasped her in his arms.

"I love you, Joséfa!"

For answer she gave him her lips.

Then the door opened suddenly, and Pepe entered. Rand thrust Joséfa from him and quicker than thought covered Pepe with his revolver.

"Do not shoot, Señor," said Pepe, calmly. "Come out with me; I have some words to speak."

Still holding his revolver ready for prompt service, Rand followed Pepe out into the night.

"Put away your pistol, Señor. It is my right, but I shall not kill you. You are safe." Then for a little time Pepe was silent. In the dim starlight Rand regarded him doubtingly, wonderingly.

"I am a poor man," he went on, slowly. "I have lost all that I possessed. Worse yet, I am a bond-servant until the money that I owe be paid. Will you pay that money for me, Señor? I beg of you, I pray you to pay it. And I offer you a rich return. Pay it, and—Joséfa shall be yours."

Rand shuddered. He felt as men feel who are bargaining with the devil for their own souls. For a time he was silent. When at last he spoke, it was

as men speak who have come close enough to the devil to make bargaining possible.

"Yes, I will pay the debt," he said.

Poverty is common enough, but squalor is rare in Mexico. Cleanliness and neatness are two strong Mexican virtues that, finding practical expression, make the meanest *jacals* pleasant to look upon. This rule is the more sharply emphasized by the fact that here and there through the land are found not merely single houses, but whole villages where utter squalor reigns; little communities which in some unaccountable way have lost every vestige of decent self-respect. Los Muertos—so called because there had been a bloody massacre there by Indians in the long-past time—was one of the exceptions; and so wretched, so forlorn was it, that no great stretch of the imagination was required to believe that it was hopelessly under the spell of its evil name.

Yet the site of the village was very beautiful. Here four cañons met and, merging, made a delectable little cup-like valley dotted here and there with low, rocky hills, between which grew great cottonwoods and pecans, and having broad sweeps of gently undulating land, yellow with fields of barley that rippled in the wind. Along the edges of the dry water-course—tapped at a higher level to supply the *acequias* which brought water to the fields of grain—were matted masses of cactus in rich red and yellow bloom, and wide coverts made up of little shrubs and tangles of mesquite; and standing sentinel above these lowly things were many palms. Rising solemnly around and over all were the grand mountains, grave and worshipful. And in the fall of day the sun—through the cañon leading westward—sent long glinting rays of golden light across the golden beauty of the barley-fields and into and under the waving branches of the trees. There are many places beautiful as this in the fair Mexican land.

Los Muertos was no more than a hamlet; a dozen little adobe houses clustered irregularly about an open space that was less a plaza than a bit of waste land—where foraging pigs and dogs maintained an armed neutrality, and where sad-hearted *burros* strayed. Standing a little apart was a ruinous chapel, wherein a priest held service at long intervals—yet often enough to satisfy the community's not excessive spiritual needs. Ordinarily, feast days and Sundays were celebrated in gambling and drinking booths, set up expressly for the observance of these rites, and by evening there usually was a fight or two, and now and then a man was killed. Not much excitement attended these incidental murders. In some odd corner a hole was dug for the dead man's burial, and then things went on as before. There were few men in Los Muertos whose death could be anything but a benefit to the survivors.

A dozen rods or so away from the village, on a bluff above the river-bed, stood what was left of the great house of which the smaller houses once had been the dependencies—for Los Muertos, in its better days, had been a thriving *hacienda*, and the village had been inhabited by the work-people of the estate. Now the land was cut up into small holdings, and the owner of the great house—if it had an owner—had suffered it to fall into decay. Only a room or two of all the building remained measurably weather-proof. Elsewhere the roof had fallen in, and over the fragments of the fallen roof the unprotected walls were crumbling down. The walls of the corral had fallen, also, in places, and in the gaps had been heaped piles of mesquite-brush and cactus. In some of the deserted, roofless rooms, and over the broken walls, cactus plants were growing rankly, their vigorous life marking, with greater emphasis, the wreck and desolation in the midst of which they grew.

Across the valley, from the cañon on the north toward the cañon on the south, curving around the bases of the little hills, ran the course of the railway; marked by the line of cuts and fills that every day was a little farther advanced. Upon the mountain side, that the rare luxury of a spring of sweet water might be to the full enjoyed, were the white tents of the contractor and engineers; and clustered around these the queer

abodes—wicker huts and shelters of palm thatch and sleeping-places under trees—of the Mexican workers on the grade. In the Mexican part of the camp bits of bright-colored clothing hung around the bushy shelters, women stood beside little fires cooking not unsavory messes in little earthen pots, or boiling clothes in old powder-cans; half-naked children ranged about in amicable companionship, with pigs and dogs, and hobbled *burros* went sadly and solemnly from place to place, with a motion fit to be likened only to that of automatic kangaroos—and the whole made a picture very good for eyes appreciative of the picturesque to dwell upon.

But Rand, who was in charge of the work, did not live in the camp. He had taken up his quarters in the ruinous *hacienda:* and with him was Joséfa. Those who had known him only before he came into Mexico, would not have known him now. In the year that had passed the whole expression and tone and manner of the man had changed. His briskness and erectness were gone, and in their stead he had acquired a slouching slowness. Grim taciturnity had taken the place of his habit of frank, cheery speech. His eyes, which had been wont to look straight into other men's eyes, were cast downward, or raised only in quick, furtive glances. And in his eyes, and over all his face and form, there was an unlifting weight of melancholy. Jim Post, axeman, expressed the sense of the corps in the premises tersely, and with precision: "Looks as if he felt hisself atween hell and high water all the time!"

And, in truth, the life that Rand had led in the half year since he had struck the bargain with Pepe in Santa Maria, had been the life that Jim Post's rough thrust of speech described. The very act of going over the precipice had aroused him—when it was too late—to a partial realization of what he had done; and as time passed on, the deadening of his soul that he had hoped for did not come. His two natures remained in open war, and the more that he sought to crush the one with the other the more steadily the fight went on. His wife's letters, loving, tender, came down to him—and were thorns in his flesh giving him keenest agony. She knew, she could not fail to know, that a change of some sort had come over him; but no suspicion of what the change really was could for a moment enter her faithful heart. She feared that his life was too severe, his labor too hard for him, and she begged him to cancel his engagement and come home. She told him of the joy it would be to her to have him with her once again; she told him of her quiet home life; she told him of their boy—and all this gentle lovingness and trustfulness brought infinite bitterness to his soul. Sometimes for days after her letters came he would suffer them to remain unopened, dreading the pain that reading them would give; sometimes he would open them the moment that they arrived, so that the pain might sooner come and go. His answering letters filled her with a strange dread and grief. At times he would write only a few cold words, telling dryly of his work; and then again he would write with despairing tenderness, as a condemned criminal might write on the eve of his execution; and yet again he would write, darkly, mysteriously, in bitter self-reproach of his own unworthiness of her pure love. The strangeness of his moods struck into her warm, true heart a deadly chill.

Joséfa's instinct told her that these letters which came to Rand were in sharp opposition to her love for him. Little by little, questioning him shrewdly, she learned the truth—and hated with a fierce intensity of jealous hate this "Mary" (for she caught the name and held it rankling in her heart) who stood between her and the fulness of love that should be hers. And when, after a fresh letter had come, he turned from her coldly, her jealous hate included him also. More than once she had stood over him as he slept with knife in hand and arm upraised to strike—and had not struck because before the knife could fall the hate in her heart had changed to love again. For, after all, she thought, the other woman might claim him, but she, Joséfa, possessed him: if this possession should be threatened, then, indeed, the time would come to act; even at her own cost!

Rand did not know that he was living almost in the shadow of death; but had

he known it, his desire would have been only that death might come quickly. For he knew despairingly that he had made his venture, and that he had lost. The ease of life that he had hoped for when he broke out from the civilization that he was born to, and entered the civilization upon which he had a claim by hereditary right, had not come. It had seemed so easy to him, back there in Santa Maria, to throw off the few remaining bonds that held him to the North and become of the South utterly; so easy that he half thought the bonds had fallen away of themselves, and would not need to be broken at all. But his attempt to break them had shown him how vain the effort was. What he thought was a snapping irrevocable had been but yielding, as a bow yields; and ever since, by a constant strain, as a bent bow draws against the string, he had been drawn backward toward the life that he had thought forever to leave behind. His very weakness held him from yielding to this strain. He longed to return, but lacked strength to break the bonds that he had bound himself with. Yet he knew that no great access of energy was needed to enable him to be free; and he hoped, as weak men are wont to hope, for the action of some force from without that would arouse him thoroughly, give him full command of his moral strength, and so help him to break away.

The shock that he hoped for, in his weakness, came. It was a telegram—three days old, for the end of the wire still was fifty miles away to the north—telling him that his boy was dead, and his wife so ill that he must come to her at once if he would see her again alive.

"I must leave you, Joséfa. I go from here into the North, to my home."

She looked at him tremblingly, doubtingly.

"You have loved me greatly, Joséfa, far more than I have deserved; now love me yet more by forgetting that you ever have loved me at all. You will go back to your father, in Santa Maria, and you will be the better because I am gone."

She did not seem to hear him. Her great black eyes opened wide. Presently a blaze of hate shot into them.

"You are going to—to that woman?" she demanded.

"I am going to my wife. She is dying—God help me! she may now be dead."

"Then I declare that you shall *not* go! You are mine, *mine*, I say. She shall not have you. I would sooner that you should die." And then breaking suddenly from hate to tenderness, she flung herself upon him and went on, while her whole body quivered with her sobbing. "For you are my heart, my life; you are everything to me; you are all that I have in all the world to love." Then, flinging from him, and glaring at him with rageful eyes: "I hate her, and I hate you for loving her. Dare to go a step toward her! Dare to leave me!—and I will kill you as I would a dog! She has no right to you now. You have come to me and you are mine. You cannot leave me. You shall not leave me. You shall die first—ah! my heart, tell me that you will not go away. Tell me again that you love me. Give me one little kiss. For I am all yours, and you are all to me."

Rand paled and trembled. The magnificent splendor of her beauty overwhelmed him as her noble figure towered exalted by her hate, or drooped with an entreating graciousness in her boundless love. That he did not yield to her should be accounted unto him a victory that went far toward atoning for the sin of his first defeat.

Slowly he turned away from her; slowly passed through the doorway to where his horse stood tethered; slowly mounted—then, beating his horse's flanks with his great spurs, dashed at a tremendous gallop across the valley toward the camp of the engineers.

Joséfa knew that his determination was fixed; that he had gone to make hasty preparations for his journey; that he would leave her never to return. For this her heart cast all love out of it, and was filled with a bitter, jealous hate. She sat down quietly that she might make her plans for killing him. Yet the more that her mind dwelt upon what had passed and what yet was to come, the more did she feel that mere killing would not satisfy her. Because of her hate of the woman who was tak-

ing him from her she required a more exquisite, a more complete revenge. That Rand's wife had any rights in the premises never once occurred to Joséfa, any more than did the thought that she had done this wife a grievous wrong. For a Mexican woman of Joséfa's class thoroughly believes that great love is a broad and ample justification of all that it may cause. Therefore she hoped for, and presently saw her way clear to, a revenge that would strike both her lover and this other woman who had stolen from her his love.

From before the time of the Spanish conquest there has grown in Mexico a plant that in the ancient tongue was called *tlapatl* in the south, *toloatzin* in the north—names which the softening influence of the mellow Spanish speech has rounded into toloache. Through all these ages, even until this present day, this plant has been used by Mexican women, when faithlessness in love has bred jealousy, and jealousy, in turn, has bred a longing for revenge. From its flowers and leaves they make a decoction—a little bitter, yet not so bitter but that coffee will disguise it—and who drinks of this decoction surely goes mad. A terrible madness, beginning with failing sight and dizziness; with throbbing pains through all the brain; going on with delirium and strange perversions of sight; with visions which would be laughable but for the dread horror of their cause; with shooting, burning pains in throat and heart; with partial loss of power to breathe, and crushing sense of suffocation. And if the dose is so well gauged that death does not ensue, the pains at last pass away and the end is a violent, or a melancholy madness that lasts for months, for years, or through all the remainder of the victim's life. Well have the Spaniards named this hideous plant *la flor de muerto*—the Flower of Death.

It was the thought of toloache that the devil put into Joséfa's mind. She could not but shudder as the thought came to her. She remembered old Pedro, in Santa Maria, who wandered about the village more like a wild beast than a man. That her lover, this beautiful *Americano*, should become like that horrified her.

No, she mused, she could not do it. Better that she should die herself. But if she did die? Would it not be what he wanted? Would it not be what that other woman wanted? For her death would but smoothe the way for his return to her. With this thought jealous rage came into Joséfa's heart again. Ah! it would be a fine thing for this wife of his to long and long for him, and when at last he came—if ever he found his way to her—to have a madman in her arms! And he need not have been so cruel; surely he might have consented to stay in Mexico. That other woman could not possibly love him as she loved him. No one could love him as she loved him—and Joséfa rocked herself backward and forward as she sat upon the clay floor, and her body shook with the mighty beating of her heart.

"Since he will go, since she will have him, let them take what must come!" she said at last between her teeth. Then she rose from the floor, threw her shawl over her head, and passed out. With long, swinging steps, easy, graceful, the perfect motion of a perfect form, she walked past the village, and on toward the mountains beyond. Rain was beginning to fall, but Joséfa did not heed the rain. Presently she had entered the southern cañon.

This southern cañon was so narrow, and so high were the mountain walls which made its sides, that there was dusk in its depths save at the very peak of noon. A mile from its mouth it widened a little. Here, from the flanks of the Sierra, at right angles, came out a bastion of rock, its jagged crest dimly outlined through the rain against the gray sky. This rocky wall far overhung its base, and so was made a deep, dark nook into which the sunlight never came. No spring of running water showed itself, but the rock was damp, and so also was the earth at its base. A thick tangle of running vines spread over the wet earth and hung upon the rock above. In the darkest depth of this gloomy place was a great mass of coarse green growth—a repulsive, evil plant that sent forth a faint, offensive

odor, and that, as shown by its luxuriant growth, had concentrated in it a vast amount of vigorous loathsome life. From among its thick leaves sprang long trumpet-shaped flowers, pale-white and nearly beautiful, yet with their beauty wholly marred by their coarse strength and odor and sliminess of look. This was the *toloache* of which Joséfa had come in quest.

For a moment she paused, pressing her hand upon her heart; then, firmly, she pushed her way through the thicket of vines and gathered sufficient for her needs of leaves and flowers into a corner of her shawl. With her load well hidden, she walked rapidly through the gloom of the cañon—gloomier now, for with the gray shadows of the rain were joined the darker shadows of falling day—and so across the open fields and through the village to the old house.

As she entered the door, she noticed that the rain had opened in the ruinous walls yet another crack, into which had begun to settle one of the heavy rafters that upheld the thick clay roof. At any other time this sign, most ominous in an *adobe* house, would have alarmed her greatly. There is nothing that a Mexican dreads more than the fall of his roof. And with reason, for if death does not come at once, mercifully, from the crushing weight of the huge rafters, it comes more slowly and more terribly by burial alive beneath the mass of clay. But Joséfa, in her present mood, cared little whether the roof remained or fell. She lighted a fire under a shed in the corral and began the making of the coffee. Beside the coffee, in a like earthen vessel, was a more deadly drink. She was very quiet over it all: for she was resolved that when her revenge was worked, when no good could come to her rival from her death, she would die. This resolution comforted her. She felt that if she were willing to pay her life for what she did she had a right to do it. Yet in her inmost soul she knew that this was not true reasoning, since her life would have no more value to her when her love was gone.

After awhile she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs coming up the stony road along the bluff, and then Rand brought his horse into the corral. He had left her, meaning not to come back again, but the need for putting his work in shape to be handled by his subordinate had forced his return. For a moment Joséfa looked up at him questioningly, as the hope leaped into her heart that he had come back to her in very truth. But his sad, cold, answering look showed her that her hope was vain. So she went on quietly with her preparations, while he lighted a lamp inside the house and settled himself at his work.

Already the decisive step that he had taken had told upon his moral tone. He was beginning to be a man again; and a feeling not only of horror, but of disgust was coming over him as he began to realize what his life for the past six months had been. This feeling was intensified as he looked about him at the dwelling in which, for a good part of the time, he had been content to live. It was a hole not fit, even, to be the abiding place of brutes. The room had been one of the storerooms of the old *hacienda*, and was windowless. The floor was sunk a couple of feet below the level of the ground outside, and once three steps of clay had led up to the doorway, but these steps now were worn to a broken slope. Shoved into a corner was a pile of refuse, the long-past sweepings of the clay floor; not recent sweepings, for the floor was foul beyond all words. Over everything—the dirty cots and bedding, the draggled table strewn with unwashed dishes, among which lay a musty brush and comb, the mildewed, greasy, camp-stools, the rusty Sibley stove—was an air of squalid foulness incomparably repulsive. In one corner lay a jumble of malodorous saddles and saddle-cloths, from amidst which, as Rand looked at them, a rat frisked out. One open doorway, doorless, led into an adjoining room, the roof of which already had fallen in, and lay a rubbish heap upon the floor. Another doorway, at the rear, led directly into the corral—so that chickens and pigs came in freely—and brought yet more uncleanness. Of a truth, Rand thought, as his eyes were opened and he perceived the loathsomeness of his surroundings, he had indeed come to feed upon husks and live among swine.

While he sat writing, Joséfa brought

him food, and with it coffee. There was a strange look in her eyes that puzzled him; even as he had been puzzled by her silence since his return. Placing the coffee upon the table, but not within reach of his hand, she looked down upon him curiously. In her eyes shone a deep, glowing light, yet over them a shadow seemed to rest and veil their meaning. Slowly she asked:

"Then all is ready, and you go? And when?"

"Now, to-night."

"And you leave me for ever?"

"My poor Joséfa, yes."

"Ah, well, it is a long journey that you go upon. You need refreshment. Drink," and she placed the coffee by his side.

Her tone and manner amazed him. As he raised the cup he turned and looked at her.

"Drink," she said, again; while a faint smile hovered on her full, red lips; while a deeper shadow gathered in the strange duskiness of her eyes.

She stood before him in the glory of her perfect womanhood. There was a royal splendor in her form and pose. Her beauty was overpowering. For a moment he could not resist the feeling of intense admiration that swept into his heart. Involuntarily some sign of this feeling shone in his eyes. She saw it in an instant, and the shadow passed from her eyes and left them bright with the radiance of love. She struck the cup from his hand and fell upon her knees beside him, clasping him close in her soft, strong arms.

"It is all a lie. You will not go. You do love me. Ah, why have you been so cruel?" and with these quick sentences came a flow of the sweet love-names, in which Spanish is so rich and English is so poor.

Rand gently unclasped her arms. "No, it is not a lie, my poor little one," he said. "I must go. This is the very truth. Better for you, better for me, it would have been had I never come. But now is the end." There was a grave firmness in his tone that struck dead all hope.

"Yes, now is the end!" echoed Joséfa, slowly. "See," she added, "I give you another cup of coffee. Drink it and then go."

Joséfa's voice had not a tremor in it as she spoke, nor did her hand tremble as she gave him the cup. She stood rigid as a figure carved from stone until he had drained the last drop. Outside the rain was falling as it falls only among the mountains of Mexico. From the southern cañon came the sound of the roaring of a mighty wind.

"Yes," Joséfa repeated, "now is the end!"

She seated herself, as Mexican women are wont to sit, in a huddled bunch upon the floor, her back against the wall. She regarded Rand fixedly, with glittering eyes, while he went on with his writing. There was no sound save the rushing of the rain and the wind's moaning.

At the end of an hour Rand paused in his work, and pressed his hand upon his forehead. Joséfa leaned forward eagerly. He continued his writing, but uneasily—passing his hand across his eyes, resting his head upon his hand, pressing his hand upon his heart, stopping now and then to hold his body erect while he drew in a deep breath. He turned at last and said: "I thirst, Joséfa; give me water."

"I fear that I am falling into a fever," he said, as he gave her back the earthen cup empty. "I have a dizzy feeling in my head, and my hands are hot and dry, and there is pain about my heart."

Joséfa nodded. "I also have a pain about my heart," she said—but more to herself than to him.

He tried to write again, but presently pushed away the paper from before him. He rose from the table, staggered and nearly fell; then steadied himself by an arm outstretched against the wall.

"How oddly things dance about! It is very strange!" he murmured. He breathed deeply and laboriously. A spasm of pain distorted his face, and he pressed his hand upon his heart and then upon his throat. "Give me more water, my throat is burning," he said—but he spoke in English and Joséfa did not move. She was sitting erect, watching him—her muscles tense, her hands clenched, her teeth set fast, her eyes ablaze with a fierce light. Her revenge had come, and it had brought her a savage joy.

He staggered to the corner of the room where the *olla* rested in its forked stick, and drank a long draught of the cool water. "Ah! it hurts me so to swallow," he said piteously, but still in English, so that on Joséfa the pitifulness of his words was lost.

After drinking he stood, with the cup in his hand, leaning against the wall. In a few moments he began to move the cup slowly, and then more rapidly, from side to side, a vacant look upon his face. Presently this gave way to an expression of interest.

"It is like a juggler's trick. All six of the cups are in the air at once. See how cleverly I catch them! And now here are the rats come to look at the performance. But you must sit quite still, rats; and the short rats must have the front seats. It would be very unfair to give the long rats front seats when they can see perfectly well over the short rats' shoulders.—No! I will not hold the rod steady. If you can't get a sight when the rod is moving then you are not fit to run a level. Anyhow, I am not the rod-man, I am the engineer in charge of this corps; and if I choose to wiggle the rod I have a right to do it.—Why, you stupid Mexican, I am pumping. Of course you don't know what pumping is, for you haven't a pump in your whole country. But this is the way it's done, you see. And oh! how fresh and sweet the water is! Give me more of it, more, there is fire in my throat—and oh! the pain! the pain!" and he broke into a moan.

Of all this Joséfa did not understand a word. But Rand's tone and gestures made clear to her how surely the toloache was doing its work—and horror was beginning to possess her as she saw what she had done: for the very hate that was in her was love in its most powerful form. This man was everything in the world to her—and she had brought upon him what was worse than death. And the pain that he suffered: she had not counted upon that. His moaning, drawn from him by his agony, was like a knife in her heart. When the spasm had passed he spoke again, but now in Spanish:

"Joséfa, my little one, where art thou?" Joséfa's heart bounded, and she sprang to her feet and moved toward him—and stopped, chilled and woe-struck, as she saw him moving his hands as one searching in the dark; saw that his eyes, in which the love-light that she knew so well had come again, were turned on empty space.

"Come to me, my Pepita," he went on. "Come to me, my little heart. Yes, thou art very beautiful—and thy beauty is that of which I have dreamed all my life long. Let me kiss thee on thy eyelids, so. Dost thou know, Pepa, that the moment I saw thee—that day when thy father led me to his house—thy eyes seemed to look down into and stir the depths of my heart? I think that it was because of thy eyes that I came to love thee so deeply. For I do love thee; love thee as I never thought that I could love. Give me a kiss, my Pepa, my Chepita, a little kiss, and say that thou also hast love for me. Ah! nestle close to me in my arms, and give thy love for mine. For I love thee—help! help! Joséfa! I am in torture; my heart is wrenching me to pieces; my throat is on fire; I cannot breathe. Help me. I am dying." And so exquisite was the pain that Rand's whole body writhed convulsively, and foam gathered upon his lips.

With a cry of anguish not less keen than his, Joséfa caught him in her arms. Had she possessed ten thousand lives she would have given them all then that her devil's work might have been undone. But nothing could undo that work now.

As the pain ebbed again a great weakness came upon him. But for her supporting arms he would have fallen. Half leading him, half carrying him, she placed him upon one of the cots, and knelt upon the floor by his side.

The wind moaned hollowly, and the rain fell upon the clay roof with a muffled, thunderous sound; but Joséfa heard only Rand's wearily drawn breath and sobs, and the wild beating of her own heart.

Resting upon the cot in some measure eased his pain. For a long while he spoke no more. From time to time his legs and arms twitched spasmodically, and his body trembled with the irregular throbbing of his heart. The

pupils of his eyes were horribly dilated. There was a convulsive motion of the muscles of his throat.

Joséfa had ceased to think. A numbness had fallen upon her mind that mercifully shut out thought. For more than an hour she remained thus, bending over him, in a sort of stupor. She was aroused by a pattering upon the floor, and, turning, saw a tiny stream of water trickling down from the roof. Her eyes followed along the beam by the side of which the water fell. It was the same beam that she had noticed that evening as she entered the house. In the interval the crack in the wall had widened, and the beam had settled yet more deeply. As she looked she saw the water visibly eating away the clay; she fancied that she could see the beam slowly sinking, and she knew that she was in the awful presence of death.

But death had nothing in it of fear for Joséfa now; and the torturing sorrow that had entered her heart had driven out her longing for revenge. Her scheme, begot of jealous hate, for sending her lover back to his wife a madman, had lost its charm for her as she had seen the racking pain that its execution had brought upon his dear body —his body, that had been her life, her god. Rather than that he should live on now, though his sharp pain should pass away, better death—and she thought of old Pedro at Santa Maria, and shuddered. For herself, death could not come too soon.

"Mary, I have come at last; come back to you and the boy."

Joséfa started at the sound of Rand's voice, still more at the sound of this hated name. She knew that even in his madness his love no longer was hers. She looked at the beam. The water was melting away the clay beneath it still more rapidly. This time it was not fancy that made her believe that she saw it move. Yet she gazed at it, as it slowly sank beneath the crushing weight of the clay above, calmly, sternly. For her there was no more of hope, of sweetness, in life; only in death could she have rest. Death already had laid his hand upon her heart.

"Will you forgive me, Mary? God knows, I do not deserve your forgiveness nor your love. But yet be merciful and take me to your heart again."

A gush of water burst in, and the crack in the wall became a wide gap into which the beam dropped. The wall tottered. There was a sound of grinding, rending wood, as the light canes above the rafters, on which the clay rested, were wrenched and broken. Masses of clay fell upon the floor. Joséfa's body remained motionless, rigid; her eyes were fixed steadfastly upon the wreck, and in them was a look of lonely longing, of harsh despair. Half unconsciously, in her bitter searching for some faint sign of sympathy in her desolate strait, she clasped Rand's hand in hers. As he felt the touch his face brightened.

"Ah! you do forgive me, Mary! I swear to you that for the sin which I have wrought against you, and before God, the atonement shall go on through all the coming years. In all my life to come, only for you——"

With a dull thud the wall fell outward. With a crash the roof came down.



By William Hayes Ward.

The earliest printing-press was a seal, and the cylinder-seal may be said to have been an archaic rotary press. Although the rolling seal is much less simple than the flat seal, it appears to have been quite as antique, and to have had even more currency. The cylinder-seal had its origin in Babylonia, where, so far as we can learn, the arts of civilization had an independent origin at as early a period as in Egypt. The physical conditions of Egypt and Babylonia are the same—a sedimentary soil of exhaustless fertility, deposited from a mighty river, on whose waters, in the absence of rain, the cultivator must depend for his crop. Such conditions favor a dense and permanent population, with all the varied arts which they must produce.

In the opening civilization of such a country it would become necessary to indicate the ownership of property or the authenticity of a document by a seal. For that purpose nothing would be simpler, in a land where there was no stone, and where the one abundant material used for building purposes, and for nearly everything else, was the reed, than to take a short section of a reed and cut on it one's own private mark. This reed probably gave shape and design to the permanent stone cylinder-seal, pierced, like the reed, through its axis of length.

If papyrus was ever used as a writing material in Babylonia but the slightest traces of evidence exist to prove it. The indigenous writing material of the Babylonians was their clay, and admirably adapted it was for the purpose. Kneaded and shaped into little cakes of the size and form employed for toilet soap (the Arabs who dig for them call them *pillows*), it was adhesive enough not to crumble, unbaked as well as baked, and hundreds of both sorts, covered over with writing, have been exhumed. At the present day every visitor to the shrine of Ali at Kerbela carries home with him, as a memento, an octagonal or semicircular cake of this clay, shaped as sharply, and impressed as delicately with Persian traceries and writing, as if it were wrought on the finest stone with a graver's tool; and seemingly about as permanent as stone itself. On such clay the old Babylonian scribes wrote, not with a pointed stylus of metal or ivory, but with a wooden stick, cut square at one end, and at the other flattened, to use as an eraser. The solid angle of the square end made the wedge-shaped characters; and after the writing was finished, the seal, if it were a document requiring it, was rolled over on the edge of the tablet, so as to impress a portion of its device, especially the name if the seal bore a name (Fig. 1). Beautiful specimens of these tablets are in the British Museum, containing records of sales of land, wills, and other legal documents, and authenticated with the seal of the official scribe who drew them up.

If we can trust the date given by Nabonidus, on a fine, barrel-shaped record of his, lately found at Abu-habba, King Sargon first reigned in Agade, on the Euphrates River, thirty-eight hundred years before Christ. That date is generally accepted, and is not unreasonable, although it may be some centuries too early. The cylinder-seal was in use

before his time, for a magnificent one has been found bearing his name (Fig. 2). Such seals continued in use, though their use had probably become chiefly magical, nearly or quite to the date of our own era; at least some are found with Sassanian legends, although the inscription may be later than the seal.

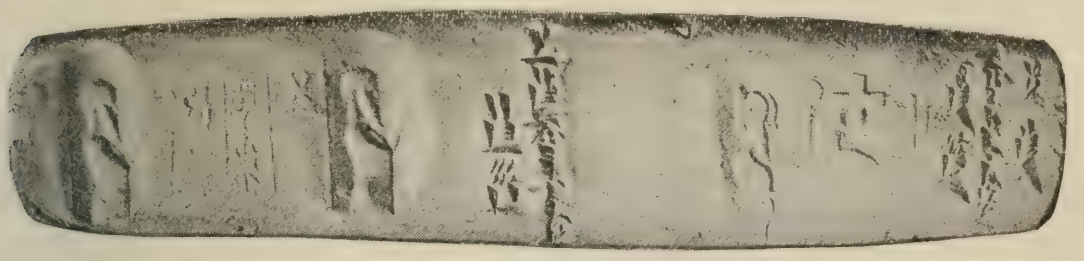


Fig. 1.—Edge of Clay Tablet with Seal Impressions. After Pinches.

While all Assyriologists have paid more or less attention to these cylinders, and especially Lenormant in his "Fragments de Berose," and George Smith in his "Chaldean Genesis," the only one who has published any full study of them is Menant. His "Recherches sur la Glyptique Orientale" is an important work, in two octavo volumes, on the cylinders of Chaldea, Assyria, and the adjacent countries. Soldi and Pinches have written valuable short papers. For the study of these seals it is essential to be able to consult the engravings published, especially in the three collections of Cullimore, Lajard, and De Clercq. Cullimore accompanied the one hundred and seventy-four cylinders figured in his volume with no text whatever. Lajard's magnificent folio volume, with its two hundred and eighty-four cylinders (besides its cone-seals), was followed by a volume of text of absolutely no value. De Clercq's even finer folio volume of photo-lithographs of over four hundred seals in his own private collection is not yet completed. As De Clercq's collection is the best in existence, except that in the British Museum, it is a great boon to students to have it published. Many of the best cylinders in the British Museum, and in the Louvre and the Bibliothèque Nationale have been published in the volumes of Cullimore and Lajard, but it is much to be desired that they might be edited as is that of De Clercq. Next after the collections of the British Museum and of M. De Clercq comes that of the Metropolitan Collection, augmented as it has lately been by my own of two hundred and sixty-five specimens, so that it now numbers over four hundred. The collections of the Louvre and of the Bibliothèque Nationale have each over two hundred, while those of a number of other museums and of private gentlemen have from fifty to a hundred each.

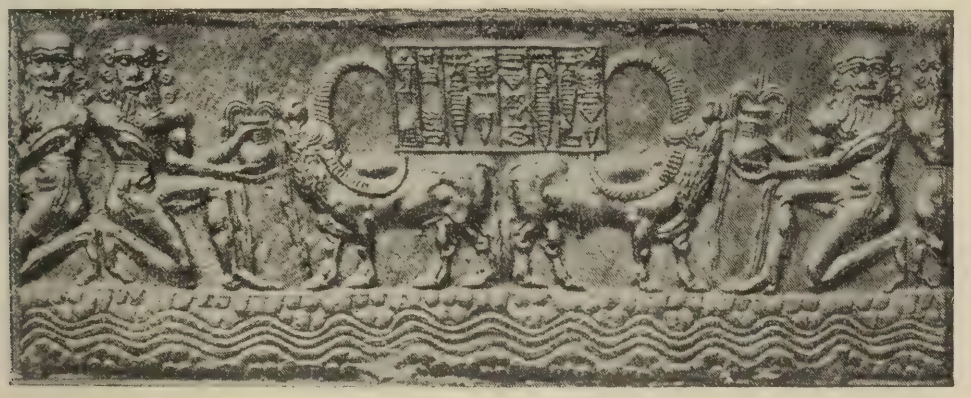


Fig. 2.—Seal of Sargon I. 3800 B.C. After De Clercq.

The shape and general appearance of these cylinders can be seen in the en-

graved headpiece to this article. They vary in size from an inch and a half long by an inch and a quarter in diameter down to half an inch long by a quarter of an inch through. The oldest ones were often cut so as to be reduced in the middle, as in one of those in the headpiece, and the very late ones may be somewhat barrel-shaped, but the vast majority are plain cylinders. Out of the four hundred cylinders in the Metropolitan Museum, only about a dozen are concave along the line of their length (generally important ones), while but two (of little interest) are convex.

The material varies from the choicest and hardest stones that could be found to the abundant and soft marble, serpentine, and alabaster. The brilliant color of lapis lazuli made it a favorite material almost from the earliest times. It is quite hard and cuts admirably, except for the specks of iron pyrites which often occur in it. A number of royal cylinders are in lapis lazuli. A bright-green though impure jasper is another very favorite stone of the earliest fashion. The various forms of quartz are frequent. The most common is a chalcedony with a milky or yellowish tint, used for very rude Babylonian and very fine Assyrian work. Sapphirine is an exquisite chalcedony of a clear but light-blue color. It is only used, so far as I know, in very late seals; perhaps not going back of the time of the Persian occupation of Babylon. Quartz-crystal and amethyst are occasionally found in these seals, although the grain of crystalline quartz does not lend itself to engraving like the chalcedonic varieties. Fine specimens of carnelian are more common in the Assyrian or Persian work, while the banded agates and jaspers, as also sienitic stones speckled with quartz and hornblende, are occasionally seen. The older Babylonians, and also the older Assyrians, affected much a hard variety of serpentine, nearly black, and the black dolerite is very common in old and large seals from Babylonia. But the commonest of all materials, not in Assyria, but in Babylonia to the south, and in Syria, and in the region occupied by the Hittites to the west, was hematite. The common small Babylonian seal was of hematite. The grain is excellent for sharp, deep cutting, and the hardness is considerable, the color good, and the engraving shows better against the polished surface than on almost any other material. The very oldest seals are not in this material, but hematite seals are often of the highest mythological value and admirably cut. This material made, however, the seals of the common people, and not of the kings.

Both Soldi and Pinches, two of the authorities who have most carefully considered the subject, agree that the engravers of these cylinders must have used the diamond for the very earliest work, supposed to date three or four thousand years before Christ. But this implies that there was then commerce with India, something very difficult to believe, especially when in the time of Theophrastus the diamond was not yet known to the Greeks. It is the admirable free-hand engraving of the earliest cylinders that suggests the use of the diamond; but there is no reason why chalcedonies and quartz-crystal (and these are the hardest materials used) could not be cut with flakes of emery or corundum. Emery was abundantly found in Ethiopia, and, according to Sir G. Wilkinson, was the medium used for cutting and polishing the gigantic works in granite made in Egypt. A corundum of the first quality came from Armenia, and was preferred by the Greeks to that of Naxos, which gave the name of naxium to emery.

The earliest specimens of Chaldean art that have come down to us are marked by a rudeness and yet a freedom and unconventionality of type which was soon lost. Specimens are to be seen in M. de Sarzec's fine volume of plates illustrating his explorations in Tello. Belonging to this primitive period is the brown-jasper cylinder (Fig. 2) belonging to the collection of M. De Sarzec, of Paris, which I do not hesitate to call the finest as it is one of the very oldest cylinders yet discovered. The lower register is occupied by waving lines, which represent a river or the sea. Beside or above the water are the two symmetrical groups—Gisdubar, on one knee, holding a vase, out of which water flows as from a fountain, while in front

of the hero stands a bull-buffalo, with his head lifted and drinking from the stream. This animal is not of our domestic breed of cattle, but is an admirable drawing of the black, almost hairless buffalo, wild in those days in the swamps and jungles of Southern Chaldea, and which is remarkable for its great size and its huge corrugated horns resting back on the head. Gisdubar is the ancient hero of Chaldea, whose epic in twelve books was discovered by George Smith, and who was identified by him with the biblical Nimrod. The space between the horns, and over the backs of the two buffaloes is occupied by an inscription in eight lines of very archaic characters, which is translated by Mr. Pinches, of the British Museum, "Sargon, the King; King of Agade. Ibni-sarru, the scribe, his servant." From this we learn that this seal was carried by the scribe of Sargon I., King of Agade, and it was, doubtless, with this seal that the royal documents were authenticated. Sargon of Agade is a name well known. The ancient astronomical and magical and grammatical literature of Assyria and Babylonia is referred back by the old scribes to the time of Sargon. His birth and life were invested with mysterious incidents, and he lived at the time when the mythological period passes into the historical. He was one of the last kings of Agade, or Sippara, five of whom lived before the Flood. This was a thousand years before Hammurabi, the first Chaldean king set his throne in Babylon and united all the minor kingdoms of the lower Euphrates under his sway. Sargon's date, as I have said, on the authority of King Nabonidus, the father of Belshazzar, was about 3800 B.C. His capital, Agade, or the Sippara of Anunit, was, perhaps, the first city of importance, after Babylon, in all Southern Mesopotamia, and the discovery of its site—on the ruins now called Tel Anbar, on the Euphrates—is one of the important fruits of the American Wolfe Expedition.



Fig. 3.—Gisdubar Conquering a Lion. About 3800 B.C. After Pinches.

This cylinder of Sargon—and Menant's doubt as to its ascription to him would only make it still older—is of first class importance in a great many ways. It gives us a type of art, and a type of inscription from which we can settle the period, if not the local school, of a considerable number of other cylinders. The characters in the inscriptions are not yet wedge-shaped, but are in plain lines, only one remove from the original hieroglyphics. The drawing of the design shows original artistic feeling not yet subdued by conventionalism. The cutting is all done with the corundum point—the drill not yet being invented—and in a free and masterly manner never equalled in later times.



Fig. 4.—Gisdubar and the Lion. About 3500 B.C. After De Clercq.

A favorite subject is some one of the exploits of Gisdubar. A very fine red-and-white banded jasper cylinder in the British Museum (Fig. 3) illustrates another variety of this type. Here Gisdubar again appears in duplicate representa-

tion, lifting a lion upon his shoulder. Both the hero and the lion are engraved with great energy and artistic power. A more common type is that in Fig. 4, where Gisdubar, in his most characteristic style, clad, as in Figs. 4 and 5, only with a girdle, fights a standing lion. The repetition of the figure is very common on the seals, and seems to indicate a certain poverty of invention. In the later seals Gisdubar, in accordance with that modesty which was characteristic of the Babylonians as well as of the Persians, becomes decently clothed; and colossal statues of him, of the time of the last Sargon king of Assyria, represent him as dressed and curled in the finest style of a Ninevite dandy, with a lion comfortably tucked under one arm, and a snake held by the neck in the other hand.



Fig. 5.—Gisdubar Killing the Bull of Anu. About 3000 B.C. After De Clercq.

Another frequently recurring scene in the story of Gisdubar is that which represents him in contest with the human-headed bull (Fig. 5). It is very probable that the explanation of this scene is found in the Gisdubar epic, according to which the goddess Ishtar became a suitor for the love of the hero, and was rejected by him. In revenge for the slight she appealed to her father Anu to punish him. Anu created an immense bull, but Gisdubar overcame and slew the monster. The story of the courtship of Ishtar, her promises to Gisdubar of wealth, and servants, and pleasure, his scornful rejection of her offer, telling her how her lovers had perished, and her angry complaint and appeal to her father against the man who had despised the beauty and the love of the goddess, form one of the most dramatic portions of this epic—the most ancient epic by a thousand years, at least, that exists. The glorious victory of Gisdubar over this monstrous bull, and his mutilation of its mighty carcass are probably commemorated not in this poem alone and in the seals which picture the contest, but in the constellation Taurus, which has a Babylonian origin.

At the right of Gisdubar, in Fig. 6, we have the representation of his friend Heabani fighting a lion. With great difficulty, the epic tells us, and only after he was persuaded by two fair damsels, Heabani was persuaded by Gisdubar to leave his home in the rocks of the desert, and join him in his victories. Heabani was a superior figure to the Greek satyr, having the body of a bull but the head and arms of a man, and nothing of the satyr's vicious and unsavory character. He was a worthy friend of the great hero, and was deeply lamented when accidentally killed. The dirge over his death is, with the possible exception of the account of the descent of Ishtar into Hades, the finest passage in the old Babylonian poetry. The two friends often appear together on the older cylinders, those from 2000 to 3800 B.C., fighting generally one a lion and the other a bull. A good specimen is in Fig. 6, from a cylinder in the collection of M. de Clercq.



Fig. 6.—Gisdubar and Heabani. About 3500 B.C. After De Clercq.

Probably belonging to a period of very nearly the same antiquity, if we may judge from the character of the engraving and the stones used as material,

as well as from the known date of some which bear the inscription of a King of Ur of the Chaldees, are those which carry a procession of people advancing to a seated divinity. An extraordinarily good specimen is found in Fig. 7, although the engraving from which the figures are copied gives an unwarranted Greek look to the faces. The seated deity is on the right, and in front of him



Fig. 7.—Seal of Lik-bagas, King of Ur. About 2600 B.C.

is the crescent, which would seem to indicate that this is the Moon god, whose name was Sin. He is bearded, and fully clothed in a long tunic of cloth. The fact of clothing would seem to indicate a somewhat later date than that of the finer Gïsdubar cylinders. There advances to



Fig. 8.—Private Seal. About 2000 B.C. After De Clercq.

meet the god a figure with one hand raised in an attitude of respect, while with his right hand he leads a second figure. Behind the two is a third figure. The unoccupied hands of all the three figures are raised as if in worship.

What does this group represent? It is perhaps the most abundant type found, and has some definite meaning. The seated figure is, of course, the chief character. The others are showing him all possible honor. Is he a god or a man? Lajard, who first studied these representations, was sure this represented a scene in the initiation into some Oriental mysteries. The seated figure was the initiating priest, and the figure led in represented the candidate for initiation. Menant's explanation is substantially the same, as he calls it simply a religious ceremony. As I have indicated, I think it much more likely that the seated figure is a god, perhaps the god Sin, or possibly Hea. It is to be noticed that the figure led in is bare-headed, not having the high tiara, and in dress as well as in attitude is inferior to the figures between whom he stands. Very often, on small seals, Fig. 8, the third figure is omitted, but always the led figure is without the honorable head-dress of his conductor. Before settling what this scene represents we must observe that the led figure is sometimes — and in the older seals—not wholly human, but has, with the head, shoulders, and arms of a man, the body, tail, and legs of a bird, perhaps a cock. A cylinder in my collection, Fig. 9, of green jasper and with the concave face of the older period, represents this figure half-man and half-bird being led to the god by the figure in front of him, and pushed in by the figure behind. The rear, and fourth standing

figure, instead of lifting his empty arms, carries a victim for sacrifice. The god is distinguished by streams flowing from his abdomen, while near them are several fishes to indicate that it is water which is delineated. The god would seem to be Hea, deity of the waters of the lower world. There is no crescent to indicate the Moon-god. The reader will imagine the seated god repeated at left of figure.

In the case of these cylinders in which the led figure is half-bird, it cannot be a scene in an initiation into religious mysteries. The figure is being brought in unwillingly by two attendants or apparitors, as if for judgment and punishment. It would seem as if for some offence the culprit was being changed to a bird; and this suggests what is the probable character of the more common scene. The god is on the throne of judgment. The soul of the dead is brought before him for decision. It is a scene in some such a cycle of mythological thought as is familiar in the "Egyptian Book of the Dead." The leading figure performs the duty of a Mercury or psychopomp, in presenting the dead before the tribunal in Hades; and being himself a minor deity, he very properly wears on many seals the same kind of tiara as does the superior god, or ties his hair in the same kind of a queue. This long queue, by the way, sometimes tied up and sometimes hanging down, is one of the remarkable indications, some of them in the forms of the writing, which seem to connect the early Accadian or Sumerian population of Chaldea with the Chinese, as has been plausibly argued by M. Delacouperie.

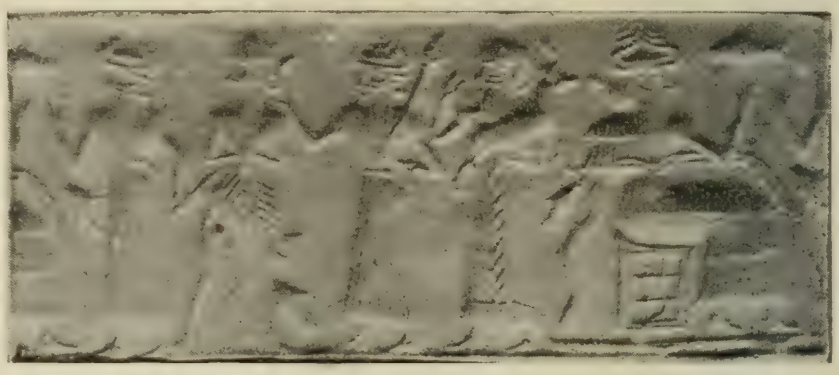


Fig. 9.—From Collection of W. H. Ward. About 2000 B.C.

The chief evidence looking to the conclusion of Menant and others, that these three figures approaching the seated god, one leading the second, and the third generally in flounced goat-skin dress and with uplifted hands, represent a religious ceremony of men worshipping before an image of the god, is to be found in the remarkable tablet of the Sun-god found by Mr. Rassam in Abu-habba. The discovery of that tablet will long be reported to travellers as a memorable event. Word was sent to Mr. Rassam that the workmen had found a picture of Noah with his three sons. Mr. Rassam came and saw it, and gave the workmen a holiday, and an ox for their feast. The Sun-god sits on his throne, within a shrine. Near his head are the emblems of the Moon, Sun, and Venus, or, to designate them mythologically, Sin, Shamash, and Ishtar. In front of the shrine is a table, or altar, on which stand what looks like the capital of an Ionic column; and on its volutes an immense disk, figured to represent the Sun, and held upright by cords let down from above and held by two divine beings. In front of the altar, as if approaching it, is our familiar group of three personages, one leading the second, and the third with hands lifted. These, being represented as much smaller than the seated figure, were taken by the Arabs for Shem, Ham, and Japheth. This tablet was made by King Nabubaladan, perhaps 1200 B.C., and belongs to a period when this design had been in use for at least a thousand years.

This representation of the seated god —for god it must be, and not a priest— before whom came these two figures, whom we may call the psychopomp and the deceased soul, or, if we follow the French scholars, the initiator, or mystagogue, and the initiant—with, in the better examples, a third or even a fourth additional figure, in worship, or carrying a victim—is the most common in the whole cycle of mythological figures on seals, and was in use from the time of Lik-bagas, 2500 B.C., or earlier, perhaps,

down to the rise of the Assyrian Empire; or it may be even down to Nebuchadnezzar's time, 625 B.C. In the old cylinders it appears on seals of the harder stones, as lapis lazuli, and in the later ones, on smaller seals of hematite, such as belonged to the poorer classes. The date of these numerous



Fig. 10.—Seal of Dungi, King of Ur. About 2500 B.C. After Pinches.

hematite cylinders it is not easy to guess. The style of art and of the writing, however, agrees very exactly with those of seals in the finer materials which bear the names of Kings Lik-bagas and Dungi, who reigned as early as 2500 B.C.

None of the groups on the cylinders are more interesting than those which seem to represent scenes familiar to us in the Bible. There is no sufficient reason for believing that the Book of Genesis was written by Moses. While the latter portion of it shows an intimate acquaintance with Egypt, the earlier chapters have their relation almost entirely to Babylonia. The Genesis stories of the creation, of the fall of man, and of the flood, have their counterpart, not in the traditions of the Nile, but of the Euphrates. While the mythological fragments recovered from the tablets are yet very incomplete, we have obtained so much from them, in the story of the creation and the flood, which tallies with the biblical story, that we can almost certainly conclude that the parallelism was general. There have several cylinders been found which represent, apparently, a man and a woman in a boat, and which it is very easy to believe may be meant for the Chaldean Noah and his wife (Fig. 11). The indications, however, are by no means very clear. One figure is generally rowing, and we cannot help raising the question whether it be not here the soul of the dead which is being carried on its journey from earth to the after-world.



Fig. 11.—After De Clercq. About 2000 B.C.



Fig. 12.—The Temptation. About 2000 B.C.

Much more interesting is a cylinder which has been the object of much discussion, having been generally supposed to represent the temptation of Adam and Eve (Fig. 12). The two stand before a tree, whose fruit they are plucking, while behind the woman, or rather between the backs of the two, and with its head turned toward the woman, is an upright serpent.

George Smith entertained no doubt that this represents the scene of the temptation, and Friedrich Delitzsch, in his brother's translation of Smith's "Chaldæan Genesis," accepted the same explanation. But Menant, in several publications, has brought forward serious arguments to show that there is here no reference to the fall. He supposes the figures to be both of men, and he adduces the well-known fact that there are a number of other cylinders known in which two figures are plucking fruit, and in which the two appear to be of the same sex, and in which there is no serpent. But just these points of difference with the cylinder in question point to their representing different scenes from this.



Fig. 13.—After De Clercq. About 2000 B.C.

We think that there can be little doubt that in the cylinder under consideration one of the figures is meant for a man and the other for a woman. It is true that the serpent occurs on other seals, occupying a *rôle* not easy to understand; but here a very reasonable explanation is easy of his presence and of the whole composition, on the basis of a legend which it is extremely probable was familiar to the early Chaldeans. It is no religious prejudice which makes us still regard the reference of this cylinder to Adam and Eve as most probable.

Connected with this same cycle of legends must be that which represents the conflict between Bel and the dragon. Bel takes the place of the creative force of Genesis, that force which out of an original chaos produces the order of succession of nature and life; for it is probable that Genesis knows as little of creation out of nothing as does the Babylonian cosmogonic story. Bel Merodach, the creative demiurge, was brought into conflict with the dragon Tiamat, or Tihamtu (Hebrew *Tehôm*, the chaotic abyss), and slew her. She is generally represented as a scaly monster, with four legs, a lion's head, and an eagle's claws. In the cylinders and other pictorial art of Babylonia she appears comparatively seldom; but in the later Assyrian art the conflict between her and Bel is the most frequent of all representations. But on two Babylonian cylinders Tiamat appears under the form, not of a dragon, but of a serpent, precisely as in Genesis, and is fleeing away, pursued by the god, who is, perhaps, avenging her successful temptation of man. It is impossible that this punishment of the serpent by the deity should not connect itself with the biblical attribution to the serpent of baleful influence, and this increases the likelihood that the serpent in Fig. 12 is really meant to represent the tempter of our first parents.

George Smith's notion that some of these cylinders give a scene from the building of the Tower of Babel is certainly erroneous. What he regarded as a tower is nothing more than a gate. On some seals the projecting ends of the beam which rest in the sockets above and below are distinctly drawn. The ancient door did not swing on

hinges, as can be seen from the stone doors of Palmyra. Like the great doors of courts now in the same region, they swung on a heavy pivot in a deep socket of stone at the bottom, and might be held at the top in the same way. Many of these stone sockets are still to be found in the ruins of the old cities, where the wooden gates have perished, leaving only, as in the magnificent gates of Shalmaneser, the remains of



Fig. 14.—Collection of W. H. Ward.

which were found at Balawat, the richly engraved bronze plates with which they were ornamented. On the cylinders of which we speak a god is represented as opening such a door. It is premature to decide certainly what this scene represents, but one of these cylinders gives us an indication (Fig. 13). A superior being holds a gate open. Through it seem to have passed two figures. One of them, whom we have called the psychopomp, leads a figure humbly dressed, which we again call the soul of the dead, into the presence of the deity who always appears in connection with this gate. He is surrounded with rays which rise from his shoulders, and he sometimes stands between two prominences, or appears to be mounting a high hill. I can hardly fail to see in this group another scene in the passage of the dead to his final rest. The poem of the descent of Ishtar into Hades tells us nearly all we know of the Babylonian idea of the under world, and there we are told that the goddess had to pass through seven gates, at each of which she was compelled by the porter to remove one of her garments or ornaments, until at last she came naked into the presence of the implacable deity who rules the world of the dead.

It is an error to imagine that we must find a meaning for every event that is pictured in these Babylonian cylinders. On not a few the only art to be discovered is that which is exhausted in filling the space with the familiar types of deities and emblems, without much pains to select them. When the inscription on a cylinder tells us that the owner is a worshipper of the Sun-god or Moon-god, we might expect to find a picture of the god worshipped on the cylinder. But this is by no means the real fact. The inscription bears very little relation to the figures. Each deity has its persistent type, and very likely several of them are crowded together without order on the seal, which was an amulet as well as seal, as if its owner wanted all the protection which all the gods figured could give him. Every vacant space is often filled with smaller emblems, the crescent of Sin, the solar disk of Shamash, the star of Ishtar, the seven points, which probably represent the seven stars of the Pleiades, the rod with a circle at the middle, which may be the emblem of justice, the crab, the serpent, the monkey, and various others difficult to make out (Fig. 14). Here is a field for very promising study, giving us a better insight into the mythology of Chaldea. At present there are only a very few of the figured gods whose identity is beyond question.



Fig. 15.—God of Agriculture. Collection of W. H. Ward. About 2000 B.C.

It would be more tedious than interesting to attempt to follow Menant in his classification of these Babylonian cylinders by their "schools," as those of Agade, of Ur, and of Erech. All we know is that one dated at Agade represents the conflict of Gisdubar and the lion; two at Erech have quite different styles of figures; and half a dozen, whose inscriptions show that they belonged to scribes of Ur, at a date more ancient than that of Abraham, are of one general

style of art, though they represent several different scenes, with a preference to that which gives us the seated god perhaps Sin, perhaps Hea, before whom a superior being leads a human figure by the hand. That we have here a veritable school of Ur seems hardly to be doubted.

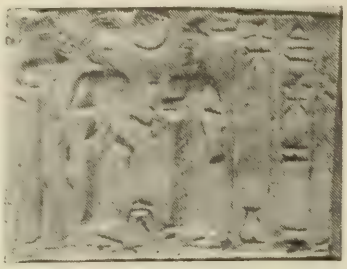


Fig. 16.—Collection of W. H. Ward. About 1000 B.C.

Little space can be taken to describe the styles of cylinders, which grew out of those of Babylonia. First came those of the northern empire of Assyria, whose period intervenes between those of the first and second Babylonian empires. The material of these seals is very frequently serpentine, although the finer ones are of a milky (not often brown or yellow) chalcedony, or of carnelian. The green jasper or feldspar, the sienites, the shell and ivory, the lapis lazuli, and the rock crystal, which were frequent among early Babylonian seals, are very rare or are not found at all. None of them are reduced in size in the middle, and they are generally a little longer for their width. There is no difficulty in distinguishing them, as the dress of the figures is quite different, and consists of a short shirt over which a long open garment reaches to the feet. There are two favorite representations. One is that of the conflict of Bel and the Dragon (Fig. 17), of which I have before spoken, and which has its peculiar variations. The curved weapon carried by the god has become a veritable round sickle, instead of being but slightly curved, as in all the old figures, or it is replaced by a bow; and the two combatants are much more minutely figured, and their wings, dress, and accessories are more defined. Perhaps the seals on which the winged god is represented as fighting an animal, or holding two animals, may belong to the same general thought.

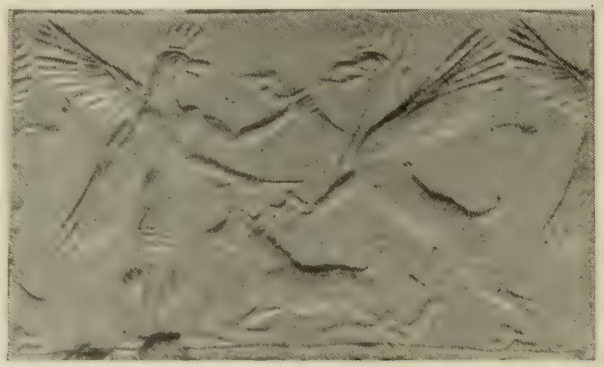


Fig. 18.—Assyrian Seal. About 700 B.C. Collection of W. H. Ward.

The other very frequent type, and one which is especially found in the fine and large chalcedony seals, represents the sacred tree, with winged figures in worship, standing one on each side, the two figures being introduced for symmetry (Fig. 19.). Above the tree is generally to be seen the winged disk, emblem of the supreme deity Assur. Occasionally the figure on either side of the sacred tree is not winged, and may be even kneeling; and, when it thus represents a man, what seems to be a stream, or cord, typifying divine influence or protection in answer to prayer, comes down from the deity and is grasped by the hand of the wor-



Fig. 17.—Bel Merodach Fighting the Dragon. About 700 B.C. Collection of W. H. Ward



Fig 19.—Assyrian Seal. After Pinches. About 700 B.C.

shipper. Generally, however, the winged figure holds in one hand a "cone," as it is called, and in the other a basket or pail.



Fig. 20.—Babylonian Seal. About 500 B.C. Collection of W. H. Ward.

The origin of the myth of the sacred tree is very obscure. It is probably connected with the tree of life of Genesis.



Fig. 21.— Seal of Darius. After Pinches.

It is not unlikely that this sacred tree of life has relations with the production of early intoxicating liquors—used to produce an inspired prophetic state. Sometimes this sacred tree, which is generally most conventionally represented, appears to resemble a palm, or, in a few cases—so Lenormant thinks — an asclepias. The palm was in constant use for obtaining a fermented liquor. But the sacred drink of the Hindu Vedas, the soma, came from an asclepias whose juice was expressed. It is possible that the object held in the hand is not a cone, but the similarly imbricated seed-vessel (with the outside skin removed) of an asclepias. This sacred tree is hardly found on the earlier Babylonian seals, unless it be on such cylinders as that in which two figures are seen plucking fruit from a low palm-tree, as in that supposed to represent Adam and Eve. Equally the winged disk, so common in Egypt, is Assyrian and not Babylonian.

After the Assyrian Empire fell Babylon rose to a higher power than ever before, and an entirely new type of cylinders came into use, in shape patterned after the Assyrian, which continued well down into the period of the Persian domination. The materials have somewhat changed. There are many very rude chalcedonies, and the finer ones are of lapis lazuli or of the exquisitely beautiful pearl-blue chalcedony called sapphirine. So characteristic is this sapphirine of this period that I am inclined to attribute an error to Menant, who makes one of the very ancient cylinders from Ur to be in this material. I see, however, that De Clercq says it is in white agate. The more common representation in these cylinders, which seldom show any great sense of art, is of a priest before one or two low square altars, on which are emblematic figures, such as a dog, a composite animal with the head of a goat and the body of a fish, and a crescent or a star surmounting an irregularly oval object not easy to identify (Fig. 20). These emblematic figures are such as are generally found on what are called "boundary stones," and which seem to be meant to designate various



Fig. 22.—Persian Seal with Phenician Inscription.



Fig. 23.—Armenian Seal. About 700 B.C. After Menant.

forms of protecting and avenging powers.

Contemporary with the later of these Babylonian seals are the Persian. They are easily distinguishable by their agreement with the figures of the times of the Achæmenian kings Darius and Xerxes, found on the monuments of Persepolis and other ancient Persian cities. By far the most common representation is that of the deity killing a lion or other animal, with a short sword, or with a bow. The hero now appears in the turreted square cap of Persia, and with the tunic plaited down in front so as to give the appearance of loose trousers. These two signs, or either of them alone, will generally distinguish Persian work. A fine seal, Fig. 21, represents the king hunting a lion under the protection of the supreme god, and the inscription says: "I am Darius the great king." Fig. 22 is a beautiful carnelian cylinder, from my collection, marked as Persian by the trousers worn by two of the men, and remarka-

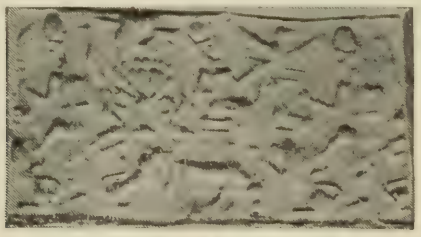


Fig. 24.—Hittite Seal. Collection of W. H. Ward.

ble for the head-dresses of the soldiers, which look something like Greek helmets. The inscription, however, is Phenician.

From the region between the Upper Euphrates and Phenicia there comes a series of cylinders of a peculiar character, and which may represent a number of various nations. A fine one, Fig. 23, we know to be Armenian, because it bears, in the old cuneiform character, an inscription which declares that it belonged to an Armenian king who was contemporary with the Assyrian Empire. It represents a hero holding an ostrich by the neck with each hand. There seems to be good reason to believe that many of these cylinders were made by that ancient and long forgotten people, the Hittites, who fought both Egypt and Assyria on equal terms, until crushed between the two. Their seals are generally small and rudely cut with the drill, and not with the corundum point (Fig. 24). Animals' heads, as that of the goat, are often found on them, as in the Hittite writing which has lately been discovered.

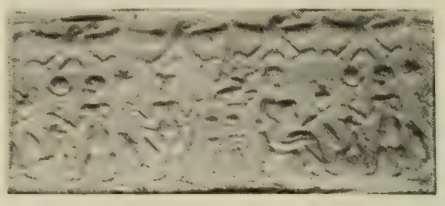
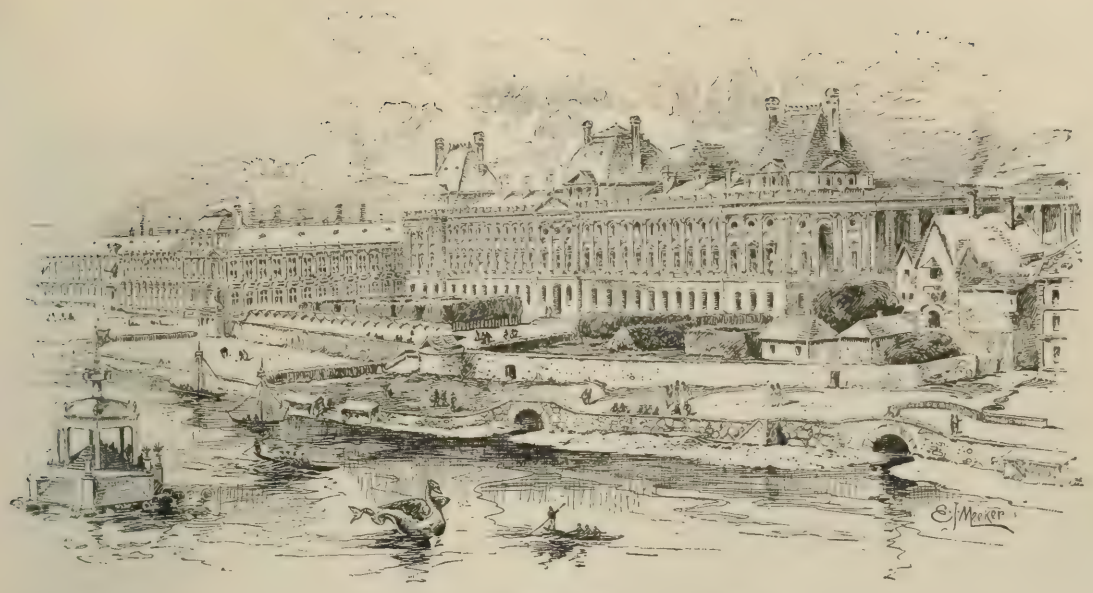


Fig. 25.—Phenician Seal. Collection of W. H. Ward.

Fishes, stars, crabs, dogs, the seven dots, a hand, and men with round hats are frequent designs.

More interesting, and among the most exquisitely engraved of all the seals, are the Phenician, though they never show the artistic strength of the earliest Chaldean. With these are connected those from Cyprus, of which the Metropolitan Museum has a good collection. The Phenician cylinders are often very much crowded with design, as if it were an object to fill up every available space. It is well known that the Phenician art was a composite of the Egyptian and Assyrian. Of these seals some are filled with animal-headed figures, taken from Egypt, while others seem to be chiefly of Assyrian style, as in Fig. 25, although the vulture is of Egyptian origin.

In the time of the Assyrian Empire another, and much more convenient, form of seal began to come into use, known as the cone. It was of chalcedony or carnelian, and was pierced near the top for the string, or wire, while the base generally carried the figure of a worshipper before two or three columns, known as *asheras*. In the time of the Sassanian dynasty these, in turn, gave way to another form, much like a heavy ring, and the old cylinder seal ceased to be used. It took four thousand years for reform to overcome the persistent conservatism which clung to the shape of the clumsy bit of reed with which men first emerging into civilization marked their belongings on a pat of clay.



The Louvre in 1789. From an Old Print.

GLIMPSES AT

THE DIARIES OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

SOCIAL LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE PARIS OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Annie Cary Morris.

FIRST PAPER.

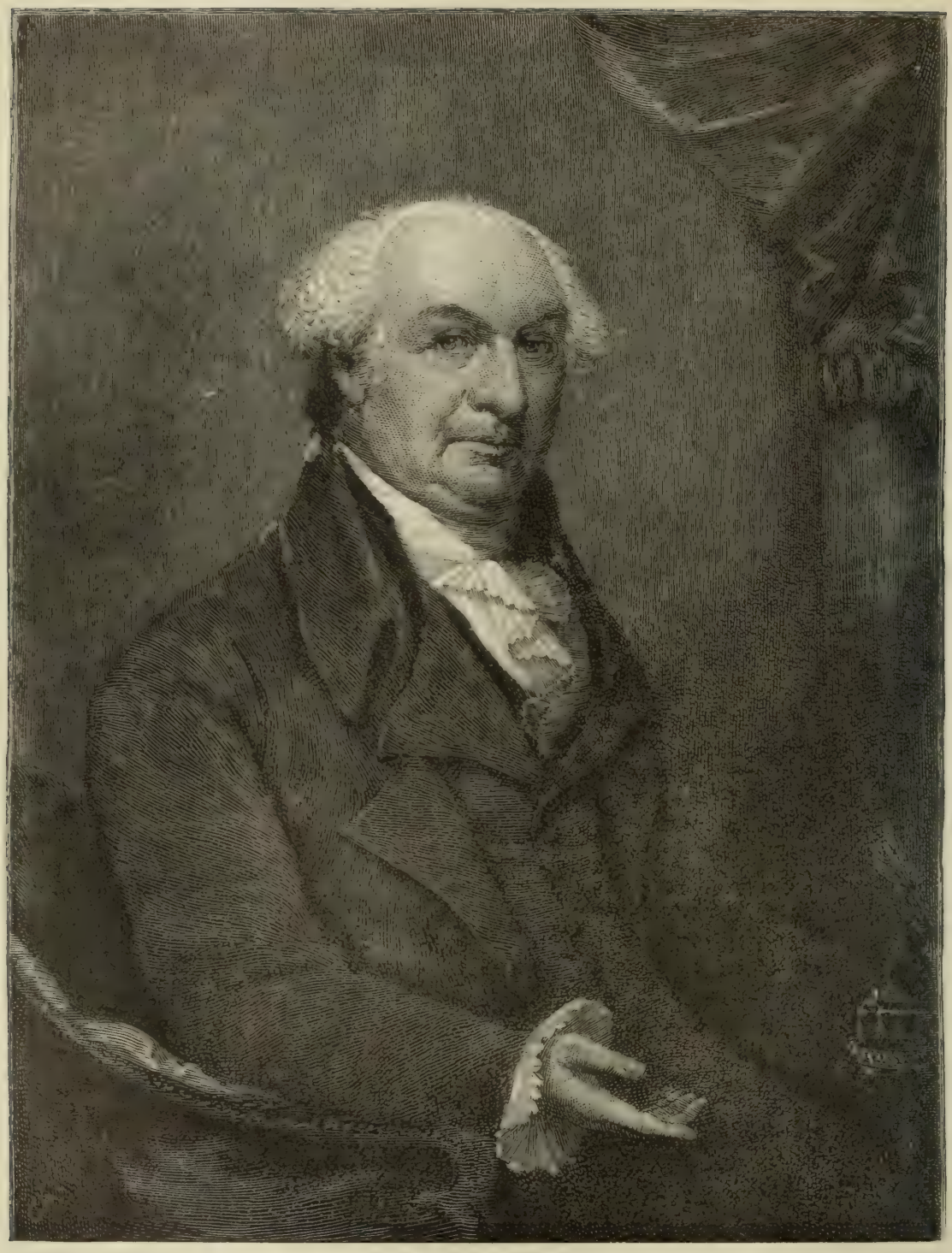
That Gouverneur Morris, the Minister of the United States to France during the French Revolution, was one of the most voluminous and entertaining correspondents of his time has long been known to students of the lives of our early statesmen.

To those of his descendants whose pleasure it has been to read the careful notes he kept of his own remarkable experience, it has seemed that some day his countrymen should share the privilege, and see through his eyes the old world of which he wrote so appreciatively and with so much of personal interest.

Some fifty years ago Mr. Jared Sparks had possession of some of these papers, and while he undoubtedly extracted from them much that was important on political matters, especially connected with the American correspondence—which he incorporated into a "Life" made on the model of his other biographies of the fathers of the Republic, and now chiefly relegated to the top shelves of libraries—yet he managed, with masterly ingenuity, so to leave out the *human* element in what he used, and saw so short a distance into the great collection, that he gave hardly a glimpse of what it really is.

What has already been published of this interesting material has often induced those who have mentioned Mr. Morris to express the wish that a fuller knowledge of it might be accorded. And although many applications have been made to allow its examination, nothing has ever appeared to give a true idea of its nature.

Who would think, from the few quotations Mr. Sparks made from a diary, that there is a great journal extending over years of the most eventful period in history, recording events in which Mr. Morris personally acted; minutely putting before us the daily life of men and women whom he knew, and whose actions and thoughts he has vividly pictured, making them so wonderfully



ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL FROM THE PAINTING AT OLD MORRISANIA.

Gouv Morris

alive that, to those who have read it, it makes the men and women of those years real, eager participants in what all other reading had left merely in a far-off historical world? The present paper can give little more than glimpses of this narrative; but a fuller account of it and its unpublished portions has been for some time in preparation.

Mr. Morris had nearly reached middle life before his journey to Europe was made; and felt and said that he was "weary with public work." He had indeed accomplished a full life's task during the Revolutionary struggle, when he was forced into the front rank among men of twice his years—taking part in the most stirring events, and winning honors for himself at the earliest possible age.

He speaks of having "led the most laborious life which can be imagined" while a member of Congress and chairman of the standing committees, at the same time being obliged occasionally to labor in the law—his profession—to augment an insufficient salary; and although not in active military life, he shared Washington's privations at Valley Forge, during a bitter cold winter, when, in co-operation with him, he was intrusted with the responsible task of feeding and clothing the army, then in need of almost every comfort.

His labors with the makers of the Constitution, and in the many responsible positions in which he was placed, are matters of history. They were but poorly rewarded by attacks, untrue, but none the less cruel; statements that he was aiding the enemy through letters to his mother, then inside the British lines. As a matter of fact, for seven years he never saw his mother or his home, and during that time held little communication with her.

When quite a boy he had ardently desired to go to Europe—"To rub off," as he said, "in the gay circles of foreign life, a few of those many barbarisms which characterize a provincial education." But becoming deeply absorbed in affairs of so much importance at home, the wish was dismissed for the present, and the plan indefinitely postponed.

The circumstances which finally brought it about, were in the beginning purely personal. Complications arose, toward the end of 1788, in the commercial schemes of his friend Robert Morris, which made it necessary for him to go to France; and, accordingly, in the ship Henrietta he made a stormy crossing of the Atlantic, and reached Paris in February, "at the moment," he writes to a friend, "when the most important scene acted for many years on the European theatre was about to be displayed."

"Horace tells us," he says, in a letter to De Moustier, French Ambassador at New York, "that in crossing the seas we change our climate, not our souls. But I can say what he could not, that I find on this side of the Atlantic a strong resemblance to what I left on the other—a nation which exists in hopes, prospects, and expectations."

At once deeply interested in the struggle commencing in France, and seeing with a peculiarly clear sight the dangers into which the nation was drifting, he soon became rather an oracle in the society in which he moved. "Vous dites toujours les choses extraordinaires, qui se réalisent," said the Marquis de la Luzerne to him, with a slight tone of exasperation in his voice, restive under the many prophecies Morris had made which had been realized.

It was the strangest possible employment Mr. Morris found, as it were, already arranged for him, a republican, as he says, "but just emerged from that assembly which had formed one of the most republican of all republican constitutions, to preach incessantly respect for the *prince*, attention to the rights of the *nobles*, and, above all, moderation."

Writing to a friend of this, he says: "You will say this is none of my business; but I consider France the natural ally of my country, and I love her, and believe the king to be an honest and a good man, and that he earnestly desires the felicity of his people."

He was considered too much of an aristocrat in the republican salon of Madame la Comtesse de Tessé, "where republicans of the first feather met" and aired their extreme ideas; and it amused him to learn that his views were too moderate for that company, and that

Madame de Lafayette openly expressed her disapproval of his sentiments. Commenting on the beliefs of the comtesse, he says: "She is a very sensible woman, but has formed her ideas of government in a manner not suited, I think, either to the situation, the circumstances, or the disposition of France."

Though not at all agreeing with Madame de Tessé, he was very much her friend, and could not but sympathize with the vivid, absorbing interest she took in the trials of her country. With a feeble strength and weak nerves to struggle against, but with a soul illuminated by hope, she worked, *on dit*, for twenty years over a constitution for France, and would willingly have given the last drop of her blood could she have seen it successful. Full of hope that all would be well when the representatives should meet, she opened her doors to the members of the Assemblée Nationale and made many compliments to Bailly.

After the convulsions of July, and the mad doings of August, it is almost pathetic to find her forced to moderate her views, to lose faith in her cause. "I find Madame de Tessé is become a convert to my principles. We have a gay conversation of some minutes on their affairs, in which I mingle sound maxims of government with that piquant *légèreté* which this nation delights in. She insists that I dine with her at Versailles the next time I am there. We are vastly gracious, and all at once, in a serious tone, 'Mais attendez, madame, est-ce que je suis trop aristocrat?' To which she answers, with a smile of gentle humility, 'Oh! mon dieu, non!'"

It was not long after his arrival in Paris before invitations for dinners, suppers, breakfasts, and drives flowed in upon Mr. Morris, and he became a welcome guest in many salons. Nor were these seductive court ladies slow to flatter, and initiate him into the mysteries of the coquetry they so well knew how to practise.

"Madame de Ségur tells me," he says, "that she was afraid I might not arrive before she left the room—following her words with the look, manner, and tone of voice perfectly in unison with the sentiment." While admitting "that a pleasing error might not be preferable to a disagreeable truth," he was a little wary of their blandishments, though thoroughly enjoying their *esprit*.

The first decided chill he experienced was upon his introduction into ministerial circles at Versailles; and an interview with the Count de Caluzem, "who receives me," he says, "with a degree of *hauteur* I never before experienced," led him to say that he felt convinced he was "not formed to succeed at court." The count, however, finding that he brought letters from his brother, the marquis, "softened his features and manner into affability," and Mr. Morris kindly attributed "to the gout in one foot the blame of the precedent looks."

Mindful of the frigidity of the ministerial atmosphere, and uncertain of the reception he might receive from royalty, he was on his guard when, in Madame de Chastellux's salon, he met the Duchess of Orleans, and being presented to her, was informed by his hostess "that her royal highness had the goodness to permit of my reception." Somewhat inclined to be satirical, he adds, "in the course of the visit her royal highness has the condescension to speak to one who is only a human being."

After he learned to know the duchess well, he found how truly kind she was; and no one of his many friends in Paris was more sincere than she proved herself to be. Perhaps, not unnaturally, he was uncertain at first how to understand her overtures, and exceedingly skeptical as to what she might mean by the repeated messages, gracious and kind, which she constantly left for him with Madame de Chastellux, her friend and lady in waiting. It must rather have astonished him to be told that "the duchess had observed, on not seeing me in Madame de Chastellux's drawing-room for some time, that she should visit me *chez madame la marquise* this evening." And not knowing to what to attribute this graciousness, he "put it all down to a badinage—which I begin to comprehend—and there is nothing in it to flatter my vanity. Tant mieux." He assured the marchioness of his veneration for her royal highness—"In which," he tells her, "there is much more of sincerity than a person of her

rank has a right to expect;" but wished to know what would be a proper conduct should he meet her highness anywhere else.

"My present opinion is," he says, "that it would be proper not to know her. That although in my interior I have a great indifference for the advantages of birth, and only respect in her royal highness the virtues she possesses, yet I find myself bound to comply exteriorly with the feelings and prejudices of those among whom I find myself."

"Madame de Chastellux assures me," he says, "that the princess would recognize me anywhere that I met her."

Meeting her constantly, he soon learned to trust her and sympathize with her in her trials with the duke; and discovered that she was weary at heart and not happy—that she had the "besoin d'être aimée." He says of her: "She is handsome and charming enough to punish the duke for his irregularities, and it is very hard that a heart so good should be doomed to suffer so much."

Her affection for the duke seemed still to be alive; for when he was sent on a mission to England—more particularly for the purpose of freeing the country of his revolutionary presence—Mr. Morris, going to make tea for her royal highness, an occupation he very frequently indulged in, found her much affected by the news that her husband had been stopped at Boulogne. "She is so very solicitous," he says, "to know the truth, that I go to Monsieur de Lafayette to inquire it. Returning to tell her the news, the poor duchess was penetrated with gratitude for this slight attempt to serve her, and when I take my leave she follows me out to express again her thankfulness—poor lady!"

The Duchess was particularly anxious that Mr. Morris should be interested in her son, Monsieur de Beaujolais, and brought him to Madame de Chastellux, "on purpose to see me," he says. "I find him an interesting boy—'enjoué et empressé.' I kiss him several times, which he returns with eagerness. He will make a pleasant fellow, some ten or twelve years hence, for the *petites maîtresses* of that day." Making an apology for the duke, he begged the duchess to "breed Monsieur de Beaujolais to business; because that later, having enjoyed all which rank and fortune can give him, he will be unhappy from not knowing what to do with himself."

Monsieur de Beaujolais, as the Chevalier d'Orléans, exiled, alone in America, forced to support himself by teaching, may have wished that his mother had followed this advice. After the days of the terror, Mr. Morris was able very substantially to help the duchess and her son, who was destined to become Louis Philippe, the Citizen King of France. And that this intimacy, formed rather reluctantly, lasted through many vicissitudes, until the inevitable severer of all friendships came to each and all, is proved, most gratefully to Mr. Morris's descendants who are interested in the recognition of his kind deeds to the unfortunate exiles of the French Revolution, by a letter written to him by the Chevalier d'Orléans on his return to France after his weary exile in this country. "I have," he writes, "very grateful remembrances of your kindnesses to me; they will live always in my heart, notwithstanding the distance between us and the likelihood that we shall never see one another again. Mademoiselle de Pineux and Madame de Foucault are staying with Monsieur Le Ray, at Chaumont. We derive in speaking of you a pleasure only diminished by the thought of this absolute separation. Monsieur Le Ray dispenses the hospitalities of his *château* with the same grace that you display in dispensing yours at Morrisania, and that is to say in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. I shall feel always, my dear friend, very great satisfaction at hearing news from you, and to know that you are happy and contented. You can, with health, wait with patience your end. As for me, I know no end to my attachment for you.—D'Orléans."

It would be difficult to get a better glimpse into the daily life of those *grandes dames* and gentlemen of the court of Louis XVI. than from a description Mr. Morris gives of a day spent at Raincy with the Duchess of Orleans and her friends. After the *déjeuner à la fourchette* had been disposed of, the guests adjourned to mass in the chapel—in no

very fitting spirit for their devotions, it may be remarked. Possibly it was not their intention to say their prayers, for they took their position in the tribune, and from there watched the devotions of villagers and domestics on their knees below. This devotion by proxy failing in attraction, these grand folk, Mr. Morris says, began "amusing themselves by a number of little tricks played off by Monsieur de Ségur and Monsieur de Cubières, with a candle, which is put into the pockets of different gentlemen—the bishop, who is here, among the rest—and while the others are engaged, to the great amusement of the spectators. Immoderate laughter is the consequence. The duchess preserves as much gravity as she can, but how extremely edifying for Madame de Chastellux, saying her prayers below, and what an example for the villagers and domestics! A long walk followed these religious exercises, and then we get into a *bateau*, and the gentlemen row the ladies, and the heat being great, this is by no means a cool operation." "I am inflamed," says Mr. Morris, "even to fever heat, by the walk and exercise."

At dinner, which was served at five o'clock, the conversation was frivolous, if nothing worse. "Madame de St. Simon is the subject of an epitaph by the Vicomte de Ségur," the purport of which is very much against her character. "This is *très fortement prononcé*, she defends herself, and attacks him on the folly of his pursuits. While we are dining a number of persons surround the windows; doubtless from a high idea of the company, to whom they are obliged to look up at an awful distance. O, did they but know how trivial the conversation, how very trivial the characters, their respect would soon be changed to an emotion extremely different!"

The vicomte's epitaph is not recorded, being "not too delicate;" but Mr. Morris jots down his, on the vicomte, and apologizes for it as "wretched doggerel, having the single merit of having been written in the moment, as a *petit vengeance* for Madame de St. Simon."

"Here lies a merry, wicked wight,
Who spent in mischief all his life;
And lest the world should do him right,
Determined not to take a wife."

Great applause greeted the lines—all the company rejoicing that this tyrant, this "Lovelace" of his day, was "galled." Madame de Warsi, "who," he says, "is a very beautiful and accomplished woman," entreats to be allowed to see the verse, "because she understands English only by the eye, having learned to read, not speak it. I am assailed in Madame d'Espanchalle's salon, at Paris, for the copy of the lines, and solicited by Madame de Boursac to repeat them." Madame de Warsi, who is of the party, tells him that she remembers them, and, "to convince me, sets about writing them from memory, and convinces both herself and me that she cannot. I take the pencil, and, by way of putting an end to the clamor for the wretched lines, I write for her."

"To one like you, divinely fair,
Of nothing but yourself I'll write,
Nor will I own another care,
Than what may give to you delight;
If that delight I might convey,
At every gentle, kind caress,
I'd own the force of beauty's sway,
And you, what blessing 'tis to bless."

It was not long before Mr. Morris entered fully into the spirit of and thoroughly enjoyed his intercourse with this gay, unceremonious society. What a really true hospitality there was when friends suggested themselves as guests at dinner, or dropping in by chance always found a chair ready at the ample table, or sometimes even brought an addition to the dinner from the nearest restaurant!

Particularly agreeable must have been the quaint fashion among the ladies of receiving their friends into the privacy of *boudoir* and bedroom, no matter what might be their occupation at the moment. Often the question, "Monsieur Morris, me permettra de faire ma toilette?" was asked, in the gentlest tones, and with all the easy grace of manner alone belonging to a Frenchwoman. And the different processes of this important work, Mr. Morris says, "were carried on with an entire and astonishing regard to modesty."

The charm of this easy society in Paris he brought strongly into contrast when he found himself on one of his journeys to England in a London drawing-room,

"where," he says, "the arrangement of the company is stiff and formal—the ladies all ranged in *battalia* on one side of the room." And he moralizes over the difficulty, at the first aspect at least, there appeared to be in ever bringing people together. "Though, I suppose," he says, "there must be a way in this as in other countries;" and he observed to the Honorable Mrs. Damer, "the statuary," apropos of this want of ease in the English society, "that the French, having no liberty in their government, have compensated to themselves that misfortune by bestowing a great deal upon society. But that I fear in England it is all confined to the House of Commons."

Through his many projects, financial and otherwise, Mr. Morris was brought into contact with the heads of some of the oldest banking-houses in France, and through them he got an insight into different ranks of society. With the Messieurs Lecouteulx he had many dealings. Theirs was an exceedingly old and respectable firm; and their ancestors, with a certain pride in the name and fortune they had made for themselves, refused a title from Louis XIV., preferring the honor of their position, as it was, to that of possessing a recent patent of nobility.

Rather a different picture from that of the doings of the great world at Raincy does Mr. Morris give of a visit to the home of Monsieur Lecouteulx at Leuinnes.

"The house, a fine old *château*," he says, "had formerly belonged to a prince of Conti;" was "built in the old style, but tolerably convenient," and "the situation delicious." "We drive to the aqueduct of Marly and ascend to the top. The view is exquisite—the Seine winding along through a valley highly cultivated; innumerable villages. At a distance, the domes of Paris on one side; the Palace of St. Germain, very near, on the other. A vast forest behind, and the Palace of Marly in the front of it, embowered in a deep shade. The bells from a thousand steeples, at different distances, murmuring through the trees. How delicious! I stand this moment on a vast monument of human pride, and behold every gradation, from wretchedness to magnificence, in the scale of human existence." Breakfast was served between ten and eleven, and then came a drive to the château of Marly. "The garden is truly royal," he says, "and yet pleasing; the house tolerable; the furniture indifferent. We are told by the Swiss that they are preparing for his majesty's reception."

It seems to bring the times of Louis Quinze, with the dissolute surroundings of his court, strangely near, to be confronted by "the Du Barry"—"long passed the day of beauty," to be sure, but there in the flesh. "Returning from the pavilion of Madame du Barry, an exquisite temple, consecrated to the immortality of Louis XV., we see her," Mr. Morris says, "accompanied by an old coxcomb, the prévôt des Marchands. They bend their course toward the pavilion, perhaps to worship on those altars which the monarch raised."

What scenes the mention of this woman's name suggests: of the miserable old king led by the low creature, perched on the arm of his chair at a council of state, playing monkey tricks, or making him chase her around the table after a packet of sealed letters, and then at last leaving the poor plague-stricken king to his fate!

The dinner-table talk was not as spicy as that at Raincy, "politics forming the principal topic." Mr. Morris says he had a long talk with the representatives of Normandy—their ideas and his coinciding, "we finally agree in our opinions."

The constant discussion of politics, now become the chief drawing-room topic, was excessively wearisome at times, and produced, he says, "dissentions in private circles." "Republicanism is absolutely a moral influenza, from which neither titles, places, nor even the diadem can guard the possessor." He often speaks of being bored with the subject. "Tedious arguments made dull evenings," he says, and "vexed the ladies, because often the orators were so vehement that their gentle voices could not be heard." "They will have more of this," he prophesies, "if the states general should really fix a constitution. Such an event would be particularly distressing to the *women* of this country, for they would be thereby deprived of their

share in the government; and hitherto they have exercised an authority almost unlimited, with no small pleasure to themselves, though not perhaps with the greatest advantage to the community."

When all eyes and hopes turned toward Versailles, on the day when the great procession of the *tiers état* was to take place, at six in the morning Mr. Morris joined the multitude hurrying there to take part in the ceremonial of that gala day. From the balcony of Madame de Flahaut's house he saw the procession, which, he says, "is very magnificent, through a double row of tapestry, though neither the king nor queen appear too well pleased."

"Seeing only the woman in her majesty," it seemed to him "unmanly to treat a woman with unkindness," and he keenly felt for the queen in her mortification at the silent reception she met with, and in the repeated applause that greeted the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. "How cruelly hurt she was is shown," Mr. Morris says, "in a lively conversation with the Duchess of Orleans, her lady in waiting, and a friend to whom she was sincerely attached." Poor queen! her wound was deep and her temper not a little ruffled, when she could speak so sharply to the gentle duchess: "Madame, il y a une demi-heure que je vous attends chez moi."

"Madame, en vous attendant ici (at the church of Notre Dame) j'ai obéi à l'ordre qu'on m'a envoyé de la part du Roi."

"Eh bien, madame, je n'ai point de place pour vous, comme vous n'êtes pas venue."

"C'est juste, madame, aussi j'ai des voitures à moi qui m'attendent."

From his "cramped situation in the hall," where the king met and welcomed the states general with all pomp and splendor, Mr. Morris heard the king read his speech "with all the *fierté* which can be expected from the blood of the Bourbons. Tears start to my eyes in spite of myself at the acclamations so warm, and of such lively affection." He *saw* Marie Antoinette weep, unrecognized by the crowd, and "no voice raised to wish her well. I would certainly raise mine if I were a Frenchman," he says, all the chivalry of his nature aroused by the sight of her distress, and the prolonged, ominous silence. "But I have no right to express a sentiment, and in vain solicit those who are near me to do it." It was with a feeling of heartfelt satisfaction that he heard the first shout of "Vive la Reine!" which, once begun, was three times repeated, growing louder as a lower courtesy increased the excitement.

One of the pleasantest salons of which Mr. Morris became an *habitué* was that of Madame de Flahaut, the friend of the Bishop of Autun, better known as Talleyrand, and of Montesquieu—a writer of romances, a very clever woman, "who," he says, "shows a precision and justness of thought very uncommon in either sex." That she spoke English may have been one of the first attractions.

"She is a pleasing woman; and if I might judge from appearances, not a sworn enemy to intrigue," was his comment, when he first met her at Versailles. And he was not mistaken; her talent for intrigue made her an exceedingly interesting woman to watch. Very *liée* with the court and government through her friend, the Bishop of Autun, and her brother-in-law, D'Angiviliers, director-general of the navy, she was kept informed of all the doings at Versailles. Mr. Morris found in her an appreciative, willing listener, and a ready helper in his schemes, which he generally submitted to her judgment. In return she let him into many state secrets, so that he was posted in what was going on in government circles before the public knew their intentions.

"Through Madame de Flahaut came a request," he says, "that I should go to Versailles and consult with the committee who are to report on a constitution; she is charged by one of them to ask the favor." So madame and he set about "making a translation of some thoughts respecting a constitution for this country which I threw together yesterday." "Madame has been intrusted with a secret," he says, later, "which will give great consolation to the king, and may make him easy, as it is of the last importance to France. I am commissioned by her to see Lafayette, and beg

him to take measures to set the king at ease on the strength of this secret."

He found madame at her toilette one morning, with her dentist in attendance, and submitted to her a project respecting the debt. She, in return, confided to him the Bishop of Autun's plan on the same subject, and expressed the wish that he and the bishop should have an interview with Montesquieu, who she had reason to "think would be made minister of the marine." This interview she will "endeavor to arrange." "Continuing on that," Mr. Morris says, "we arrange a ministry, and dispose of several persons—Mirabeau to go to Constantinople, Biron to London. I tell her that this last is wrong, as he does not possess the needful talents; but she says he must be sent away, because without talents he can influence, in some degree, the proposed chief, and a good secretary will supply the want in London." "After discussing many points, 'Enfin,' she says, 'mon ami, vous et moi nous gouvernerons la France.' It is an odd combination, but the kingdom is actually in much worse hands. She tells me," he continues, "that she has conveyed to Montesquieu an expression of mine, which, by the manner of relating, is turned into an elegant compliment; and if he is brought into the ministry, she says I may boldly visit him, with the certainty of a good reception. That he may do valuable business, in which, as in other objects where she may be useful, she is to participate."

Monsieur de Flahaut having gone to Spain, madame found much consolation in giving "excellent dinners, where the conversation was always extremely gay." Numerous were the schemes started and discussed over this well-appointed table and in her salon. Often it was a *partie carrée*, consisting of Talleyrand, Montesquieu, Morris, and the fair hostess, perhaps the most infatuated schemer of them all, bent on getting her friends into the ministry, and on increasing her income by their help. "Madame tells the bishop and me," Mr. Morris says, "that if he is made minister we must make a million for her."

Long evenings were absorbed in discussing with Talleyrand the important question of the finances. "I find," says Morris, "that he has many just ideas on the subject, but I tell him that he must get men about him who understand and love work. He appreciates the fact that there are very few of the kind of men needed, but is not willing to acknowledge that he does not love work himself."

The bishop, having prepared his speech on the finances, arranged to meet Mr. Morris at Madame de Flahaut's, "to consider the discourse, and he asks my advice as to whether he had better speak at all." "I advise him," Mr. Morris says, "to speak. Urge him to treat the *caisse d'escompte* with great tenderness. To blame the administrators, as such, for their imprudence in lending the government more than their capital; but excuse them, at the same time, as citizens, for their patriotism. I beg him to criticise Monsieur Neckers' plan very lightly, if it is likely to fall, but if he thinks it will be adopted, very severely; and to deal much in predictions as to the fatal effects of paper money, the stock-jobbing which must ensue, and the prostration of morals arising from that cause."

All this sound advice was wasted. When it was too late, the bishop told Mr. Morris that he saw the mistake he had made in not following his advice. "For he is blamed," says Morris, "particularly for those things which I had advised him to alter." "The bishop has something of the orator about him," Mr. Morris goes on to say, "but the attachment to our literary productions is by no means suitable to a minister—to sacrifice great objects for the sake of small ones is an inverse ratio of moral proportion."

The constant appeal to his opinion and desire for his advice, in most important affairs, shows with what confidence he had inspired these men, striving, as they were, for some way out of their difficulties. His advice and assistance were always freely and helpfully given, and his time was very much occupied with public affairs. As matters grew worse in Paris, no one of the lookers-on took a more living interest—and from a sincere love for France, which he often expressed. Willing to work for her, he labored over estimates for Necker and

Lafayette for the purchase of food, when provisioning the army, and indeed Paris itself, became a problem. He realized so strongly "that the evils they were suffering arose from their own folly," and that a strong hand was needed to help them out of their troubles, that he said to Clermont-Tonnerre, meeting him one day in Madame de Staël's salon, "Although I have abandoned public life, I hope forever, if anything could prompt a wish for a return, it would be the pleasure of restoring order to this country."

His interest was well known among his friends, and his clear common-sense view of affairs gave them a certain courage; and often, he says, he was able to "animate their conversation with a gayety they sadly needed." It was less in jest than earnest that Madame de Chastellux told him that she would make her *don patriotique*, by "presenting me to the king for one of his ministers. I laugh at the jest, and the more so as it accords with an observation made by Cantellux to the same effect, which I considered as bordering on *persiflage* at least, and answered accordingly."

He gave free scope to his ideas, on occasions when he hoped they might be of use, and spared no pains, even at the risk of losing his friendship, to put plainly before Lafayette the dangers into which he and his army were drifting—the one from the "besoin de briller," the other from want of discipline. He urged upon him the necessity to "immediately discipline his troops and make himself obeyed. This nation is used to be governed, and must be governed; and I tell him that if he expects to lead them by their affections, he will be the dupe."

Estimating Lafayette, however, at his true worth, he expected little from him. "I have known my friend Lafayette," he says, "now for many years, and can estimate at the just value both his words and actions. He means ill to no one, but he is very much below the business he has undertaken; and if the sea runs high, he will be unable to hold the helm."

All the latest news from Versailles, the last bit of town or court gossip, quickly found its way to Madame de Flahaut's boudoir, or bedroom, where were generally one or more of her *intimes*, ready for any excitement—an agreeable scandal, news of a disastrous riot in the Faubourg St. Antoine, or the latest rumor as to who the next set of ministers might be.

It was here that Mr. Morris heard the latest particulars of the terrible October night, when royalty, as by a miracle, escaped, with just life enough to be brought to Paris in procession, sad and almost desperate, to be put into the desolate chambers of the Tuileries; heard that the queen, seeing into the future, "had said that she would never leave Paris"—"a sad presage," he says, "of what is too likely."

It seems quite possible, even at this distance of time, to feel the intense excitement of the moment, as one realizes that Mr. Morris saw the heads of the *gardes du corps* brought into Paris, and learned from persons who had been at Versailles during that miserable night of how the "queen was obliged to fly from her bed in her shift and petticoat, with her stockings in her hand, to the king's chamber for protection, being pursued by the *Poissardes*." So vivid is his description of the "tumult" and excitement, that it is not difficult to share his feelings of fatigue and disgust of such atrocities. "Being heartily tired of myself," he says, "and of everything about me, I go home with one consolation, that being very sleepy, I shall in that oblivion lose a thousand disagreeable thoughts." His short entry of the condition of the weather, "which," he says, "has been all day raining, and I believe (at sea) a high gale, if not a storm," makes the picture all the more vivid; and he finishes with the comparison, that man turbulent, like the elements, disorders the moral world, but it is action which supports life.

It is shocking enough to read what history tells of the tragedy of October 5th. What must it have been to have lived so near to it? to have seen Lafayette weak when he should have been strong—"marched," Mr. Morris says, "by compulsion, guarded by his own troops? Dreadful situation—obliged to do what he abhors, or suffer an ignominious death, with the certainty

that the sacrifice of his life will not prevent the mischief." "And what an unfortunate prince! the victim of his own weakness, and in the hands of those who are not to be relied on even for pity. What a dreadful lesson it is for man that an absolute prince cannot with safety be indulgent! The troubles of this country are begun, but as to the end it is not easy to foresee it."

Movement was everywhere; hundreds in terrible alarm, fleeing for their lives; homes broken up, family ties severed; no one safe; disorder in every place. No wonder Mr. Morris expressed himself as "weary and disgusted with everything in France."

Madame de Flahaut and the inhabitants of the Louvre were in great distress. "The national assembly is to come to Paris," she tells Mr. Morris, "and it is supposed the families in the Louvre will be *dénichées.*" Madame, in fear and confusion, declares she will go off on Monday. "At supper this night," he says, "the company is reduced almost to a *tête-à-tête;* the guests all decline from the public confusion." Mr. Morris was horrified to learn that in the district of St. Roch the despatches to the ministers were opened, and read to the blackguards, to see if they contained anything against the nation.

His feeling of "being heartily out of humor with everything in France" was not lessened by finding Lafayette at this crisis in conference with Clermont-Tonnerre, whom he knew to be a "man of moderate abilities," and a "man of duplicity besides," and Madame de Lafayette with Monsieur de Staël and Monsieur de Simiane, his friend, in committee in the salon. "This is all *petit,*" is his comment. With a very good knowledge of the men of affairs at this important moment, he might have been of much service to Lafayette in the arrangement of a new ministry, which, he told him, should be "composed of men of talent and firmness. And for the rest it is no matter," had not the ambition to be in all places at once so strongly possessed Lafayette. "I tell him plainly," Mr. Morris says, "that he *cannot* act both as minister and soldier; still less as minister of every department."

Having some confidence in Talleyrand's knowledge of finance, Mr. Morris proposed him to Lafayette for that position, and controverted his objections to him as a "bad man, and false." "I assure him," he says, "that in taking the bishop [Talleyrand] he gets Mirabeau, and as my information is the best, he is thrown into the style of a man greatly deceived. I tell him further the idea of the bishop's, that the king should immediately have given *him* a blue ribbon."

Knowing so well how to touch Lafayette's vanity, he must have enjoyed seeing this suggestion work. The effect was what he expected it to be, for he says: "This goes farther toward convincing him that he is an honest man than many good actions. I tell him that the coalition I propose will drive Necker away by the very populace which now support him; Necker is already frightened, and sick of the business he is engaged in."

Mr. Morris strongly opposed Lafayette's wish to bring Mirabeau into the ministry, on the ground that "a man so profligate would disgrace any administration, and that one who has so little principle ought not to be trusted." He warned Lafayette against Mirabeau, and considered that he had made a great blunder when he opened his plans to him, for he says: "If he employs him it will be disgraceful, and if he neglects him it will be dangerous." Mirabeau's strength, Mr. Morris said, lay in "opposition, where he would always be powerful," he thought; "but that he would never be great in administration."

Commenting on Mirabeau's motion on finance, he says: "Mirabeau shows very truly, in his motion, the dreadful situation of credit in this country; but he is not so successful in applying a remedy as in disclosing the disease." He always expressed the belief that Mirabeau's "understanding was impaired by the perversion of his heart, and that a sound mind cannot exist where the morals are unsound." Reviewing Mirabeau's character, after his death, Mr. Morris says: "Vices, both degrading and detestable, marked this extraordinary being. I have seen this man, in the short space of two years, hissed, honored, hated, and mourned. Enthu-

siasm has just now presented him gigantic; time and reflection will shrink that stature." Mr. Morris was restive under Lafayette's conceit and the general smallness of his motives. "I am vexed," he says, "to find that by littleness the little are to be placed where greatness alone can fill the seat. Lafayette keeps Necker, whose talents he despises, because Necker is honest and he can trust him; as if it were possible to trust a timid man in arduous circumstances."

As a pleasant offset to mornings of labor among innumerable projects of his own, and many calls on time, patience, and brain from people wanting aid in all kinds of schemes, there was generally an agreeable afternoon and evening to look forward to—perhaps at the Louvre, where Madame de Flahaut might entertain him with the last bit of town gossip, or, being in a less cheerful mood, would tell him of how "the king's dentist fell dead at his feet this morning, the poor king exclaiming that he was devoted to experience every kind of misfortune;" of his thought for the queen, sending her physician, Vicq-d'azir, to break the news to her, lest she, being ill, might suffer from the shock; or, perhaps, he was to make tea for the charming duchess, or to dine with her, and have "a pleasant, light conversation with her royal highness, and discuss the merits of her picture, just painted for the Salon."

Always ready with a pretty speech, "I tell her royal highness," he says, "Madame, ce portrait-là n'a qu'un défaut à mes yeux." "Et quel est donc ce défaut?" "C'est qu'il ne m'appartient pas, madame."

What a boon the light-heartedness they were born with must have been to these people, living in the midst of moral earthquakes and terrible explosions! They were frivolous; very much occupied falling in love with each other's wives and husbands, but who does not admire their courage?

Strangely inconsistent they were, but no one of the many women of this society seems more strikingly so than Madame de Staël—capable of the greatest things, she stooped to the smallest.

Taken by the Maréchal de Castries to dine with the Neckers, soon after his arrival at Paris, Mr. Morris saw Madame de Staël for the first time, in her father's salon; but he only mentions her as being there, and "that she seems to be a woman of sense, and somewhat masculine in her character, but has very much the appearance of a chambermaid."

His first conversation with her was after the great question of the condition of the finances had been discussed in the assembly, when Necker brought to their view the dreadful condition of affairs, and made his proposition to raise a second loan—an exciting seance, of which Mr. Morris gives a full account. "Mirabeau rose to speak," he says, "and in a tone of fine irony objected to the assembly considering the project; urged them to adopt it at once, and without examination, on the ground of the blind confidence which the assembly have in Necker, and from that unbounded popularity which he enjoys."

"If he succeeds," continued Mirabeau, "let him, as he ought, enjoy the glory of it; if he fails, which heaven forefend, we will then exercise our talents in trying to discover if yet there remains any means to save our country."

"To my great surprise," Mr. Morris says, "the representatives of this nation, who pride themselves on being the great Athenians, are ready to swallow this proclamation by acclaim."

He left the seance much fatigued and not a little disgusted, but still cherishing the "belief that Mirabeau's motion cannot possibly be adopted," and went to Madame de Tessé's to dinner, where, presently after, came Madame de Staël, full of excitement, from the assembly. "I had nearly told her," he says, "before I recognized her, my opinion of her father's plan, which I consider wretched." She brought the latest news: "The assembly are voting. Mirabeau has urged, they say, a decision, with the eloquence of Demosthenes."

While they were dining, the Count de Tessé and some members arrived. "They bring news," Mr. Morris says, "that the adoption is carried *hollow*, at which Necker's friends are delighted and Madame de Staël is in raptures. She is pleased with the conduct of Mirabeau,

which, she says, was perhaps the only way of bringing such a wrong-headed body to act rightly; that the only thing they could do was to comply with her father's wish, and that there can be no doubt of the success of her father's plans. Bravo!"

"I think that in my life I never saw such exuberant vanity as that of Madame de Staël upon the subject of her father." Everyone's plans had to bear comparison with her father's work; and unless the resemblance was striking, the work was condemned by madame. The conversation at dinner turned on the opinion of the Bishop of Autun on the subject of the church property. "She pronounced the paper admirable, excellent—in short," she says, "there are two pages in it which are worthy of her father." "Wisdom," she says, "is a very rare quality. She knows of no one who possesses it in a superlative degree except her father."

The dinner must have been of a most spicy nature. Madame de Staël and her hostess "earnestly discussed," Mr. Morris says, "the approbation the ambassadress gave to Mirabeau, which Madame de Tessé condemned in a conversation which becomes animated to the utmost bounds of politeness."

"Presented to Madame de Staël as 'un homme d'esprit,'" Mr. Morris says, "she singles me out and makes a talk." "She was pleased to be most complimentary, and asks me how I lost my leg." "Monsieur," she continued, "vous avez l'air très imposant." "She tells me that she believes I have written a book on the American Constitution. That Monsieur de Chastellux had often spoken of me to her."

"Non, madame, j'ai fait mon devoir en assistant à la formation de cette constitution."

"Mais, monsieur, votre conversation doit être très interessante, car je vous entends cité de toute part."

"Oh, madame, je ne suis pas digne de cet eloge."

This extremely gracious talk, "suddenly interrupted by the arrival of letters from her lover, De Narbonne, brings her," continues Mr. Morris, "to a little recollection, which a little time will, I think, again banish, and a few interviews would stimulate her to try the experiment of her fascinations on the native of a new world, who has left one of his legs behind him."

Very solicitous about the provisioning of Paris, and making plans to bring wheat and flour into France; which could be sold at a low rate, and at the same time endeavoring to arrange with Necker for the payment of the debt of the United States to France, hoping that in some way he could aid both countries, he saw a good deal of the life of the Neckers and De Staëls. Monsieur Necker he often found "sombre and triste," overwhelmed with care and anxiety, too much engrossed with pressing affairs to talk. He was never very easy to work with, and "not too delicate," Mr. Morris says, in his accusations.

Discussing, one evening, in his salon, the affairs of the debt, Necker grew vexed with Morris for hesitating to ask security for a bargain not made, and declared "he could not listen to propositions that gave him no solid security," adding, "that if I once get his promise I shall make use of it to negotiate upon," and will go about knocking at the "doors of different people." "I reply," Mr. Morris says, with not a little pride, "that I shall knock at no doors but such as are already open to me. Our conversation is loud; he makes it so purposely; and at this point Madame de Staël, with the good-natured intention of avoiding ill-humor, desires me to send her father to sit next to her."

"I tell her, smilingly, that it is a dangerous task to send away Monsieur Necker, and those who tried it once had sufficient cause to repent it. This little observation brings back good-humor, and he seems inclined to talk further with me; but I take no further notice of him, and, after chatting a little with different people, I take my leave."

Madame de Staël was equally complaisant in her invitations to Mr. Morris to come to her on Tuesday evenings, when she gathered her familiar friends round her, and, throwing off all ceremony, admitted them in morning toilette; and in offering him every opportunity for a flirtation, informed him, he says, "with a refreshing *naïveté*, calculated to demolish all ceremonious barriers,

that she rather invites than repels those who incline to be attentive." Giving this remark time to take effect, she followed it with the suggestion, "that perhaps I may become an admirer." "I tell her that it is not impossible; but as a previous condition, she must agree not to repel me, which she promises."

What an ideal feast a dinner party must have been, where the opportunity to choose a companion was accorded to a guest! A dinner of herbs would be attractive under such circumstances, with the contentment that must come from the easy interchange of sentiments with a kindred spirit selected to suit the mood of the moment. A dinner companion of a rare kind must Madame de Staël have been; and taking advantage of his privilege, Mr. Morris put himself beside her at dinner, with the certainty of being thoroughly entertained.

"We become engaged in an animated conversation at table," he says, "and she desires me to speak English, which her husband does not understand. In looking round the room I observe in him very much emotion, and I tell her that he loves her distractedly, which she says she knows, and that it renders her miserable." "I condole with her a little on her widowhood, the Chevalier de Narbonne being absent in Franche Comté."

"She asks me if I continue to think she has a preference for Monsieur de Tonnerre. I reply only by observing that they have each of them wit enough for one couple, and therefore I think they had better separate and take each a partner who is *un peu bête*."

"After dinner I seek a conversation with the husband, which relieves him. He inveighs bitterly against the manners of the country, and the cruelty of alienating a wife's affection. I regret with him, on general grounds, that prostitution of morals which unfits them for good government, and convince him, I think, I shall not contribute toward making him any more uncomfortable than he already is."



The Gardens of Marli, 1789. From an Old Print.

SOCIALISM.

By Francis A. Walker.

THREE words have, of recent years, become very familiar, and yet not of less and less, but of more and more, formidable sound to the good and quiet citizens of America and of Western Europe.

These words are: Nihilism, Communism, Socialism.

Nihilism, so far as one can find out, expresses rather a method, or a means, than an end. It is difficult to say just what Nihilism does imply. So much appears reasonably certain—that the primary object of the Nihilists is destruction; that the abolition of the existing order, not the construction of a new order, is in their view; that, whatever their ulterior designs, or whether or no they have any ultimate purpose in which they are all or generally agreed, the one object which now draws and holds them together, in spite of all the terrors of arbitrary power, is the abolition, not only of all existing governments, but of all political estates, all institutions, all privileges, all forms of authority; and that to this is postponed whatever plans, purposes, or wishes the confederation, or its members individually, may cherish concerning the reorganization of society.*

Confining ourselves, then, to the contemplation of Socialism and Communism, let us inquire what are the distinctive features of each.

Were one disposed to be hypercritical and harsh in dealing with the efforts of well-meaning men to express views and feelings which, in their nature, must be very vague, he might make this chapter as brief as that famous chapter devoted to the snakes of Ireland—"There are no snakes in Ireland." So one might, with no more of unfairness than often enters into political, sociological, or economic controversy, say that there are no features proper to Communism as sought to be distinguished from Socialism; no features proper to Socialism as sought to be distinguished from Communism.

If, however, one will examine the literature of the subject, not for the purpose of obtaining an advantage in controversy, or of finding phrases with which malice or contempt may point its weapons, but in the interest of truth, and with the spirit of candor, he will not fail to apprehend that Communism and Socialism are different things, although at points one overlays the other in such a way as to introduce more or less of confusion into any statement regarding either.

May we not say?

1st. That Communism confines itself mainly, if not exclusively, to the one subject matter—wealth. On the other hand, Socialism, conspicuously, in all its manifestations, in all lands where it has appeared, asserts its claim to control every interest of human society, to enlist for its purposes every form of energy.

2d. That so far as wealth becomes the subject matter of both Communism, on the one hand, and of Socialism, on the other, we note a difference of treatment. Communism, in general, regards wealth as produced, and confines itself to effecting an equal, or what it esteems an equitable, distribution.

Socialism, on the other hand, gives its first and chief attention to the production of wealth; and, passing lightly over the question of distribution, with or without assent to the doctrine of an equal distribution among producers, it asserts the right to inquire into and control the consumption of wealth for the general good, whether through sumptuary laws and regulations or through taxation for public expenditures.

3d. That Communism is essentially negative, confined to the prohibition that one shall not have more than another. Socialism is positive and aggressive, declaring that each man shall have enough.

It purposes to introduce new forces into society and industry; to put a stop

* M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, in an essay on Nihilism, says: "Under its standard we find revolutionists of all kinds—authoritarians, federalists, mutualists, and communists—who agree only in postponing till, after their triumph shall be secured all discussion of a future organization of the world."

to the idleness, the waste of resources, the misdirection of force, inseparable, in some large proportion of instances, from individual initiative; and to drive the whole mass forward in the direction determined by the intelligence of its better half.

4th. While Communism might conceivably be established upon the largest scale, and has, in a hundred experiments, been upon a small scale established, by voluntary consent, Socialism begins with the use of the powers of the State, and proceeds and operates through them alone. It is by the force of law that the Socialist purposes to whip up the laggards and the delinquents in the social and industrial order. It is by the public treasurer, armed with powers of assessment and sale, that he plans to gather the means for carrying on enterprises to which individual resources would be inadequate. It is through penalties that he would check wasteful or mischievous expenditures.

If what has been said above would be found true were one studying Communism and Socialism as a philosophical critic, much more important will be the distinction between them to the eye of the politician or the statesman. Communism is, if not moribund, at the best everywhere at a standstill, generally on the wane; nor does it show any sign of returning vitality. On the other hand, Socialism was never more full of lusty vigor, more rich in the promise of things to come, than now.

Let us, then, confine ourselves to Socialism as our theme, the purpose being not so much to discuss as to define, characterize, and illustrate it.

A definition of Socialism presents peculiar difficulties.* The question, Socialism or non-Socialism? regarding any measure; Socialist or non-Socialist? regarding any man, is a question of degree rather than of kind. Let us, then, undertake to distinguish that quality which, when found above a certain degree, justifies and requires the application of these epithets—Socialism and Socialist.

I should apply the term socialistic to all efforts, under popular impulse, to enlarge the functions of government, to the diminution of individual initiative and enterprise, for a supposed public good. It will be observed that by this definition it is made of the essence of socialistic efforts that they should arise from popular impulse, and should seek a public good. This, it will be seen, makes the motive and the objective alike part of the character of the act—say a legislative measure—equally with the positive provisions thereof.

"To enlarge the functions of government." It may be asked, to enlarge them beyond what starting-point or line? in excess of what initial dimensions? Herein lies the main difficulty of the subject; hence arises the chief danger of misunderstanding between the writer and his reader; and it is probably to the lack of a standard measure adopted for the purpose of this discussion that we are to attribute, more than to any other cause, the vague and unsatisfactory character of the critical literature of Socialism. As you change your starting-point in this matter of the nature and extent of government function, the same act may, in turn, come to appear socialistic, conservative, or reactionary.

A person considering the direction and force of socialistic tendencies may take, to start from, any one of an indefinite number of successive lines; of which, however, the three following are alone worth indicating:

1st. He may take a certain maximum of government functions, to be fixed by the general consent of fairly conservative, not reactionary, publicists and statesmen, adopting, perhaps, the largest *quantum* which any two or three writers, reputed sound, would agree to concede as consistent with wholesome administration, with the full play and due encouragement of individual enterprise and self-reliance, and with the reasonable exercise of personal choices as to modes of life and modes of labor; and may identify any act or measure, proposed or accomplished, as socialistic if, under popular impulse, for a supposed public good, it transcends that line.

2d. He may take a certain minimum of government functions, which we may call the police powers.

* "I have never met with a clear definition, or even a precise description, of the term."—The Socialism of our Day, *Émile de Laveleye*.

3d. He may draw his pen along the boundary of the powers of government as now existing and exercised, perhaps in his own country, perhaps in that foreign country which he regards as the proper subject of admiration and imitation in the respect under consideration.

There is a certain advantage, as some people would esteem it, in adopting the first or the third method of determining the initial line for the purposes of such a discussion. That advantage is found in the fact that the conservative writer, placing himself on the actual or on the theoretical maximum of government functions, can treat as a public enemy every person who proposes that this line shall be overpassed ; and can employ the term socialistic, as one of rebuke, reproach, or contempt, according to his own temper. The line thus taken becomes the dividing line between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, making it easy to mark and to punish the slightest deviation.

On the other hand, he who takes as his initial line the minimum of government functions, which may, in severe strictness, be called the police powers, and regards all acts and measures enlarging the functions of government beyond this line as more or less socialistic, according as they transcend it by a longer or a shorter distance, under a stronger or a weaker impulse, cannot use that term as one of contumely or contempt, inasmuch as in every civilized country the functions of government have been pushed beyond the mere police powers.

For one, I prefer to take the line of the strict police powers of government as that from which to measure the force and direction of the socialistic movement, even if it is thereby rendered necessary to forego the great controversial advantage and the keen personal pleasure of hurling the word Socialist, in an opprobrious sense, at the head of anyone who would go farther in the extension of government functions than my own judgment would approve ; nay, even if I shall thereby be put to the trouble of examining any proposed act or measure on the ground of its own merits, in view of the reasons adduced in its favor, and under the light of experience.

In this sense the advocacy of a socialistic act or measure will not necessarily characterize a Socialist. Socialism will mean, not one, but many things socialistic. Thus, for example, protection is socialistic. Yet the protectionist is not, as such, a Socialist. Most protectionists are not Socialists. Many protectionists are, in their general views, as antisocialistic as men can well be.

The Socialist, under this definition, would be the man who, in general, distrusts the effects of individual initiative and individual enterprise ; who is easily convinced of the utility of an assumption, by the State, of functions which have hitherto been left to personal choices and personal aims ; and who, in fact, supports and advocates many and large schemes of this character.

A man of whom all this could be said might, in strict justice, be termed a Socialist. The extreme Socialist is he who would make the State all in all, individual initiative and enterprise disappearing in that engrossing democracy of labor to which he aspires. In his view, the powers and rights of the State represent the sum of all the powers and all the rights of the individuals who compose it ; and government becomes the organ of society in respect to all its interests and all its acts. So much for the Socialist.

Socialism, under our definition, would be a term properly to be applied (1) to the aggregate of many and large schemes of this nature, actually urged for present or early adoption ; or (2) to a programme contemplated, at whatever distance, for the gradual replacement of private by public activity ; or (3) to an observed movement or tendency, of a highly marked character, in the direction indicated.

Such would be the significance properly to be attributed to the terms Socialist and Socialism, consistently with the definition proposed to be given to the word socialistic—viz., that which causes goverment functions to transcend the line of the strictly police powers.

Even this line is not to be drawn with exactitude and assurance, though it is much more plain to view than either of the other two lines which, we said, might be taken for the purposes of the

present discussion. The police powers embrace, of course, all that is necessary to keep people from picking each other's pockets and cutting each other's throats, including, alike, punitive and preventive measures. They embrace, also, the adjudication and collection of debts, inasmuch as, otherwise, men must be suffered to claim and seize their own, which would lead to incessant breaches of the peace. They embrace, also, the punishment of slander and libel, since, otherwise, individuals must be left to vindicate themselves by assault or homicide. Whether we will or no, we must also admit the war power among those necessarily inherent in government.

Is this all which is included in the police powers? There are several other functions, for the assumption of which by the State the preservation of life and liberty, the protection of property, and the prevention of crime are either cause or excuse.

Foremost among these is the care and maintenance of religious worship. It is not meant that, in all or most countries, the justification for the exercise of ghostly functions by the State is found in the utility of religious observances and services in repressing violence and crime. But in the countries farthest advanced politically, the notion that the ruler has any divine commission to direct or sustain religious services and observances is practically obsolete; and, so far as this function is still performed, it is covered by the plea which has been expressed. Eminently is this true of France, England, and the United States. Few publicists, in these countries, would presume to defend the foundation of a State religion, *de novo*, as in the interest of religion itself. So far as the maintenance of existing establishments is defended, it is upon the ground that violence, disorder, and crime are thereby diminished.

Take the United States, for instance, where the only survival of a State religion is found in the exemption of ecclesiastical property from taxation, equivalent to a subsidy of many millions annually. Here we find this policy defended on the ground that this constitutes one of the most effective means at the command of the State as conservator of the peace. It is claimed that the services of this agent are worth to government more than the taxes which the treasury might otherwise collect from the smaller number of churches and missions which would survive the assessment of the ordinary taxes; and that the remaining taxpayers really pay less, by reason of the reduction in violence and crime hereby effected.

Now, in so far as this plea is a genuine one, it removes the exemption of Church property from the class of socialistic measures. The prevention of violence and crime is the proper function of the State, according to the lowest view that can be taken of it; and if a certain amount of encouragement and assistance is extended to religious bodies and establishments, genuinely in this interest, no invasion of individual initiative and enterprise can properly be complained of.

Another and apparently a closely related instance of the extension of State functions is found in the promotion of popular education, either through the requirement of the attendance of pupils, or through provisions for the public support of schools, or through both these means.

Now, here we reach an instance of an impulse almost purely socialistic for the enlargement of the functions of the State. It is true that the plea of a service to government in the way of reducing violence and crime through the influence of the public schools, is often urged on this behalf; but I, for one, do not believe that this was the real consideration and motive which, in any instance, ever actually led to the establishment of the system of instruction under public authority, or which, in any land, supports public instruction now. Indeed, the immediate effects of popular instruction in reducing crime are even in dispute.

In all its stages this movement has been purely socialistic in character, springing out of a conviction that the State would be stronger, and the individual members of the State would be richer and happier and better, if power and discretion in this matter of the education of children were taken away from the family and lodged with the government.

Of course, it needs not to be said that this is a socialistic movement which de-

serves the heartiest approval. Not the less is it essentially of that nature, differing from a hundred other proposed acts and measures, which we should all reject with more or less of fear or horror, solely by reason of its individual merits as a scheme for accomplishing good, through State action, in a field properly pertaining to individual initiative and enterprise.

There is another important extension of State functions, very marked in recent times, for which a non-socialistic excuse might be trumped up, but for which the real reason was purely and simply socialistic. This is the construction and maintenance of bridges and roads at the public expense for public uses. One might, if disposed to argue uncandidly, adduce the military services rendered by the great Roman roads; and, thereupon, might pretend to believe that a corresponding motive has led to the assumption of this function by the State in modern times. The fact is, that until within seventy, fifty, or thirty years the bridges and roads of England and America remained, to an enormous extent, within the domain of individual initiative and enterprise. Even when the State assumed the responsibility, it was a recognized principle that the cost of construction and repair should be repaid by the members of the community in the proportions in which they severally took advantage of this provision. The man who travelled much, paid much; the man who travelled little, paid little; the man who stayed at home, paid nothing.

The movement, beginning about seventy years ago, which has resulted in making free nearly all roads and bridges in the most progressive countries, was purely socialistic. It did not even seek to cover itself by claims that it would serve the police powers of the State. It was boldly and frankly admitted that the change from private to public management and maintenance was to be at the general expense for the general good.

Is there any other function arrogated by the State which may be claimed to be covered by the strict police powers? I think that the repression of obtrusive immorality—that is, immorality of a gross nature which obtrudes itself upon the unwilling—may reasonably be classed as coming within the minimum of government function. Sights and sounds may constitute an assault as well as blows; and it falls fairly within the right and duty of the State to protect the citizens from offences of this nature.

Have we now exhausted the catalogue of things which may be claimed to be covered by the police powers of the State? I answer, No. One of the most important remains; yet one of the last—indeed, the very latest—to be recognized as possibly belonging to the State under any theory of government. I refer to what is embraced under the term sanitary inspection and regulation.

That it was not earlier recognized as the duty of the State to protect the common air and the common water from pollution and poisoning was due, not to any logical difficulty or to any troublesome theory regarding governmental action, but solely to the fact that the chemistry of common life and the causation of zymotic diseases were of such late discovery. We now know that there is a far heavier assault than can be made with a bludgeon; and that men may, in the broad daylight, deal each other typhus, diphtheria, or small-pox more murderously than ever a bravo dealt blows with a dagger under cover of darkness. Yet, so much more are men moved by tradition than by reason that we find intelligent citizens who have swallowed the exemption of five hundred millions of Church property from taxation, on the ground that a certain *quantum* of preaching will prevent a certain *quantum* of crime, have very serious doubts about the propriety of inspecting premises which can be smelled for half a mile, and whence death may be flowing four ways, as Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates parted from Eden and "became into four heads."

I do not mean to say that I should hesitate to approve of sanitary inspection and regulation, carried to their extremes, if they were as socialistic as anything ever dreamed of by Marx or Lasalle. For such good as I see coming from this source, in the reduction of vicious instincts and appe-

tites, in the purification of the blood of the race, in the elimination of disease, I would, were it needful, join one of Fourier's "phalanxes," go to the barricades with Louis Blanc, or be sworn into a nihilistic circle. But in correct theory it is not necessary for the strictest adherent of the doctrine of limited powers to desert his principles in this matter. The protection of the common air and the common water comes within the police powers of the States by no forced construction, by no doubtful analogy.

Is there any important function remaining which may properly be classed among the purely police powers? I think not. Does someone say, You have not mentioned the care and support of the helpless poor? The experience of the Romans, and even the condition of the law of almost all countries of Europe in modern times, proves that this is not one of the necessary functions of a well-ordered State.

Is it said that Christian morality will not permit that the helpless poor shall suffer or, perhaps, starve? Whenever the State shall undertake to do all or any very considerable part of what Christian morality requires, it will become very socialistic indeed.

Having now beaten the bounds of the police powers, and having decided that all extension of government activity beyond those bounds is to be held and deemed socialistic, it is proposed to offer certain distinctions which appear important.

And, first, a measure is not necessarily of a strong socialistic savor merely because it implies a large, perhaps a vast, extension of the actual work of the State. Take, for example, the English Government's acquisition of the telegraph lines, and its performance of the work connected therewith. This was not done under a socialistic impulse. In England the telegraph service has always been closely affiliated in the public mind with the postal service; and, consequently, when the former had come to be of sufficiently wide and general use to make it worth while for the State to assume the charge, it was done in the most matter-of-fact way. It was no more socialistic than the addition of a few thousands of new post-offices to the existing number would have been.

On the other hand, the assumption of a new service by the State is not relieved from the charge of being socialistic, even grossly socialistic, by the fact that such a service is closely analogous to some other which all citizens have long agreed to place in the hands of government. Take, for example, the matter of "free ferries," which has been mooted in Boston and in New York, and doubtless elsewhere. This proposition has always been greeted by conservative men of all parties as highly and dangerously socialistic; and yet the analogy between free ferries and bridges free from toll is very strong. A ferry-boat is little other than a section of a bridge, cut away from moorings, and propelled backward and forward by steam; and it may conceivably cost less and create less disturbance to navigation to use the latter than the former means. For instance, it might cost two millions of dollars to throw an adequate bridge from Boston to East Boston, for the transit of passengers and freight. But suppose the point is raised that the bridge will interfere continually with the use of the harbor, to an extent involving immense losses to trade, and that the amount proposed to be expended upon the bridge would pay for the construction and operation of a line of ferry-boats. Is not the analogy close? And yet I agree with the objectors in this case, that the establishment of free ferries would be a long and dangerous step toward Socialism.

Even where the new function appears to be only the logical carrying out and legitimate consequence of another function well approved, there may be a step toward Socialism involved in such an extension of the State's activity and responsibility.

In illustration, I might mention the matter of free text-books in our public schools. Public provision for gratuitous elementary education, although manifestly socialistic within our meaning of that term, has come to be fully accepted by nearly all citizens as right and desirable. In discharging this duty, the State, at immense expense, builds and furnishes school-houses, employs teachers and superintendents, buys supplies,

and gives each boy or gi l the use of a desk. Yet the proposition to make the use of text-books free, has met with violent opposition; has been defeated at many points; and wherever it has been carried, is still regarded by many judicious persons as a very dangerous innovation. Yet, as has been shown, this measure seems to be but the logical carrying out and legitimate consequence of a function already assumed by practically unanimous consent.

Still another distinction has become necessary of recent years, and that is between the assumption by the State of functions which would otherwise be performed wholly or mainly by individuals and those which would otherwise be performed wholly or mainly by corporations. We shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the relation of the State to the corporation.

One further distinction it may be well to suggest—viz., that the vast importance, even the absolutely vital necessity, of a service, whether to the community at large or to the subsisting form of government, does not, by itself, constitute a reason for the performance of that function by the State. Let me illustrate. In his address, as President of the Association for the Advancement of Science, at Aberdeen, in 1859, Prince Albert said: "The State should recognize in science one of the elements of its strength and prosperity, to foster which the clearest dictates of self-interest demand." Last year, Sir Lyon Playfair, in his address as President of the Association, quotes these words, and enforces the same thought. Yet it does not follow from the importance of science to the State, that science should be directly fostered or supported by government. It might conceivably be that science would do its work for the State better if the State itself did nothing for science, just as many persons who hold that religion is essential not only to the peace and happiness of communities but even to the existence of well-ordered governments, yet hold that the State can do nothing so beneficial to religion as to let it completely and severely alone.

Still another class of considerations must be borne in mind in measuring the extent of the socialistic advance involved in any given extension of the functions of government. These are considerations which arise out of the peculiar genius of a people, politically, socially, industrially. A certain act, or measure, which would be a monstrous invasion of personal liberty and individual activity in one country, would be the merest matter of course in another. The natural aptitudes, the prevailing sentiments, the institutions, great and small, the political and economic history of a nation, have all to be taken into account in deciding how far an extension of the powers of government in a given direction indicates socialistic progress.

Yet, while this is true, there will be observed some very strange contradictions in the adoption, in certain countries, of principles of legislation and administration which cross, in an unaccountable way, the general spirit of their people.

Thus England, whose population is decidedly the most strongly anti-socialistic in the world, was for hundreds of years the only country in Europe in which was formally acknowledged the right, the complete legal right, of any and every man to be supported by the State, if he could not, or did not, find the means of his own subsistence.

From the foregoing definition and distinctions let us proceed briefly to characterize certain measures of a socialistic nature proposed or advocated by men who are not Socialists; who neither avow nor would admit themselves to be such; who, accepting, on the whole, the sufficiency of individual initiative and enterprise to achieve the good of society, have yet their scheme, or budget of schemes, for the general welfare, which would operate by restricting personal liberty and by substituting public for private activity. Time would not serve to canvass the merits or defects of these schemes as measures for accomplishing certain specific social objects. We can only dwell upon each, in turn, long enough to indicate its individual character as more or less socialistic.

1st. The most familiar of schemes for promoting the general welfare, by diminishing the scope of individual initia-

tive and enterprise, is that known by the name of Protection to local or, as it is in any locality called, native industry.

Protectionism is nothing if not socialistic. It proposes, in the public interest, to modify the natural course of trade and production, and to do this by depriving the citizen of his privilege of buying in the cheapest market. Yet the protectionist is not, therefore, to be called a Socialist, since the Socialist would not only have the State determine what shall be produced, but he would have the State itself undertake the work of production. It is not my purpose to discuss protection as a scheme for accomplishing its professed object. Indeed, I should have had occasion to bestow upon it but a single word, merely to characterize it as a socialistic measure, were it not for the conviction that the forces of the age are tending strongly in this direction. In my judgment we are on the eve of a great protectionist agitation.

And the demand for the so-called protection of native industry is to be a popular one in a degree never before known. In England the restrictive system of the earlier period had been imposed by privileged classes, and was broken down by a truly popular uprising. In the United States the history of the restrictive system has been different. My esteemed friend, Professor Sumner, took the platform, three years ago, with the avowed purpose of attacking protectionism, no longer as inexpedient, but as immoral; and he proceeded, with a vigor which no other writer or speaker on applied economics in this country has at command, to stigmatize the forces which have initiated and directed our tariff legislation as all selfish and false and bad. Now, I can't go with Professor Sumner in this. Fully recognizing that our successive tariffs have largely been shaped by class or sectional interests, with, at times, an obtrusion of mean motives which were simply disgusting, as in 1828, I am yet constrained to believe that the main force which has impelled Congress to tariff legislation has been a sincere, if mistaken, conviction that the general good would thereby be promoted. Yet, after all, it has been the employing, not the laboring, class which has conducted the legislation, maintained the correspondence, set up the newspapers, paid the lobby, in the tariff contests of the past.

The peculiarity of the new movement is that it is to owe its initiative and its main impulse to the laboring class.

What strikes me as most important, with regard to the future, is the consideration that, while protectionism is to become a dogma and a fighting demand of the out-and-out Socialists everywhere, it would be in a consummated system of protection that the rampant, aggressive, and destructive Socialism, which is such an object of terror to many minds, would find an insurmountable barrier. Socialism can never be all we dread unless it become international; but the consummation of protectionism is the destruction of internationalism.

2d. Another threatened invasion of the field of industrial initiative and enterprise is through laws affecting labor, additional to the body of factory legislation now generally accepted.

There is not a feature in the existing body of factory legislation in England which owes its introduction to political forces set in motion by mill and factory operatives. Even in the United States, except solely in the instance of that piece of wretched demagogism known as the Eight Hour Law, passed by Congress without any intention that it should be enforced, our labor legislation has not, in general, been due to the efforts of the operative classes as such, but to the general conviction of the public mind that so much, at least, was fair and just and wise. The labor legislation now impending is not intended to abide the decision of an impartial jury. It is asserted, by those who claim especially to represent the interests of labor, that their class are about to undertake to carry, by sheer weight of numbers, measures to few of which could they hope to obtain the assent of the disinterested portion of the community.

Surely we have here a very grave situation. It may be that the power of wealth and trained intellect, superior dialectical ability, the force of political and parliamentary tactics, with the conservative influence of the agricultural interest, would, in any case, defeat leg-

islation hostile to the so-called interests of capital. Doubtless, too, we of the class who are disposed to maintain the status underrate the moderation, self-control, and fairness likely to be exercised by the body of laborers. Yet it is not easy to rid one's self of the apprehension that this new species of socialistic legislation will be carried so far, at least under the first enthusiasm of newly acquired power, as seriously to cripple the industrial system. He must be a confirmed pessimist who doubts that, sooner or later, after however much of misadventure and disaster, a *modus vivendi* will be established, which will allow the employing class to reassume and reassert something like their pristine authority over production—unless, indeed, this harassment of the employer is to be used as a means of bringing in the *régime* of co-operation, so ardently desired by many economists and philanthropists as the ideal industrial system.

If this is to be so, there will not be lacking a flavor of poetic justice, so far as the American manufacturer is concerned.

The advocate of co-operation, appealing to the admittedly vast advantages which would attend the successful establishment of the scheme of industrial partnership, might say that thus far co-operative enterprises have not succeeded because, with small means, they have had their experiments to make; their men to test and to train; their system to create. Let us, he would continue, handicap the long-established, highly organized, well-officered, rich, and powerful *entrepreneur* system, so that vast bodies of goods, made with the highest advantages from wealth, capital, and organization, may not be poured out upon the market in floods, to sweep away the feeble structures of newly undertaken co-operative enterprises. Let the community consent, for the general good, to pay a somewhat higher price, as the consideration for the establishment of a system which will, in the result, not only secure a larger creation of wealth, but will settle the questions of distribution, promote good citizenship, and forever banish the spectre of Socialism from the world!

3d. Other measures of a socialistic nature, strongly urged at the present time, have in view the control by government of the ways and agencies of transportation and communication. All over Europe the telegraph service has been assumed by the State; and, to a large extent, the railroads also have come under government ownership or management. In some degree this has been due to the suggestions and promptings of military ambition, but in a larger degree, probably, it expresses the conviction that all railroad service "tends to monopoly;" and that, therefore, alike fiscal and military reasons and the general interest unite in dictating that the monopolist shall be the State.

On the continent of Europe the State's acquisition of these agencies of transport, so far as it has gone, has not been due to popular impulse; the management of the roads so acquired has suited well the bureaucratic form of government, while the thoroughness and efficiency of the civil service has, in the main, secured good administration.

Here or in England, on the other hand, such an extension of the powers of the State would have a very different significance, a significance most portentous and threatening; while even the regulation of railroad management, except through the establishment of effective and summary tribunals for the correction of manifest and almost uncontested abuses, would, according to my individual judgment, be highly prejudicial, and even pernicious, upon anything resembling our present political system.

4th. Still another suggested enlargement of public activity is in the direction of exercising an especial oversight and control over Industrial Corporations, as such.

The economic character of the industrial corporation very much needs analysis and elucidation. A work on this subject is a desideratum in political economy. So little has the economic character of this agent been dwelt upon, that we find reviews and journals of pretension, and professional economists in college chairs, speaking of legislation in regulation of such bodies as in violation of the principle of Laissez Faire. But the very institution of the industrial

corporation is for the purpose of avoiding that primary condition upon which, alone, true and effective competition can exist.

Perfect competition, in the sense of the economist, assumes that every person, in his place in the industrial order, acts by himself, for himself, alone; that whatever he does is done on his own instance, for his own interest. Combination, concert, cohesion, act directly in contravention of competition.

Now, combination will enter, more or less, to affect the actions of men in respect to wealth. But such combinations are always subject to dissolution, by reason of antagonisms developed, suspicions aroused, separate interests appearing; and the expectation of such dissolution attaches to them from their formation. The cohesion excited, as between the particles of the economic mass which the theory of competition assumes to be absolutely free from affiliations and attractions, is certain to be shifting and transitory. The corporation, on the other hand, implies the imposition of a common rule upon a mass of capital which would otherwise be in many hands, subject to the impulses of individual owners. But it is because the hand into which these masses of capital are gathered is a *dead hand* that the deepest injury is wrought to competition.

The greatest fact in regard to human effort and enterprise is the constant imminence of disability and death. So great is the importance of this condition, that it goes far to bring all men to a level in their actions as industrial agents. The man of immense wealth has no such superiority over the man of moderate fortune as would be indicated by the proportion of their respective possessions. To these unequals is to be added one vast common sum, which mightily reduces the ratio of that inequality. The railroad magnate, master of a hundred millions, leaning forward in his eagerness to complete some new combination, falls without a sign, without a groan; his work forever incomplete; his schemes rudely broken; and at once the fountain of his great fortune parts into many heads, and his gathered wealth flows away in numerous streams. No man can buy with money, or obtain for love, the assurance of one hour's persistence in his chosen work, in his dearest purpose. Here enters the State and creates an artificial person, whose powers do not decay with years; whose hand never shakes with palsy, never grows senseless and still in death; whose estate is never to be distributed; whose plans can be pursued through successive generations of mortal men.

I do not say that the services which corporations render do not afford an ample justification for this invasion of the field of private activity. I am far from saying that, whatever injuries one might be disposed to attribute to the unequal competition between natural and artificial persons, thus engendered, the evil would be cured by State regulation and control. Government will never accomplish more than a part of the good it intends; and it will always, by its intervention, do a mischief which it does not intend. My sole object is to point out how deeply the industrial corporation violates the principle of competition, and how absurd it is to claim for it the protection of Laissez Faire!

5th. Another direction in which progress toward Socialism has been made, of late years, is in respect to the housing of the poor. In the first instance, and this was but a few years ago, the measures proposed to this end were covered by a plea which veiled its socialistic character. Here, it was said, is a railway entering a city. By authority of law it blazes its way over the ruins of hundreds or thousands of workingmen's houses. At least let the government repair the wrong it has done! Let it put the working-men where they were before this exertion of authority. In like manner parks are created for the public good, narrow streets are widened into magnificent boulevards, always through the destruction of hundreds of humble homes. In like manner, again, the State, in a proper care for the life or health of its citizens, condemns certain dwellings as unsanitary, and orders them torn down. But what of the men, the women, and the children, who, with their scanty furniture and ragged bundles, crouch homeless on the sidewalk as the officers of the law do their work?

But the demand for the exertion of the powers and resources of the State in the housing of the poor, has not stopped upon this initial line. The views of many persons of high intelligence, in no way Socialists, have advanced, during a few years of discussion, to the conviction that the State has a large and positive part to perform in respect to the habitation of its citizens. It is not in contemplation that the State shall build all the houses in the land; nor, on the other hand, is provision for the pauper class at all in view. What is intended is that the State shall set the standard for the minimum of house accommodation which is consistent with health and decency; building houses enough to provide, in the simplest and cheapest manner, for all who cannot do better for themselves elsewhere; and thereafter to wage relentless war on all "shanties," "rookeries," and "beehives" used for human habitation; to pull down all that stand, and to prevent the erection of any resembling them in the future.

Of course, the virtue of this scheme, from the point of view of anyone, however favorably disposed, who is not a professed Socialist, would depend on the simplicity and sincerity with which the principle of the minimum of accommodation was adhered to. The moment the State began building houses for anyone above the poorest of self-supporting workmen, it would not only double and quadruple the certain cost and the liability to evil consequences, but it would be taking a monstrous step toward Socialism. In undertaking such a scheme a State would, in effect, say, there is a class of our citizens who are just on the verge of self-support. The members of this class are, in the matter of house accommodation, almost absolutely helpless; they must take what they can find; they cannot build their own houses; they cannot go out in the country to make their home—that is reserved for the fortunate of their class; they cannot protest effectually against foul and dangerous conditions. Nay, the miserable liability is, that they should, after being crowded down into the mire of life, become indifferent to such conditions themselves, ready, perhaps, to join the mob that pelts the health officer on his rounds.

In regard to this class the State may proceed to say that neither Christian charity nor the public interest will tolerate the continuance of the utterly hideous and loathsome condition of things which disfigures the face of civilization. The rookeries shall be pulled down, the slums shall be cleaned out, once and forever. For the pauper there shall be a cot in the wards of the workhouse, with confinement for all, separation of sexes, and compulsory labor for the able-bodied. For every man who is trying to earn his living there shall be an apartment at a very low rent, graded to correspond with the lowest of private rents, in buildings owned by the State, or built and used under State inspection and control. Lower than this the man shall not go, until he passes into the wards of the workhouse. He may do what he pleases in respect to his clothes, his food, his drink; but in this matter of habitation he shall live up to the standard set by the State. He shall not make the home of his family a hot-bed for scarlet fever and diphtheria; he shall not, even if he likes it, live in quarters where cleanliness and decency would be impossible.

Regarding this scheme I have only to say, that if we are not disposed to look favorably on a proposition that the State should undertake an enterprise so new and large and foreign to our political habits (and I sincerely trust no American would be disposed to favor it), let us not shelter ourselves behind the miserable mockery of the Economic Harmonies, as applied to the very poor of our large cities. To assert a community of interest between the proprietor of a rookery, reeking with every species of foulness, and the hundreds of wretched human animals, who curl themselves up to sleep in its dark corners, amid its foul odors, is to utter a falsehood so ghastly, at once, and so grotesque, as to demand both indignation and ridicule.

6th. The last of the socialistic measures to which I shall advert is the proposal for the Nationalization of the Land.

Now, I think I hear one-half my readers exclaim, "The nationalization of the land! Surely, that is Communism, and

Communism of the rankest sort, and not Socialism at all!" while the other half say, "Socialistic indeed! Well, if the man who advocates the nationalization of the land is not to be called a Socialist out and out, whom shall we call Socialists?" To these imagined expressions of dissent I reply, that the project for the nationalization of the land, as explained by John Stuart Mill, for example, has not the faintest trace of a communistic savor; and secondly, while it is highly socialistic, the man who advocates it is not for that reason alone to be classed as a Socialist, since he may be one who, in all other respects, holds fully and strongly to individual initiative enterprise in industry. He might, conceivably, be so strenuous an advocate of Laissez Faire* as to oppose factory acts, public education, special immunities and privileges to savings banks, or even free roads and bridges, as too socialistic for his taste.

There is a substantially unanimous consent among all publicists,† that property in land stands upon a very different basis from property in the products of labor.

Nothing has ever been adduced to break the force of Mr. Mill's demonstration that a continually increasing value, in any progressive State, is given to the land through the exertions and sacrifices of the community as a whole.

If private property in land has been created and has been freed from the obligation to contribute that unearned increment to the treasury, this has been done solely as a matter of political and economic expediency. The man who proposes that, with due compensation for existing rights, all future enhancement of the value of land, not due to distinct applications of labor and capital in its improvement, shall go to the State, by such fiscal means as may be deemed most advantageous to all concerned, is not to be called a Communist. He only claims that the community as a whole shall possess and enjoy that which the community as a whole has undeniably created. The Communist is a man who claims that the community shall possess and enjoy that which individuals have created.

So far as England and the United States are concerned, the project for the nationalization of the land, notwithstanding the tremendous uproar it has created, especially in the former country, does not appear to me in any high degree formidable. Doubtless in England, where an aristocratic holding of the land prevails, this agitation will induce serious efforts to create a peasant proprietorship. It is, also, not improbable that the discussion regarding the tenure of the soil will lead to additional burdens being imposed upon real-estate. Yet the advantages attending private ownership, notwithstanding the admitted fact that the system sacrifices, in its very beginning, the equities of the subject matter, are so manifest, so conspicuous, so vast, that there seems little danger that the schemes of Messrs. Mill, Wallace, and George will ever come to prevail over the plain, frank, blunt commonsense of the English race.

The important question remains, In what spirit shall we receive and consider propositions for the further extension of the State's activity?

Shall we antagonize them from the start, as a matter of course, using the term socialistic freely as an objurgatory epithet, and refusing to entertain consideration of the special reasons of any case?

When we consider what immense advantages have, in some cases, resulted from measures purely socialistic, are we altogether prepared to take a position of irreconcilable and undistinguishing hostility to every future extension of the State's activity? May we not believe that there is a leadership, by the State, in certain activities, which does not paralyze private effort; which does not tend to go from less to more; but which, in the large, the long, result, stimulates individual action, brings out energies which would otherwise remain dormant, sets a higher standard of per-

* The name of Mr. Henry George appears on the lists of the New York Free Trade Club.

† "Sustained by some of the greatest names—I may say, by every name of the first rank in political economy, from Turgot and Adam Smith to Mill—I hold that the land of a country presents conditions which separate it economically from the great mass of the other objects of wealth—conditions which, if they do not absolutely, and under all circumstances, impose upon the State the obligation of controlling private enterprise in dealing with land, at least explain why this control is, in certain stages of social progress, indispensable, and why, in fact, it has been constantly put in force whenever public opinion or custom has not been strong enough to do without it."—*Professor John E. Cairnes.*

formance, and introduces new and stronger motives to social and industrial progress?

For myself, I will only say, in general, that while I repudiate the assumption of the Economic Harmonies which underlies the doctrine of Laissez Faire, and while I look with confidence to the State to perform certain important functions in economics, I believe that every proposition for enlarging the powers and increasing the duties of the State should be long and closely scrutinized; that a heavy burden of proof should be thrown upon the advocates of every such scheme; and that for no slight, or transient, or doubtful object should the field of industrial activity be trenched upon in its remotest corner. There is something in the very name of liberty to which the heart of man responds; freedom itself thus becomes, in a certain sense, a force, and those who thoroughly believe in individual initiative and enterprise are the best and safest judges of the degree to which restraint may, on account of the imperfections of human society and the hardness of men's hearts, require, in any given time and place, to be imposed upon the choices and actions of citizens.

That enlarging the powers of government at any point where, after due deliberation, it abundantly appears that, in spite of the reasonable preference for preserving individual activity, a large practical gain to the order of society and the happiness of its constituent members will, in the long result, accrue from the interposition of the State; that dealing thus with projects of social and economic reform will, as so many seem to fear, only arouse in the mass of the people a passion for further and further encroachments, and push society more and more rapidly on toward an all-engrossing Socialism—I do not believe. It is the plea of despots that they cannot remit impositions, redress wrongs, or promote reforms, without awakening dangerous aspirations in their subjects and provoking them to ever-increasing demands.

To no such slavish dread of doing right are free nations subjected. It is the glorious privilege of governments of the people, by the people, for the people, that they derive only strength and added stability from every act honestly and prudently conceived to promote the public welfare. In such a State every real and serious cause of complaint which is removed becomes a fresh occasion for loyalty, gratitude, and devotion.

THE NEW YEAR.

By Maybury Fleming.

Ashes of oak—Are there no more trees?
What if the Yule-log whiten and die—
Blaze and redden and die—what then?
Are there no more trees?

Fallen from pride and gray with fire,
Slain by it, never to glow again—
But life is more than ashes and night;
In it lies new fire.

No trees left? Let the old year go,
And the old years go, with their bloom and blight;
Sated with joy and drunk with pain,
Let the old year go.

Ended at last—and to come, more trees,
Leaf and pleasure and—ay, and grief.
Over dead ashes light new fire—
Are there no more trees?

A VIOLIN OBLIGATO.

By Margaret Crosby.

Go down some spring afternoon to Washington Square. Sit on one of the benches, and after a half-hour, if you have not known it long ago, you will be convinced that you are in the only dignified spot in New York—the only place that seems to have the sanctity of age, the stateliness of permanency. The ample, red-brick houses, with their white doors, are ranged on the north side ; at the east is the cool grayness of the University Building. In spite of its modern date, it looks mellow and weather-stained; at the spring season of which I speak an atmosphere of youthful green and freshness permeates the whole square, and seems by contrast to point its air of picturesque age.

The neighborhood below the square keeps the last-mentioned charm, but effectually loses all claim to freshness and dignity. A jumble of nationalities infest the shabby old houses that have known, unlike their occupants, better days. From the window of a room that I occupied—at a period which I may term my decadence—I had a full view of a row of these desecrated buildings. Red brick, three stories high, sometimes with the addition of a slanting roof and dormer windows ; the upper windows with battered shutters, and dirty scraps of curtain fluttering disconsolately when a whiff of spring breeze loitered down the street. Usually a squalid man or woman lounged in these windows, in an immemorial attitude—an elbow on the sill, and the chin resting in the palm of one hand, looking out with careless stolidity. The lower floors were usually turned into third-rate restaurants or saloons, with brilliant signs above the windows in various languages. Opposite my lodgings was a little eating-house whose legend, emblazoned above the door, captivated my fancy—"*Ladies and Gents Chop Palace.*"

The host of the Chop Palace was one Pierre Lepont, a stout Frenchman, who had inherited his restaurant and its sign from an American predecessor. He was the ideal of a *bon bourgeois.* I never looked at his broad, sallow face, radiating good humor, his well-balanced head, the curving, material sweetness of his lips, that I did not instantly become reconciled to life under its existing conditions. The impossible ceased to tantalize me ; and the actual, no longer intolerable from its limitations, lay around me full of good, if I would but stretch out my hand and grasp it.

Next to this row of houses was an alley, whose dirt and poverty was to that of the street as a thousand is to one. By leaning out of my window I could catch a glimpse of the square—calmly beautiful and well ordered ; sometimes irritating me by its contrast to my surroundings ; sometimes consoling me with the thought that, at a moment's notice, I could escape to it. My lodging-house only boasted two stories ; my landlady, a widow named Ellis, kept a flourishing bakery on the first floor, and lived in two rooms behind her shop. I occupied the front room up-stairs, and Pinsing, an old violinist, the back room. Pinsing was between fifty and sixty, tall, thin, and gray-haired, with a visionary, childlike look in his eyes. Sitting in my room, at my easel, I experienced a confusion of sensations. There arose from below whiffs of baking pastry and cake, and occasionally my landlady passed my door. I traced a vague analogy between her glossy brown hair and pink cheeks and the chocolate and strawberry iced cakes which graced her shop-window. All this suggested a sort of Mohammedan's paradise of houris and delicious eatables. From the adjoining room came the sound of Pinsing's violin, alloying the paradise with a musical *Inferno.* Between these two influences I found it hard to preserve an artistic equilibrium.

I dignify Pinsing with the name of violinist, but the fact that he possessed a violin and continually played upon it was his only claim to this title. I found that he was first violin in a small orches-

tra of dubious quality. He practised all day, and disappeared in the evening. The scene of his labors was an obscure Bowery theatre. Each night he crept off on his pilgrimage, carrying his violin, which was tenderly shrouded in green baize and coffined in a little black casket. It was curious to me that such an amount of ardent labor should not produce a more harmonious result. His playing had all the most trying qualities of the violin when badly played. His tone was piercing and scraping, and at the same time tremulously weak. He used to practise the most intricate exercises for hours, and then apparently regale himself with some lofty composition. There was a Beethoven *concerto* that he labored through with futile incapacity. Still, the mere sound of those notes in such a place, and in such surroundings, drew me to him with passionate sympathy.

"Who aims a star
Shoots higher far than he that aims a tree."

His efforts were like my own in trying to make my little flower of art bloom in that harsh, unfruitful soil.

From motives of economy and convenience I took my meals at "Pierre's," by which familiar term the Chop Palace was usually indicated. My intimacy with Pinsing, begun by civil greetings in the passage between our rooms, was cemented at the restaurant. He also dined there, and we fell into the habit of sitting at the same table; across the somewhat dusky square of table-cloth that divided us we exchanged confidences. It is not necessary to specify mine. His had all the tragi-comedy of mistaken effort. Music in itself—music and its world, where only its priests serve at its high altar—was the mirage that had led him on. As a boy in a New England village, he fed his passion on such poor food as it could find—some stray books of sacred music, the family melodeon, and a broken fiddle. A few years later, when he had pushed his way to Boston, and worked in a warehouse on one of the wharves, the longing for a musical education consumed him. His position was a kind of slavery. He had chanced upon a battered copy of Consuelo; the title-page was torn off, and in the most thrilling passages whole pages were gone. In his ignorance it read to him like inspired history. The story of Haydn seemed a divine message. Like him, he would go to Italy, and seek a Porpora, and brush his boots and mend his clothes for the privilege of sitting at his feet and learning of him. In a fit of desperation he made his way, as a stowaway on an outgoing steamer, through unheard-of miseries, as far as England; but he never reached the promised land. One bright spot shone in the dark picture of his struggle for life in England. He found, at length, not a Porpora, but the kindly organist of a church in Liverpool. From him he gained what knowledge of music he possessed. When the organist left his post in Liverpool for another city, he gave Pinsing two things which fixed his destiny with a fatal certainty—his violin and an original autograph of Beethoven. The first reigned in his heart—his goddess, his love; the second was the embodiment of his deity. He looked at it, and approached it, with awe.

After our acquaintance had progressed for some time, he invited me to his dingy room, and showed me his treasure. He had bought a good photograph of Beethoven, and pasted beneath it the precious autograph. The whole was framed carefully, and covered with glass. He dilated with an almost crazy enthusiasm when he spoke of the autograph.

"The first time I touched that writing with my hand," he said, "I felt as though the master's hand clasped mine. I felt then as though I could interpret him rightly. I live for this—to stand between him and the world, that it may know him through me."

His hope and enthusiasm were so undying that he did not realize that life had slipped noiselessly by and found him, nearing sixty, no nearer the fulfilment of his hopes than he had been as a boy.

Below these heights on which he dreamed he played an unconscious part in a little comedy, which went on as if for my benefit. Mrs. Ellis, our landlady, was a simple soul without coquetry, despite her good looks and widowhood of five

years' standing. Between her and Pierre of the Palace existed a friendly intercourse, the tokens of which I used to watch from my window. Pierre supplied her with hot chops and beefsteak, and found it equally convenient when he was short of pastry to run over to the bakery, where Mrs. Ellis smilingly furnished him with all that he needed. Pierre's attitude toward her was one of evident courtship, which she received with what was either unconsciousness or indifference. My sense of the fitness of things made me feel that they should be united. As I sat in my room painting, I used to hear their conversation across the counter. Pierre, in his white apron, would cross the street, and his sonorous, even tones and Mrs. Ellis's hearty laugh floated up to me. With Pierre she was at ease, but Pinsing impressed her profoundly. She regarded his spare form, his iron-gray hair, and air of abstraction with evident admiration. Even what Pierre spoke of pityingly as his "thread-naked coat" failed to detract from the respect she paid him. She sometimes appeared in the hall when he was playing, and leaned against the open door of his room—one plump hand resting on her hip, her handsome head bent forward in genuine attention. When he perceived her, Pinsing would rise and offer her a chair with punctilious civility, and then go on playing, forgetting her presence in five minutes.

When we repaired to the restaurant, Pierre showed his jealousy at this preference in an openly childlike manner. When Pinsing gave an order he affected not to hear. If it were repeated, he moved away with an absurd flounce and pout, and called to his colleague, an oily, active little Frenchman :

"Jules, *servez monsieur !* "

The scornful emphasis on these words contained all the contempt which he felt. Sometimes the climax was capped by the gratuitous appearance of Mrs. Ellis's handmaid, a white, dejected little girl of twelve, with what she called a "grape-jell patty" for Mr. Pinsing's dessert. On such occasions Pierre usually doffed his apron and left the restaurant, not to return until our short meal was over. All this went on under Pinsing's feet, as it were ; his head was in the clouds, and he took no cognizance of what happened upon earth. On mild afternoons we went to the square, and sitting there, talked idly beneath the light shadows of the early foliage. It was on such occasions that Pinsing became eloquent.

"I am a fatalist," he used to say ; "my life has proved to me that all is decided by fate. It was my fate to be a musician ; everything was against it. By myself I could and can do nothing. Again and again my destiny has been decided without my volition. When I was despairing in Liverpool, there came a musician who helped me in a way beyond all that I had dreamed. When he left me he gave me my violin and my sacred relic. Then, when I most needed it the spirit of the master musician filled me. I have lived for music. For that I have given up everything—the love of woman, the love of home. When my musical destiny is accomplished, as I feel it will be soon, all that will come. In time it will come."

I looked at his haggard face and gray hair. "In time!" I thought. "Make haste, Pinsing!"

He heartily despised the flimsy waltzes and comic songs that he was obliged to play every evening, and confessed that he became so weary of them as to fall asleep in his chair in the orchestra. One evening I went with him to the theatre where he was employed. It was a shabby place, and I stood in the dusky flies and watched the preparations for the performance.

Before Pinsing took his place in the orchestra, the manager spoke to him sharply: "Look here now, Pinsing!" he said. "Don't let your wits go woolgathering, as they did last night, or you'll go out of this double-quick."

The awkward eagerness with which Pinsing promised attention had something pathetic in it.

When the play began, at Pinsing's suggestion, I took a seat in the gallery and watched the performance of a roaring farce.

Between the acts I watched Pinsing. He sat in the orchestra with an abstracted expression, playing mechanically. During the last act, what with heat and the noisy dulness of the farce I lost my

interest in it and fell into a reverie. I was only aroused by a tap on my shoulder. I turned and saw Pinsing standing beside me; his face was flushed with excitement. The people about me were leaving their seats, and I realized that the play was over.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Come with me," he answered. He hurried me out of the building, and told me in a few words that he had been dismissed, owing to lack of interest and inattention to his duties. The manager had decided to fill his place with someone else. He seemed rather elated than otherwise at the loss of his position, and talked of his freedom and the leisure which he could now devote to his art. After this he played furiously, not only all day, but in the evening also. About this time he gave up dining at the Palace. When I asked him the reason, he answered evasively that he had found a place where the cooking suited him better. I noticed that his gait became more feeble and his form more bent, and I began to have a painful suspicion that as his purse became lower he starved in proportion. I followed him one day as he shuffled off to his dinner, and came up to him after a few blocks, where he stood before a cake-stand eating a sandwich. He started when he saw me and tried to hide it behind his back, pretending to examine a glaring handbill on a wall near by. I humored the poor fellow's ruse.

"Why, Pinsing," I said, "I have been looking for you. Come and dine with me. I haven't half the appetite I had when you sat opposite to me."

He accepted half unwillingly, but I could not persuade him to come again.

Mrs. Ellis looked at me so earnestly one day, as I passed through the shop on my way out, that I stopped and asked her if she had spoken.

She blushed slightly. "Oh, no sir!" she said. Then she added, "Mr. Pinsing"—she paused.

"Yes," I said, encouragingly.

"He looks sick."

"Yes, he does, Mrs. Ellis."

"Can't *I* do anything?" She laid the slightest emphasis on the pronoun.

"Try," I suggested, still more encouragingly.

I do not know what her efforts were, but they were not successful in improving our friend's appearance. He became perceptibly more haggard. Once, when I attempted to hint gently that it would be well for him to find some employment, he waved me aside grandly, saying: "Do not distress yourself. I have some views for the future that preclude the necessity for any such arrangement." All this time he looked curiously happy. His devotion to his violin was intensified; I caught glimpses of his rapt face as I passed his room when he was playing, and envied him his Fool's Paradise. One evening, about seven o'clock, I was startled by his appearance at my door in a dress-suit of extraordinary shabbiness and age. He had his violin-case under his arm, and was trembling with excitement.

"I can tell you at last," he said. "I have wished to tell you before, but I waited until it was decided. The moment of my life has come."

He gave me a crumpled programme, printed on coarse white paper.

At the top was printed:

ORPHEUS HALL,
EIGHTH STREET AND THIRD AVENUE,
Thursday Evening, May 12, 188–,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.
GRAND CONCERT.

Then followed the programme. After a performance by the orchestra, a soprano solo, and a solo on the guitar, came the announcement that a violin *obligato* would be performed by Mr. Albert Pinsing.

Pinsing's solemn exultation was a great deal too deep for words. In answer to my questions, I learned that if he made a good impression he was to be engaged to play at a series of concerts to be given at the hall during the summer. He gave me a ticket and left, hardly waiting for my congratulations. Before I went out I tried to find Mrs. Ellis, to tell her of Pinsing's success, but she was not to be found. My seat in the concert-hall was not far from the front; and almost the first people I noticed were the missing widow and Pierre, seated beside each other in their finest attire. Mrs. Ellis's face was full of ex-

cited interest. Pierre was evidently too happy to be with her, on any terms, for any other feeling but pleasure.

I glanced at the programme, and saw that beneath Pinsing's name were the words: "*His first appearance.*" This announcement struck me as being singularly inappropriate, and even satirical. The hall was gorgeously frescoed and brilliantly lighted. The audience was what might have been expected—small tradespeople, and a mixture of a rougher element. A flashily dressed youth who sat near to me remarked audibly to a friend, "All our set are here to-night."

"Our set" was in an appreciative mood, and received each performance with much good-humored applause. After the orchestra had played a stirring march, and a pretty young girl had sung a popular ballad, a snub-nosed little man made his appearance, carrying a guitar and a chair. His face looked as if it had been modelled by a child in putty, and then flattened against a wall. There was a deep, knowing twinkle in his eyes. He seated himself on a chair and made a feint of playing on his guitar, giving the while a rambling, comic speech, full of local hits and broad humor. Every sally was received with more uncontrollable laughter, and when he picked up his chair and left the stage he was recalled with energetic applause. He came back with an obliging smile and seated himself again. Then, as if he had forgotten something, he rose hastily.

"Just excuse me for a moment, will you?" he said, colloquially. He left the stage, and the audience waited breathlessly for several minutes. Then, as he did not return, the joke dawned on them with a crushing completeness. It was in the midst of the peals of laughter that followed this stroke of comedy that Pinsing made his appearance.

His shabby, antiquated figure and wistful, moon-struck eyes were strangely out of keeping with the tone of the place and the mood of the audience. The laughter gradually died away, now and then bursting forth in little jets of remembered amusement. As he began to play they eyed him with unrepressed disapproval. I thought that I had realized the thinness and poverty of his playing, but it never struck me as keenly as in that large, echoing space. By a fatal predilection he had selected the Beethoven *concerto*. At its best rendering it would have been far above the heads of his listeners. As he played it, it lost almost all of its own beauty. He was wretchedly accompanied by a small orchestra, and the length of the piece seemed interminable. The audience became restless, but Pinsing was unconscious of everything but his music. He was filled with the dignity and beauty of the music itself. It was plain that the possibility that his listeners were not in sympathy with him had not entered his consciousness.

At length he came to the end, and stood motionless in a sort of dream. I began to applaud; but I was the only person who did so, and several loud hisses warned me to be silent. A member of the orchestra, in passing him, touched him on the shoulder to remind him that it was time to go. He started, and after a puzzled stare bowed and hurried off the stage. It is a slight thing to say that he bowed, but a difficult thing to describe. He held his violin and bow above his head as far as he could reach and bent almost double, with an extraordinary scrape of his foot. The audience was ready either to hiss or to laugh, and his bow turned the scale. They laughed and applauded vociferously, finally stamping on the floor in a kind of rhythm. Pinsing reappeared with a glowing, transfigured face. The applause, of which he missed the ridicule, intoxicated him like fine wine. Beneath his excitement I saw that he was unnerved by the strain of his emotion. He raised his violin and began to play. Instantly a chorus of shouts and hisses arose.

"Don't give us any more of that scraping!"

"Put up your fiddle! Let's have that bow again!"

The rough element in the audience, roused by the comic speech before Pinsing's performance, now broke forth. Pinsing stopped playing and stood in dazed bewilderment. The shouts were redoubled, and as their full meaning broke on him, he lingered a moment in a sorrow-stricken stupor. Then, turn-

ing suddenly, he left the stage with a stumbling, wavering step. At the threshold of the stage-door he fell, dropping his violin. Someone within helped him to his feet and picked up the violin, and the door was shut.

I left my seat, and, in spite of the protestations of one of the ushers, made my way through one of the side passages to the green-room. Quick as I was, someone else had been quicker. Pinsing sat in a chair, his gray head dropped in his hands, a picture of broken, helpless misery. Mrs. Ellis stood by him, her hand on his shoulder, and tears of the tenderest sympathy in her eyes. Pierre was in the doorway, in his face a mixture of jealousy and pity. Pinsing raised his head and spoke convulsively, as if in answer to Mrs. Ellis.

"Go home!" he exclaimed. "I can't. I haven't any home! I have owed you for my lodging for months. I haven't a cent in the world. I thought I could pay you after this; but do you think they would take me here *now?*"

He stopped, and sank back in his former despairing attitude.

"You're welcome to a place in my house as long as you want to stay," said Mrs. Ellis.

Her deep blush and the tremor in her voice made her meaning, however unconscious, unmistakable. Here was happiness—prosaic, it is true, but none the less actual—knocking at Pinsing's door. I think a glimmer of it dawned on him. He staggered to his feet.

"You are a good, kind woman," he said, brokenly, "but how can I accept so much from you?"

"All in time," I broke in, with a sudden inspiration. "Mrs. Ellis is right; you ought to go home now."

His violin lay on the floor beside him. I handed it to him, and as he took it I saw that the violence of his fall had broken both the strings and the sounding-board. He examined it in silence.

"It's too bad it's broke," murmured Mrs. Ellis.

"It makes no difference," he answered, with dead quietness. "I shall never play again."

The manager came up with some grudging apologies for the disturbance in the house; said he guessed such high art wasn't exactly in their line. "About that engagement," he added, in an undertone to Pinsing. "To tell the truth, your style of playing don't exactly suit here. We won't do anything more about the matter now."

Our way home led through Washington Square, and although I had helped Pinsing, his weakness began to seem alarming. He made no answer to my remarks, but seemed to be lost in a profound reverie. We left the street and came into the strange, shadowy region of the square, where the electric lights and the moonlight blended in a white, unearthly radiance and cast exquisite traceries of leaf and branch on the pavement. Pinsing suddenly swerved aside, and sank on one of the benches.

"Let me rest here for a moment," he said, tremulously. "I can't go any farther now."

I could not persuade him to go on; Mrs. Ellis and Pierre were walking slowly before us, but as we stopped they turned back.

"Come home soon, Mr. Pinsing," said Mrs. Ellis, "and we'll have some supper together."

The moonlight gave her blooming beauty a certain grace and refinement. Pinsing thanked her with something of his old manner; after they left us he was silent again, and this silence became so oppressive that I broke it in self-defence.

"Come, Pinsing," I ventured to say, "don't make it worse than it is. You began in the wrong place. The best musicians have had poor receptions. Wagner's operas were hissed off the stage in Paris."

He looked at me for a moment in silence. It seemed to me that the unworldly, visionary enthusiasm of his expression was gone, and that a hard, desperate common-sense had taken its place.

"Don't try and blind me any more," he said, coldly. "My eyes are open. It is not long since I left that place, but I have thought—I have thought. I see myself *as I am.*" He emphasized these words in a way that made me uncomfortable. "I am a fool, and an old one, too. I have no life to live over again. I have had my life, and wasted it. I have dreamed,

but now I am awake—awake—*awake.*" He spoke with fierce energy.

The wind stirred the branches of the trees, and the tracery on the silver flooring at our feet wavered and dissolved and formed silently into a million new shapes. There was all of the mystery of ideal beauty in it, and the bitter realism of his words had a sad inconsequence.

"You have worked too long and too patiently not to have some reward," I cried, with a futile desire to console him. "In time——"

Pinsing interrupted me quickly. "In time! It is too late. I am not a musician. I shall never be. I might have been a good cobbler. My cursed vanity had led me all my life, but it is dead now. It will never cheat me again." He rose with nervous energy. "Come, we are wasting words. The thing is over."

He walked briskly for a couple of blocks, but when we reached our door his strength gave out suddenly.

"Come in," I urged. "Rest, and eat something, and you will feel like a different man."

"Eat!" he repeated, bitterly. "I have starved for a month; why should I begin to eat now? I can't pay for it."

"It isn't a question of paying," I said. "It's a question of pleasing your friends."

Mrs. Ellis met us in the door, her face full of sound womanly tenderness. She announced that supper would be ready in a few minutes, and that Mr. Lepont had gone over for a bottle of wine. Pinsing said that he would leave his violin in his room and come down in a few minutes. I watched him go feebly up the stairs, and heard the door of his room shut. Mrs. Ellis invited me into her little parlor behind the shop, and I watched her as she set the table for our supper. She was certainly kind and pretty. Why was not Pinsing a lucky fellow? Why should not he be happy with her? She had no education, and he had; but that was not an obstacle to their happiness. When supper was ready, and Pierre had returned with the wine, I went up-stairs, at Mrs. Ellis's request, to call Pinsing. I knocked at his door, but he did not answer. I felt alarmed, and reproached myself that I had not gone up with him. I knocked again, and then, as there was no reply, I opened the door and went in.

A faint smell of burning varnish greeted me. A hot fire burned in the little grate. Pinsing stood before it. I looked involuntarily into the flames. There I saw burning his violin and the picture and autograph of Beethoven. He had imbued me with his fantastic awe of these relics.

"What are you doing, Pinsing?" I cried. "You will regret this."

He turned to me with a ghastly face.

"Let them alone!" he said. "They have cheated me long enough."

I stood by him while the fire burned hotter. I felt as though I were attending a veritable *auto da fé*, as the violin and picture blazed up and smouldered into red ashes.

Our landlady's voice rang up the stairs.

"Come down to supper, gentlemen!"

Pinsing straightened like a soldier.

"Come," he said to me, "I am old; but if I am worth anything, I can take my chance for a new life."

I remember that he drank a great deal of Pierre's wine that night, and as he grew excited he seemed merry. For the first time he seemed conscious of the widow's devotion, and I consoled myself, when the recollection of his disappointment returned, that he had, doubtless, a comfortable future before him.

At the end of three or four days my surmise became a fact, and Pinsing informed me that he was to be married in a week to Mrs. Ellis, at the nearest Protestant chapel. During the intervening time Mrs. Ellis was filled with proud happiness; Pinsing treated her with subdued gratitude, and helped her in the shop, as salesman, with a fidelity that was almost ludicrous. But if his former failure had been lamentable, his present success was pitiable. In the afternoon, when his duties were over, he used to go up and sit in his room, with his feet on the hearth, gazing blankly into the fire-place, where his treasures had disappeared. He took no interest in the ordinary events of life, and silenced the widow's inquiries about his

violin by saying that he no longer possessed it. His health failed rapidly, and by the time the day for his marriage arrived he was ill in bed.

It was not strange that the mental and physical strain he had borne for so long a time should have its inevitable result. Between Mrs. Ellis and myself he was faithfully cared for, but he grew rapidly worse. It was more a failure of his powers than an illness, although there were organic troubles that made his rallying uncertain. Toward the middle of each day he was dressed, and would sit in a chair near the window by the hour. The presence of a beautiful young woman wonderfully freshened the atmosphere of his musty room, but he did not seem to notice the change. He accepted the widow's devotion with gentle gratitude, but his depression was not lightened. Once, as he sat in his usual place by the window, I spoke to him of her. She had just left the room, after silently placing a little vase of flowers beside him on the window-sill.

"She is very kind to you, Pinsing," I said.

He was moving the fingers of his left hand rapidly, as though he were once more playing on his beloved violin. He gave me an absent, dubious look.

"Yes," he said, "very kind;" he hesitated for a moment. "I think she likes me," he added, deprecatingly.

"Certainly," I said, laughing.

"Even loves me—perhaps?" he went on, looking at me with humble questioning.

"Undoubtedly," I answered. A faint satisfaction appeared in his face; he lifted the little vase of flowers and drew a long breath of their sweetness.

"It's very strange," he murmured. "I don't understand it; I don't deserve it."

Then his look of absent misery returned, and he fell to poring over the pages of a sheet of music that lay on his knees.

One day, Pierre, who had been in eclipse since the announcement of the widow's approaching marriage, made his appearance in Pinsing's room. He had brought a little red wine for Monsieur Pinsing. He presented it with large, easy grace. His broad, handsome face beamed with generous cordiality. Pinsing seemed quite overwhelmed with a sense of his kindness. After the short visit was over, he sat thinking profoundly for a moment. Then he spoke with an acuteness that I had never seen in him, except upon the evening of his performance at the concert:

"Pierre would like to marry Mrs. Ellis."

I tried to contradict him, but he silenced me.

"He is a good man. She could be very happy with him."

This idea seemed to give him a curious satisfaction.

"Not as happy as with you," I said.

"That is not true," he answered, sharply. "I am an old and broken-down man; he is far younger than I, and a strong, honest fellow."

Apparently he brooded over this idea, for several times during the next few days he referred to it. After this he became weaker and more silent than ever. One day, when I came in, after having been out for two or three hours, Mrs. Ellis asked me to go and sit with him; she said that she had some work to do, and that he had already been alone half an hour. I ran up-stairs; the door of his room stood open. The summer heat was upon us at last, and the room was flooded with the burning sunshine. In its rays the faded red-ingrain carpet and the shabby hair-cloth furniture showed with a certain obtrusiveness. The bit of faded chintz that served as a window-curtain flapped with a dull report against the sash, as little puffs of hot wind blew in at the window. I saw Pinsing lying on the floor near the fireplace. I thought he had fainted; but when I leaned over him, and looked at his wasted face, I saw, with a shock that was not all surprise, that he was dead. One hand was flung out toward the grate, where his treasures had been destroyed, as though in death he sought to renew the allegiance he had tried so hard to break.

. . . . . .

Not long after Pinsing's death, as I was coming down-stairs from my room, I heard Pierre's voice in the shop. He was speaking in a tone of urgent entreaty, although I could not hear his words.

"Yes, Mr. Lepont," I heard Mrs. Ellis say. "But poor Pinsing——"

"*Ah! c'est vrai,*" said Pierre. "Poor Pinsing! But *enfin*, madame, he is dead, dead, and I am alive."

He spoke not cynically, but with hearty practicality. Mrs. Ellis made no reply, and I passed through the shop, leaving her standing meditatively in the doorway.

Not long after this the wheel of fortune turned again, and took me away from the region where Pinsing had lived and died. I was not sorry to leave before the consummation of Pierre's ardent courtship, which was continued in spite of the widow's unwillingness.

Before I went away Pierre told me, with a beaming face, that he was to marry Mrs. Ellis. I congratulated him, and then, almost mechanically, echoed the words I had heard the widow speak: "Poor Pinsing!"

"Yes; but he had his chances," said Pierre.

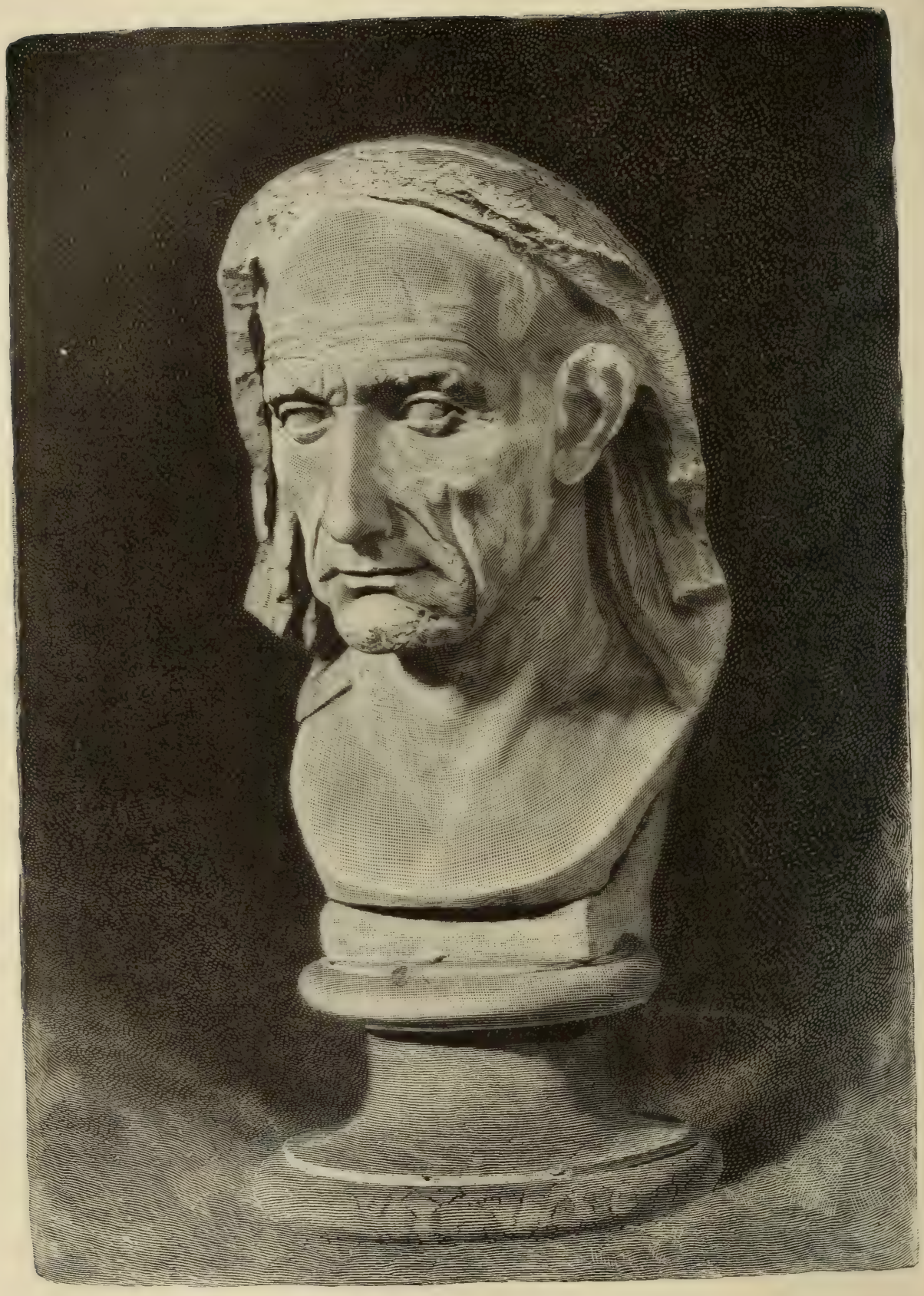
"How hard he worked, poor fellow!" I continued.

"He could not play," replied Pierre. "He should have found it out, and worked at something he could do. When I was young I wished to be a great actor; but, my faith! I soon found I could not act, and so—I kept a restaurant. At present," he ended, complacently, "I have enough. In this world it is a mistake to be too ideal!"









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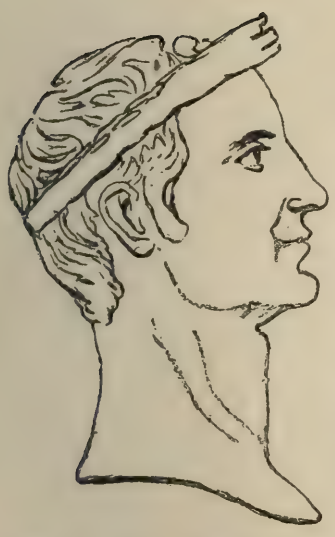
JULIUS CÆSAR AS PONTIFEX MAXIMUS, FROM THE BUST IN THE MUSEO CHIARAMONTI, IN THE VATICAN.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE LIKENESSES OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

By John C. Ropes.



From Mr. John Edward Lee's "Roman Imperial Profiles Enlarged from Coins."

YEARS ago, as I well recollect, my attention was forcibly arrested by the larger of the two plaster casts of Julius Cæsar in the series of the Twelve Cæsars in the Boston Athenæum, which the late Dr. Jacob Bigelow so thoughtfully presented to that institution. The smaller cast I did not admire, but the larger one seemed to me to be unmistakably the head of a great man. The extraordinary vigor, alertness, energy, and determination shown upon the rugged features of a man long past his bodily prime never failed to make me pause and admire. I could find out nothing about either of the casts; whether anyone at the Athenæum knew where the originals of them were to be found, I know not; it is, of course, very possible; but I certainly never came in contact with any such person. And I made up my mind that if ever chance put it within my power, I would find the original of that wonderful cast.

It so happened that in time my desire was gratified. Circumstances led me to spend nearly two years in Europe—from 1873 to 1875. My winters were passed in the south of France and in Italy. At Florence I found the original of the larger Athenæum cast. I admired the head in marble more, even, than I had supposed I should do. I had it photographed almost of the size of the bust itself. Then it was, I think, that the idea of making a collection of the authentic likenesses of Julius Cæsar first occurred to me. It struck me that such a collection would not only be unique, but that it would be of great historical value, as well as most interesting; and I made it. Whenever I saw a reasonably good likeness of Cæsar I had it photographed, where it was possible to do so. I found that with a little money and patience the obstacles in the way of obtaining photographs of these busts could, in nearly all cases, be overcome. For almost a dozen years this collection has been in my library. I have added to it from time to time, and now I am very glad of this opportunity of showing these pictures to the public, and of telling their story as well as I can. Let me, however, premise that I make no pretensions to scholarship, and that there cannot be the smallest doubt that a really good classical scholar, whose knowledge of the modern languages would give him access to the treasures contained in the Italian and German libraries, could find far more information about these

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busts than I have been able to obtain. I hope, indeed, someone will take the subject up seriously, and pursue it thoroughly and systematically. Such a work might well be done at the expense of one or more of our great art galleries—the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, or the Metropolitan Museum in New York, for instance—and Harvard and Yale might, with great propriety and advantage, lend their assistance to the search.



Plate I.—The "Toga Statue" in the Museum of Berlin."

We may, I think, consider the toga statue* of Cæsar in the Museum at Berlin (No. 295, Roman Room) as the earliest of all his likenesses. It is a beautiful statue, and has always been much admired (Plate I.). The head enlarged is also given in Plate II. Cæsar is represented in the attitude of an orator, with the right arm extended. The head is well covered with hair, and the whole appearance is that of a man not over thirty-five years of age.

Perhaps the next likeness in order of time is the bust numbered 107 in the Museo Chiaramonti, in the Vatican Museum, at Rome* (Plate III.). This is well worth a careful examination—the features are perfect; the workmanship excellent; the expression, so calm, penetrating, serious, and determined, is characteristic of all the best likenesses of Cæsar. This bust is also noteworthy for showing very clearly a mark by which one can generally recognize the authentic busts of Cæsar, namely, a scar, or furrow, on the left side of the face, caused, perhaps, by some wound, or by some fistula which had healed, or by the removal of one or more teeth. In this bust this peculiar feature is given with great exactness. In some busts it is passed over very lightly; but it is, I think, always indicated. In the toga statue of Berlin, which we first mentioned, it is clearly shown.

If I am right in my conjectures, Cæsar's face now filled out somewhat, and our next pictures (Plates IV. and V.) are of a man in the neighborhood of forty. These are from the famous Farnesiano bust in the Museum at Naples (No. 162), a colossal marble bust, absolutely perfect, of the grandeur of which no picture can give one any idea. I take this to be Cæsar before he went to Gaul, before he was subjected to the wearing fatigues and exposures of those active campaigns in which the Swiss, the German, and the Gaul went down before his untiring audacity and energy; when he was still a man of society, of pleasure, of political affairs, and a civilian. The likeness is, I should say, somewhat flattered;

* It is said by Lübke, Geschichte der Plastik, p. 272, that the head does not belong to the body. In one of the descriptions of the antique statues in the Berlin Museum it is said that the body was found, in 1824, near Rome, and that the head is from the Polignac Collection. Burckhardt, Cicerone, p. 520, speaks highly of the head.

* A copy of this may be seen in the Palazzo Borghese, Settima Stanza.

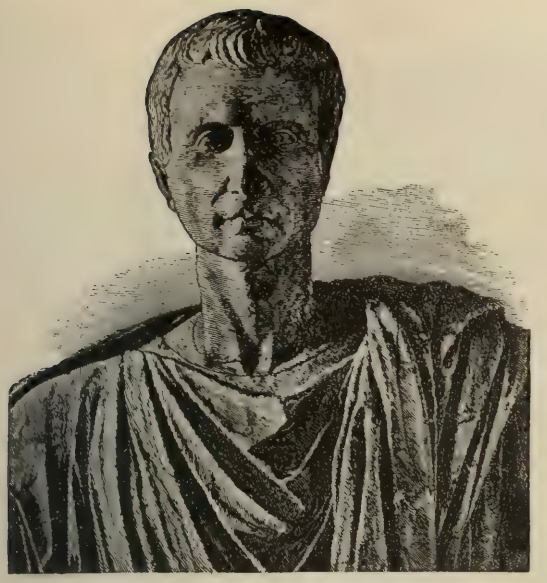


Plate II.—Head from the "Toga Statue."

and it is to be remarked that the furrow on the left cheek, though indicated, is smoothed away a good deal. Visconti, in his description of the Museo Pio Clementino (Rome, 1792, vol. vi., p. 54), speaks of this and of the statue in the Capitol as the "two remarkable and not doubtful portraits of Julius Cæsar."

In the Hall of the Palace of the Conservators, in the Capitol, at Rome, is the statue* referred to by Visconti, and there is certainly a strong resemblance between the head of this statue and the Farnesiano bust. But the statue is not placed in a position favorable for a close examination of the features. Ampère (L'Histoire Romaine à Rome, vol. iv., p. 469) considers this as the best statue of Cæsar extant, and perhaps it is; but it is not equal in point of interest, in my judgment, to several of the busts.

Our next bust is of Cæsar the soldier. At the age of forty-three he was given the command in Gaul, and he then commenced that series of masterly campaigns which, described with admirable clearness and point by himself, have excited the admiration of all students of the military art. No one can see this portrait (Plate VI.), taken from the bust in the Campo Santo in Pisa, and fail to recognize in the alert, eager, spirited countenance the face of a man who has entered upon a new epoch in his life; has taken upon himself new responsibilities; has before his mind's eye the exploits, the dangers, the successes of a war in which he was to command the army. We might almost write under it: "That day he overcame the Nervii." Ampère (vol. iv., p. 468, note) calls this "*le portrait le plus caractérisé.*"

It will be observed that the scar or furrow on the left cheek is well defined in this bust.

To this period also belongs, in my

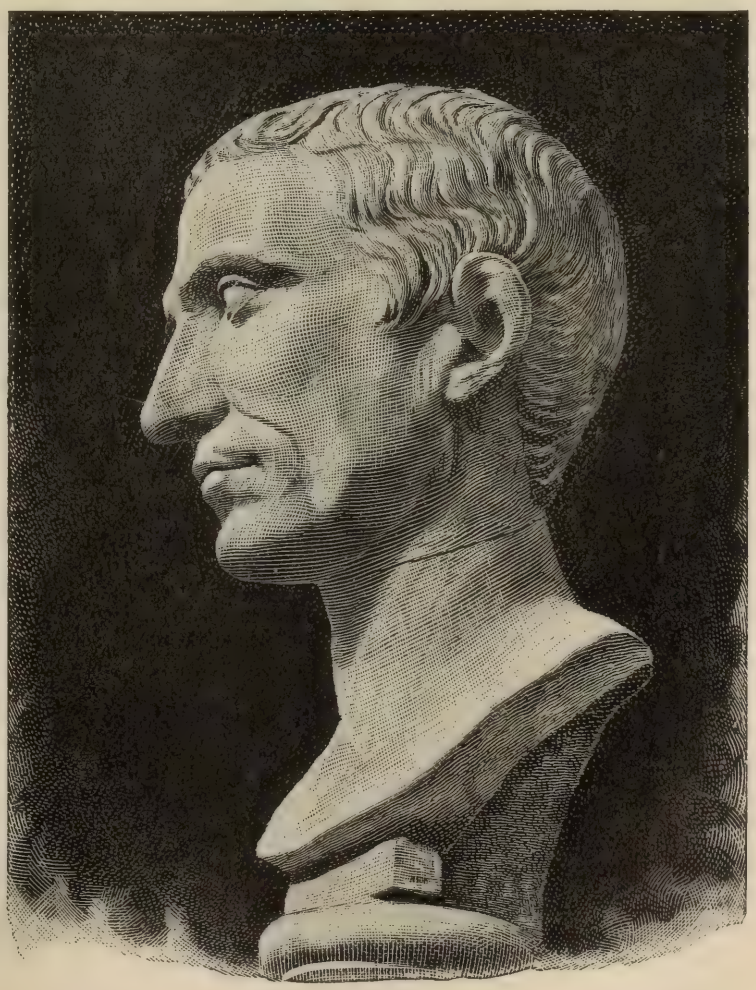


Plate III.—Bust Numbered 107 in the Vatican Museum, Rome.

* Mr. Shakspere Wood, in his Catalogue of the Capitol Museum, p. 137, says that this statue was originally in the possession of Ruffini, Bishop of Melfi. Burckhardt, in his Cicerone, p. 520, calls this an inferior work of art.

Plate IV.

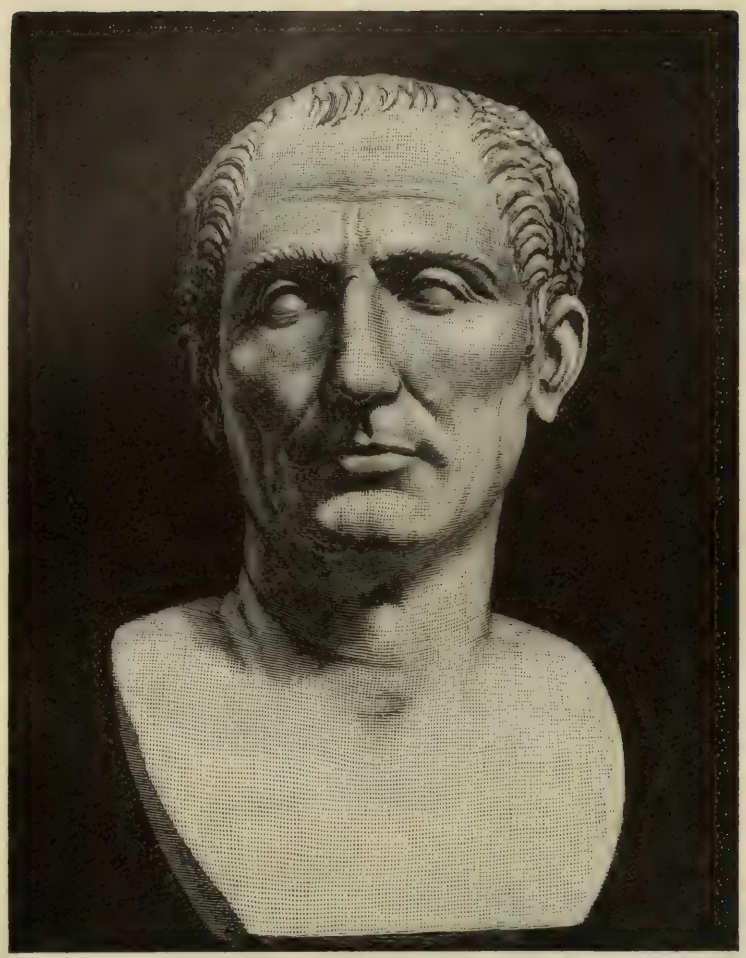
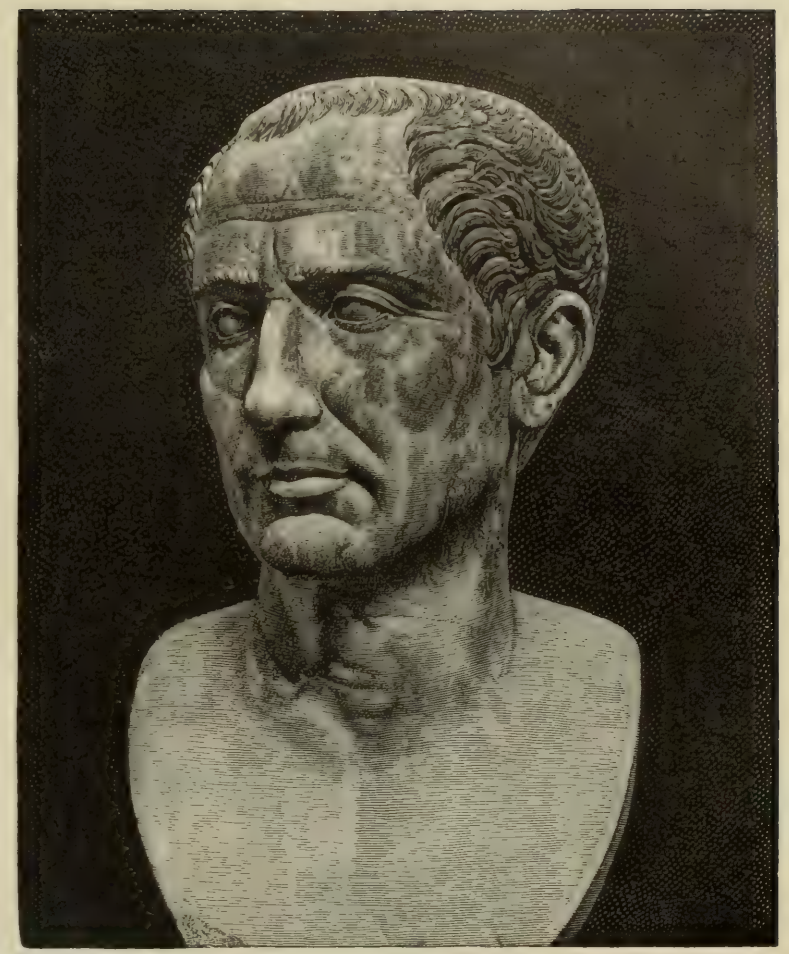


Plate V.



The Farnesiano Bust in the Museum at Naples.

opinion, the admirable bust in the British Museum (Plate VII.). A profile of this is prefixed to Mr. Froude's brilliant sketch of Cæsar. The furrow on the left cheek is to be seen in this bust, though not so well marked as in the preceding one. In this head we see the effect of several years of hard campaigning upon Cæsar's features. The severe lines of the mouth, the sternness of the expression, show the indomitable resolution of the conqueror of Gaul. We can imagine this man at Alesia.

Cæsar seems to have aged rapidly at this time of his life. The celebrated bust in the Museum at Berlin (No. 291, Roman Room), of which we give two views (Plates VIII. and IX.), shows him a decidedly older-looking man than when we last saw him. His hair is thinner, the skin is drawn tightly over his cheek-bones, and there is a somewhat quieter, less active look about him. Yet there is the same intent, watchful, penetrating eye, and the same well-set mouth. Plate VIII. shows distinctly the scar on the left cheek, and of the same shape and character as in Plate III.

This bust is of green basalt, of beautiful workmanship, and life-size or thereabouts. It is said that Frederic the Great used to have it on his study-table. Burckhardt (Cicerone, p. 520, Basel, 1855) rates this and the toga statue above all the portraits in Rome and Naples. Ampère refers to it with approval (vol. iv., p. 468, note).

The marble bust in Florence, in the Uffizi Gallery, of the Athenæum cast of which I have spoken above, comes, in my judgment, next in order of time. Of this I am able to give three views (Plates X., XI., and XII.). Of these the first two photographs were made by my order in 1874. The third, which was sent me by a friend some years later, I was very glad to get for the following reason. Notwithstanding the characteristic vigor and animation of the countenance, the whole bearing of which was so much like that of Julius Cæsar, there was in these photographs which I had procured no very striking similarity, as I was obliged to confess, to any of the other likenesses. At the time of which I am now speaking, also, I did not have the profile photograph of the Berlin bust, which I ordered made when in Berlin in 1882, which resembles somewhat the profile of the Florentine bust. It is true that I saw that this latter had been much injured and was very much "restored," that the nose was entirely new, and the lips so much chipped away as greatly to injure their expression, so that I could charge a part of the unlikeness to this account. But when I received the third photograph of the Florentine bust (Plate XII.) my

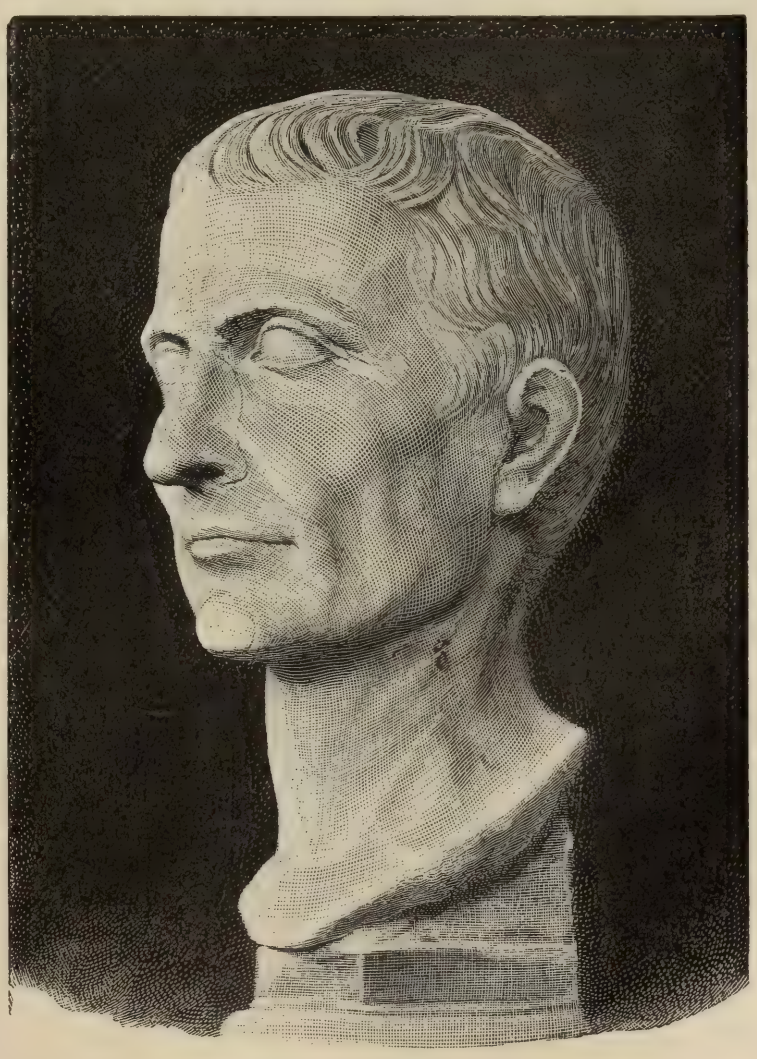


Plate VI.—Bust in the Campo Santo at Pisa.

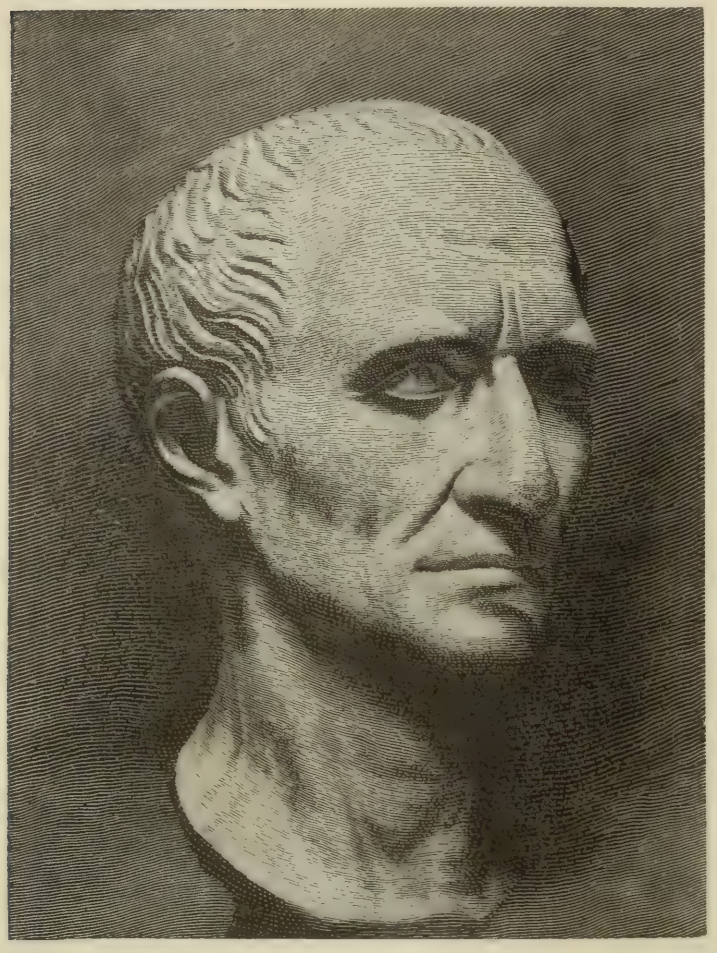


Plate VII.—Bust in the British Museum.

doubts vanished. For I then saw that it was the same man, without possibility of doubt, that is represented in the bust of Cæsar as Pontifex Maximus, of which I shall next speak, and of which we have a full-page illustration.

Before leaving the consideration of this Florentine bust, I will say that I place it among the very latest that were taken of Cæsar. Gibbon, who saw it in Florence in 1764, calls it "remarkable." He goes on to say: "All his features are contracted, and the air of the countenance bears the most striking character of old age and decay; we can scarcely comprehend that it is the bust of a man who died in his fifty-sixth year." * But while it is true that it is the head of an old man, nowhere do we find the wonderful vigor, alertness, coolness, and determination of Cæsar more clearly portrayed. It is a great pity that this fine bust should not have come down to us uninjured.

There is in the Palazzo Corsini, at Rome, in the Second Room, a bust of Cæsar much resembling this Florentine bust.

The most striking of all the portraits of Julius Cæsar is, however, the bust in the Museo Chiaramonti, in the Vatican (No. 135), representing him as Pontifex Maximus, to which we have alluded above. An engraving of it forms the frontispiece to this article. Burckhardt (Cicerone, *ubi supra*), who speaks of its imperfect execution, says it nevertheless always attracted him, with its earnest, suffering expression of Cæsar's countenance in his last years. Ampère (Histoire, etc., p. 469) says of it: "Il existe au Vatican un buste de César, selon moi, trésremarquable. César est en grand prêtre, son manteau sur la tête; il semble plus vieux qu'il n'etait au moment de sa mort, ce qui s'explique par les désordres et l'activité de sa vie. La bouche exprime l'énergie et le dédain, le regard est triste; c'est César qui, arrivé à tout, las de tout, juge tout." "I was much interested," writes Macaulay, in 1838, "by the bust of Julius with the head veiled. It is a most striking countenance indeed. He looks like a man meant to be master of the world" (Life and Letters, vol. ii., p. 32).

Compare, now, with this portrait-head, the copy given in Plate XII. of the Florentine bust. It is evident that the two pictures represent the same man, only that the head is turned in different directions in the two busts. Hence my satisfaction when I saw by this comparison the proof that the Florentine bust was undoubtedly one of Julius Cæsar.

If now we place by the side of the veiled head the picture given in Plate III., of Cæsar when comparatively a young man, or at least a man in early middle life, we shall see that we have in this old man's head the same identical traits which we saw in the beginning of our search. There is the same clear, calm, penetrating eye, the same well-defined expression of the lips, the same

* Mommsen maintains that he was in his fifty-eighth year when he was assassinated.

scar or furrow on the left cheek—everything is the same, save as the features are naturally affected by the stress and toil and responsibilities and natural infirmities of twenty or twenty-five years.

We have now seen, in their turn, nearly all the authentic likenesses of Julius Cæsar, and we can, I think, trace the resemblances in each to the others from the first to the last. I have not a particle of doubt that all these are portraits of Cæsar made in his lifetime; they all have the same characteristics, and in no one of them, save the colossal bust at Naples, is there any attempt at flattery. We can, therefore, as it seems to me, get a very correct idea of Cæsar's appearance.

There are other likenesses of Cæsar, however, which claim our attention. The first among these is the bronze bust in the Villa Ludovisi (No. 27), at Rome, of which we give a picture here (Plate XIII.). Many rank this as among the best (so Murray's Guide-Book, p. 343; Braun, Ruins and Monuments of Rome, p. 355). Ampère, however (Histoire, etc., p. 469), makes this, to my thinking, more pertinent criticism: "Le buste de la Villa Ludovisi passe pour le plus ressemblant; il a un caractère très-individuel, mais qui manque entièrement de grandeur, et l'air assez piteux et grognon. Il est impossible que César ait eu cet air-là." This bust differs so much from the others, it lacks so utterly the alert, energetic, vigorous attitude and expression that are so plain on each and all of them, that I cannot but regard it as the work of some artist who never saw Cæsar at all, but who depicted him as he imagined he must have looked when carrying the responsibilities of the world on his shoulders. It resembles in this respect Paul Delaroche's famous picture of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, now in the Metropolitan Museum in the Central Park in New York—a striking picture, but a much-idealized portrait.

To the same category belongs the bronze bust in the Uffizi Gallery, at Florence, which resembles greatly the Ludovisi bust. Burckhardt actually doubts its genuineness; but it is certainly very like the Ludovisi bust, and there can be little doubt that it was intended as a portrait of Cæsar. As a likeness it is probably without value.

There is also a draped marble bust in the Palazzo Casale, at Rome, much resembling this. Shakspere Wood, in his Catalogue of the Capitol Museum (p. 96), speaks of this.

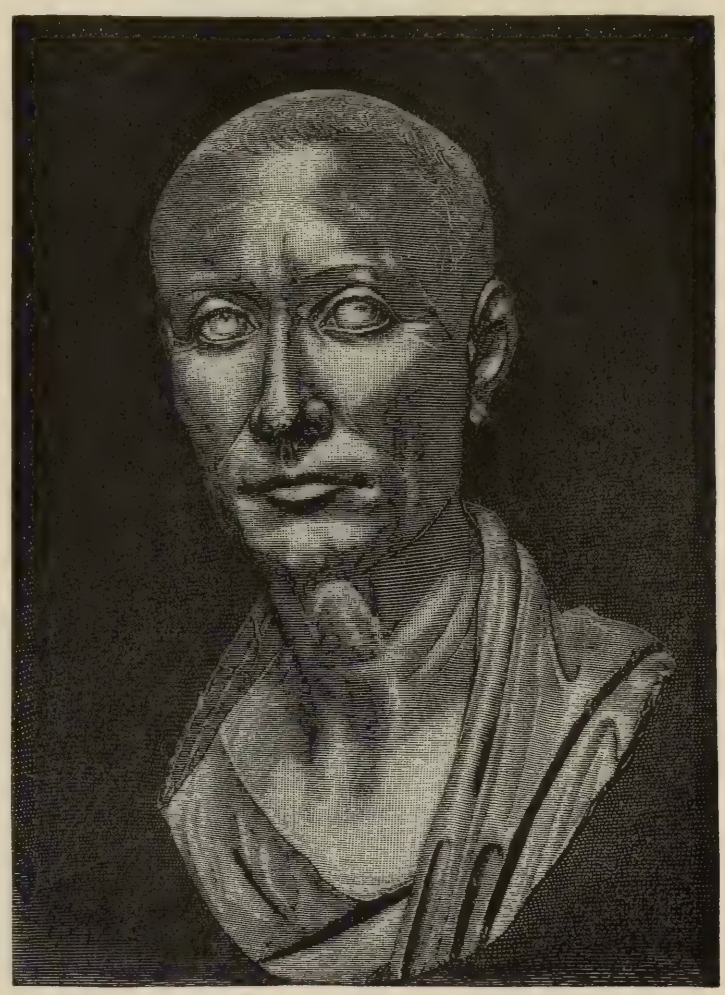


Plate VIII.—The Green Basalt Bust in the Museum at Berlin.

I have mentioned the smaller of the two casts in the Boston Athenæum. The original of this is the marble bust of Cæsar in the Hall of the Emperors in the Capitol Museum, at Rome (Plate XIV.). It is certainly not much like the portraits we have been looking at. Its genuineness is denied by Ampère, and, I think,

also by Shakspere Wood. However, it was the bust selected by the Italian Government to be copied for the series of busts of the great men of Italy, arranged in chronological order on the Pincian Hill. But I confess I never was impressed by it.

Our next picture (Plate XV.) is of the only bust of Cæsar in this country. It is the property of General Henry L. Abbot, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, and it was given to his grandfather, in 1812, by a gentleman of



Plate IX.—Profile of the Green Basalt Bust.

Naples named Radich, who had himself taken it from the excavations at Herculaneum. The bust is, unhappily, much injured—the nose is gone, and the upper lip much defaced; nevertheless it strongly resembles the Pontifex Maximus bust. It is small—in fact, not larger than our picture—of excellent marble, and is beautifully executed. The attitude and pose of the head are fine, and full of spirit.

There are three busts in the Louvre that are said to be portraits of Julius Cæsar, but I can observe no resemblance to his countenance—as I find it elsewhere expressed—save in one of them. This, of which a representation is here given (Plate XVI.), is certainly a very remarkable and interesting head, not, perhaps, bearing a well-defined likeness to the others which we have seen, yet sufficiently characteristic for us to be able to feel satisfied that it is a portrait of Cæsar. Much of the difference between this bust and the others may be attributed, I am inclined to think, to the fact that in this one Cæsar seems to be represented in the attitude of a man engaged in conversation, or at least in the attitude of a listener. It is evidently from this original that Gérome got his idea of Cæsar in his well-known picture of "Cleopatra before Cæsar."

There is a very poor bust in the Hall of the Busts (No. 272) in the Vatican Museum, at Rome, which is said to be Cæsar.

Ampère (Histoire, etc., p. 468, note) speaks of the Cæsar of the Villa Albani, at Rome, but I never could find any bust or statue of him there, nor is any mentioned in the official catalogue. There is, however, a profile of a head (No. 901), life-size, on the grand staircase, which does bear some resemblance to Cæsar.

Somewhere in Venice, but exactly where I do not now remember, is a marble bust said to be of Cæsar. But it bears no likeness whatever to his other portraits, and was clearly not intended for him.

There is also another marble bust said to be of Cæsar in the Roman Room in the Berlin Museum, No. 380. This I never have seen, nor did I know of its existence when I was last in Berlin.

In Mr. John Edward Lee's Roman Imperial Profiles Enlarged from Coins (London, Longmans, 1874) there is a good profile of Julius Cæsar.

It may, perhaps, now be interesting to cite the descriptions of Cæsar's appearance by the principal historians of his time. They all, of course, draw largely from Suetonius (Julius, cap. xlv.), and somewhat, also, from Plutarch.

Froude (pp. 482, 483) says: "In person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide * and high, his nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an

* I think this somewhat doubtful (see Plates VI. and VII.). The truth is, I think, that Cæsar's forehead was rather narrow, and that his head widened out behind it, so that at or above the ears it was a remarkably broad head.

eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life and leaving him perfectly bald."

Napoleon III. writes: "His tall stature, his rounded and well-proportioned limbs, stamped his person with a grace that distinguished him from all others. He had black eyes, a piercing look, a pale complexion, a straight and high nose. His mouth, small and regular, but with rather thick lips, gave a kindly expression to the lower part of his face, whilst his breadth of brow betokened the development of the intellectual faculties. His face was full, at least in his youth; for in his busts, doubtless made toward the end of his life, his features are thin and bear traces of fatigue." (History of Julius Cæsar, p. 288, New York, 1865.)

"The accounts we have received of Cæsar's person," says Merivale (History of the Romans under the Empire, vol. iii., pp. 4, 5), "describe him as pale in complexion, of a tall and spare figure, with dark piercing eyes and an aquiline nose, with scanty hair and without a beard. His baldness, which he strove to conceal by combing his locks over the crown of his head, was regarded by the ancients as a deformity, and a slight puffing of the under lip, which may be traced in some of his best busts,* must undoubtedly have detracted from the admirable contour of his countenance. We can only infer indistinctly his appearance in early life from the busts and medals which remain of him; for all of these belong to the period of his greatness and more advanced age. In the traits which these monuments have preserved to us there is also great diversity. Indeed, it may be said that there is a marked discrepancy between the expression of the busts and that of the medals. The former, which are assuredly the most life-like of the two, represent a long, thin face, with a forehead rather high than capacious, furrowed with strong lines, giving to it an expression of patient endurance and even suffering, such as might be expected from frequent† illness, and from a life of toil not unmingled with dissipation."



Plate XI.—The Marble Bust at Florence.

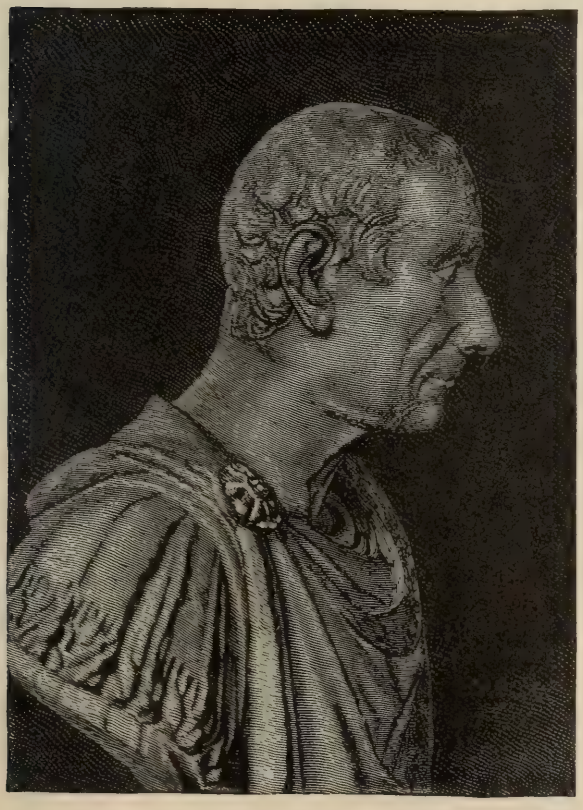


Plate X.—The Marble Bust at Florence.

* Dr. Merivale must refer here, I think, to the bronze bust in the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, and to the Ludovisi bust in Rome. None of the others show any indication of the peculiarity he mentions. In most of them the lips close firmly, and, in fact, beautifully.

† According to Suetonius, Cæsar enjoyed excellent health, except toward the close of his life. Froude (p. 482) says: "His health was uniformly strong until his last year."

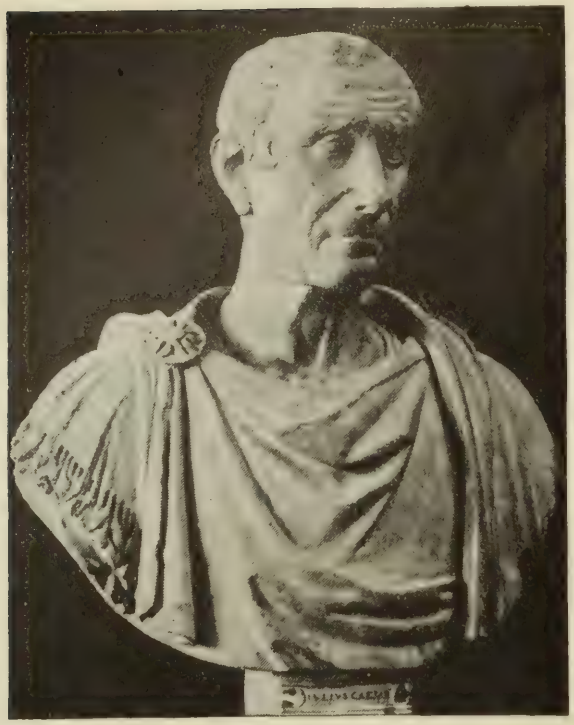


Plate XII.—The Marble Bust at Florence.

There is, however, nothing in Cæsar's features that suggests a dissipated man. There is not a trace of sensuality in his countenance. On the contrary, not only is the expression markedly intellectual, but there is a calm and genuine seriousness characterizing these portraits from first to last. This is, perhaps, particularly to be seen in Plates III., IV., and IX., and in the full-page illustration, but the other likenesses are by no means out of keeping. They, or some of them, bring out into prominence the more masculine and resolute side of his nature; but there is no need to say that courage and determination are not inconsistent with a serious and earnest habit of mind. In fact, I know of no likenesses of the great men of antiquity, if we except M. Aurelius, that compare with these of Julius Cæsar in the indications of what we call "character." We can, I think, see this character maturing and strengthening from his early manhood to his last years. The earnest and thoughtful face depicted in Plate III. undergoes the inevitable changes brought about by responsibilities and anxieties in a life so full of activity as was Cæsar's; in the busts at Pisa, London, Berlin, and Florence, we see the unmistakable marks of a stormy career. The Pontifex Maximus bust of the Vatican, however, shows us a man old and worn, yet still retaining the calm and serious expression which we saw at the first. An air of serenity pervades the features. The face has that look of experience, of matured wisdom, of kindly and considerate judgment, which it is always so good to see in a man who has taken an active part in the great struggles of his generation.

The portrait of Cæsar by Professor Mommsen may be aptly cited in this connection, although it is by no means chiefly confined to his physical traits: "The new monarch of Rome, the first ruler of the whole domain of Romano-Hellenic civilization, Gaius Julius Cæsar, was in his fifty-sixth year (born July 12, 652?) when the battle of Thapsus, the last link in a long chain of momentous victories, placed the decision of the future of the world in his hands. Few men have had their elasticity so thoroughly put to the proof as Cæsar—the sole creative genius produced by Rome, and the last produced by the ancient world, which accordingly moved on in the track that he marked out for it until its sun had set. Sprung from one of the oldest noble families of Latium, which traced back its lineage

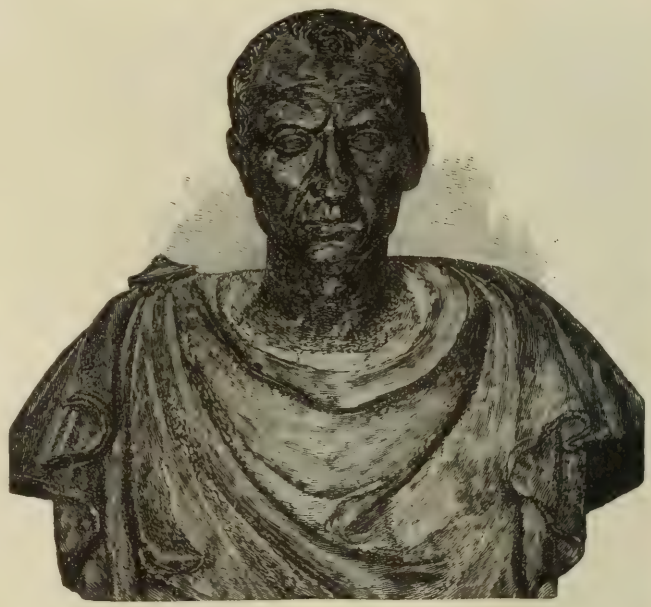


Plate XIII.—The Bronze Bust in the Villa Ludovisi.

to the heroes of the Iliad and the kings of Rome, and in fact to the Venus-Aphrodite common to both nations—he spent the years of his boyhood and early manhood as the genteel youth of that epoch were wont to spend them. He had tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of the cup of fashionable life, had recited and declaimed, had practised literature and made verses in his idle hours, had prosecuted love-intrigues of every sort, and got himself initiated into all the mysteries of shaving, curls, and ruffles pertaining to the toilette-wisdom of the day, as well as into the far more mysterious art of always borrowing and never paying. But the flexible steel of that nature was proof against even these dissipated and flighty courses; Cæsar retained both his bodily vigor and his elasticity of mind and heart unimpaired. In fencing and in riding he was a match for any of his soldiers, and at Alexandria his swimming saved his life. The incredible rapidity of his journeys, which usually, for the sake of gaining time, were performed by night—a thorough contrast to the procession-like slowness with which Pompeius moved from one place to another—was the astonishment of his contemporaries, and not the least among the causes of his success. The mind was like the body. His remarkable power of intuition revealed itself in the precision and practicability of all his arrangements, even where he gave orders without having seen with his own eyes. His memory was matchless, and it was easy for him to carry on several occupations simultaneously with equal self-possession. Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, he had still a heart. So long as he lived he cherished the purest veneration for his worthy mother, Aurelia (his father having died early); to his wives, and above all to his daughter Julia, he devoted an honorable affection which was not without reflex influence even on political affairs. With the ablest and most excellent men of his time, of high and humble rank, he maintained noble relations of mutual fidelity with each after his kind. As he himself never abandoned any of his partisans after the pusillanimous and unfeeling manner of Pompeius, but adhered to his friends—and that not merely from calculation—through good and bad times without wavering, several of these, such as Aulus Hirtius and Gaius Matius, gave, even after his death, noble testimonies of their attachment to him.

"If in a nature so harmoniously organized there is any one trait to be singled out as characteristic, it is this—that he stood aloof from all ideology and everything fanciful. As a matter of course, Cæsar was a man of passion, for without passion there is no genius; but his passion was never stronger than he could control. He had had his season of youth; and song, love, and wine had taken joyous possession of his mind, but with him they did not penetrate to the inmost core of his nature. Literature occupied him long and earnestly; but while Alexander could not sleep for thinking of the Homeric Achilles, Cæsar in his sleepless hours mused on the inflections of the Latin nouns and

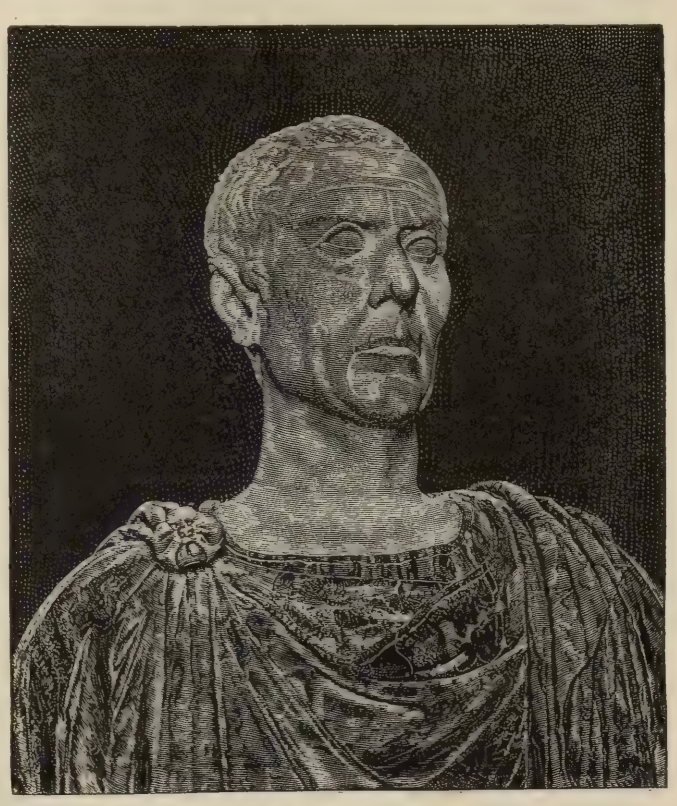


Plate XIV.—Bust in the Hall of the Emperors, Capitol Museum at Rome.

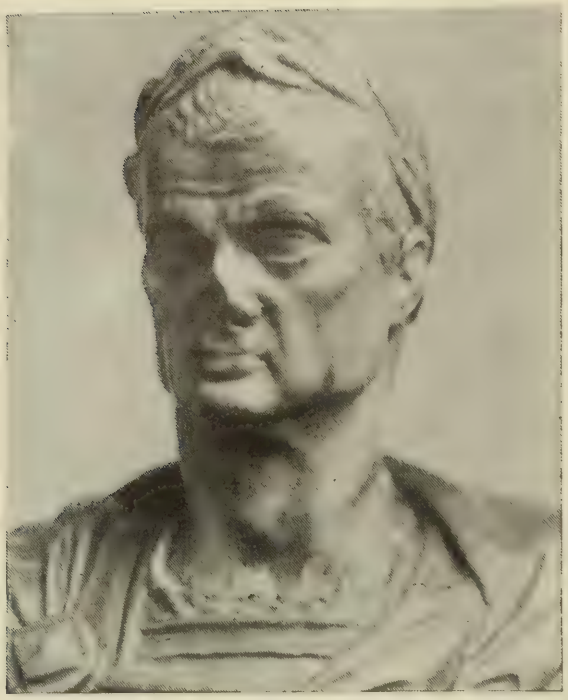


Plate XV.—Bust, Actual Size, owned by General Henry L. Abbot.

verbs. He made verses, as everybody then did, but they were weak; on the other hand, he was interested in subjects of astronomy and natural science. While wine was, and continued to be, with Alexander the destroyer of care, the temperate Roman, after the revels of his youth were over, avoided it entirely. Around him, as around all those whom the full lustre of woman's love has dazzled in youth, fainter gleams of it continued imperishably to linger; even in later years he had his love-adventures and successes with women, and he retained a certain foppishness in his outward appearance, or, to speak more correctly, a pleasing consciousness of his own manly beauty. He carefully covered the baldness which he keenly felt with the laurel chaplet that he wore in public in his later years, and he would doubtless have surrendered some of his victories if he could thereby have brought back his youthful locks. But however much, even when monarch, he enjoyed the society of women, he only amused himself with them, and allowed them no manner of influence over him; even his much-censured relation to Queen Cleopatra was only contrived to mark a weak point in his political position." (Mommsen's "History of Rome," vol. iv., chap. xi.)

It does not fall within the scope of this article to attempt even a sketch of Cæsar's life and work. But if these portraits have interested any of my readers sufficiently to induce them to search the authorities, I commend them to Froude's most interesting and valuable biography —written with sincere admiration for Cæsar's character, and with a deep sense of the value of what he achieved. Mommsen, too, from whose brilliant portrait of Cæsar I have quoted a few paragraphs, takes the highest and most comprehensive view of Cæsar's aims and plans, and he describes them with a tempered enthusiasm which is delightful. On the other hand, Professor Seeley, in his "Essays on Roman Imperialism," ranges himself on the other side. He contends that many of the benefits which resulted to the Roman world from the success of Cæsar were not contemplated by him, and he warns us against an overestimate of the loftiness of his aims and the comprehensiveness of his plans. On this, as on most subjects, opinions differ; but, at any rate, the field has been pretty thoroughly explored. Nothing can be more modern, so to speak, than the times of Julius Cæsar, as we see them under the guidance of these historians. And I think I may venture to hope that the collection of portraits which we have just been examining will add something of personal interest to our study of this most interesting period.



Plate XVI.—One of the Three Busts in the Louvre.

THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE;

OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN.

By J. S. of Dale.

PART FIRST: THE WILL.

I. Ulysses and Penelope.

On the morning of August 14th, in this last summer, Mr. Austin May alighted at the little Cypress Street station of the Boston & Albany Railroad, and, accompanied only by a swarthy and adroit valet, and a very handsome St. Bernard dog, got into the somewhat antiquated family "carryall" which awaited him, and drove away. May was a stranger to the man in charge of the station, as well as to the wide-awake trio of boys who made it a sort of club, their exchange of gossip, and pleasure resort; and thus his arrival was unnoticed and unrecorded, though his last absence had extended over a period of several years. It was a most oppressive day; and what few human beings were dressed and stirring made haste to get beneath the dense foliage, or plunge into the numerous private-paths and short-cuts with which the suburb of Brookline is provided; leaving the roads and their dust undisturbed, except by the sedate progress of the old carryall, which left behind it, suspended in the air, an amazing quantity of the same, considering its speed, and quite obscured the morning sun with its golden cloud. Austin May might have been an entering circus procession, and no one would have found it out. Even the boys at the station were sluggish, and indisposed to "catch on" behind every train, much less to give their particular attention to one undistinguished stranger, with or without a dog.

May lit a cigar, and the carryall and its occupants lumbered along unheeded. The road was walled in and roofed over by a dense canopy of foliage, borne by arching American elms; and through its green walls, dense as a lane in Jersey, only momentary glimpses were to be had of shaven lawns and quiet country-houses. When they came to a gate, with high stone posts, topped by an ancient pair of cannon-balls, the carryall turned slowly in. A moment after they had passed the screen of border foliage May found himself in the midst of a wide lawn and garden, open to the sunlight, but rimmed upon all points of the compass by a distant hedge of trees, so that no roads, houses, thoroughfares, or other fields, were visible. In the centre of this stood, with much dignity, an elderly brick house, its southern wall quite green with ivy. In front of it was a large pavilion, some hundred yards removed, low and stone-built, rising without apparent purpose from the side of an artificial pool of water, rimmed with rich bands of lilies.

The carryall stopped before a broad, white marble step at the front door; and the Charon of the conveyance, known locally as "the dépôt-man," having dumped the one leather trunk upon the step, stood looking at the stranger contemplatively, as if his own duties in this world were all fulfilled.

"How much?" said May.

"Twenty-five cents," said the dépôt-man.

May pulled out a half-dollar. "No matter about the change," he added, as the dépôt-man hitched up his vest, preparatory to fishing in his cavernous trousers for the requisite quarter.

The dépôt-man changed his quid of tobacco, and drove off without a word, the downward lines from the corners of his mouth a shade deeper, as if he profited unwillingly by such unnecessary prodigality, which aroused rather contempt than gratitude. May waited until the carryall had quite disappeared in the elm-trees, and then rang the bell. Apparently, he expected no prompt answer; for he sat down upon one of the

old china garden-seats, which flanked the door, and rolled and lit a cigarette. After a few minutes he rang again, louder; the unwonted tinkle reverberated through the closed house, and an imaginative man, putting his ear to the key-hole, might have heard the scuffle of the family ghosts as they scurried back to their hiding-places. At last an uncertain step was heard in the hall, and after much turning of keys and rattling of chains, the door was slowly opened by an old woman, who blinked at the flood of sudden light which poured in, rebounded, eddied, and at last filled each corner of the fine old hall.

"Mrs. Eastman, I suppose?"

"That's my name," said the woman, in a strong down-east accent.

"I am Mr. May," said he.

The woman glared at him as before, and did not compromise her dignity by a courtesy. "Mr. Eastman got your letter," said she, "and I have got your room ready. Will you go there now? I don't know who's to carry up your trunk."

May's valet solved that difficulty by shouldering the leather receptacle and carrying it up himself. The room was large, airy, and neatly kept. A straw matting was on the floor, covered here and there with well-worn rugs; and from about the windows came a twittering of birds. All in it indicated, not a new and modern house, but the well-worn nest of a family that had been born, cried, laughed, played, made love, and died, in every room. Yet there was no evidence of recent occupation; the room was innocent of those last touches which are the pride of the feminine housekeeper; curtains, splashers, antimacassars, were few; and no twilled, frilled, or pleated things infested the windows, and impeded the entry of the outer air. May opened the door of a large closet; it was empty, save for a broad, white, chip hat of prehistoric fashion, and ribbons of faded rose-color; but, if it had belonged to a daughter of the house, it was evident that its owner was either dead or married, and her womanly activity was exercised in other locuses and focuses. No other manifestation of what Goethe impatiently calls the "eternal woman" was present; and May's expression almost approached to a smile as he opened the door of the spacious bath-room, and noted the naked mantels and marble slabs, unencumbered by china dogs, translated vases, and other traps for the unwary. On the shelf was a noble pile of rough and manly towels, and as he turned the faucet, he found that the water was copious and cold. From all this you may infer that Mr. Austin May was a bachelor. I have committed myself to no such statement as yet, and May himself would have been the first to term your curiosity—at the present stage of your acquaintance with him—an impertinence. As he turned away from the bathroom the smile of satisfaction died away upon his lips. Mrs. Eastman was still standing at the door, the incarnation of the custodian, in iron-gray rigidity of dress, and equilateral triangularity of white *fichu*.

"Everything seems to be all right, Mrs. Eastman," said he, graciously. (Behold how simple are the needs of men—give them but fresh water, space, and peace, and their desires are filled; while womankind—are otherwise.)

"Everything *is* all right," broke in Mrs. Eastman, like the offended Vestal deity, at a statement implying contrary possibilities. Then again she congealed.

May looked at her more closely, with a slight shade of annoyance. How was he to get rid of this woman?

"You must have had a sadly lonely life here, Mrs. Eastman," said he, by way of placation. And lo! the flood-gates were loosened and the tide poured forth. Who ever could have suspected Mrs. Eastman of gregarious instinct? As well have fancied her loquacious. As Moses's wand upon the rock of Horeb, so an adroit phrase addressed to womankind.

"I have not complained, Mr. May; and nobody can say that I have n't done by you as if it were my own house that I was living in, and the water-back out of order all the time, and the pipes freezing all the winter; and Mr. Eastman, says he, we must have a furnace fire and I say no, it ain't of enough account for us two old people, and so we sit by the kitchen stove, and my sister, Mrs. Tarbox, with her four children and

the scarlet fever, over at Roxbury, and nobody to provide for 'em, for John Tarbox — says I to Cynthia when he come up to Augusta from the Provinces (I come from Augusta, Maine, Mr. May), he ain't but a shiftless fellow, you mark my words, says I; and says she, you let me alone, Miranda, and I'll do as much by you, s' she; an' so it turned out, an' many's the time I've said to Mr. Eastman, Mr. Eastman, I must go an' see Cynthia s's I, for there she is on her back, with her hands full of children, an' no one to do for 'em but just John Tarbox; an' s's he, Miranda, it would be tempting Providence for you to go with your rheumatism, an' s's I, I can't help that, Mr. Eastman (he's a member o' the church, Mr. Eastman), I guess Providence ain't got no more to say about it than my horse-chestnuts in my dress pocket, an' I always wear flannel next my skin; an' s's I, I'd go, come what may, but for Mr. May's silver, s's I (I keep it under my bed, Mr. May, and have slept upon it every mortal night since I took this house), an' I know I saw a moth in the best parlor last week, an' the furniture not beaten since April; an' so six weeks gone since I saw my sister; an' since there's a foreigner in the kitchen, s' I to Mr. Eastman, Mr. Eastman——"

"My dear Mrs. Eastman," interposed May, gently, "I had no idea you thought it necessary to stick so close to the house. Now I beg that you will go at once. My servant will get all I want for dinner. You and Mr. Eastman must both go, and don't think of coming back before to-morrow—haven't you any other visits to pay?"

Mrs. Eastman, who had started at the "my dear Mrs. Eastman" as if May had offered to kiss her, admitted, ungraciously, that her husband's sister lived in Jamaica Plain. But the foreign valet was, evidently, still in her mind; and, after sundry prognostications as to the domestic evils to result from "that man's" presence in the kitchen, she finally removed herself, with some precipitation, only when May began to take off his coat. Left to himself, May resumed his coat, drew a chair to the window, sighed, and lit a cigarette. Mrs. Eastman's disappearance was followed by a distant shriek; and shortly afterward there was a slight scratching at the door. May opened it, and the St. Bernard dog walked gravely in and stretched himself by the chair; a certain humorous expression about his square jowl indicating that he had been the cause of the shriek in question. It was a bad quarter of an hour for Mrs. Eastman's nerves. Fides was the dog's name, and his master patted his head approvingly.

May sat down again, and his eye roamed over the stretch of green turf, a view broken above by the huge arms of buttonwood, and canopies of English elm. Shortly afterward he saw the valet emerge from a side entrance, and step hastily across the lawn into the shade of a great hemlock, where he stood, gesticulating wildly. A minute or two later Mrs. Eastman, in an India shawl and purple bonnet, appeared in progress down the carriage-road, limply accompanied by her lord and master. When she disappeared, with her husband and a red and roomy carpet-bag, behind the avenue of elms, the sinuous oriental emerged from the hemlock, and shook his fist. May lit a large cigar, the valet returned to the house, and no sound was audible but the chirping of the birds, the rustle of leaves, and the dignified and heavy breathing of the hound of St. Bernard.

II.—The Pavilion by the Lilies.

As May was knocking off the last white ash from his cabaña, his servant knocked softly, entered and bowed. Rising, May, followed by the St. Bernard, descended and entered the dining-room. Upon the walls were six pictures, four of which were portraits of persons, and two of indigestible fruit. The portraits were all Copleys and comprised, first, a gentleman in a red coat and a bag-wig; second, a young lady with a sallow complexion and a lilac satin dress cut so low that only a profusion of lace concealed her deficiencies of figure; third, an elderly scholar with long transparent fingers and sinister expression; fourth, a nice old lady with a benignant grin. Upon

the table was a snowy cloth and a glorious breakfast, consisting of a fish, a bird, a peach, and a pint of claret. The genius who had wrought this miracle disappeared, and May was left undisturbed.

The fish had gone the way of all flesh, and the bird had gone the way of the fish, and the last glass of Léoville was awaiting translation, when there was a sound of carriage-wheels upon the gravel. May started. The glass of claret crashed untasted to the floor, and its owner sprang upon his feet and fled precipitately. Just as the door-bell rang, he escaped from the garden door of the hall and plunged into a maze of shrubbery; with a hurried sign to the silent servant as he passed. Rapidly and circuitously he circled back behind the hedges until a successful flank movement brought him to the main driveway at the point where he remembered Mrs. Eastman had disappeared; here by a bold dash he secured the front lawn; and a few cautious steps brought him to the side-door of the large low stone pavilion aforementioned. Drawing a brass key from his pocket, he managed to turn a grating lock and entered. The door closed behind him and was carefully bolted on the inside. The interior was quite dark; but May cautiously felt his way to one of the front windows, and opening the sash, turned the slats of the blind to a horizontal position. Through this he peered, breathless with his run. At the front door of the house was the same carryall that had brought him from the station; but its occupants were not visible. May saw the St. Bernard dog silently threading his way through the bushes, his nose upon the trail; a minute later, and he scratched upon the door of the pavilion.

"Hush," hissed May angrily.

The dog scratched, softly. With an impatient imprecation, May opened it; the dog had a bit of paper in his mouth. May snatched it eagerly.

"*Madame d'Arrebocques*" was written upon it, in the hand of Schmidt, his valet. "*Elle doit attendre.*"

Madame d'Arrebocques? May knew no such person. Madame d'Arrebocques? Why should she write? Why had she not sent her card? Had Schmidt spelled the name right? Ah! at last he had it, thanks to Mrs. Eastman's garrulity. This could be no other than Cynthia Tarbox, the ill-married sister of Miranda his châtelaine. And ill-mannered fortune! they had missed each other on the way. Mrs. Eastman might return at any moment. As he pondered, the carryall moved slowly off; but as it passed the window, he noted that it contained no other figure than the station-master. The woman, then, was left behind.

May tore out a card and wrote upon it, in German, *Sie muss fort!* and handed it to Fides, the dog, who trotted silently off. What means Schmidt used, May never knew; but some ten minutes later, four children came screaming down the avenue, running and gasping for breath, followed by a thin and wiry woman, robed in a flapping whitey-brown duster, whose haste and streaming bonnet-ribbons bore every evidence of extreme mental perturbation.

Shortly afterward Schmidt himself appeared, in his hands an empty glass and another bottle of the same claret. By a refinement of delicacy, but just one glass of wine was left in the bottle. "*Monsieur n'a pas fini son déjeûner,*" said he; and May took the glass with trembling fingers, and finished it at a draught.

"Schmidt," said he, in French, "it is nearly midday. You must bring everything here. I dare not go back to the house."

The valet evinced no surprise, but nodded and disappeared. Left to himself, May opened the shutters of several of the windows and looked out. The side of the pavilion that was farthest from the house rose directly out of the broad pond or ornamental lake already referred to. This was to the west; the northern was screened by a dense growth of pines, the southern contained the entrance-door before mentioned, and the eastern façade commanded the house, which was some two hundred yards distant across the avenue. May looked out across the water, which was an ornamental piece fringed with reeds and water-flowers. In the centre of the little lake rose a low round island, which had a

comfortable rustic seat and a soft and grassy surface. May pressed a small knob in the wall near the window, and coming back from it, took a heavy book from one of the dwarf bookcases that lined the large room. The book was a quarto edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy;" and immediately afterward the adjoining section of bookcase swung slowly forward from the wall, revealing a descending passage-way. Through this May disappeared, and the bookcase swung itself back into place.

Some minutes later, Schmidt entered, after several knocks, with a large japanned tray. Upon this tray was a small paper of bromide of potassium, two boxes of cigars, strong and mild, a carafe of cognac, seltzer, a large opera-glass, a powerful dark lantern, and a six-barrelled silver-mounted revolver. Fides lay on a mat on the floor; but his master was nowhere visible in the room. Schmidt set the tray upon the table and looked about him. Being alone, it must be confessed that his cosmopolitan face showed traces of surprise.

The whole interior of the pavilion obviously contained but one room; and in that room Austin May was nowhere to be seen. In the centre was a huge long centre-table of carven oak; it was covered with dust, and upon it was but one large book — Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." All the four walls were lined with filled bookcases, and, above them were serried ranks of engravings, etchings, drawings, but nothing that was not in black and white. Most of these had woman for a subject, but woman always either in her least agreeable or most unspiritual aspect—Katherines and Petruchios, Madame de Staels, Harriet Martineaus, Manon Lescauts, Cressidas and Marneffes; Messalinas, Hecubas, Danaës, Judiths, daughters of Herodias; and of such as were not historical characters, there was but one common characteristic, namely, that all were shamelessly naked of body and unspiritual of face. The sole exception to this rule stood at the farther end of the room from Schmidt; it was a full-sized and marvellously perfect reproduction of the Venus of Milo; having the cynical inscription upon its pedestal, "A woman without rights!"

Schmidt gave a long low whistle, as he went about the room to examine these engravings; then he returned to the centre-table, wholly at a loss. May surely had not left the pavilion; but where was he? He looked out of the windows, and saw only the pine-grove, the house, the lawn, and the lake. In the centre of the lake was a large fountain, plashing merrily, and shaped like the coronal of some huge lily. As he was watching this, the fountain suddenly stopped; the water-petals wavered and fell, revealing a small grass island that had been screened by the circlet of playing water. A moment after, he started at his master's voice; May was immediately behind him, calmly putting a book back in the bookcase. It was the Burton's "Anatomy."

"You may go now, Schmidt; I shall not want you until to-morrow. You will stay in the under part of the house; and not go out under any circumstances, unless you hear a pistol-shot. If I want you to do anything, I will send Fides with a note."

Schmidt bowed his comprehension and was about to withdraw.

"Stop," said May, "there is one thing more. You must go to Brookline village and hire a fast horse and a buggy, without a driver; put the horse in the stable, but don't unharness him, and shut the door. You may go." Schmidt went.

Left once more to himself, May examined the stores that had been left by his familiar upon the oaken table. The inspection seemed to be satisfactory. He then consulted his watch, and found with a start of surprise that it was already afternoon. The watch was an elaborate repeater, giving the hour, minute, and second, the signs of the zodiac, the year of our Lord, and the day of the month. This latter was August 14th, as has been said; the time, after twelve.

May's behavior upon this discovery was precipitate and peculiar. First, he arranged with great care the calcium light apparatus so that it commanded the front stoop of the house; then he carefully closed all the shutters of the pavilion save the one toward the house. By this window he sat, peering through

the slats of the blind. The sun, getting into the west, shone full upon the stone front porch; and May kept still there watching it, in the silence of the midsummer afternoon.

III.—The Drugs of Araby.

Thus fortified in a material way against the approach of any enemy, and exalted in spirit above the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, the minutes seemed hours and space and time but mediums of his own control. When his first pipe was finished he threw it aside and walked openly out upon the lawn. The very birds were sleepy, and the park lay spellbound in the shimmer of its own warm light. Austin took his way along the margin of the pool; it was studded with white still lilies that lay dreamily upon the green water; great gaudy dragon-flies hung motionless upon the lily-petals, like silk-robed ladies in some spotless marble hall.

What was it that gave such interest to the little familiar pool to him, who had smoked his cigar by the lotos-pools of Yeddo's moats, or dreamed these same summer hours away by the fountain of the Court of Lions in far Granada? Well enough knew Mr. Austin May what memory it was that hung about the place; and he smiled his mature and mocking smile as he remembered his boyish love. Many times had they two wandered there, May Austin and himself, wandering together through crusty Uncle Austin's strange demesne; his uncle and her aunt's husband. Old John Austin had married for love a poor and beautiful cousin whose mother had engineered the marriage against the girl's will; and they had hated one another cordially. Too proud to be divorced, John Austin had built himself this strange pavilion where his wife had promised she would never go; they met in company, and with the greatest courtesy, and gave their grand due dinners of sixteen, each at one end of the long table with a splendid high épergne between. Mrs. Austin had taken May Austin into her lonely bosom, and Uncle John had had Austin May home from college, where his bounty kept him, and given him his taste for claret and tried to give his knowledge of the world. And they used to sit there, he and his uncle, in this same pavilion, smoking, close hedged in from womankind. And when the old man had fallen asleep, Austin would creep out into the park, and walk there with his lovely cousin May. And on one summer day, for all the world like this, he won her heart, this gay young Harvard senior, all among the rushes by the lily pool. And Austin had gone back into the pavilion, quaking, to tell his uncle, and found the latter very dignified and dead, a bottle of the famous Eclipse Lafite close by his elbow. As with the old French poet

> "Hear ye, who are soon to die,
> What Villon did before he started—
> He drank one glass of Burgundy;
> This he did; and then, departed."

the claret had not been wasted; its very last glass had been savored by its master before his spirit took flight.

Austin May was overcome with horror. He ran and gave the alarm at the house, and then sought his cousin May, whom he found, standing lovely, in the twilight by the lilies. He kissed her, preliminarily, and put his strong arm about her slender waist; then he broke the news to her, and then he kissed her again, by way of peroration.

Now May Austin was shocked; but not so much so as if she had seen her uncle since her aunt's death, which had happened some three years before. He had suffered—even commanded—that she should go on living at the house; but since then, there being no convenance requiring his attendance at the family table, he had lived, eaten, and drunk, entirely in the pavilion. Miss Austin had had a fancy that she had seen him groping about in the shrubbery from time to time, and spying at her through the leaves; but upon the only occasion when she had gone to see him—it was to thank him for some birthday present, distantly conveyed—he had most mysteriously disappeared. But, as if he appreciated her visit and were doing her all the honor possible, the fountain played its highest—an almost unheard-of thing since Mrs. Austin's death.

But the next memory was clearer yet to Austin May; and even now a twinge of sadness, as he recalled it, spoiled one puff or so of his fragrant cabaña. For it was by this same lily pool, a few days later. Uncle Austin's remains had been duly disposed of, according to the terms of the will, and he and pretty May had met for the last time; the last time for a few years, he had said; the last time forever, as she had feared. Austin, indeed, had rebelled at this, and spoken boldly of renouncing everything; but she had persevered, and made him see that it was best, at least for a trial term of years, for him to comply with his uncle's last behest. And so he was going abroad; and she walked with him, by the lily-pool, through the lawn, through the hedge to the little seat beneath the linden that had been her favorite; and there they had said good-by, with kisses and tears; and the same grim station-master, messenger of fate! had carried him off in his carryall. Appropriately named! The kisses had been very sweet, but the tears had been superfluous.

May smiled as he thought of this, and, lighting another cigar, went back to the pavilion. There he threw back a drawer in the carven oak table and drew out the queer old will. It was nothing but a copy, bearing the lugubrious skull and cinerary urn which form the seal of the Suffolk County probate court; but it was already yellow with time, and as May turned amusedly over the old leaves the dust dropped from them upon his spotless Poole-built trousers. Ah, a good judge of claret was old Uncle Austin; a good judge of claret and of other things. May opened another bottle of the famous Eclipse (it was only the second pint that day and there is a certain worldly wisdom about claret very inspiring to those who meditate a practical course of action), and began to read.

"In the name of God, Amen. I, John Austin, gentleman, being of sound mind and disposing memory, and a widower, for which I am reverently thankful" (it has been mentioned that Mrs. Austin died some years before) "do make and declare this my last will and testament.

"My body I consign to ashes, and direct that it be duly cremated under supervision of my executors; my soul I recommend to Him who made it, provided that He have not already taken the soul of Georgiana Austin Austin, my late wife, under his same supervision, in which case I reverently pray that it be left to my own disposition.

"I bequeath to my executors the sum of Five Thousand dollars, and direct that it be expended in the erection of a large white marble monument to my late wife, aforesaid, said monument to be designed after the florid manner of the later Gothic and to be placed upon my family lot at Mount Auburn, and to bear, besides the name of my late wife aforesaid, but one inscription, viz.: A Perfect Woman.

"I direct my executors to pay the sum of five hundred dollars annually to the niece of my late wife aforesaid, May Austin, until she be married; and upon her marriage I direct that said sum be annually paid to her husband, for his sole use and consolation.

"I devise and bequeath my bin of Lafite claret, so-called Eclipse, to my nephew, Austin May, together with all my other estate, real and personal, stocks, bonds, moneys, goods, and chattels, wherever the same be found, but subject only to the following condition, namely: I direct my executors to manage and invest all such moneys and estate, save the use of my estate in Brookline, Massachusetts, which I give to my said nephew directly; and all the income, rents, and profits of such estate to pay over to my said nephew annually upon his sole receipt; *provided*, that if he marry at any time within eleven years after my death, or before he shall reach the age of thirty-five, whichever shall first occur, then and in that case I revoke all the devises and bequests to my said nephew aforesaid; but direct my executors to deliver such of my Eclipse claret as then remains, to the most prominent Total Abstinence Association which shall then exist in the town of Boston; and all the rest and residue of my estate I devise and bequeath absolutely and in fee to my residuary legatee. And I have written the name of said——"

At this point in his reading, May

heard a woman's laugh. It seemed to come from the shrubbery close by. In order to get more light for the will, he had opened the middle slats of the blind toward the trees; so that it almost seemed possible for a tall girl, standing close to the pavilion, to look directly in. With inconceivable agility, May dropped to the floor, beneath the window-sill, and ran rapidly around the large room on his hands and knees, close to the wall. When beneath the table where he had left his opera-glass, he took it up, and adjusting it hastily, stood upon his knees, high enough to look through the open shutter in the window toward the house. Sure enough, he had hardly got the proper focus, when a young girl emerged from the shrubbery and walked down the road. But she was very young, only eighteen or so, and though admirably pretty, May was confident that he had never seen her before. He watched her until she had disappeared in the distance; and then, rising to his feet, returned to the reading of the will. But first he altered the angle of the slats of the blind, so that it would be impossible for anyone standing outside to look into the room.

"And I have written the name of the said residuary legatee in a sealed envelope, which I hereby incorporate as part of this will and append thereto; and I direct that said envelope be not opened, but remain in the custody of my executors, or of the proper court, until my said nephew marry, or reach the age of thirty-five, or until eleven years have elapsed from the date of my death, whichever shall first happen; and thereupon my said executors may open the same and deliver a copy thereof to my said nephew; and proceed to pay over and deliver all my estate, real and personal, to my residuary legatee therein mentioned.

"And I will explain, for the benefit of the gaping and the curious, that this I do that my nephew may profit by my experience of early marriages. For no man should by law be allowed to choose what woman shall be his wife until he be arrived at the age when he may be hoped to have sufficient discretion not to choose any woman at all." Then followed the appointment of executors; and that was all.

May laid aside the scandalous old will and began to think.

How he had laughed at the last clause, he and May Austin, as they wandered by the lily-pond that evening! And when she had persuaded him not at once to give it all up and marry penniless, he had tried to make the best of it. If she would not marry him then, what were eleven years? Eleven years—bah! August 14, 1886—why he would only be thirty-three and she twenty-seven! But she had refused to make it an engagement, refused even to write to him; and the poor young Bachelor of Arts had gone off to his steamer most unhappily. And that farewell kiss under the lindens! And the letters he had written back—from Liverpool—beseeching May Austin to reconsider her determination! Austin May took another cigar from the box, and smiled pensively.



HALF A CURSE.

By Octave Thanet.

On a certain April day, in the year 1862, the stage-coach was waiting at the plaza-corner of the oldest Floridian town. At that time the plaza was merely an unkempt common, where cows and pigs might ramble at will, taking their siestas in the ruined old market-house, or sunning themselves at the base of the stubbed pyramid erected by the last Spanish rulers. Where now the smart little shops elbow the grim old cathedral, then high coquina walls, over which waved orange- and palmetto-trees, joined the ancient house-fronts, and hanging balconies cast a grateful shade on the sand below. Then as now the wharf and the sea-wall bounded the eastern side, and the water glittered behind a little flock of sails. If one stepped on the sea-wall he could see the hated Yankee flag flying over the old fort, and a blue-coated officer was watching the crowd about the coach. High above the hats and bonnets towered a gay turban and a black cheek pressed tenderly against the white cheek of a child, while tears ran unrestrained down both faces alike. The child sobbed aloud; but the woman, not uttering a sound, only strained the small body closer, and looked through her tears at the young gentlewoman beside her. She was a beautiful creature—Johnny Tindall, the young Federal captain, thought—so slender, graceful, and high-bred looking, with such a touching sweetness of expression, and yet such a tropical fire in those brilliant, almond-shaped, dark eyes. He caught her last words: "Yes, it is hard, *hard;* but what should I do without you to take care of the place? I know I shall find you here whatever happens."

"Yes, Miss Nannie," was the answer; "I keep de place good's I kin, an' you sholy fin' me yere waitin'."

"All aboard!" shouted the driver.

The parting came, and was over; Johnny had the impression that all three cried at once.

"What is the matter?" said he.

He spoke to his next neighbor; but another man—a stout, florid man in civilian's dress, though wearing a military cap—replied; "Oh, jess some rebs leavin' ruther'n swaller the oath."

"Such a trifle wouldn't send you away, would it, Baldwin?" said Johnny, glancing with undisguised contempt at the speaker, a sutler in his own regiment.

"Of course I'd take the oath, captain; I ain't a Southerner."

"I thought you came from South Carolina."

"I was only there for a while," said Baldwin, sullenly; but directly, with a more cheerful air, he added: "Did ye notice them people? That there lady's Mrs. Legree. Her pa was a Charleston big-bug, and she married Renny Legree. He's off in the rebel army. They've a mighty fine place here. Say, did you ever see a mortal critter tall's that there colored woman?"

"I want to see her," said Johnny, walking off; but Venus was gone.

Afterward he learned something of her history. Venus Clinch was born a slave on the Clinch plantation in South Carolina. She claimed to have Indian blood in her veins, which is quite possible, since her father was one of the "negro allies" of the Seminoles, captured during the Florida wars. Venus was a famous cook; and on Miss Nannie Clinch's marriage, she was one of the wedding-gifts. With her went Ambrose, her husband, a handsome, amiable, indolent, utterly worthless mulatto. It was supposed that Venus might want her husband's company. She, however, was a most philosophical spouse. "Now, ole marse," said she, kindly, "don' ye poturb yoseff 'bout Ambros'. I ain't no-ways 'tickler 'bout dat ar nigger. Ef you all kin git 'im trowed in wid de hosses, I says, fotch 'im 'long; but he ain't wuth no buyin' no ticket fo', dat's sho!"

Nevertheless Ambrose came, and often enough Venus regretted her qualified assent.

"Mazin' how come I taken up wid dat triflin', ornery, yaller nigger," she would say. "Nebber done a stroke fo' me, nebber guv me nuffin'—'cept de measles, an' dem I wan't seekin'. Dese yere yaller niggers dey's no nation; got de good er none, an' bad er all. Ambros' am bad down to he heel."

Venus never had but one child, and it died in infancy. After that her sore heart's entire and lavish devotion was given to Nannie Clinch. She was a faithful servant to all the Clinches, but she worshipped "Miss Nannie."

All these particulars gradually came to Johnny, who very soon made Venus's acquaintance.

The beginning was his noticing her as she walked daily on the beach before the barracks; indeed, no one could help noticing a figure built on such an enormous scale. Besides, there was a certain massive dignity, and even symmetry, about her form, and her features, Indian rather than negro, were brightened by a smile of true African good-humor. Her costume recalled the best days of the vanished *régime*. Her gay turban and her white apron were always fresh from the iron; and on her head was poised a great basket filled with enticing tropical sweet-meats, the secrets of which Aunt Venus had guarded for years.

When neither vending her wares nor making them, she toiled in the Legare garden. Meanwhile, Ambrose led a life of elegant leisure as skipper of a sail-boat so leaky and unruly that only a suicide could care to hire it. A little labor would have made a tidy sloop out of this relic of the Legares, but Ambrose always said: "Dar's udder t'ings en life dan toilin' fo' money!"

Johnny was Venus's best customer. Nothing pleased the faithful creature more than to talk of her mistress.

"I 'members," said she, "de ve'y fustis time I sot heyes on Miss Nannie, to know 'er. Ye muss know, sah, dat I wuz bawn on de plantation an' raised dar 'twel I'se risin' er sixteen, w'en my mammy she done die up. She wuz a witch'ooman, my mammy wuz; an' one er witchin's, 'e done got twurn' roun', some'ow, an' hit kill' 'er dead. De ob-berseer, he 'lowed 'twuz kase 'twuz fallin' wedder, an' she done cotch cold en de wet. But *I* knows 'twuz de *witchin'!* So, den, dey sen' me ter Chawlston, an' de cook she l'arn me ter cook, an' spat me good wh'n she's mad; an' onct she guv me a mos' outrigeous lick wid a stick er fat wood, an' runned a splenter enter my awm. So, den, I wuz pickin' at it outside, an' a grievin' fo' my mammy — dat nebber taken nuffin' wuss'n a shengle to me—an' a bellerin' ve'y sorf like, dat Aunt Phœbe don' heah my lammertations, an' give me mo' ter lammertate fo', w'en in runs my Miss Nannie. De angil looks er dat chile in 'er sweet li'le w'ite frock, an' de li'le black slippers, an' de big blue sash. An', ef ye please, she taken pity on me an' guv me a big chunk er cake, an' calls her paa ter cut out de splenter. She did so. He wuz a ve'y kin' man, ole marse; an' so wuz ole miss, too, dat's cole an' dead now, po' t'ing!"

It was curious what a sense of intimacy Johnny came to feel in this unseen rebel family. He knew all about "ole marse" and "ole miss," who had been an invalid ("ole marse kep' 'er a invaleed fo' twenty yeahs"), and Marse Tim, and Marse Bertie.

Johnny's cheeks were rosy, and he had a chubby little figure; but there was a streak of romance in his kind heart—why, indeed, should only the thin be romantic?—and it pleased him to be indirectly serving these absent enemies through Venus.

She always received him in the garden. "I wud like mazin' ter ax ye in, marse cap'n, but I knows Miss Nannie's 'pinyuns, an' I cay'nt; but de kitchen, dat 'long ter me, an' you is right welcome dar allus. I ain't none er yo' cooks dat's skeered fo' hab folks see dar cookin'."

Johnny's eyes twinkled. North, his chubby form was hailed with delight by all the mothers of his acquaintance—for Johnny had great possessions. South, it appeared, he might be glad to visit the kitchen. He did visit the kitchen, and was content to view the mansion from the garden. Venus regarded the house with awe, and even to Johnny's eyes it looked imposing—a Southern house of the last generation, built in fond imitation of a South Carolina home, with its lofty Doric portico, and the galleries

on the sides, which the Cherokee rose changed into bowers. But it was the garden which was Johnny's paradise. Here, orange-trees, magnolias, and myrtles kept an unchanging verdure through the season, palmettoes lined the wide avenue, and strangely cut leaves of the tropics—fig, pomegranate, date-palm—mingled with more familiar foliage; while everywhere the tree-limbs dripped with Spanish moss. A sumptuous color and glow dazzled the Northern eye; trumpet-flowers swinging their flames against the walls, oleanders taller than pear-trees, the gold of jasmine and the dead-white of orange-blossoms relieved against the weird haze of the dripping trees. Johnny used to be reminded of the Garden of Eden. He would tell himself that the poignant odors which filled the air had intoxicated him.

Certainly he thought more than was good for him of the beautiful mistress of the place.

So, during a few weeks he walked in the garden, and Venus toiled hopefully, and Ambrose was quite as hopeful though he did not toil at all. Then, one fine morning, Captain Tindall's regiment marched away.

He went in the autumn; and in the following summer he was sent back to the town on some military business. As soon as he could he went to see Venus. There was a dismal change in the place. The gate was gone, and the fence looked as though a regiment had charged down on it. Within, it was worse. The flower-beds were trampled out of shape, the scuppernong-vines draggled on the ground, as if torn down by impatient hands; and limbs had been wrenched off the orange-trees, or left hanging at forlorn right angles by strips of bark. The house, with its shattered windows, and the weeds growing over its broad steps, seemed mutely lamenting over the desolation. Yet a wisp of smoke crept out of the huge coquina chimney of the kitchen—token that Venus must still be living there. But in vain Johnny hunted and shouted, and at last in despair he took his way back to the city gates. He passed along the narrow streets, vaguely depressed by what he had seen, until he was stopped by a crowd before the building which still bears the title of "The Governor's Palace."

In the day of Spain the palace doubtless cut a becoming and princely figure, with its tower and balconies and portico, and the famous garden, wherein was planted every kind of tree on earth (according to the old chronicler); to-day, shorn of all these, it is a commonplace post-office, but when Johnny saw it a shabby vestige of pomp remained in the crumbling ornamentation of the façade and the Spanish corridor of arches opposite that row of pride-of-India trees, not one of which remains. The building was used as a court-house by the United States Government during the war; and it was so used at this time. A crowd of men overflowed the corridor into the street.

The people were Minorcans for the most part, dark, thin, and dejected-looking; but there was a sprinkling of black faces and blue coats, and a little bandying of jokes. Johnny asked a man what was going on. He was a Minorcan; he answered, sullenly: "Dey refuge 'low us pay tax, so den dey sell our lan', now."

"Listen," called a soldier, nearer the door, "there's a circus in there. An old colored woman's bidding against Baldy. She goes him ten cents better every time, and he's hoppin' mad! Too bad! He's got it."

A burst of laughter rolled out of the court-room.

"What's the joke?" called another soldier.

"Auntie wants Uncle Sam to lend her a few hundred to beat Baldy, and to take it out in jam!"

Johnny wedged himself through the men to where Venus stood, her gay turban towering above all the heads and her black profile cut against the yellow stucco pillar like a bas-relief of anguish.

She turned a piteous gaze down to Johnny's kind eyes.

"You'se done come too late, marse cap'n," she said; "dey taken Miss Nannie's place 'way. I'se offer dem all de money fum de po'serves, but dey won' hab it."

Johnny got her out of the court-room into the plaza opposite, where he made her sit down.

"Now tell me what this all means," said he.

"Dey done take hit, sah. Fust dey steal all de gyardin truck an' de chickins, an' dey 'tice 'way po' ol' Strawberry, de onlies' cow we all hab leff——"

"Why didn't you complain?"

"I done de bes' I knowed, sah. I cotch one t'ief an' I take my slipper to 'im de same like his own mudder; an' den I tote 'im to de cunnel by de collar. Dey done punish 'im. But I cudn't cotch no mo'; dey wuz too spry. Den dey putt de wah-tax on, an' I done went prompt fo' ter pay, wid de change e'zact; but de boss, he say Miss Nannie am a rebil, an' de loil peoples dey's de onlies' people kin pay taxes; an' he refuge——"

"But he hadn't any right to refuse!"

"Dunno. Dat am w'at he done. Dey done Mr. Dee Medeecis de same way; dey twurn 'im hout on de pa'metto scrub kase he hab two sons wid de 'federates, an' den dey sole 'im up. Dat t'ief, Bal'win, he git de 'ous. 'Spec' he git de town, d'rectly. Well."

Her head sank hopelessly on her breast; but in a moment she looked up; she even made an effort at the conversation which her notions of politeness demanded. "You's lookin' right peart, sah. I hopes you is gittin' on smart. I'se made some dem fig po'serbs an' guavas fo' ye, sah, an' ef ye cayn't tote 'em wid ye, whar will I sen' dem kase I won' hab no mo'—place."

A kind of dry sob shook her frame, though it brought no tears. Her woful patience affected Johnny so that the good fellow couldn't sleep that night. He did what he could—protested against the sale as illegal, and even offered Baldwin twice his purchase money for the title-deeds.

"Ye cayn't buy it of me," said Baldwin, grinning in a very irritating fashion. Thanks to Johnny, he was no longer in the army and he let his old captain understand that he remembered.

"I'm hanged but I'll get the house in spite of you, you scoundrelly cad," vowed Johnny at last. At which Baldwin only grinned again.

For the present, however, nothing could be done. Johnny helped Venus move Mrs. Legare's property into the house of a Minorcan, the same De' Medici whose wrongs had been recited by Venus. Venus herself worked like a horse, and never spoke a superfluous word. She showed a curious patience over all the delays and annoyances of such a flitting; even Ambrose did not get a hard word. He lent his amiable countenance to the occasion, advising, directing, criticising, everything but working; and the next morning he presented himself to Johnny very smartly dressed, with a travelling bag in his hand, like one ready for a journey.

"I'se called, sah," said Ambrose, in his softest voice, "ter 'trust ye, sah, wid my ados ter Venus. I'se gwine 'way, sah, wid Cap'n Grace. Venus, she sut'nly ar comical, an' I wisht, sah, you hab de kin'ness ter look ayfter 'er dis yere mawnin'; she up yonder ter de place, an' I'se unner de impression, sah, she aimin' fo' ter chop Mr. Bal'win's head open wid de ax! Yes'ah. No, sah"—as Johnny made an impulsive movement—"dar ain't no call fo' aggitatin' yo' seff; wait twell I comes ter de squeal 'er de story. I done seen Venus sharpin' dat ax, an' I seen 'er guvin' de stockin'—dat same stockin' she kep 'er money in, ye unnerstan', sah, an' nebber so much's let 'er lawfil husban' peek enter hit—she guv dat stockin' ter Miz Dee Medeecis fo' ter keep fo' Miz Legree. She done so; I seen 'er. I wuz present, pussonly, myseff, unner de bed. So, sah, habin' de bes' wishes fo' Venus, dough she hab no right notions 'bout de duties er de weaker vessel, I'se done gone ter Mr. Bal'win, an he won' go dar 'tall, but send de sogers."

"But she may resist the soldiers——"

"No, sah; pardin', sah; I'se guv 'em de key er de back do,' an' w'ile Venus she darin' dem in front, torrers kin come in behin'. I hates ter argy wid Venus; she am so pregedeeced like, she ain't reasonable. So ye be so kin', please, sah, gib my bes' respec' ter Venus, an' tell 'er I forgibs ev'yt'ing an' I'se done gone fo' good; an' ef we all don' meet up en dis worl', I hopes ter meet up with 'er en de bright worl' above, whar dey ain't no merryin' nur givin' up merryin' an' de wicked cease deir trubblin' an' de weary am at res'."

Here Ambrose took out a white handkerchief, and, so to speak, dusted his

eyes with it; then made a deep bow and departed.

"Venus is well rid of him," thought Johnny; "now, how much of that was a lie?"

But for once Ambrose had spoken the truth, as Johnny discovered when he got to the Legree gate, for he could see blue-coats on the piazzas, and he met Venus with an axe on her shoulder. She answered his questions with inscrutable composure: "I'se gwine speak Mr. Bal'win," said she.

"Do you need an axe for that? Venus, I believe you mean to kill Baldwin. You think then Mrs. Legare will get the place back, but she won't; it will go to Baldwin's relations. You *never* will get it back that way. And they will hang you, my poor friend, and what will Miss Nannie do without you?"

He had touched the right cord. The axe trembled on the huge shoulder, then, all at once, it was hurled to the ground, and Venus was crouching beside it, rocking herself to and fro in bitter anguish, but never uttering a sound. Johnny did not know how to interrupt this savage, silent grief. At last she rose, arranged her dress decently, and said, very quietly: "Marse cap'n, Miss Nannie done los' ev'yt'ing—her paa, dem two boys, an' Marse Renny he killed up, too, las' monf; an'—an' my li'le w'ite baby, de Lawd done take 'er fo' ter be happy 'way fum we all. Marse cap'n, I cayn't lebe Miss Nannie by 'er lone! No, I'se hab ter stay. Oh, how come my witch mammy nebber l'arn me no witchin'? All I knows dess haff er cuss. W'at de wuth am *haff* er cuss? Debbil lebe ye most 'tickleres' p'int."

"Never mind, Venus," said Johnny; "we'll get it without the devil."

He quite meant what he said, and, on leaving Florida, he used all his own and his family's influence, which was not small, in Mrs. Legare's behalf; but it was a time when both sides were stripping themselves of the superfluous moralities for the last fierce tussle, and he could do nothing. Then he wrote to Venus, proposing that *she* try to buy the place of Baldwin. An answer came promptly enough, from Mrs. De' Medici; Venus had tried, but Baldwin wouldn't sell the place for less than five thousand dollars.

Johnny was not too good to swear a little over that letter. "Wait a little," said he, "we'll get the place cheaper than that."

His interest was so thoroughly roused that he went down to see Venus as soon as the end of the war left him at liberty. He found her established in the Minorcan's house, and selling preserves at such a rate that she had to hire an assistant. She had fitted up a room with the old furniture of Mrs. Legare's chamber, and kept it always ready, down to the nosegay on the table. "Kase I knows not de day nur de hour, an' I'se keep ready fo' my Miss Nannie."

Baldwin was as obdurate as ever. This was the state of things when Miss Nannie came back. Johnny was still in town, but so changed was she that he did not know her. He had gone out that day with Venus to "the place." Walking through the ruined gardens, and viewing the deserted and dismantled house, it seemed to him a type of the whole South. Perhaps, because he knew all the little domestic details of the life of the past owners, and because he had, in a way, entered into their joys and their sorrows, a profound sense of the contrast and the desolation made Johnny melancholy. He recalled the radiant creature whom he had seen, with a kind of pang. And it was at this moment that he saw a thin, elderly woman, in rusty, black draperies, come slowly and wearily down the avenue. She was quite near him before he perceived that really she was a young woman, whose hair had turned gray. Venus was just behind Johnny. She screamed, and ran toward the lady.

At the same time a man came around the house. The man was Baldwin. Johnny saw that the lady spoke to him. "Do you live here, sir?" said she.

"No, ma'am," answered Baldwin, civilly; "but I own the place."

"You—own — the — place?" gasped she. "How did you get it?"

"Bought it of Uncle Sam. It was sold for taxes."

Then Venus caught her mistress about the waist, and, supporting her with one arm, shook her free fist in Baldwin's face.

"Oh, ye debbil!" she yelled. "Dis am Miz' Legree!"

"Hey?" said Baldwin. "Well, I don't guess ye'll expect me to say I'm pleased to meet ye, ma'am."

"I thought I was coming home, Venus," said the poor lady.

Johnny couldn't bear any more.

"Confound it all, Baldwin," said he, "let's see if we can't settle this. You say you will sell for five thousand; I'll give you your price."

"No, ye don't, colonel," said Baldwin. "I aint sellin', and what's more, I aint goin' to sell. The land will rise, and I kin afford to wait. An' if I was sellin', d—d if I'd sell to *you*."

"You cur," said Johnny, "if you say another word I'll thrash you." He looked as though he might not wait for the other word.

"An' I holp him," said Venus.

"No, Venus," Mrs. Legare cried. "No, sir; you are kind, but it would be useless; I know the man now. He was an overseer on my uncle's plantation, and was sent away for cheating. He went into the Yankee army afterward as a sutler, but he had to leave because he would get provisions for the people here from the commissary and then sell the provisions."

Baldwin ground his teeth, but it was not easy to deny this with Tindall looking on, so he forced a sickly kind of laugh, saying: "You're a lady, ma'am, an' you kin talk an' I have to listen, if it is on my own grounds, but it's gittin' late an' I have to be goin'."

Mrs. Legare turned her back on him, not deigning to answer. Venus accompanied her mistress; but she rather marred the dignity of their departure by shaking her fists at Baldwin all the way to the gate, and screaming unintelligible imprecations, backing out, meanwhile, as if from a royal presence.

She informed Johnny, later, that she had launched at Baldwin a curse of terrific power. "Dat same haff er cuss my mammy l'arn me," said she, "mek dat Bal'win squeal fo' sho, fotch de wuss sorter trubbel on him. Mabbe he git out dough, kase dey's jess de fust haff. Mos' like gre't trubbel, deff, mabbe, come ter me, too, kase er meddlin' wid de debbil's tings. Dat ar's w'yfo' I done nebber cuss 'im befo'. I like fo' ter lib an' see Miss Nannie. Dess see 'er, dat's a satisfaction ter me."

This was after Venus had taken Mrs. Legare to her home, and when she was bidding good-by to Johnny, who must leave the town that night, having received a telegram from the North about business requiring his presence.

Venus wept as she blessed him and implored him to return soon.

. . . . . .

The decrepit old Spanish town was transformed into a fashionable "winter-resort" before Johnny saw it again. He stared discontentedly at the smart new shops and the huge wooden hotels which had taken the place of the modest hostelries of his knowledge. "Confound it, how they have spoiled the place!" thought Colonel Tindall.

Strolling along, he found himself at last in one of those lane-like streets which are interrupted by the plaza for a space and then go crookedly on until they melt into the marshes beyond the town. He stopped before a house, such a house as used to be common as possible, but which was already growing rare. The pink plaster hiding the coquina front was richly mottled by lichens, chipped away, also, in places, showing the stone. It rose in a straight line from the sand (sidewalk the street had none), and was continued in a garden wall. The steep roof made an upward and forward slant over a hanging balcony, and some queer little dormer windows blinked out above. The door to the house was the garden gate. Over the brass knocker hung a sign—"Furnished Rooms."

"Now, *this* is a decent house," said Johnny. "By Jove!"

The exclamation was caused by the appearance of a gigantic negress on the balcony. She looked down, saw, clapped her hands together, and disappeared. In an incredibly short time she was below, kneeling before Johnny the better to embrace him, and blessing the Lord.

"De chari'ts er Isril an' de hossmen darof," shouted Venus, swaying Johnny backward and forward; "de rose er Sharon an' de lily er de valley, praise de Lawd, O, my soul, dis am you fo' sho', honey! De lamb, wid him same yaller

ha'r, an' lubly red cheeks de ve'y same —dess fatter! Hallelooger! laws, laws —kin ye hole yo'seff stiddy, marse cunnel, dess a minit twell I res' my han' on yo' shoul'er 'n h'ist myseff hup—I ain't de figger fo' knellin', dat's sho'."

Of course Venus would have him go into the house to Mrs. Legare, who received him with a cordiality amazing to the modest fellow.

"Laws, my baby," said Venus, "ye ain't s'pose Miss Nannie Legree an' me done forgit ye? We all 'members ye reg'lar en our ev'nin' supperclations, we does. An' dat ar check er ye done sen' me, I'se got it safe en de stockin'. Miss Nannie, she guv de stockin' ter de bank fo' ter keep in deir big iron box——"

"But the check was for your law-suit —to get back your property," said Johnny. He sat blushing in the most extraordinary way, and thinking Mrs. Legare handsomer every minute. Gray hair?—well, what could suit those divine dark eyes better? Thin?—yes, to be sure; but the stouter Johnny grew in his own person, the slimmer became his ideal woman's shape.

Meanwhile, Venus answered in the fulness of her heart: "De 'serbs, dey pays fo' de lawin'. An' we rents rooms; sleeps 'em, don' eat 'em; an' we alls roomers don' make a mite er trubbel. An' de lawin' ar gwine on prosperin' an' ter prosper; be'n frow two co'ts a'reddy. We alls lawyer, he says ef we kin dess git de 'session we'se git de propputty. Dey's a right smart er folkses lawed bout deir propputty, an' some dey's comperromised, but dat Bal'win he won' gib in—I lay de debbil holp him——"

"How about the curse, Venus?" Johnny could not resist asking.

He got a portentous roll of head and eyes together, and "Nebber you min' de cuss," said Venus; "hit come. Ain't he done los' de onlies' chile he hab? An' I know dis, he don' durst lib in dat ar house hisseff; lets it ter a po' cracker man fo' mos' nuffin', he so skeered."

Johnny soon found from Mrs. Legare that Venus was not misinformed as to the value of the possession of the property in a legal sense.

"Venus," said Johnny, "I think I see my way; I'll manage the cracker."

"Yes, marse cunnel," said Venus, in nowise surprised, "an' dis time, I lay de debbil holp *us*."

Johnny and Venus had resumed their confidential relations at once. He had explained that his long absence was caused by his being in Europe. "Wid yo' wife, honey?" said Venus, rather anxiously.

"I am not so fortunate as to be married, Venus."

"I 'lows twar de lady dat am forternate," said Venus, simply. "Den you ain't merriad, an' Miss Nannie Legree am a widder? Singler! Singler! But ain't she dat sweet, marse cunnel?"

"She certainly is, Venus," said Johnny, with rather a doleful smile, for he had begun to think that he was likely to exchange a few delicious days for a long heartache. "However, I'll get her place back," thought he, "then I can go."

The cracker was induced to move out by night—how, Johnny best knew—and that same night Venus and Johnny moved Mrs. Legare's furniture back into the house. They had unloaded the last cartload, and were standing in the hall, and Venus had chuckled to herself, "Got de debbil on we alls side *dis* time," when they both heard the same noise—the rapid thud of hoofs, as if a furious rider were galloping down the avenue.

Somehow, Baldwin had discovered the plot. "Let him come," said Venus, grimly, flinging the door open wide, "me an' de debbil kin match him!" Baldwin jumped off his horse and rushed at her. She had a candle in her hand, and by its flare her vast bulk loomed up like a black mountain. With one arm she caught the raging man by the shoulder and held him writhing and sputtering with fury, but helpless as a kitten in her grasp, while with the other she slowly and impressively wagged the candle at him in the manner of a finger, saying: "I 'clar' I'se 'sprised at ye, boss, mos' knockin' me down dat a way; clean ondecent!"

"You git outer my house!" roared Baldwin.

"Dis yere am Miss Nannie Legree's house," said Venus; "it ain't yo' house nebber no mo'. We alls got de 'session, and I'se tell ye plain, boss, ef ye'se gwine on dis a way, 'sturbin' de quality an' tryin' ter faze 'em, I'se trow ye down,

right yere, an' *sot* on ye twell ye ca'm an' peacerful an' readdy go home. Fo' de Lawd, I will so. Ye heah me!"

Baldwin blustered something about wanting to talk to a man.

"Try *me*," said Johnny.

"I'll fix *you* to-morrer," snarled Baldwin. "If there's a law in the land I'll have it, and——"

But the rest of his threats were lost, for he turned on his heel, mounted his horse, and rode off, swearing.

"Bress de good debbil, fo' so much!" said Venus.

All the next day they expected him—an anxious day it was; but he did not come, nor did he come the day after, and so a week went by without any sign from him, until it was rumored about the town that he had fallen ill. Then they said that his wife and a servant had taken the disease. Finally the oldest doctor in town reined in his horse to say a few low-spoken words to Mrs. Legare on the street. The horse was jaded and the doctor pale; he had been riding in different directions, but all his patients had the same disease, and all had been with Baldwin.

"He went to Savannah and brought it back with him," said the doctor. "When he knew he had it, he let people come to see him. Yes, ma'am. He has always been a curse to this town, but this is the worst of all, for it's yellow fever sure as death."

Mrs. Legare went home and warned her boarders. There were only three of them, the time being early in November. Two of them left the town that day. The third was Johnny Tindall. He flatly refused to stir unless he might take Mrs. Legare and Venus with him.

"But *I* have had the fever; there is no danger for me," pleaded Mrs. Legare, "and the negroes don't take it. Besides, I am a Southerner, these are my people, my place is here. But you, sir, why should *you* risk your life?"

Johnny looked at her, a longing that shook his heart rising in him, to tell her that it was because it would be sweeter to die with her, beside her, for her, as it were, than to live apart from her. But he only said: "Well, it would be rather a scrubby thing to run off and leave you, don't you think?"

He was the stronger—he stayed.

The fever grew worse and worse. People shut themselves in their houses, so that it became hard to get nurses for the sick. It was such a new calamity that the townspeople were stunned. "There never was a case of yellow fever in the town before," they would repeat piteously, as though there were some hope in their past immunity. Then they cursed the man who had brought this horrible mischief upon them. No soul would go near him, and the house where he and his wife lay sick was shunned like one haunted.

"Let them live or die as the devil pleased," the people said. So the weeds choked the garden, and the wind rattled the blinds, and the rain poured in through an open window, while the few passers-by only crossed themselves and hurried on.

"Hit am de cuss," said Venus, with solemnity, not without a touch of gloomy pride, "de cuss dat I cussed?"

One day, a lady, passing on the other side of the street, observed a little girl mount the steps, and called to her, "Don't go in there, dearie; they have the fever!"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I must!" answered the child, looking back brightly. "I take care of them; I'm their little girl! They're awful sick." Before the lady could cross the street she had entered the house.

"Oh, the poor little thing," thought Mrs. Legare. "Who can she be? They have no children. And oh, how like she is to Tessie!"

She told Venus about the incident. "'Clar' dat ar muss er be'n dat li'le gyurl dey done 'dopt," said Venus, "an' dey does say dat debbil am right petted on her. Dar now, Miss Nannie, you lay down an' res' or I'se tell Marse Tindall."

Already Johnny had come to play an important part in Mrs. Legare's thoughts. In those days of selfish fear and frantic misery brave souls were drawn together. She admired Johnny's clear head and his military cheerfulness, so independent of outside gloom. She would not let him assist her directly in nursing; but he was invaluable outside, the right hand of the mayor, the commandant of the post, and the

doctors. Yet she was conscious, all the time, of a vigilant watch over her health and comfort, and of a hundred unobtrusive attentions. "Nobody but Venus could take such good care of me as you do," she said once, gratefully.

Venus, of course, was a tower of strength.

"Laws," said she, "I wisht I cud mek myseff inter ten folks, den I mought go 'roun'! Say, dough, Miss Nannie, dar am one pow'full comfort en dis yere hour er 'fliction—dat ar ole Bal'win ain't gwine to bodder we all no mo,' kase his gwine die, sho'. Miz' Dee Medeecis, she say she go by 'is 'ouse dis mawnin', an' she heah dat ar' li'le gyurl, po' ting! moanin', an' moanin' rale pittible, an' dey wuz clean deserted, an' dat debbil he come ter de winder, an' he wuz lookin' like deff, an' he h'ist down a tin pail, tied on a sheet tored in two, an' he done holler on Mis' Dee Medeecis, how he'd gin 'er ten dolla' fo' ter fotch 'im a pail er watter fo' ter guv dat ar baby. 'I know ye hates me,' sezee, 'but de chile nebber hurted ye.' So Miz' Dee Medeecis she got 'im de watter, an' she 'lows by dis time dey's all drinked deyseff ter deff, mos' like—laws, honey, whar ye gwine?"

Mrs. Legare did not look at the negress as she replied that she was going to the Baldwins.

"Oh, my heavenly Marster," screamed Venus, "de chile am gone clean 'stracted crazy. Dar, honey, you sot right down an' leff dat ar old debbil die comf'uble; he's got all dat ar watter!"

"Venus," said Mrs. Legare, "I *must* go. I have been thinking of it for two days. I said if the child got sick—Oh, Venus, the poor little child, the baby that looks like Tessie!"

"Well den," said Venus, sullenly, "if dat chile hab be sabe kase she favor Miss Tessie, den I'se de one ter do it, an' I does it. I goes an' nusses de w'ole batch er dem. I knowed dat debbil git eben wid me, foolin' wid he cusses!"

She was as good as her word, and in spite of Mrs. Legare's expostulations went to Baldwin's within the hour.

She faithfully nursed them until the fever turned and the new nurse secured by Johnny arrived. Then she went home. It is doubtful if, in their weakness and delirium, they quite realized why she was there.

The night of her return was rainy, and when Johnny looked in on Mrs. Legare, the next morning, he found Venus wrapped in shawls over the fire and Mrs. Legare busy with medicines.

"She ought not to have come out in the rain last night," said Mrs. Legare; "she was tired and heated, and she has caught cold."

"Laws, Miss Nannie," said Venus, feebly, "I cudn't holp comin', I wuz dat 'omesick. I'se cl'ar sides myseff wid j'y, gittin' back ter my own fambly ag'in. An' dis yere cole am dess de spite er de debbil, nuffin else on earth."

. . . . . .

Just a week from that day, John Tindall, sitting with his bowed head on his hands, vaguely conscious of the fragrance of roses all about him, heard the knocker on the front door clank and clank.

The man outside was Baldwin. Mrs. Legare opened the door. She was looking worn and pale, her eyelids were swollen with weeping, and her eyes had the glaze of recent tears, but they blazed into their old brilliancy at the sight of him and his words. "You see I've come, ma'am, like I said. Now, I want to know how soon you'll be ready to move out!"

He was prepared for everything except the one thing that happened. She drew aside her skirts; she said, "Come in!"

"Well!" said Baldwin; but he came in, stumbling a little because of his weakness and the dark hall, and she, leading, opened the parlor door.

Tindall had jumped up, and Baldwin saw him standing behind some large dark object. Looking more closely he perceived the object to be a coffin, and within the coffin, above the flowers and the soft wool draperies, was the peaceful mask that had been Venus's face.

Mrs. Legare laid her hand on the folded hands which would never work for her again.

"There," she said, very quietly, "there is my last friend. She lies there because she went to help you. She came home from your house and *died*. Now, if you will, turn me—and her out of our home!"

Baldwin's hat was still on his head, he took it off; his face was changed, and he leaned against the wall.

"Damn it all," said he, hoarsely, "I ain't goin' to turn ye out. She came and nursed us, true enough. I know now. Look a here, she's always be'n tryin' to buy it—I *give* her the house."

He stumbled back through the hall. They heard the door swing—not loudly.

Johnny came and stood by Mrs. Legare.

"Dear," he said, "don't say your last friend, because that can't be while I am alive. I want to tell you what Venus said to me just before she died. You know, dear soul, she believed that she was dying on account of that foolish curse. 'The devil will kill me,' she said; 'but I don't care, I got the house for Miss Nannie. I give it to her and you. Keep it for her, won't you, Marse Tindall, for you love her, too?' Truly, she *has* given you the house now, and if—the other—Oh, my darling, I love you with all my heart, don't send me away!"

She was crying bitterly; but when he took her hand she did not repulse him.

"It is Venus gives it to me," he said.

IVORY AND GOLD.

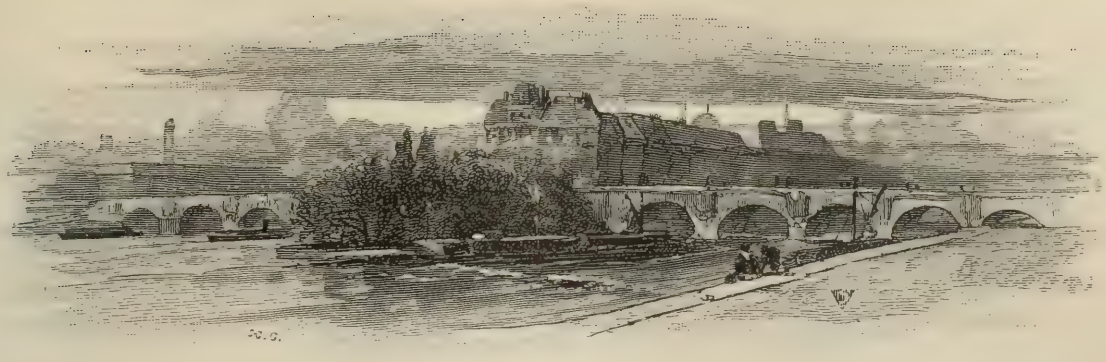
By Charles Henry Lüders.

I PLUCKED you in the August noon,
  When all the hills were hazy
With mists that shimmered to the croon
  Of doves—belated daisy.

You grew alone; the orchard's green,
  Which May and June had whitened,
Save for your modest bloom was e'en
  Content to go unbrightened.

For this, the one I love, at last,
  With countless charming graces,
Upon her bosom made you fast
  Amid the folded laces.

You had not dreamed that you would rest—
  What thought could so embolden?—
Above the treasures of a breast
  So white, a heart so golden.



REMINISCENCES OF

THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, Ex-Minister to France.

THE SIEGE.

It was amazing to see how quickly the demoralization set in after the fall of the Empire. Up to that time, I think, Paris was one of the best-governed cities in the world, speaking strictly of the municipal administration. The police was vigilant, alert and honest, and life and property were everywhere safe. I had never seen the time, up to the revolution of the 4th of September, that I would have been afraid to have visited the most remote and unfrequented streets in the City, for everywhere were to be found the most watchful policemen on their different beats. But this city government practically fell with the Empire, and in the absence of the governmental and political regulations there was much disorder; the streets were filled with the most obscene and disgusting literature, and the vilest caricatures were cried on the streets by men and boys, and sometimes even by young girls.

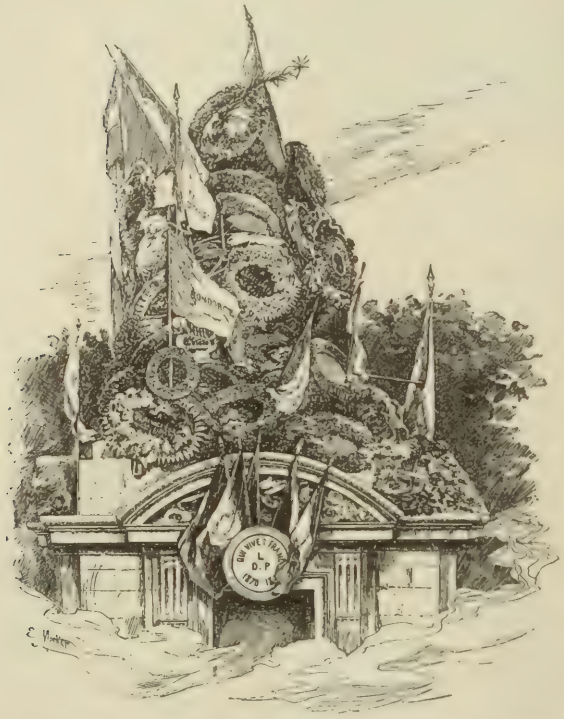
Those days of the last of September and the first of October were comparatively uneventful. There was certain fighting going on outside of the walls of Paris, and the usual number of proclamations and notices were issued, which now, read in the light of history, seem very absurd. The *Figaro*, a very widely read journal in Paris, made itself ridiculous by its advice and suggestions. One day it recommended that the National Guard should choose its *vivandières* from the most celebrated members of the *demi-monde*. Other recommendations, equally absurd and puerile, appeared in the same newspaper.

On the 4th of October, 1870, I recorded the following in my diary:

"16th day of the Siege.

"I had an unusually busy day to-day; everybody calling on me to do something. People now begin to want to get out of the city; and they are very persistent. The most persistent and unreasonable had the least occasion to remain. The Diplomatic Corps met at eleven at the residence of the Papal Nuncio. There was dissatisfaction with the manner in which he had managed things. The idea that he should be, *ex officio*, the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps seemed absurd. He represented nothing but the person of the Pope, and he told me he hardly knew what his position was, for, said he, 'my Sovereign, the Holy Father, is a prisoner.' That was the first news that I had of that event. Great quiet to-day, and no event of the least public interest. The people of Paris are becoming very sober and much discouraged. It seems to be understood that the Provinces are doing nothing. If that be so, the 'jig is up,' and it is only a question of time

as to how long Paris will hold out. It can resist shells and bombardments but it cannot resist starvation. The long processions at the butcher-shops are ominous."



The Statue of Strasbourg decorated by the People. (From a Photograph.)

Entry in diary, October 6, 1870:

"18th day of the Siege.

"For the first time for weeks we have had a dull, foggy morning. My servant comes in and says the streets are vacant and sombre. My feelings are in unison with the appearance of the streets. This being shut out from all intercourse with the world, when you are on dry land, is becoming tedious.

"(Evening.) The day is run out without any incident of importance. Some little glimmer of news has come in from the Prussians, and the Parisians are a little more cheerful. But it all amounts to nothing, in my judgment. Nothing is being done. The days go and the provisions go. Speaking of provisions, I saw day before yesterday in the streets a barrel of flour made at Waverly, Iowa, some seventy or eighty miles west of Galena.

"Made a visit to the Prefect of Police, Count de Keratry, now 'Citizen' de Keratry. He formerly belonged to the French army, and is regarded as a man of courage and ability. He spoke quite hopefully about affairs, but I do not see it. Curious place is that old, dismal, dilapidated, gloomy, sombre, dirty Prefecture of Police, the theatre of so many crimes and so many punishments. If these frowning walls could speak, what tales of horror they might tell! Here were the headquarters of Pietre, the Prefect of Police who had become so odious under the Empire. And what may be esteemed a little curious under this new deal, I have learned that the same system is in actual operation now as under the Empire.

"News crept in on the morning of the 2d of October that Strasbourg and Toul had fallen. This created a very sad impression all over the city. Public opinion is voiced by Gambetta, who issues a proclamation saying that 'in falling, these places cast a glance toward Paris to affirm once more the unity and indivisibility of the republic; that they leave us a legacy, the duty to deliver them, the honor to avenge them.' Louis Blanc makes an appeal to the people of England, and he calls upon the Englishmen in Paris to bear witness to the fact that the windows of the Louvre are being stuffed with sand-bags to preserve the treasures there from the risks of bombardment. The clubs begin to denounce the government. There are many changes in the names of the streets. The Avenue de l'Impératrice has been changed to the Avenue 'Uhrich,' a hero of the passing hour. The journals continue to publish the Tuileries papers, which minister to the morbid taste of a portion of the public. Paris wears a sombre aspect. The guns from the forts no longer attract much attention. There are very few carriages in the Champs Elysées, and the *cafés chantants* have disappeared. The aspect of the villages outside of Paris, at this time, was a sad one. The houses were deserted, the streets were vacant; but one would constantly run across certain inscriptions intended to be insulting to the common enemy, such as '*Mort au Prussiens*,' '*Deux têtes pour trois sous, Bismarck et Guillaume.*' And that is called making war!"

On the 19th of October, Count de



The Three Hussars.

Bismarck wrote me still further in relation to certain persons in Paris, not French, leaving the city, and said that he had written to Jules Favre that they could only leave on the condition that their identity and nationality should be verified and attested by me. He expressed the regret that, in addition to so much trouble, he should be obliged to draw still further upon my kindness, and request that I should warn all persons holding my passports that they should not carry out any parcels, letters, or communications whatever; if they did, they would bring down upon them the full rigor of martial law. In view of so many persons leaving Paris who were required to have my passports, I got out a printed form for a special passport, to which I affixed my signature and the seal of the legation. On the back I placed the following indorsement, which was required to be signed by every person holding a *laissez-passer*: "Departure through the Creteil gate. The undersigned, whose name is in the passport on the opposite page, admits that he has been notified by the aforesaid minister of the United States that he can be the bearer of no newspapers, letter or package except personal baggage, under penalty of military law."

Entry in diary, October 21, 1870:

"33d day of the Siege.

"At 5 P.M. went to see M. Jules Favre about Americans leaving Paris. Pressure to get out is getting to be very great. All the nationalities are now calling upon me, and I believe that I am charged with the protection of half of all the nationalities of the earth. It is understood that there has been a good deal of fighting to-day, but nothing has been heard at General Trochu's headquarters up to half-past six this evening. I think that is ominous; if the French had been successful there certainly would have been some news of it."

It was at this time that I was in constant discussion with Trochu and Jules Favre in relation to getting the Americans out of the city. I shall never forget the interview I had with these two gentlemen. One afternoon, accompanied by my secretary, I went with Jules Favre to the headquarters of Trochu and was ushered into a private *salon*. Trochu, notified of our presence, soon appeared.



The Porte de Creteil. (From a Photograph.)

Coming in with slippers and dressing-gown, he looked more like a dancing-master than a soldier. The discussion was entered upon, and Trochu was evidently prepared to antagonize every proposal I should make in respect to the Americans leaving the city; and I must say I was never more surprised in my life than at the arguments he adduced and the reasons he presented. He would strut up and down the room talking about the susceptibility of the French character, posing in the most remarkable manner and striking his breast. I think one of the arguments he used was that nobody could fully see the emotion that it would create among the French people when they saw the Americans moving out through the Rue d'Italie to the Porte de Creteil, and how much danger there was that a riot might be created by such a sight, and which might lead to the gravest consequences. I declined to be satisfied with the puerile reasons which he presented, but insisted that my *nationaux* should be permitted to leave the city, particularly as they had received the permission of the German authorities to pass through their lines; that that permission I had obtained in the full belief and understanding that a like permission would be granted by the French, and that I then felt bound to insist upon its being given. Indeed, I intimated some ulterior measure if I did not receive this permission. As I was the only man then in Paris through whom the French could have any communication with the Germans, Jules Favre evidently saw how important it was that I should be satisfied. Indeed, he always behaved very well on this subject, and expressed a great desire that my wishes should be complied with. The result was, after an almost interminable gabble for three hours, that it was finally agreed that I should have the permission. A day was agreed upon (October 27th) when the Americans and all others who held my passes might go out. It was a large cavalcade; a line was formed, which passed out of the city under military escort, and which proceeded to the Porte de Creteil. I sent an *attaché* of the legation to accompany this cavalcade, who made a full report to me of the proceedings and of the parties who went out at that time. There were in the cavalcade forty-eight Americans, men, women, and children, and nineteen carriages; and also a Russian convoy of seven carriages and twenty-one persons, having my passes. The passes were all closely examined before the persons holding them could pass the French lines."

Entry in my diary, October 22, 1870:

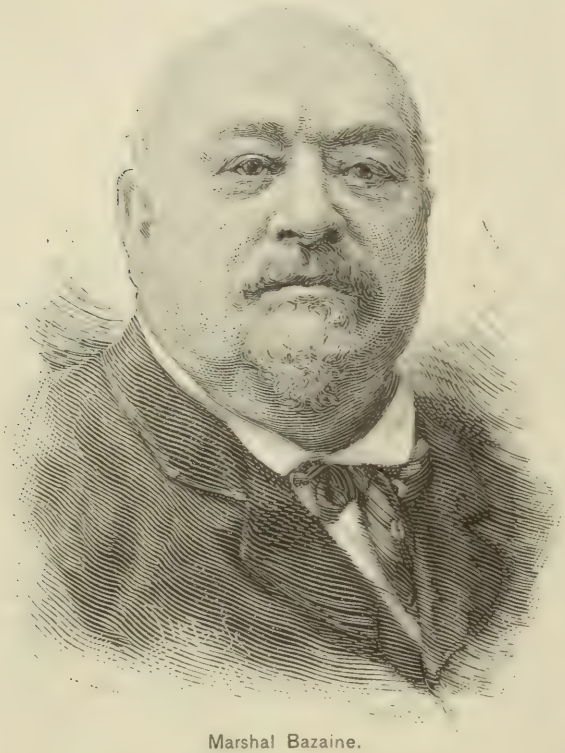
"34th day of the Siege.

"This has been a raw, chilly, lonesome day, and I think there have been more 'blue devils' about than any other day during the siege. The meat ration (fresh meat) has been cut down to one-eighth of a pound for two days. But even that much meat cannot be had. Mule-meat has come into requisition and is regarded as superior to horse-meat. The Parisians are standing up pretty well under their deprivations. They are showing, however, symptoms of lawlessness for a few days. The people of the city have been going outside of the ramparts into the small villages and robbing the houses. No effort is made to stop it, so far as I can learn. We are awaiting the official report of the fighting yesterday, but from what I gather there were no particular results for the French. Thirty-five of their wounded were brought into the American ambulance. I had an interview with Trochu this afternoon on the subject of the Americans leaving Paris. It was far from satisfactory, and it was impossible to tell what the French Government is driving at. I shall, however, get out about a dozen to-morrow. I hope the people who have been waiting a long time, and are very anxious to leave, will be permitted to go. Bismarck requires that all people leaving the city to go through the Prussian lines shall have my pass."

On November 1, 1870, the forty-fourth day of the siege, I made the following entry in my diary:

"First as to the events of yesterday. *Voila!* Another revolution. I was very busy at the legation all day. The same night brought me news of the state of

feeling in the city. The arrival of M. Thiers, the surrender of Metz,* and the disgraceful affair of Le Bourget created profound emotion among all classes.



Marshal Bazaine.

The Reds, up to this time cowed by the force of public opinion, now had their opportunity. It had become necessary I should see M. Jules Favre on an important matter, and I went to the Foreign Office at half-past five, and on my arrival, for the first time I learned of the gravity of the situation. I was then told that Trochu had been dismissed, and that Favre and all the members of the government of the National Defence had resigned; that there was an immense crowd at the Hôtel de Ville, and that all was confusion. I started immediately for the Hôtel de Ville in company with a friend, and arrived there at six o'clock. When within two or three squares of the hotel we found the Rue de Rivoli blocked up with troops singing the 'Marseillaise,' 'Mourir pour la Patrie,' and other revolutionary songs. We left our carriage, and made our way on foot through the dense crowd of people and soldiers, and entered into the building. There we found mostly soldiers, who were roaming around, with their muskets reversed, in the magnificent Hall of the Municipality. There seemed to be a sort of public meeting going on, and we started to mount the wooden staircase. We had scarcely reached the head of the stairs when we saw there had been a grand irruption of other soldiers into the building. They appeared to be composed mostly of the Garde Mobile and Garde Sedentaire. We immediately descended and got out of their way, and went around by another staircase, and finally got into the hall by a side door.

"This hall was dimly lighted by two oil lamps. The room was literally packed by soldiers yelling, singing, disputing and speech-making. The side rooms were also filled with soldiers, who sat around the tables, copying lists of the new government which they called the 'government of the Commune.' They all seemed to regard the revolution as an accomplished fact, which was only to be formally ratified by a vote of the people of Paris. Here is a list of the names of the members of the government of the Commune, handed to me most politely by a soldier of the Red Republican persuasion: Felix Pyat, Lorain, Louis Blanc, Delescluze, Mottu, Blanqui, Greppo, Malo, Chapelin, Dupies, Muller. Other lists were around, differing somewhat from the above.

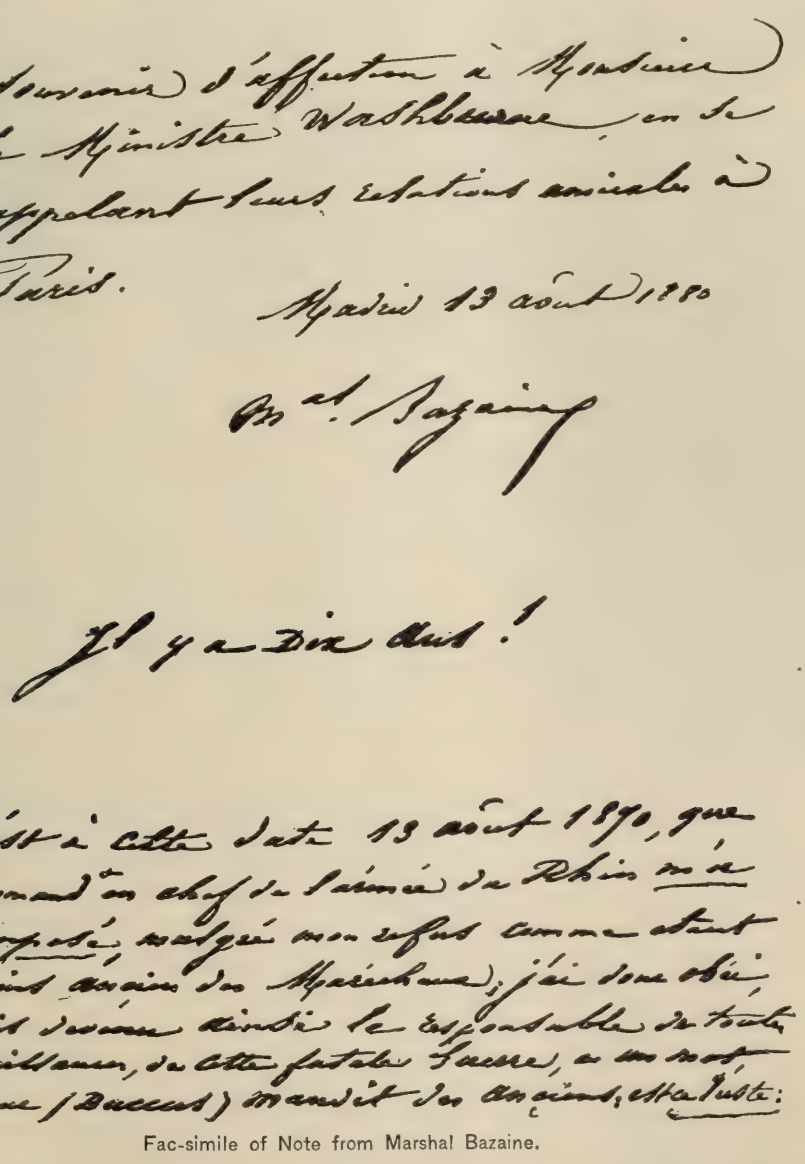
"From the Hôtel de Ville I went to my dinner, thinking that the revolution had been practically accomplished and that we should have a genuine Red Republic. I returned to the legation at eight o'clock in the evening, to get my despatches ready to go out in the bag this morning, and sent a gentleman out to seek reliable information and to get at the exact status before closing my despatches. He soon brought back word that the government of the National Defence had not resigned; but certain parties, headed by Flourens, Blanqui, and others, had undertaken a *coup d'état*, had seized all the members

* Metz had been surrendered by Bazaine on October 27. In 1880 Marshal Bazaine sent from Madrid to Mr. Washburne a photograph as a souvenir "recalling their friendly relations in Paris." On the back of the picture, from which the portrait in the text is copied, he wrote, besides the inscription and autograph, the words reproduced in fac-simile, of which the following is a translation: "Ten years ago!—It was on this date, August 13, 1870, that the chief command of the Army of the Rhine was *imposed upon me*, in spite of my refusal as being the junior among the marshals. But I obeyed, and so became responsible for all the failures of that fatal war—in a word the scapegoat (Buccus) of the ancients. Is this just?"

of the government, and held them all prisoners in a room in the Hôtel de Ville. Some of the people demanded that the members of the government should be sent to the prison of Vincennes; others demanded that they should be shot, but Flourens pledged his head that he would have them safely guarded where they were.

"Then the Reds went to work to make up their new government in the Hall of the Municipality, at the same place where I was at half-past six. A gentleman who was present during this time describes the scenes which took place as ludicrous. There was no harmony or concert among them, and they were all quarrelling among themselves; according to him, they pulled the venerable beard and kicked the venerable body of the venerable Blanqui, and denounced this one and that one as not among the patriots. But in all this confusion they issued orders and gave commands like a regular government. The other government being in jail while this pleasant sort of amusement was going on, some of the National Guard, faithful to the government, got into the building and effected the release of Trochu and Jules Ferry, who immediately took steps to release their associates from durance vile.

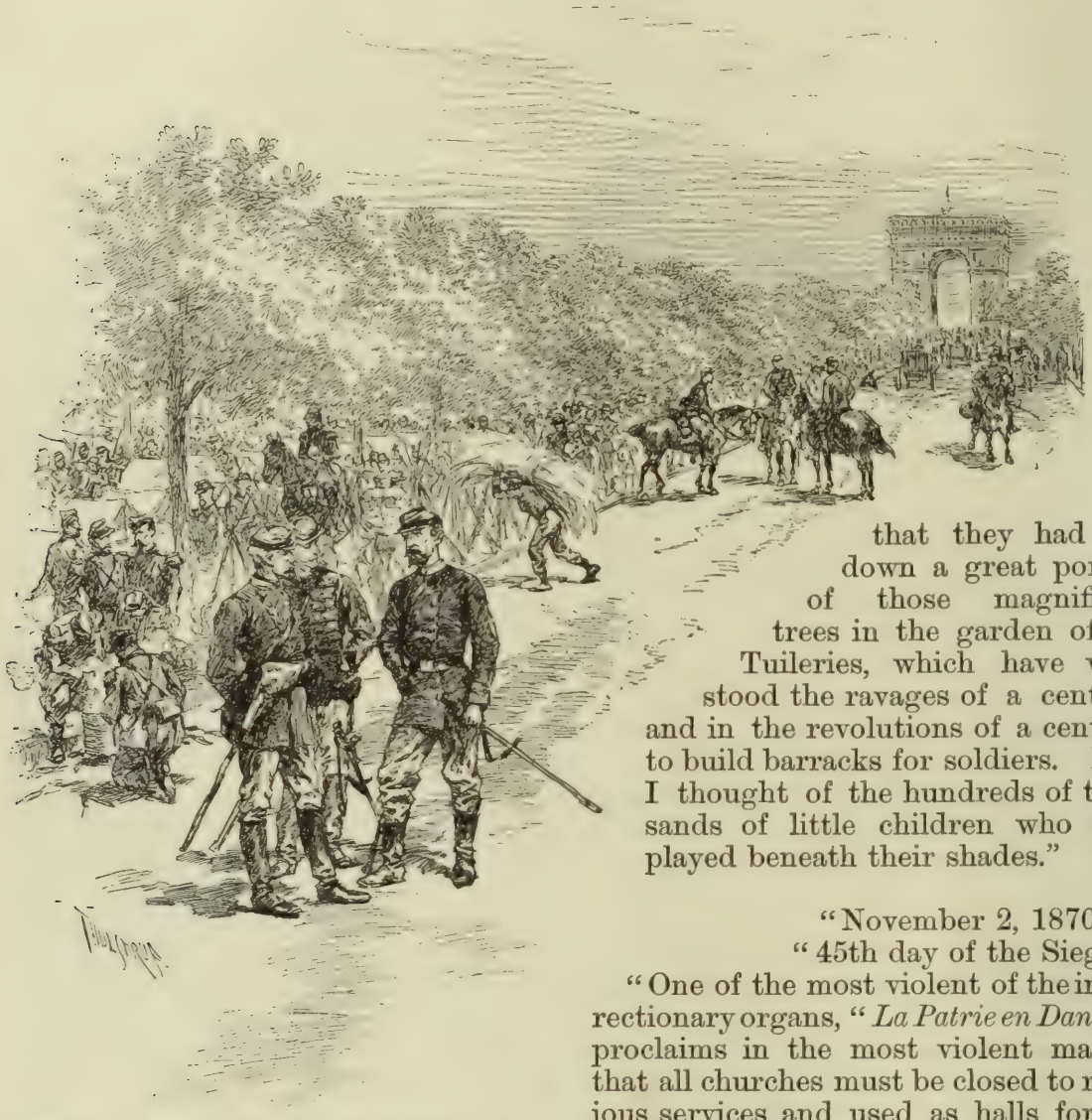
"At ten o'clock the 'rappel' was beaten all over Paris—that terrible sound which in the first revolution so often curdled the blood. I heard it under the window of the legation. It meant, 'every man to his post.' About ten o'clock the troops began to pour in from every direction toward the Hôtel de Ville. They soon filled the Place Vendome and the neighboring streets, and formed in a line of battle in the Rue Castiglione, which they completely surrounded. In the presence of this immense force, all shouting *'Vive Trochu!'* and *'À bas la Commune!'* the red forces of Flourens seemed to have realized their weakness, and before midnight they had mostly disappeared, the government released, and comparative quiet restored all over the city. I left the legation to go to my lodgings in the Rue de Londres at half-past twelve, and going by the Champs



Fac-simile of Note from Marshal Bazaine.

Elysées, the boulevards, and the Chaussee d'Antin, I found all of the streets deserted and the stillness of death everywhere. What a city—one moment revolution, and the next the most profound calm!

"To-day is the great fête day of All Saints. I went to the Hôtel de Ville at half-past nine this morning. The streets were comparatively deserted and most of the shops closed; the great square in front of the hotel was pretty well filled with soldiers. There were a good many people about there, but not the least excitement. I went there again this afternoon, and found the square densely packed with soldiers and people. No man seemed to know anything; each one was inquiring of his neighbor. The whole crowd appeared listless and indifferent. The suffering in Paris and the devastation outside and inside surpass belief. The destruction of that great historical palace of St. Cloud by the French themselves was a piece of vandalism. To-day, for the first time, I saw



Bivouac of National Guards in the Champs Elysées.

that they had cut down a great portion of those magnificent trees in the garden of the Tuileries, which have withstood the ravages of a century, and in the revolutions of a century, to build barracks for soldiers. How I thought of the hundreds of thousands of little children who have played beneath their shades."

"November 2, 1870.

"45th day of the Siege.

"One of the most violent of the insurrectionary organs, "*La Patrie en Danger*," proclaims in the most violent manner that all churches must be closed to religious services and used as halls for the meetings of clubs or for any other revolutionary purpose. All the ambulances must be purged of priests, who must be arrested, armed, and placed before the patriots in the most dangerous places. Barricades must be erected. This is the first thing to think of. No citizen must go out unless armed—revolvers, daggers, bayonets, all are good. All the Bonapartists must be arrested. All provisions must be put into the common stock, and each citizen placed on strict rations. Every individual who knows a hiding-place of gold, silver, or valuables must

make a declaration thereof at the Mairie. Every house must bear a paper stating the name, age, and occupation of all its inhabitants. All women and children must be placed in places sheltered from projectiles. Their cries and their fears will hinder the action and paralyze the courage of some men. In the midst of such madness and fury one might well inquire if it were possible for any good to come out of Paris."

"Wednesday evening,
November 16, 1870.
"59th day of the Siege.

"Legation full of people reading all the old English and American newspapers, which I have left upon the table in the Secretary's room. As they contain no war news that could be made use of, I was glad in this way to gratify my countrymen, who for so long a time had nothing of our home news. There was a great deal of talk about the fall of Metz and what was called the "treason of Bazaine." I asked M. Jules Favre what he thought of it. He said he would not pass a judgment on so grave a matter without further evidence, but the fact that Bazaine had not made a single communication to the government since the 4th of September, and his going to see the Emperor had a bad look.

"It is evident that the siege begins to pinch. Fresh meat is getting almost out of the question; that is, beef, mutton, veal or pork. Horse-meat and mule-meat are very generally eaten now. They have commenced on dogs, cats, and rats, and butcher-shops have been regularly opened for the last mentioned. The gas is almost giving out, and to-day the order appears that only one lamp in six is hereafter to be lighted at night. Only to think, Paris in darkness; but then, no longer Paris except in name. No more foreigners. The government last night decided that in view of the fact that such large numbers had applied to go when they could go and did not, they cannot now stop their military operations to permit them to go out. The Prussians have also decided to let none hereafter go through their lines except those who already have had permission. Count de Bismarck writes that some of those who have gone out have violated their paroles. Few Americans would like to go now, but have to stay. I was very fortunate in getting the great body of them out before the gates were finally closed."

"Sunday afternoon,
November 20, 1870.
"63d day of the Siege.

"One of the features of the siege is the thousand rumors and reports that are constantly flying about. The most absurd and ridiculous canards are circulated every hour in the day. These French people are in a position to believe anything, even that the moon is made of green cheese. Some of the editors are the most deliberate and inventive liars of modern times. One of the papers said the other day it had received a number of the London *Standard* of November 11th, and went on to give various extracts and news taken from it. Everybody wondered how so late a paper could get into Paris, and when the matter was investigated, it was shown that no such paper had ever been received, and that the whole thing was a deliberate and wilful fabrication. The news that has come by 'pigeon telegraph' in regard to the French success at Orleans has had a great effect. Small favors thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion.

"For three days it has been war, war, but now, when these long, dreary days are running out, nothing is accomplished except every few days a letter or a high-sounding proclamation of Trochu. It has been a dead calm since the 31st of October, not excitement enough to stir the blood of a cat. These people, gay, light, frivolous, as they are, would endure wonders, could you convince them that anything was to be gained. They are getting down to what we called in the Galena lead-mines 'hard pan.' Fresh meat cannot last much longer, including horse and mule. The vegetables really seem to be holding out very well, but the prices are so high that the poor can buy but very little. Butter is selling for $4 a pound; turkeys, $16 apiece; chickens, $6 apiece; rabbits, $4 each; eggs, $1.50 a dozen, and so on. The price of bread, however, fixed by the city, is about as cheap as usual. Wine is also

very cheap. Bread and wine will soon be about all the poorer classes will have to eat and drink. What misery! what suffering! what desolation!"

"Wednesday evening,
November 23, 1870.
"66th day of the Siege.

"Raining until noon. At one it had cleared up and I went to the photographer, who complained of my looking 'too sober.' Have been laying in some canned green-corn, Lima beans, canned oysters, etc. All these sort of things are being 'gobbled up.' Nobody can tell how long we are in for it, and to what extremes we may be pushed. I first put the siege at sixty days, and here we are at sixty-six days and no light ahead. The French seem to be getting more and more hopeful every day. Gambetta sends his proclamations pinned to a pigeon's tail, and tells of a great many things in the provinces, and then there is a prodigious excitement all over the city. The new quotations for to-day are as follows: For cats—a common cat, eight francs; a Thomas cat, ten francs; for rats—a common rat, two francs; long-tailed rat, two francs and a half; for dogs—a cur of low degree, two francs a pound; for a fat dog, two and a half francs; and for a '—— fat dog,' three francs per pound."

"Thursday night,
November 29, 1870.
"67th day of the Siege.

"And Thanksgiving at that. Visions of beef-steak, broiled chickens, hot rolls and waffles for breakfast; roast-beef rare, turkey and cranberry-sauce, roast-goose and apple-sauce, plum-pudding, mince-pie, pumpkin-pie, and Livermore cheese for dinner; but not as bad perhaps as it might be, we make the best of the cruel situation. Our thoughts go out warmly to the great unbesieged world. A few gather at the Episcopal Church at eleven o'clock; '*apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*' The Episcopal service is read and the pastor makes a little address. Returned to the legation at noon and always something to do, which is a blessing. The people here who have nothing to occupy themselves with are perfectly desperate. A Thanksgiving dinner at a restaurant on the Boulevard Italiens given by two of our American gentlemen. Quite a little table full and all quite jolly; but the portion of turkey to each guest is painfully small. Toasts, little speeches, till half-past ten, when the guests retired, most of them to go to a little Thanksgiving party given by one of our compatriots."

"Sunday,
November 27, 1870,
"70th day of the Siege.

"Seventy days of siege; that is just the length of time that Metz held out. Some enthusiastic Frenchmen say that Paris has just entered upon the first stage of the siege. I must confess that matters look to me more and more serious. The gates of the city are finally closed for good, and no person not connected with military can now get outside. Everything indicates that we are to confront the iron realities of a besieged life. What a marvel of change in this great city in three or four weeks! All that levity of Paris people seems to have disappeared; no more fancy parades of the military, with bouquets and green sprigs stuck in the muzzles of their guns; no more manifestations at the foot of the statue of Strasburg; no more gatherings of the Mobile and the National Guard at the Place of the Hôtel de Ville; no more singing of the "Marseillaise;" no more arresting of innocent people as Prussian spies. Since the revolution of the 31st of October the government of the National Defence has reigned supreme, and history scarcely records a parallel to what we have seen in this vast city since the siege began. With an improvised city government, without police, without organization, without effort, Paris has never before been so tranquil, and never has there been so little crime. You do not hear of a murder, robbery, theft, or even a row, anywhere. You may go into every part of the city at any hour of the night, and you will find a policeman there, and you will have the most perfect sense of security and safety.

"There is now more serious talk than ever of a *sortie*. There has heretofore been so much gabble on the subject, and so many times fixed for this *sortie* busi-

ness, that I now pay but very little attention to what is said. The report is that a great movement will soon take place, headed by General Ducrot, who, at the moment, is regarded as a good soldier. The attempt is to be made to break the lines and form a junction with the army of the Loire, if such an army exist. We have had no reliable news of anything outside for three weeks.

"(5.30 P.M.) Went out between two and three o'clock and rode down the Champs Elysées; though the afternoon had been cloudy and the ground wet, yet there were great crowds of people walking up and down. I am told of great movements of troops being made all the forenoon.

Called on some American friends in the Avenue Friedland, who are bidding defiance to the siege, having a 'stock on hand' for six months. They recently laid in a little salt pork at $2 a pound."



German Shells Falling in the Latin Quarter.

"Monday evening,
Nov. 28, 1870.
"71st day of
the Siege.

"Entering on the eleventh week of the siege, and after so long a time waiting in this dismal and dreary siege-life, after so many false reports, there is this evening every indication that the hour of action has finally come to strike. The gates of the city were all shut yesterday, and

there were great movements of troops in all directions. It is generally believed that the French will attack in several places at daylight to-morrow morning. The American ambulance will leave at six o'clock, and I will accompany one of the carriages. A pitched battle is to be fought by the two greatest powers of Europe, under the walls of Paris. At two o'clock this afternoon I took a friend with me in my carriage and we took a very long ride. There is something in the atmosphere and the general appearance of the city that betokens unusual events. The day is damp, chilly, gloomy, and cloudy, but the streets are filled. The Avenue of the Champs Elysées is crowded with the National Guard, marching up and down; great numbers of people on both sides of the avenue, and a very large crowd in front of the Palace of Industry. The Place de la Concorde is filled, and as we pass up to the boulevard we find the streets almost blocked. All is excitement, stir, and bustle. We find no diminution of numbers as we proceed along the boulevards; cabs, omnibuses, carriages, National Guards, Mobiles, troops of the line, men, women, and children, etc., and on we go to the Place de la Bastille and then through the world-renowned Faubourg St. Antoine, the great revolutionary quarter of Paris, and everyone is out of doors. The scene is exciting, and the people understand fully that something is on foot, for there is earnestness in their look, tone, and conversation. There is hope mingled with fear, and yet more hope than seems to have been felt heretofore. Then we cross the river and go beyond the Orleans depot, and clear out to the Barrier d'Italie; and



An Ambulance after the Sortie.

there we are told of the vast number of troops that have gone out to-day. All seem to know that something important is on the *tapis*. The coming night is one of great anxiety to the people of Paris, for before another day is past the fate of France may possibly have been decided. The proclamation of Ducrot is very 'Frenchy.'"

"Tuesday evening,
November 29, 1870.
"72d day of the Siege.

"A great disappointment to the people of Paris, who had hoped better results. The information is not full, but one of the officials told me very frankly that the 'results want.' The report is that Ducrot was unexpectedly checked in his attempt to cross the Marne; not enough pontoons, which reminds one of the incidents of our war. I intended to have gone to-day with the American ambulance. We started at six o'clock to rendezvous at the Champs de Mars and on arriving there found orders to return. At noon took my carriage and in company with a friend started in the direction of Mont Rouge, passed the Barrier d'Italie, and

continued on through the village of Arcueil. There had been a little fight in the morning, but it amounted to nothing. We went within eight hundred yards of the Prussian out-posts, but we saw nothing of interest and heard but little."

"Friday, 5 P.M.,
December 2, 1870.
"75th day of the Siege.

"This is a cold, frosty morning. Ice made last night half an inch thick. The battle seems to have commenced very early in the morning. The cannon has been thundering all day, but as I have not been where I could learn or hear anything, I am in ignorance of the events of the day. I have just come up from the Boulevard Prince Eugène, and I saw many crowds shivering in the street and apparently much excited. I went up to our house this afternoon to see how things looked there. While waiting, our old *maître d'hôtel* rushed into the room, pale as a ghost, and half dead with fright, and utterly unable to speak for the moment. As soon as he was able to articulate he said the Prussians had just broken over the ramparts at the Point de Jour, and were coming right upon us. I laughed at him, but he said it was so, because a soldier had so informed him. He soon took courage and went out in the further pursuit of knowledge, and returning, reported that instead of the Prussians coming in, the Mobiles and National Guard were going out to take the Prussians—'over the left,' I presume. The soldiers must suffer dreadfully from the cold. From all I can hear, there has been a great movement to-day. All Paris at this moment trembles with anxiety. There is talk of the bravery displayed by Ducrot. He stands pledged before all France to break out of Paris or die in the attempt.

"On Wednesday night, one of the American ambulance carriages was unable to come in from the field, and as Ducrot knew that it belonged to our ambulance, he invited two or three Americans in charge of it to stay that night with him. He took them to a house denuded of furniture and asked them to supper, which consisted only of bread and wine. Not a single thing besides that. After supper the general laid down on the floor with his guests, and thus passed the night. The men say he was cheerful and filled with hope."

"Friday evening,
December 23, 1870.
"96th day of the Siege.

"A cold, bright, clear day. No military movements and the great *sortie* has proved a grand fizzle, resulting in nothing but loss to the French. One of their best generals has been killed. I understand their whole losses will amount to fifteen hundred men, besides the vast number who have been put *hors du combat* by the excessive cold. The situation is becoming daily much more grave in Paris; the suffering intense, and augmenting daily. Clubs beginning to agitate; hunger and cold are doing their work. From the misery I heard of yesterday, I begin to think it impossible for the city to hold out to the 1st of February as I have predicted. They are killing off the horses very fast. I heard that the omnibuses will stop running next week. Very few cabs in the street at present, and they will soon disappear. In passing along the Champs Elysées at noon the other day I could not count half a dozen vehicles all the way from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde. Without food, without carriages, without lighted streets, there is anything but a pleasant prospect ahead. There is a certain discouragement evidently creeping all through Paris, and the dreary days and weeks run on. In the beginning no man was wild enough to imagine that the siege would last until Christmas."

"Christmas, Sunday,
December 25, 1870.
"98th day of the Siege.

"Never has a sadder Christmas dawned on any city. Cold, hunger, agony, grief, and despair sit enthroned at every habitation in Paris. It is the coldest day of the season and the fuel is very short; and the government has had to take hold of the fuel question, and the magnificent shade-trees that have for ages adorned the avenues of this city are all likely to go in the vain

struggle to save France. So says the Official Journal of this morning. The sufferings of the past week exceed by far anything we have seen. There is scarcely any meat but horse-meat, and the government is now rationing. It carries out its work with impartiality. The omnibus-horse, the cab-horse, the work-horse, and the fancy-horse, all go alike in the mournful procession to the butcher shops—the magnificent blooded steed of the Rothschilds by the side of the old plug of the cabman. Fresh beef, mutton, pork are now out of the question. A little poultry yet remains at fabulous prices. In walking through the Rue St. Lazare I saw a middling-sized goose and chicken for sale in a shop-window, and I had the curiosity to step in and inquire the price (rash man that I was). The price of the goose was $25, and the chicken $7.

"Monday,
December 26, 1870.
"99th day of the Siege.

"Quite a little dinner of ten covers yesterday evening at seven o'clock at my house at No. 75. I could not afford to let Christmas go entirely unrecognized. The cold was intense, but I managed to get the *petit salon* and the *salle à manger* quite comfortable by the time the guests arrived. Here is the bill of fare for the 98th day of the Siege :

1. Oyster Soup.
2. Sardines with Lemons.
3. Corn Beef with Tomatoes and Cranberries.
4. Preserved Green Corn.
5. Roast Chicken.
6. Green Peas.
7. Salad.
8. Dessert—Pumpkin Pie and Cheese, Macaroon Cakes, Nuga Cherries, Strawberries, Chocolates, Plums, and Apricots, Café noir.

"The cold is not as great as yesterday. The papers this morning speak of the awful sufferings of the troops. Many have frozen to death. I take it that all military movements are at an end for the present. The papers say bad fortune pursues the French everywhere. We are now getting long accounts from the German papers of the fighting on the Loire, and fearful work it must have been ; and yet the Prussians go everywhere, but they purchase their successes at a dear price.

"There is now high talk in the clubs. This last terrible defeat has produced intense feeling. Trochu is denounced as a traitor and an imbecile. They say he is staying out at one of the forts and don't care about coming back into the city. He cannot fail more than once more without going to the wall. Never in the history of the world has any army of half a million men cut such an ignoble figure. It should not be said that the soldiers are not brave, for they are. It is the want of a leader that has paralyzed France for fourteen mortal weeks."

"Monday evening,
December 26, 1870.
"99th day of the Siege.

"I add to my diary of yesterday : This has been a very cold day, and the sufferings of the troops must have been intense. I did not leave the legation until 6 P.M., having been kept busy in getting my despatches and letters ready for the bag which leaves in the morning. A great many people of all nations calling ; a greater number of poor Germans than ever. The total number I am feeding up to-night is fifteen hundred and forty-seven, and more are coming. It is now a question of fuel as well as food. Wood riots have commenced. The large square across the street diagonally from our house was filled with wood from the Bois de Boulôgne which has been sawed up to burn with charcoal. At about one o'clock this afternoon a crowd of three thousand men and women gathered in the Avenue Bugeaud, the Rue Stontine, and the Rue Bellefeuille, right in the neighborhood, and they went for this wood. 'Old Pére,' the *maître d'hôtel*, undertook to pass through the crowd in an old cab, but they arrested him as an aristocrat, crying out '*Il ne passe pas!*' Nearly all the wood was carried off. These people cannot freeze to death or starve to death."

"Tuesday evening,
December 27, 1870.
"100th day of the Siege.

"And who would have thought it ? It is a cold, gray, dismal morning, spite-

fully spitting snow. Started on foot for the legation at eleven o'clock, nearly two miles. The butcher-shops and the soup-houses surrounded by poor, half-starved, and half-frozen women. At the corner of the Rue de Courcelles and the Rue Monceau the people had just cut down two large trees and were carrying them off. Every little twig was carefully picked up. At a wood-yard in the Rue Billaud the street was blocked up with people and carts. I hear that several yards were broken into last night. The high board fences enclosing the vacant lots on the Rue Chaillot, near the legation, were all torn down and carried off last night.

"The news this evening is that the Prussians commence this morning the bombardment of some of the old forts, but we do not learn with what success. The bag came in at 1 P.M., bringing my official despatches and a very few private letters, but not a single newspaper. What an outrage! I can look for nothing more for a week. The Prussians sent in news yesterday, by *parlementaire*, that the army of the North had been beaten and dispersed. Another 'blessing in disguise' for the French."

"January 1, 1871.
"105th day of the Siege.

"What a New Year's Day! With a sadness I bid adieu to the fatal 1870, and with sadness I welcome the new year 1871. How gloomy and *triste* is the day! A few callers only, among the number M. Picard, the Minister of Finance, who made quite a long call and seemed to be in very good spirits. But the government has not heard a word of news since the 14th of December from the outside world. It is rather a heavy burden for me to carry around all the news from the outside which there is in Paris. I only made three calls to-day and dined at Mr. Moulton's, and a good dinner it was for the 105th day of the siege. Up to this time there had been no deficiency in certain articles, and no change in the price of coffee, chocolate, wine, liqueurs, and tea. The weather has been so cold for some time that several hundred soldiers had either been disabled or had perished by the cold. The boulevards, dimly lighted, were thronged with people who were bent up and shivering with cold."

"Wednesday evening,
January 4, 1871.
"108th day of the Siege.

"*Nil.* It is cold still, and more dreary than ever. I have been busy, however, with the current matters at the legation and receiving calls. More people than ever seem to be coming to the legation. Indeed, there are so many that it is almost impossible to do any work there. We seem to be the great centre, as the only news that comes to Paris comes to me, or through me; but as I can make no use of it I am tired of receiving it. The newspapers all like to talk. One says it has news that comes through me. Another says: 'I have got news, but as it is favorable to the French I won't let it out.' And then they made an attempt yesterday to bribe old Pére. They offered him a thousand francs for the latest London paper, but he stood firm. I have concluded that it is too much for me to have the news for two millions of people, and I don't care to bear the burden; besides, it may get me into trouble. I have therefore written Bismarck that I will have no more London newspapers sent to me. I had rather be without them than to be bothered as I am. I will have the home papers, however."

"Sunday, 5 P.M.,
January 8, 1871.
"112th day of the Siege.
"4th day of the Bombardment.

"One more day and we don't seem to be any nearer the end, unless this bombardment shall effect something. It is so hard to get at the real truth as to what the Prussians have actually accomplished since they commenced bombarding the forts of the East, eleven days ago. They certainly have not yet got a fort. The bombardment of the forts of the West has now continued four days without intermission, and with all the violence and power that could be brought to bear, and it is plain that no particular harm has yet been done. How long this thing can continue I cannot, of course, judge; but one thing is certain, that the Prussians have fired



Looking into the Prussian Lines from the Château de la Muette.

away an immense amount of material. The carelessness and nonchalance of the Paris people in all this business is wonderful. No sooner does a shell fall than all the people run into the quarter to see what harm it has done, and if it has not exploded they pick it up and carry it off. They have carried this thing so far that the government has had to forbid it. Ladies and gentlemen now make excursions to the Point de Jour to see the shells fall. Twenty-four Prussian shells fell yesterday in precisely the same spot, and not the least harm was done.

. . . . . .

"No bag yet, and I don't see why Bismarck detains it, unless he thinks it could contain bad news for the Prussians, which might come out in some way. The French have great hopes that Chanzy has done something for them outside, but such will prove vain."

"Monday evening,
January 9, 1871.
"113th day of the Siege.
"5th day of the Bombardment.
"'*Des canons, toujours des canons.*' The bombardment was furious all last night and all day to-day. The shells have come into the Latin quarter thick and fast, and many people killed and wounded. Among the latter is a young American by the name of Swager, from Louisville, Ky. He was sitting in his room, in the Latin quarter, last night,

when a shell came in and struck his foot. It fractured it to such an extent that he had to have his leg amputated. He was taken to our American ambulance, where the operation was performed by Doctors Swinburne and Johnston. It has been snowing a little all day, but I have been very busy in my room writing despatches and letters. A short time before my bag was ready to be closed, I got word from the military headquarters that they could not send it out to-morrow morning on account of military reasons. It may now be detained a whole week. The French have some news this morning, the first from the outside government for three weeks. If to be credited, it is rather good. Baked pork and beans for dinner to-day. I showed the cook how to prepare the dish in Yankee fashion."

"Thursday evening,
January 12, 1871.
"115th day of the Siege.
"8th day of the Bombardment.

"From what I can learn I think the bombardment is slackening a little to-day, but it is possibly only 'getting off to get on better.' Much indignation is expressed at the bombardment of the hospitals, ambulances, and monuments of art, and if the city be not taken by bombardment or assault they will only hold out longer and suffer more. The weather has become colder within the last two or three days. We have snow enough just to whiten the ground. It looks like young winter to-day. They are now cutting down the big trees in the great avenues of the city, in the Champs Elysées and the Montaigne. It made me sick to pass through the Avenue Bugeaud, that splendid avenue, with its magnificent shade-trees, adding so much to the beauty of our neighborhood. How pleasant of a June morning to be protected by their grateful shades. Not one single tree left."

"Thursday, 5 P.M.,
January 19, 1871.
"123d day of the Siege.
"15th day of the Bombardment.

"This is the day of the great *sortie*. At this hour nothing is known of results, but it has undoubtedly been the bloodiest yet seen about the walls of Paris. The great fighting seems to be between St. Cloud and Versailles, or rather to the north of St. Cloud. It is said, however, that other parts of the Prussian lines have been attacked also, but I hardly believe it; but the attack has been terrific on St. Cloud. At 2.30 P.M. Colonel Hoffman and myself went to the Château de la Muette, in Passy, which is the headquarters of Admiral de Langle. This is a historic château once owned by the Duke of Orleans, Philip Egalité, and where he held high carnival. Nature made it a magnificent spot, elevated and beautiful, and it was adorned by everything that money and taste could supply. It is now owned by Madame Erard, the widow of the celebrated piano manufacturer. From the cupola of this château is the most magnificent view on that side of Paris, and it was there that we went to look through the great telescope into the Prussian lines. We found there M. Jules Favre, Ernest Picard, Minister of Finance, M. Durey, the Minister of Public Instruction under the Empire, Henri Martin, the French historian, and others. We first look at Mount Valerien, that noted and renowned fortress, standing in its majestic grandeur, overlooking and commanding this ill-fated city and holding in awe its proud enemy for miles around. We then look at the Aqueduct, where we see the Prussian Staff as plainly as we could see a group of men at the house of a neighbor from our own balcony. Then we turn to St. Cloud and see the ruins of that renowned palace, for centuries the pride of France. Now we look right in the eyes of those terrible Prussian batteries, which for two weeks have been vomiting fire and flame, death and destruction, upon devoted Paris.

"But, strange to say, they are comparatively silent, only now and then a discharge from each battery. They have apparently other business to attend to besides firing into the streets of this sombre capital. Five hundred thousand men are struggling to break through that circle of fire and iron, which has held them for four long, long months. The lay of the country is such that we cannot see the theatre of the conflict which has been raging all day. The low

muttering of the distant cannon and the rising of the smoke indicate, however, where is the field of carnage. This crowd of Frenchmen in the cupola were sad indeed, and we could not help feeling for their anxiety. Favre and Picard wore grave faces and were silent, and we only passed the word of salutation.

"From the château I went to the American ambulance. The carriages had just returned from the battle-field with their loads of mutilated victims. They brought in sixty-five of the wounded, and all they had room for in the ambulance. The assistants were removing their clothes, all wet and clotted with blood, and the surgeons were binding up their ghastly wounds. Men who went out with the ambulance, Dr. Johnston, Mr. Bowles, Rev. Dr. Lamson, and G——. They represented the slaughter of the French troops as horrible, and they could not see that they had made any headway. The whole country was literally covered with the dead and wounded, and five hundred ambulances were not half sufficient to bring them away. Our American ambulance went to Rueil, and our men are in a high state of indignation, thinking that the Prussians deliberately shelled them in the streets; but I don't believe that. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, and but one of the carriages was hit. Mr. Bowles saw a shell hit the church where repose the remains of the Empress Josephine. I must now wait until I hear further, and that may not be until to-morrow morning. The day has been mild and a little cloudy, and on the whole a capital one for military operations.

"All Paris is on the *qui vive*, and the wildest reports are circulating. The streets are full of people—men, women, and children. Who will undertake to measure the agonies of this dreadful hour?"

"Friday evening,
January 20, 1871.
"124th day of the Siege.
"16th day of the Bombardment.

"The results of yesterday—blood, tears, anguish, and horror. I was not mistaken last night at the results of the fighting, except it is worse than I could have imagined. The troops have all come back into the town. From what I can gather the *sortie* has been the most fatal of all to the French; and has inflicted no great harm on the enemy. Everything has been so oppressive that I have been about very little to-day. McKean has just been in and says the government published very bad news to-night, and that the feeling of the people is terrible. Trochu admits his shocking defeat, and Chanzy beaten, and losing ten thousand prisoners. I got the news of the defeat of the latter by my bag, which Bismarck has sent in to-day in advance of time on account, probably, of its containing such bad news. But as I give out no news I shall not let that out. Nobody has paid any attention to bombardments to-day. Dr. Kern thinks we may have serious trouble here in France, and that Trochu must be about at the end of his rope."

"Sunday evening,
January 22, 1871.
"126th day of the Siege.
"18th day of the Bombardment.

"And yet another week rolled around and the end seems to be no nearer. Always the same ill-fortune for France. The bombardment less effective. The official report says only eleven persons wounded on the 19th inst. The Journal Official just brought in, with a despatch from Chanzy, and I gather from it that his army will be destroyed. More and more, worse and worse. His is the principal army outside, and when that is gone it will be "hard sledding" for the French. And at last Trochu is dethroned, having remained long enough to destroy everything. Old Vinoy is now in command, but what can he do? He seems to be a good soldier of the old school, but I don't see that he can do anything more than capitulate; but Paris will not agree to that at present. The bombardment seems heavier again, but we are getting used to it.

"(5.30 P.M.). At two this afternoon went to a meeting of the Diplomatic Corps at Dr. Kern's, to consider Count de Bismarck's answer to our letter in regard to the bombardment without notice. We there learned of the great excitement in the town. There were great crowds at the Hôtel de Ville, yelling, '*A*

bas Trochu!' and the Belleville battalions were marching through the streets demanding the commune, etc.

"Leaving Dr. Kern's at 4 P.M., I started for the Hôtel de Ville to see what was really going on. Everywhere on my way I saw straggling companies and straggling squads of the National Guard and great crowds of people in the streets. Descending to the Rue de Rivoli, there were yet more people, all moving toward the Hôtel de Ville or standing in groups engaged in earnest talk. Within two squares of the hotel the streets were completely blocked up by the crowd and our carriage could proceed no farther. Beyond there was a dense mass of men, women, and children, and still farther on the street and the great square were literally packed with soldiers, all standing in the mud. Here we met an acquaintance, a young surgeon in the French navy, who was profoundly agitated and profoundly depressed. He said the Breton Garde Mobile had just fired on the crowd and killed five persons, and that nobody knew what would come next, but that, at any rate, France was 'finished.'

"On returning, the streets were filled with excited people, all making their way toward the Hôtel de Ville. Up the Champs Elysées large numbers of the troops of the line and the National Guard were drawn up. 'Mischief, thou art on foot,' in my judgment. The first blood has been shed, and no person can tell what a half-starved population will do. Old Vinoy may have the nerve to put down the mob; if he have not, the mob will have the nerve to put him down."

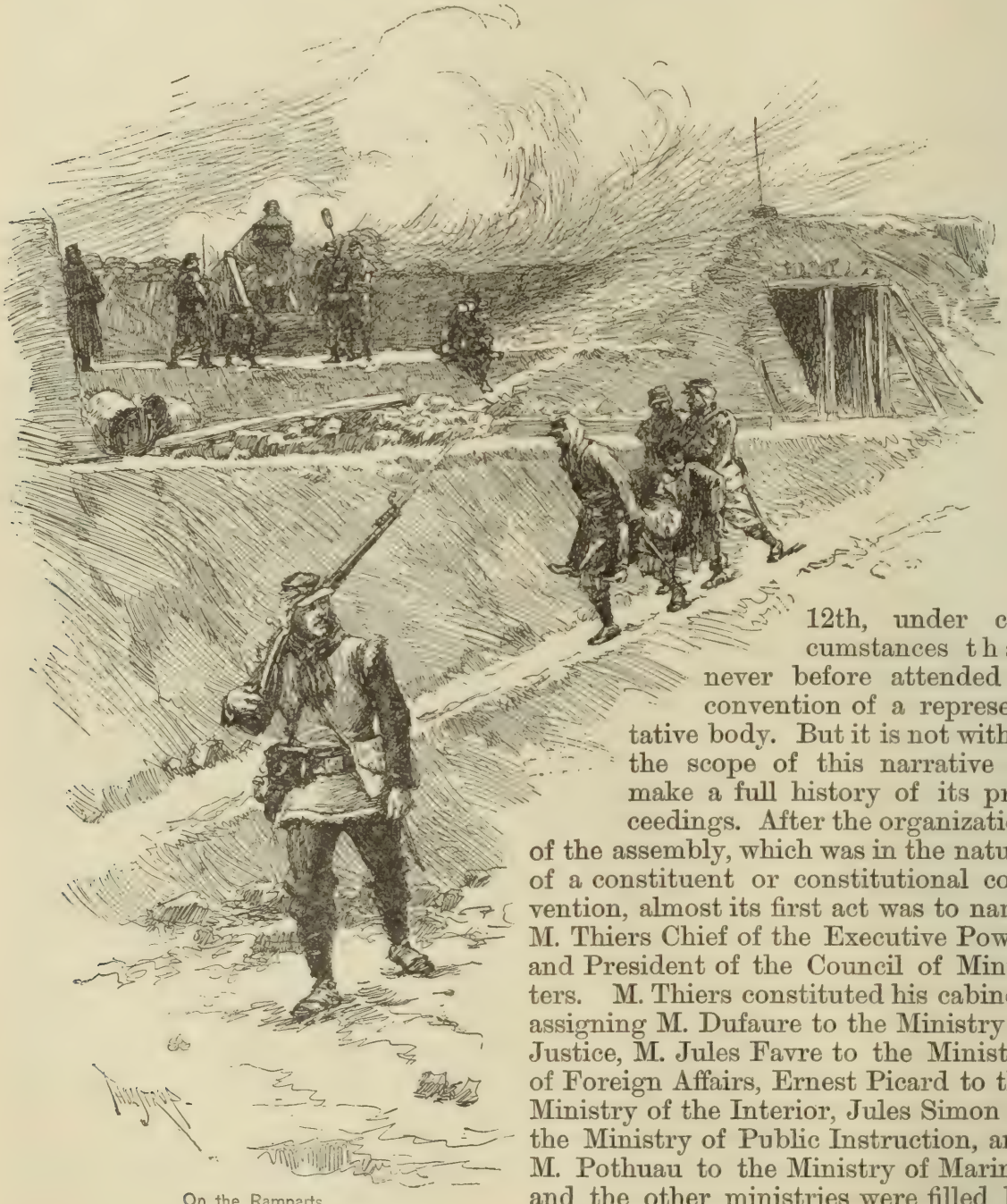
"Monday,
January 23, 1871.
"127th day of the Siege.
"19th day of the Bombardment.

"Yesterday was another dreadful day for Paris, and, as the *Journal des Débats* says, 'the most criminal that ever reddened the streets of Paris with blood.' On Saturday night the mob made an attack on the prison of Mazas, and Flourens, Pyat, and others of the revolutionists of the 31st of October were released. Yesterday morning the insurrectionists seized the mairie of the twentieth arrondissement and went to work to install the insurrection, but they were soon driven out by some companies of the National Guard. Along in the afternoon the crowd, men, women, and children, and some companies of the National Guards urged toward the Hôtel de Ville, crying *'Donnez nous du pain!'* Some of these went into the neighboring houses, and it was not long before a regular attack was made on the Hôtel de Ville. Many shots were fired, and explosive balls and bombs were hurled, principally from the windows. At this moment the gates and windows of the hotel were opened and the Mobiles fired on the mob, killing five and wounding eighteen, and then such a scattering and crying *'Ne tirez plus!'* and in twenty minutes all was ended."

The news of the convention of the 28th of January, 1871, providing for the armistice, was very badly received by a great mass of the lower class of the people of Paris, and particularly by the National Guard, which had done no fighting during the siege, but had been fed and housed in the best manner possible, under the circumstances, by the government of the National Defence. Those who had fought least made the greatest noise, and were more furious than anybody else to continue the war *"à outrance."* Gambetta, at Tours, who had been at the head of the government outside of Paris, could not be consulted in reference to the armistice. On the 31st of January he issued a fiery proclamation, which added fuel to the flame of excitement which was then prevailing in Paris. On the 6th of February, 1871, he wrote to the government at Paris that his conscience would not permit him to remain a member of a government with which he no longer agreed in principle, and he therefore resigned his place.

The armistice provided that the government of the National Defence could convoke an assembly, freely elected, which would pronounce upon the question of whether war should be continued or not, and what conditions of peace should be made. The assembly should reunite in the city of Bordeaux, and all facilities would be given by the commandants of the German army for the election and re-

union of the deputies who should compose the convention. But I cannot refer further to the articles of this convention, which were signed by Bismarck and Jules Favre on the evening of the 28th of January. The elections were ordered for the 8th of February, and the assembly was to meet at Bordeaux on the 12th of that month. Among the forty-three deputies which were elected from Paris were many who had been engaged in the revolutionary proceedings, and who had made themselves particularly violent against the armistice, and who had been inciting the people to anarchy and revolution, and who, after taking their seats in Bordeaux, had resigned to join the communists of Paris.



On the Ramparts.

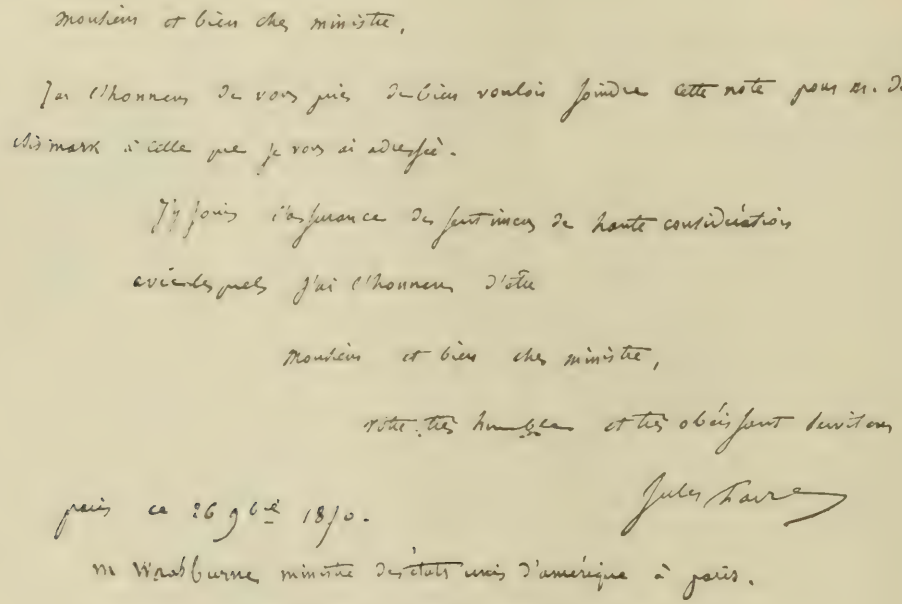
The assembly met at Bordeaux on the 12th, under circumstances that never before attended a convention of a representative body. But it is not within the scope of this narrative to make a full history of its proceedings. After the organization of the assembly, which was in the nature of a constituent or constitutional convention, almost its first act was to name M. Thiers Chief of the Executive Power and President of the Council of Ministers. M. Thiers constituted his cabinet, assigning M. Dufaure to the Ministry of Justice, M. Jules Favre to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Ernest Picard to the Ministry of the Interior, Jules Simon to the Ministry of Public Instruction, and M. Pothuau to the Ministry of Marine, and the other ministries were filled by persons not so well known. A Minister of Finance was not then named. After appointing fifteen commissioners to assist the government in the peace negotiations at Versailles, the convention took a recess until negotiations should be concluded. No time was lost by the

members of the government and the commissioners in repairing to Versailles to enter upon negotiations for peace.

On the 28th of February, 1871, I wrote an official despatch to my Government, in which I stated that the treaty of peace between France and the new German Empire, to be ratified thereafter by the national assembly at Bordeaux, was signed at Versailles a day or two previous. The principal conditions were well understood at Paris, and the news of the signing of the treaty created there a very profound impression. The condition that a portion of Paris was to be occupied by thirty thousand German troops until the ratification of the treaty produced an intense feeling, but still I was in hopes that the city would pass through that trying ordeal without any scenes of violence. The provision in the treaty that the German troops should remain in Paris until the ratification of the treaty seemed to be intended as a pressure on the national assembly to hasten its action. The government made a strong appeal to the people of Paris, counselling forbearance and moderation, and the press with great unanimity seconded such appeal. Indeed, all the papers agreed to suspend their publications during the Prussian occupation. The principal negotiators of the treaty on the French side were M. Thiers and M. Favre. A more cruel task was probably never before imposed on patriotic men, and it was only during the final hours of the armistice that the treaty was signed. It was said that there was a great "hitch" in regard to the cession of the fortress of Belfort. That was persistently demanded by the Germans, and equally persistently refused by the French negotiators; and at last M. Thiers declared absolutely that he would sign no treaty which ceded Belfort, though the Germans were willing to agree that they would not enter Paris if they could retain that fortress. The Germans finally yielded that point, seeing how much M. Thiers had his heart upon it, and how resolved he was never to sign a treaty which yielded it up.

The treaty having been signed, providing for the entry of thirty thousand troops into Paris, until it should be ratified by the assembly at Versailles, the German troops came into the city on the first day of March, 1871. At nine o'clock in the forenoon three blue hussars entered the Porte Maillot, proceeded up the Avenue of the Grand Army, and walked their horses slowly down the magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysées, with carbines cocked and fingers upon the trigger. These hussars looked carefully into the side streets, and proceeded slowly down the avenue. But few people were out at that early hour in the morning. Soon after this, six more hussars made their appearance by the same route, and every few minutes thereafter the number increased. Then came in the main body of the advanced guard, numbering about one thousand men, consisting of cavalry and infantry (Bavarian and Prussian), forming part of the Eleventh Corps, under the command of General Kanamichi. By this time the crowd on the Champs Elysées had increased, and met the advancing Germans with hisses and insults. A portion of the German troops halted, and, with great deliberation, loaded their pieces, whereat the crowd, composed mostly of boys and "roughs," incontinently took to their heels. According to a previous understanding among the French, all the shops and restaurants along the route had been closed; but, notwithstanding their vigorous asseverations that no consideration whatever would induce them to look upon or speak to the Prussians, I found, on going down the Champs Elysées at half-past nine o'clock, a large number of them attracted thither by curiosity which they were unable to resist. In walking down the avenue to the point where the main body of the force had halted, in front of the Palace of Industry, notwithstanding the vehement protestations that had been made that no Frenchman would look at or speak to a German soldier, I counted a body of twenty-five French people—men, women, and children—in the most cordial fraternization with the German soldiers. Stopping for a moment to listen to the agreeable conversation which appeared to be carried on, a German soldier advanced to salute me, and addressed me by name. He turned out to be the clerk

at a hotel at Homburg les Bains, where I had lodged during my visit to that place in 1867 and 1869. From what I could learn, the great body of the German troops were reviewed by the Emperor at Long Champs, before their entry into Paris. Instead, therefore, of the mass of the troops entering at ten o'clock, as had been previously announced, it was not until half-past one o'clock in the afternoon that the royal guard of Prussia, in four solid bodies, surrounded the Arc de Triomphe. Then a company of Uhlans, with their spears



Fac-simile of a Note from M. Jules Favre.

stuck in their saddles, and ornamented by the little flags of blue and white, headed the advancing column. They were followed by the Saxons, with their light-blue coats, who were succeeded by the Bavarian rifle-men, with their heavy uniform and martial tread. Afterward followed more of the Uhlans, and occasionally a squad of the Bismarck cuirassiers, with their white jackets, black hats, and waving plumes, recalling to mind, perhaps, among the more intelligent French observers, the celebrated cuirassiers of Nansousty and La Tour Maubourg, in the wars of the first Napoleon. Now came the artillery, with its pieces of six, which must have extorted the admiration of all military men by its splendid appearance and wonderful precision of movement. Next fell into line the royal guard of Prussia, with their shining casques and glittering bayonets, which had been massed around the world-renowned Arc de Triomphe, erected (and with what bitter sarcasm it might be said) to the glory of the grand army. I witnessed this entry from the balcony of the apartment of a friend, Mr. Cowdin, of New York City, which was at the head of the Champs Elysées. A good many French people were on the sidewalks on either side of the avenue. At first the troops were met with hisses, cat-calls, and all sorts of insulting cries ; but as they poured in thicker and faster, and forming by companies, as they swept down the avenue to the strains of martial music, the crowd seemed to be awed into silence, and no other sound was heard but the tramp of the soldiery and the occasional word of command. The only disturbance that I saw was occasioned by some individual advancing from the sidewalk and giving his hand to a German cavalry-man, whereat the crowd "went" for him. But his backing seemed so powerful that the discontents soon dispersed without any further disturbance. The entry of the main body of the troops occupied about two hours, and after that they began to disperse into the various quarters of the city to which they had been assigned, in search of their lodgings. We were busily engaged at the legation almost the entire

day, endeavoring to secure protection for the American apartments and property. At five o'clock I went to see M. Jules Favre in relation to the sudden and indiscriminate billeting of the German soldiers upon the American residents, and learned from him of the probabilities of the ratification of the treaty of peace by the assembly at Bordeaux that evening, and of his hopes that everything would be settled before the next morning, when the German troops would be withdrawn from the city. He told me that there would be no doubt about the ratification of the treaty. He hoped it would have been ratified the night before, and thus have prevented the entry of the Germans into Paris at all. But M. Thiers unfortunately had been delayed in reaching Bordeaux, and which had postponed the action on the treaty in the assembly until that day. M. Favre was kind enough to tell me in this interview that he would send me a notice of the ratification of the treaty the moment he received it, and he kept his word, for as soon as the matter was completed he sent me the notice. In returning from the Foreign Office, on the other side of the Seine I found the bridge guarded by French soldiers who resolutely refused to let me pass. Soon a large crowd of roughs appeared and attempted to force the guard, and it appeared for a short time as if a sharp little battle was to be improvised. After standing around for about an hour, I was enabled by the courtesy of a French officer to slip through the guard and finally to reach my residence. My coachman was so thoroughly penetrated with fear of the Prussians that he utterly refused to harness his horses again during the day. I wrote an account of this entry of the Prussians into Paris at eleven o'clock the same night. The day had opened cloudy and sombre, with a raw and chilly atmosphere. A little after noon the sun had come out bright and warm, and the close of the day was magnificent. I sent two gentlemen out of the legation in the evening to go through the city and report to me the situation. From the Boulevard du Temple to the Arc of Triumph not a store or a restaurant was open, with the exception of two of the latter on the Champs Elysées, which the Germans had ordered to be kept open. There were no excited crowds on the boulevards. What was very remarkable, and without precedent in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, not an omnibus was running in the whole city, and every omnibus office was closed. Neither was there a private or a public carriage to be seen, unless a hearse could be deemed and taken as a "public carriage;" unfortunately, too many of these were then seen in every hour of the day. Paris seemed literally to have died out. There was neither song nor shout in all her streets. The whole population was marching about as if under a cloud of oppression. The gas was not yet lighted, and the streets presented a sinister and sombre aspect. All butcher and barber shops in that part of the city occupied by the Germans were closed, and if the people had not provided themselves for the emergency there would have been an increase of suffering. The Bourse was closed by the order of the syndics of change. No newspapers appeared on that day except the Journal Officiel. No placards were posted upon the walls of Paris, and I could hear of no act of violence of any significance. It is but just to say that the people of Paris bore themselves during all that cruel experience with a degree of dignity and forbearance which did them infinite credit.



SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE NAME OF THE FAMILY.

Miss Sabrina sat by her accustomed window an hour after the return from the grave, waiting for Albert. The mourning dress, borrowed for the occasion from a neighbor, was cut in so modern a fashion, contrasted with the venerable maiden's habitual garments, that it gave her spare figure almost a fantastic air. The bonnet, with its yard of dense, coarse-ribbed crape, lay on the table at her elbow, beside her spectacles and the unnoticed Bible. Miss Sabrina was ostensibly looking out of the window, but she really saw nothing. She was thinking very steadily about the coming interview with her nephew, and what she would say to him, and wondering, desponding, hoping about his answers.

The door opened, and Albert entered. "You wanted to see me, Aunt, so Annie said," he remarked gravely, in a subdued tone.

She motioned him to a chair and answered, in a solemn voice curiously like his own: "Yes, there's some things I want to say to you, all by yourself."

They sat for some moments in silence, the lawyer watching his aunt with amiable forbearance, as if conscious that his time was being wasted, and she, poor woman, groping in a novel mental fog for some suitable phrases with which to present her views. Under Albert's calm, uninspiring gaze those views seemed to lose form, and diminish in intelligence as much as in distinctness. It had all been so clear to her mind—and now she suddenly found it fading off into a misty jumble of speculations, mere castles in the air. She had expected to present an unanswerable case lucidly and forcibly to her lawyer nephew; instead, it seemed increasingly probable that he would scout the thing as ridiculous—and, what was worse, be justified in so doing. So it was that she finally made her beginning doubtingly, almost dolefully:

"Of course I dunno haow you feel abaout it, Albert, but I can't help thinking something ought to be settled abaout th' farm, while yer here."

"Settled? How settled?" asked Albert. There was a dry, dispassionate fibre in his voice which further chilled her enthusiasm.

"Why—well—you knaow—what I mean, Albert," she said, almost pathetically. It was so hard to know just how to say things to Albert.

"On the contrary, I don't in the least know what you mean. What do you want settled about the farm? What is there to settle about it?"

"Oh, nothin', ef yeh don't choose to understand," said Miss Sabrina.

Another period of silence ensued. Albert made a movement as if to rise, and said:

"If there isn't anything more, I think I'll go down again."

There was an artificial nicety of enunciation about this speech, which grated on the old lady's nerves. She squared her shoulders and turned upon her nephew.

"Naow what's the use of bein' mean, Albert? Yeh dew knaow what I'm thinking of, jis' ez well ez I dew! Yeh unly want to make it ez hard fer me to tell yeh as yeh possibly kin. I s'pose thet's the lawyer of it!"

Albert smiled with all his face but the eyes, and slightly, lifting his hands from his fat knees, turned them palms up, in mute deprecation of his aunt's unreasonableness. The gesture was as near the shoulder-shrug as the self-contained lawyer ever permitted himself to go. It was a trifle, but it angered the old maid enough to remove the last vestige of hesitation from her tongue:

"Well, ef yeh *don't* knaow what I mean, then I'll tell yeh! I mean that ef th' Fairchilds are goin' to be a Dearborn Caounty fam'ly, 'n' hole their heads up

amongst folks, ther's got to be a change o' some sort right away. Your father's let everything slide year after year, till there's pesky little lef' naow to slide on. He's behine hand agin in money matters, even with th' Pratt mortgage on top of t'others. What's wuss, it's in everybody's maouth. They've left him off th' board at th' cheese-factory this year, even; of course they say, it's cuz he never 'tended th' meetin's—but I knaow better! It's jis' cuz Lemuel Fairchild's goin' deown hill, 'n' the farm's goin' to rack 'n' ruin, 'n' ev'rybuddy knaows it. Jis' think of it? Why, 'twas th' Fairchilds made that cheese-factory, 'n' it's allus gone by aour name, 'n' we used to sen' th' milk of a hundred 'n' thirty caows there—almost as much as all th' rest of 'em put togither—'n' ez I said to Leander Crump, when he was squirmin' raound tryin' to make me b'lieve they didn't mean nothin' by droppin' Lemuel aout o' th' board, says I—'Nobuddy ever 'spected a tablespoonful o' water in aour milk!'—'n' he colored up, *I* tell yeh!"

"No doubt," said Albert, impassively.

Miss Sabrina paused to mentally retrace her argument, and see if this remark had any special bearing. She could discover none, and grew a little angrier.

"Well, then, th' question's right here. My father, your grandfather, made a name fer hisself, and a place for his fam'ly, here in Dearborn Caounty, second to nobuddy. Fer years 'n' years I kin remember thet th' one question people ast, when it was proposed to dew anything, was 'What does Seth Fairchild think 'baout it?' He went to th' Senate twice; he could 'a gone to Congress from this deestrick time 'n' time agin, if he'd be'n a mine to. Ev'rybuddy looked up to him. When he died, all of a suddent, he lef' Lemuel th' bes' farm, th' bes' stock, th' bes' farmhaouse, fer miles raound. Well, thet's forty year ago. I've lived here threw it all. I've swallered my pride every day in th' week, all thet time. I've tried to learn myself a humble spirit—but I've hed to see this place, and the fam'ly, going daown, daown, daown!"

There were tears in the old maid's eyes now, as she spoke, tears of mortification and revolt against her helplessness, for she seemed to read the failure of her appeal in the placid face of her nephew, with its only decent pretence of interest. She went on, with a rising voice:

"You knaow a little of haow things hev' gone, though you've allus took precious good pains to knaow ez little ez yeh could. You knaow that when you were a boy you were a rich man's son, with yer pony, 'n' yer dancin' lessons, 'n' yer college eddication; 'n' yer mother dressed well, 'n' had a kerridge, 'n' visited with th' bes' people of Albany, people who were *my* friends tew when I used to go to Albany with yer grandfather. 'N' what hev we come to? Yer mother slaved her life aout, lost all her ambition, lost all her pride, saw things goin' to th' dogs and didn't knaow haow to stop 'em—sakes forbid thet I should say anything agin Sissly; she did all she could; p'raps 'twould 'ev gone different if she'd be'n a different kine o' woman, p'raps not; there's no use talkin' 'baout thet. 'N' ef I'd hed *my* say, tew, maybe things'd be'n different; but it's ez it is, 'n' it's no use cryin' over spilt milk.

"Father never meant to be hard with me. When he lef' me nothin' but a living aout o' th' farm, he expected, ev'rybuddy expected, my Aunt Sabrina'd leave me a clean sixty thaousand dollars when she died. She was an ole woman, 'n' a widow, 'n' she hed no childern. She'd allus promised my father thet if I was named after her—confaound her name!—I shaould be her heir. 'N' then, less'n a year after his death what does the old huzzy up 'n' do but marry some fortune hunter young enough to be her son, 'n' give him every cent she hed in the world. He led her a fine dance of it, tew, 'n' serve her right! But there I was, lef' 'thaout a thing 'cep' a roof over my head.

"'N' then Lemuel, nothin' 'ud do but he must go to Californy when the gold cry riz, 'n' no sooner 'd he git there than he was homesick 'n' hed to come back; 'n' when he got back, 'n' begun to hear what fortunes them who'd gone aout with him were a making, than he must start aout again. But where it 'd be'n wilderness a few months b'fore, he faound cities naow, 'n' ev'ry chance took up; then

he got robbed o' all his money, 'n' hed to borrer, 'n' then he took chills 'n' fever off th' isthmus, 'n' hed to lay in quarantine fer weeks, on 'caount o' th' yellah fever; it 'd be'n a poor year on the farm, 'n' when he got back, it took ev'ry cent of his ready money to set himself right.

"From thet day to this, his Californy luck has stuck to him like death to a nigger, tell here, to-day, the Fitches don't think it wuth while to come to your poor mother's fun'ral—I kin remember Lije Fitch when he was glad enough to beg beans o' my father fer seed—'n' I'm wearing borrered mournin' of Sarah Andrewses, *a mile tew big for me!*"

"It seems to me I've been told all this a good many times, Aunt Sabrina," said Albert, as his aunt stopped and glared at him, trembling with the excitement of her peroration. "There's nothing very pleasant in it, for either of us, to listen to or talk about; but I don't see that there's anything more than I've heard over and over again, except about your having on another woman's dress, and I don't assume that I'm expected to interfere about *that!*"

Poor Miss Sabrina was too deeply moved, and too much in earnest, to note the sarcastic levity underlying the lawyer's conclusion. She caught only the general sense of a negative response, and looked at her nephew steadily with a gaze half indignant, half appealing.

"Then you won't dew anything, ay?" she asked at last.

"Oh, I am very far from saying that. *That's* another thing. You send for me, saying that you have an important communication to make to me—at least, I assume that it is important, from the circumstances surrounding the request. I come, and you first insist that I know as well as you do what you mean, and then, when I demur, you rehearse all the unfortunate details of my father's failure in life. I suggest that these are already tolerably familiar to me, and *this* mild statement you construe as a definite refusal on my part to do something—what, I don't know."

"I declare, Albert, you better send in a bill fer givin' me this consultation. *I* never knew a son who could take his father's ruin 'n' his fam'ly's disgrace so cool before. I s'pose *that's* th' lawyer of it, tew!"

"Perhaps it's an advantage that some one of the family should keep cool, Aunt, and look at things one by one, in their true relation. Now, if you have any proposition to make to me, any plan to present for my consideration, I should like to hear it—because really this other style of conversation is profitless beyond description. In a word, what do you want me to do?"

"What do I want yeh to do?" The old maid leaned forward and put a thin, mitted hand on Albert's knee, looking eagerly into his face, and speaking almost shrilly. "I want yeh to take this farm, to come here to live, to make it a rich gentleman's home agin! to put the Fairchilds up once more where my father left 'em."

"Yes?" was the provokingly unenthusiastic response.

Miss Sabrina felt that she had failed. She put her spectacles on, and took the Bible into her lap, as if to say that she washed her hands of all mundane matters. But it did not suit Albert to regard the interview as closed.

"There is one thing you don't seem to see at all, Aunt," he said; "that is, that Dearborn County is relatively not altogether the most important section of the Republic, and that it is quite possible for a man to win public recognition or attain professional distinction in other communities which might reconcile him to a loss of prestige here. It may sound like heresy to you, but I am free to admit that the good opinion of the business men of New York City, where I am regarded as a successful sort of man, seems to me to outweigh all possible questions as to how I am regarded by Elhanan Pratt and Leander Crump and —and that Baptist gentleman, for instance, whom you had here to-day. The world has grown so large, my dear aunt, since your day, that there are thousands upon thousands of Americans now who go all their lives without ever once thinking about Dearborn County's opinion. Of course I can understand how deeply you must feel what you regard as a social decline in the eyes of your neighbors. But truly, it does not specially affect me. They are not my neighbors; if I seem

to them to be of less importance than I was in my boyhood, when I had a pony, I can't help it, and I am sure I don't want to. Frankly, to use my mother's old phrase, I don't care a cotton hat for their opinion—good, bad, or indifferent. It is this, I think, which you leave out of your calculation."

Miss Sabrina had listened, with the Book opened only by a finger's width. The elaborate irony of her nephew's words had escaped her, but she saw a gleam of hope in his willingness to discuss the matter at all.

"But then this is the home o' the Fairchilds; the fam'ly belongs to Dearborn Caounty; father was allus spoken of ez Seth Fairchild o' Dearborn, jis' as much ez—ez Silas Wright o' Dutchess."

"Of course that last is a powerful argument," said Albert with a furtive smile twitching at the corners of his mouth. "But, after all, the county-family idea doesn't seem to attract me much. Why, aunt, do you know that your grandfather Roger was a journeyman shoemaker, who walked all the way here from Providence? There was nothing incongruous in his son becoming a Senator. Very well; if you have a state of society where sudden elevations of this sort occur, there will inevitably be corresponding descents—just as lean streaks alternate with fat in the bacon of commerce. The Fairchilds went up—they come down. They have exhausted the soil. Do you see?"

"Nao! I don't see a bit! 'N' I b'lieve at heart you 're jis' ez praoud ez I be!"

"Proud? Yes! Proud of myself, proud of my practice, proud of my position. But proud because three or four hundred dull countrymen, seeing my cows sleek, my harness glossy, my farm well in order, and knowing that my grandfather had been a State Senator, would consider me a 'likely' man—no, not at all."

Albert rose at this to go, and added, as he turned the door-knob:

"As soon as he's equal to it, Aunt Sabrina, I'll get father to go over his affairs with me, and I'll try and straighten them out a trifle. I dare say we can find some way out of the muddle."

"But yeh won't take up the thing yerself? Yeh won't dew what I wanted yeh tew?"

The lawyer smiled, and said: "What really? Come here and be a farmer?"

Miss Sabrina had risen, too, and came toward her nephew. "No," she said, "not a farmer. Be a country gentleman, 'n'—'n'—a Congressman!"

Albert smiled again, and left the room. He smiled to himself going down the stairs, and narrowly escaped forgetting to change his expression of countenance when he entered the living room, where were sitting people who had not entirely forgotten the fact that it was a house of mourning.

For Albert had a highly interesting idea in his mind, both interesting and diverting. Curiously enough he had begun developing it from the moment when his aunt first disclosed her ambition for him. At the last moment, in a blind way she had suggested the first political office that entered her mind as an added bribe. She could not know that her astute nephew had, from the first suggestion of her plan, been trying to remember whether it was Jay and Adams Counties, or Jay and Morgan, that were associated with Dearborn in the Congressional District; or that, when she finally in despair said, "Be a country gentleman and a Congressman," his brain had already turned over a dozen projects in as many seconds, every one Congressional.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

After the early supper of stale bread, saltless butter, dark dried apple-sauce, and chippy cake had been disposed of, Lemuel returned to his rocking-chair by the stove, Aunt Sabrina and Isabel took seats, each at a window, and read by the fading light, and Albert put on his hat, lighted a cigar, and went out. His brother John stood smoking a pipe in the yard, leaning against the high well-curb, his hands deep in his pantaloons pockets, and his feet planted far to the front and wide apart. Seth was coming from the barns toward the well, with a bucket in his hand. Albert

walked across to the curb, and the three brothers were alone together for the first time in years.

"It does one good to be out of doors such an evening as this," said Albert. "It seems to me it would be better if father would get out in the open air more, instead of sitting cooped up over that stove all the while."

"When a man's been out in the open air, rain or shine, snow or blow, for fifty years, he ought to have earned the right to stay inside, if he wants to. That's about the only reward there is at the end of a farmer's life," answered Seth, turning the calf-bucket upside down beside John and sitting on it. Seth had his old clothes on once more, and perhaps there was some consciousness of the contrast between his apparel and that of his black-clad brethren in the truculent tone of his reply.

John had nodded at Albert on his approach, and thrust his feet a trifle farther forward. He still stood silent, looking meditatively at the row of poplars on the other side of the road through rings of pipe-smoke.

"So you don't think much of farm work, eh?" said Albert.

"Who does?" said Seth, sententiously.

A considerable period of silence ensued. Albert had never had a very high idea of his younger brothers' conversational qualities, and had rarely known how to talk easily with them, but tonight it seemed a greater task than ever. He offered them cigars in a propitiatory way. Seth accepted and lit one; John said, "Thanks, I prefer a pipe," and silence reigned again.

It was twilight now, and in the gathering dusk there was no sign of motion about, nor any sound save the tinkle of a sheep-bell in the pasture opposite.

John's pipe burned out, and Albert pressed a cigar upon him again.

"I *want* you to try them," he said, almost pleadingly, "I'm sure you'll like them. They are a special brand the steward at the Union League gets for me."

This time John consented, and he seemed to feel that the act involved a responsibility to talk, for he said, with an effort at amiability as he struck a match:

"Your wife seems to be looking very well."

"Yes, Isabel's health is perfect, and it always benefits her to get out in the country. That's a kind of Irishism isn't it? I mean it makes her good health more obvious."

"Good health is a great thing," John answered.

The conversation was running emptings again, almost at the start. Albert made a heroic effort to strengthen it.

"Well, this is a regular quakers' meeting," he said, briskly. "We see each other so seldom, we are almost strangers when we do meet. I want to be frank with you, come now, and you should be frank with me. You have something on your minds, I can see. Isn't it something I ought to know?"

Seth spoke again: "Perhaps on the evening of one's mother's funeral it isn't to be expected that even brothers should feel chatty."

The village journalist felt the injustice of this comment from the youngster.

"No, Seth," he said, "don't snap Albert up in that fashion. I dare say he feels the thing, in his own way, as much as the rest of us. You are right, Albert; there *is* something, and I'll tell you plainly what it is. Do you see those poplars over there? In the morning their shadows come almost to our front door. Father planted them with his own hands. When I was a boy, I used to play over there, and climb up on to the bolls, and pretend I was to build houses there, like in 'Swiss Family Robinson.' Well, that land passed out of our hands so long ago—it's been an old story for years. Do you see the roof of the red school-house over back of the hill?" turning toward the South. "Or no, the light is too poor now, but you know where it is. When I used to cut 'cross lots to school there, I went the whole way over father's land. Now, if I wanted to go there, how many people would I trespass on, Seth?"

"Ferguson owns the clover meadow, and Pratt has the timothy meadow, and what we used to call the berry patch belongs to Sile Thomas; he's begun to build a house on it."

"Precisely. Why, even the fence

close to where mother's grave is, divides ours from another man's land now."

"Sabrina spoke to me about all this this afternoon," said Albert, hesitatingly, "and I tried, as I often have before, to make her understand that that must be the natural course of affairs, so long as the East tries to compete with the West in farming."

"Well, that may be all right, but Elhanan Pratt seems to manage to compete with the West, as you call it, and so do the Fergusons and all the rest of them. We are the only ones who appear to get left, every time. Of course, it's somebody's fault. Father's been a poor manager, no use of denying that. But that doesn't make it any the easier to bear. Father hardly knows which way to turn for money; he might have scraped through the year if hops had had a good season, but at nine cents a pound it was hardly worth while to take them to the depot. You can't clear expenses at less than eleven cents. And then if he does have a fairly decent year, his hop-pickers are always the most drunken, idle gang of them all, who eat their heads off, and steal more fruit and chickens than they pick boxes, and if anybody's hops are spoiled in the kiln, you can bet on their being Fairchild's, every time. And three years ago, it was the hop merchant who failed, just at the opportune moment, and let father in for a whole year's profit and labor. Of course, it's all bad luck, mismanagement, whatever you like to call it, and it can't be helped, I suppose. But it makes a man sour, and it broke poor mother's heart. And then here's Seth."

"Oh, never mind me, I can stand it, I guess, if the rest can. I'm not complaining" came from the figure on the bucket—only dimly to be seen now, in the shadow of the curb, and the increasing darkness.

"Here's Seth," continued John, without noting the disclaimer. "You and I had *some* advantages—of course, mine were not to be compared with yours, but still I was given a chance, such as it was, and I don't know that I would trade what I learned at work during college years for a college education—but this poor boy, who's thought about him, who's given him a chance to show what's in him? He's been allowed to come up as he could, almost like any farm laborer. His mother tried to do her little, but what spirit did she have for it, and what time did the drudgery here give him? Thank God he's had the stuff in him to work at education himself, and he's got the making of the best man of us three. But it's no thanks to you. And *that's* why we feel hard, Albert. Nobody supposes you could make a good farmer and manager out of father; nobody blames you for a bad hop season, or the dishonesty of Biggs. But I do say that of us three brothers there's one who frets and worries over the thing, and though he's a poor man, does all he can afford to do, and more too, to help make it better; and there's another, young, ambitious, capable, whose nose is held down to the grindstone, and the best years of whose life are being miserably spent in a hopeless wrestling with debt and disaster; and there's a third brother, the oldest brother, rich, easy, enjoying all the luxuries of life, who don't give a damn about it all! *That's* what I say, and if you don't like it, you needn't!"

The silence which ensued was of the kind that can be felt. The two cigars at the corners of the old curb glowed intermittently in the darkness. John's had gone out during his speech, and as he re-lighted it the glare of the match showed an excited, indignant face. There was no room for doubt, after the momentary exhibit which the red light made, that John was very much in earnest.

Albert was thinking laboriously on his answer. Meantime, he said, to fill the interval, "Do you like the cigar?"

"Yes; a fifteen-center, isn't it?

Albert had it in his mind to say truthfully that he paid $180 per thousand, but the fear of invidious comparisons rose before him in time, and he said, "About that, I think?"

He waited a moment, still meditating, and threw out another stop-gap: "It's curious how the rhetorical habit grows on a man who writes leading articles. I noticed that you used three adjectives every time, the regular cumulative thing, you know."

"Maybe so; it would be more to the purpose to hear what you think about

the spirit of my oration; the form doesn't matter so much."

"Well, I will tell you, John," said Albert, slowly, still feeling his way, "to speak frankly, no doubt there's a good deal in what you say. I feel that there is. But you ought to consider that it isn't easy for a man living in a great city, immersed in business cares, and engrossed in the labors of his profession, to realize all these things, and see them as you, who are here on the ground, see them. It's hardly fair to attack me as heartless, when you present these facts to me for the first time."

"For the first time! You ought to have seen them for yourself without presenting. And then you said Sabrina had often discussed the subject with you."

"Oh, but her point of view is always family dignity, the keeping up of the Fairchilds' homestead in baronial state, and that sort of thing. You should have heard her this afternoon, telling me how her father's name used to be coupled with Dearborn County, just as Silas Wright's was with Dutchess—either Dutchess or Delaware, I forget which she said—but it was very funny."

"Sabrina and I haven't spoken for I don't know how long, and we're not likely to again in a hurry, but for all that I'm bound to say I wish some others of the family had as much pride as she's got," said John. "Whatever else she may be, she's as loyal and faithful to the family idea, as jealous of the family's name, as any old Spanish grandee. And I confess the Silas Wright thing doesn't seem funny to me at all—any fellow with the right kind of a heart in him would feel that it was deucedly pathetic—the poor old maid clinging through the shipwreck to that one spar of support—the recollection of a time when her father was bigger than his county. Such things oughtn't to be laughed at."

Albert lost his patience. "Confound it, man, do you want to force me into a quarrel—this night of all others? By George, was there ever such a brace of brothers! I come out here to get you by yourselves, to talk over with you some plans that have occurred to me for setting things right here—and I haven't had a civil answer yet from either of you. First it's the youngster who scowls and snarls at me, and then you read me lofty lectures on my behavior, and then both together in concerted condemnation. No wonder I come rarely to the farm! It's enough to sicken any man of family ties, to be bullyragged in this way. I've a good mind to tell you you can all go to the devil, and be hanged to you!"

The figure on the bucket rose to its feet with a spring, so energetically that there seemed a menace in the action. The village editor restrained this movement with a quiet hand, and a whispered "Keep cool, Seth." Then he said with exaggerated calmness of voice:

"Personally, perhaps, I shouldn't mind much if you did. But there are others to look after, and so, before you do, it might be worth while to learn what the fine alternative was to have been. It would be a great pity not even to hear these noble plans with which you were primed, you say, when you came out."

"But you must admit, John, that you and Seth to-night have been enough to try the patience of a saint."

"Oh, yes, we admit that. Go on!"

"Well, you've made it a little difficult for me to develop my plans—they were scarcely formed in my mind. In a general way, I wanted to consult you about freeing the farm, perhaps buying back some of the original land that has gone, putting the house in shape again, improving the stock, placing father and Sabrina beyond the chance of ever being embarrassed again—and—and—doing something for Seth."

"Nobody wants you—" began the impatient Seth.

"Youngster, *you* shut up!" said John, again using the quieting hand. "Do you really mean all this, Albert?"

"I should scarcely have spoken in detail as I have, otherwise," answered the lawyer loftily.

"Well, this—" said John, "this takes a fellow's breath away."

"If you hadn't been in such haste to impute bad motives and convict me without judge or jury, perhaps the effect of my plans might not have been so overpowering."

"Yes, we did you an injustice, Albert, clearly we did. We were full of the idea

that all these troubles rolled off you like water off a duck's back. It seems that was our mistake. But—what's your scheme?"

"Definitely, I have none, except to do all I can in the way we may decide will be best all around. I have been thinking some of coming to live here myself, say from May to November of each year, and taking the farm into my own hands."

"H'm—m! That might have its advantages, perhaps—*but*——"

"Oh, I know what you mean. If I do, everybody's rights shall be respected. We'll fix that beyond question, to your satisfaction, before a thing is done."

"I don't care about myself, particularly, you know that; but then there's Seth, you know—we've always figured on the farm as his. It's true he don't want to be a farmer, that he hates the whole thing, but still, that represents all his capital, so to speak, and——"

"My dear John, that shall all be arranged. I am a childless man—probably always shall be. As long as Father lives the farm shall remain in his name. Either his will can be in my favor, or I can manage the farm as a trustee for all three of us, after he's gone. In either case, you shall both be protected in turn by my will—absolutely protected. Meantime, what do you want me to do for Seth? What does he want to do?"

"Nothing needs to be done for me," began Seth, "I can——"

"Now, youngster, *will* you be quiet!" said John, in mock despair. "I'll tell you what you can do for Seth, and do easily. Get him a place on some decent newspaper, in New York or one of the larger cities of the State, and let him have money enough to eke out a small salary at first, so that he can begin at editorial work instead of tramping up through the reporter's treadmill, as I had to. That's all Seth'll ask, and it will be the making of him."

"Begin at editorial work—Seth? Nonsense!"

"No nonsense about it. For two years back Seth has been doing some of the best work on my paper—work that's been copied all over the State."

"Bless my soul, what a literary family we are!" said the lawyer." Does Aunt Sabrina write, too? Perhaps those love poems you have on the last page are hers."

John continued, without noticing the interjection. "Do you remember that long article on 'Civil Service Reform' we had in the *Banner* last January?"

"I don't think I do, John. To be frank, although we enjoy having you send us the *Banner* immensely, occasionally it happens that the stress of professional duties compels me to miss reading a number."

"Well that article was reprinted in all the big papers, from Boston to Chicago. I never knew any other thing from a little village paper to travel so far, or attract so much attention. I had lots of letters about it, too. That article was Seth's—all his own. I didn't change a word in it. And he's hardly seen anything of the world yet, either."

The lawyer was heard chuckling, when John's voice died away in the darkness. The cigars had long since burned out, and the men could with difficulty see one another. The two younger brothers waited, the one surprised, the other increasingly indignant, to learn the cause of Albert's hilarity.

"Do you realize, John," he said at last, with merriment still in his voice, "what a delightful commentary on civil service reform your words make? The best article on that doctrine is written by a youngster who has never left the farm—who doesn't know the difference between a Custom House and a letter-box on a lamp-post! Ho, ho! I must tell that to Chauncey when I see him."

An hour later, John and Seth still leaned against the mossy curb, smoking and talking over the words of their elder brother, who some time before had gone in to avoid the dew-fall.

"I wonder if we *have* misjudged him, after all," said Seth. "I'm almost ashamed to accept his favors, after the way I pitched into him."

"I wonder what his scheme really is," mused the more experienced village editor.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALBERT'S PLANS.

It became generally known, before Sunday came again, that Albert was to

take the farm, and that Seth was to go to the city—known not only along the rough, lonesome road leading over the Burfield Hills, which had once been a proud turnpike, with hospitable taverns at every league, and the rumbling of great coaches and the horn of the Post-boy as echoes of its daily life of bustle and profit, and now was a solitary thoroughfare to no place in particular, with three or four gaunt old farm-houses, scowling in isolation, to the mile—not only on this road, and at the four corners below, but even at Thessaly people learned of the coming change as if by magic, and discussed it as a prime sensation. It need not be added that the story grew greatly in telling—grew too ponderous to remain an entity, and divided itself into several varying and, ultimately, fiercely conflicting sections.

The Misses Cheesborough had the best authority for saying that Albert had acted in the most malignant and shameful manner, seizing the farm, and turning poor Seth out of doors, and it was more than a suspicion in their minds that the feeble old father would soon be railroaded off to an asylum.

On the other hand, Miss Tabitha Wilcox, who by superior vigor and resource held her own very well against the combined Misses Cheesborough, knew, absolutely *knew*, that Albert had behaved most handsomely, paying off all the mortgages, making a will in favor of John and Seth, and agreeing to send Seth to college, and what was more, Miss Tabitha would not be surprised, though some others might be, if the public-spirited Albert erected a new library building in Thessaly as a donation to the village.

Between these two bold extremes there was room for many shades of variation in the story, and many original bents of speculation. Down at the cheese factory they even professed to have heard that a grand coal deposit had been surreptitiously discovered on the Fairchild farm, and that Albert was merely the agent of a syndicate of city speculators who would presently begin buying all the land roundabout. Old Elhanan Pratt did not credit this, but he did write to his son in Albany, a clerk in one of the departments, to find out if a charter for a railroad near Thessaly had been applied for. The worst of it was, neither John nor Seth would talk, and as for Albert, he had gone back to New York, leaving his wife behind.

On the farm the fortnight following the funeral passed without event. In the lull of field labor which precedes haying time, there was not much for Seth to do. He went down to the river several times on solitary fishing trips ; it seemed to him now that he was saying farewell not only to the one pastime which never failed him in interest or delight, but to the valley itself, and the river. How fond he was of the stream, and all its belongings !

More like home than ever the old farm house on the hill seemed some of these haunts to which he now said good-by—the shadowed pool under the butternut-tree, with its high, steep bank of bare clay where, just under the overhanging cornice of sod, the gypsy swallows had made holes for their nests, and at the black base of which silly rock bass lay waiting for worms and hooks ; the place farther up where the river grew sharply narrow, and deep, dark water sped swiftly under an ancient jam of rotting logs, and where by creeping cautiously through the alders, and gaining a foothold on the birch which was the key to the obstructing pile, there were pike to be had for the throwing, and sometimes exciting struggles with angry black bass, who made the pole bend like a whip, and had an evil trick of cutting the line back under the logs ; and then the broader stretch of water below the ruined paper-mill's dam, where the wading in the thigh-deep rifts was so pleasant, and where the white fish would bite in the swift water almost as gamely as trout, if one had only the knack of playing his line rightly in the eddies.

A score of these spots Seth had known and loved from the boyhood of twine and pin-hooks ; they seemed almost sacredly familiar now, as he wandered up and down the stream, dividing his attention between the lures and wiles of the angler's art and musings on the vast change of scene which was so close before him. Ah, how fair were the day-dreams he had idly, fondly built for himself here in these old haunts, with king-

fishers and water-rats for sympathizers, and the ceaseless murmur of the water, the buzz of the locusts in the sun, the croak of the frogs among the reeds, for a soft, inspiring chorus of accompaniment to his thoughts!

Now these dreams were really to come true; he was actually going to the city, to wear decent clothes, to mingle as much as he chose with men of wisdom and refinement, to attain that one aim and vision of his life, a place on a great paper!

It was only here by the river, rod in hand, that he seemed able to fully realize the beatitude of the vista. So as often as he could he came, and if there was a ground-note of sorrow at leaving these nooks, this dear old river, there was also a triumphant song of exaltation in the air, the water, the sunshine, which he could not hear on the farm.

Partly because these excursions generally led him from the house before she made her appearance mornings, partly because he felt vaguely that his own victory over fate involved disappointment for her, Seth did not see much of Isabel during her husband's absence. So far as he knew, she had taken the news of Albert's determination to move into the country quietly enough. Neither by word or sign had she discovered to Seth any distaste for the prospect. But none the less he had a half-guilty conviction that she did not like it, and that she must blame him, or at least have some feeling against him, for it. She had spoken so earnestly to him about the curse of existence in the country; it was not conceivable to him that she should suddenly accept for herself, without protest or repining, the very life she had thus commiserated with him about.

Yet it seemed after all that he was mistaken. It was the evening after Albert's return, and Annie had come over after supper, ostensibly to borrow a wrapper-pattern from Isabel, but really, it need not be doubted, to hear the news.

What news there was to be given out the eldest brother dispensed to the family circle, after Alvira had cleared away the "tea-things."

That domestic had a clear idea of making one in the circle, and, hastening in from the kitchen without her apron, drew up a chair to sit with the others, and enjoy the revelations which, from Albert's manner during supper, all felt to be impending. But the invasion of city manners, which she and Milton had deplored and ridiculed for a fortnight back, had an unsuspected bitterness in its train for her. The lawyer looked at her coolly, as he struck a match on the under side of the mantel-piece, and asked: "Hadn't you better go out, Alvira, and see that the chickens don't get into the kitchen?"—and she flounced out again, with nose in air, and black eyes flashing.

Albert lighted a cigar, put an arm-chair down near the old rocker in which his father sat, and took his seat. Near the open door, overlooking the farm-yard and the barns, and full in the light from the west, sat Miss Sabrina, knitting, and Isabel, with a paper. At the latter's feet, on a hassock, was Annie, and Seth sat on the doorstep.

"Father," said Albert, "things have been arranged in New York so that I can speak, now, about the plans which I hinted of ten days ago."

The old man nodded his head, and said, plaintively: "Whatever yew think best, Albert, s'long as the boys git a fair shaow."

"You needn't worry about that. My business is settled now, I think, so that I can live here six or eight months in the year, say from March till October, running down occasionally, perhaps, but making this my residence. I will take up all the mortgages—perhaps buy back some of the old farm, may be all of it. There are three or four ways in which this can be equitably arranged—we'll talk of those in detail later on, some day when John can come up. I will have the carpenters here in a few days, to look over the house, and figure on putting it in first-class repair. The barns will have to be new throughout. There must be new machinery, new fences, and a pretty thorough weeding out of the cattle. We shall want a carriage-house—but then it's no use of enumerating, there is so much to be done. We will put some money into horseflesh down on Long Island, and see if something can't be done in the way of a

stock-farm. I'm thinking of a trout-pond, up beyond the orchard, in the ravine there, too."

"Oh, Albert, this is what I've be'n prayin' for this thirty year!" It was Sabrina who spoke. There were tears of joy in her eyes.

Lemuel Fairchild seemed rather dazed, not to say dismayed, at the prospect thus bewilderingly unfolded. "It'll cost a heap o' money, Albert," he said at last, rather dubiously, "an' I dunnao' 'baout yer gittin' it back agin."

"That will be *my* look out," said the lawyer, confidently. "At any rate, Isabel and I will make a good home for you and Aunt Sabrina, as long as you both live. It will be a pleasant change for us both. As for Seth——"

There was a pause, and Annie nestled closer to Isabel, with a soft, "Oh yes, about Seth."

"As for Seth, it's time he saw something of life besides grubbing here like a farm-hand. We will try and get along without him here. I've talked the matter over with a friend of mine, the proprietor of the Tecumseh *Chronicle*, and he is willing to give him a start there under the most favorable conditions. The salary will be small at first, of course, but I will supplement it with enough to give him a decent living, if he is frugal. After that, of course, it all depends on himself."

Seth stood up, as these last words were spoken, and replied, stammeringly: "You needn't be afraid of my not trying hard, Albert. I'm sure I'm very grateful to you. It's more than I dared expect you would do for me." He pushed his way past the women to shake hands with his brother, and say again, "It's so good of you."

Albert received these expressions of gratitude benevolently, adding some words of advice, and concluding with, "You had better get ready to start as early next week as you can. One of the *Chronicle* men is going on a vacation, and it's Workman's idea that you would be handy in his absence. You could go, say, Wednesday, couldn't you?"

"So far as getting ready is concerned, I don't know that there is anything to do which couldn't be done in a day. But —but——"

"Of course you will need some things. I'll talk with you about that in the morning. We'll drive down to Thessaly day after to-morrow together."

Albert rose with this to go out and see Milton, and the family interview was at an end.

Miss Sabrina hurried out to the kitchen, impatient to begin discussing with Alvira, as had been her wont for years, this new development in the affairs of the household.

CHAPTER IX.

AT "M'TILDY'S" BEDSIDE.

Lemuel Fairchild sat still, smoking his wooden pipe, and looking absently, straight ahead, into the papered wall. This habit of gazing at nothing was familiar to them all, and when, at Isabel's suggestion, the three young people started for a stroll through the orchard path, they left him entirely without ceremony. This was growing to be the rule; no one in the family now consulted him, or took the trouble to be polite to him. He seemed to have become in his own house merely an article of animated furniture, of not much more importance than the rough-furred sickly old cat who dozed his life away back of the stove.

He sat thus in solitude for some time, blankly studying the grotesque patterns in the old-fashioned wall-paper, and drawing mechanically at the pipe in his mouth, unconscious that no smoke came. Thus Miss Sabrina found him when, after a more than ordinarily sharp passage at arms with Alvira, she returned from the kitchen.

"I swaow! thet girl gits wuss tempered 'n' more presumin' ev'ry day o' her life," she exclaimed.

"Who—Annie?" asked her brother, rousing himself as if from a nap.

"Annie! nao! who's talkin' abaout *her?*"

"Oh, nothin', unly I was thinkin' 'baout Annie—'baout her 'n' Seth, yeh knaow," answered Lemuel, apologetically.

"Well, what abaout 'em?" The query was distinctly aggressive in tone.

"Oh, nothin' much. I was sort o' thinkin'—well, *you* knaow, S'briny, haow

Sissly used to lot on their makin' a match of it—'n' I was kine o' wond'rin' ef this here notion o' Seth's goin' away wouldn't knock it all in th' head."

"Well?" Miss Sabrina's monosyllabic comment had so little of sympathy or acquiescence in it, that Lemuel continued in an injured tone and with more animation, not to say resolution:

"Well, I've hed kine of an idea o' goin' over 'n' talkin' it over with M'tildy. Mebbe that'll be the best thing to dew?"

"Oh, *you* think so, dew yeh? Thet's all th' pride *you've* got lef', is it? I think I see *my*self goin' hangin' raound Matildy Warren, beggin' her to let her granddaughter marry a Fairchild! I'm ashamed of yeh, Lemuel."

"I don' see, much, what ther' is to be ashamed on." He added, with the faintest shadow of a grin on his face: "'N' b'twixt you 'n' me, I don't see 's there's so blamed much fur me to be praoud abaout, nuther. 'Tain't 's if I was goin' to ask a favor o' M'tildy, at all. She 'n' Sissly used to talk 'baout the thing 's if 'twas settled. 'N' now 't she's gone, 'n' Seth's talkin' o' quittin' th' farm, seems to me it'd be the sensible thing to kind o' fine aout ef M'tildy wouldn't offer th' young folks her farm, ef they'd stay."

"*Very* well, sir. Hev' yer own way," answered Miss Sabrina, with stern formality. "You allus *would* hev' yer own way—and yeh kin go muddle things up to yer heart's content, for all o' me!"

Lemuel watched his sister march to the stairs-door and close it decisively behind her. He was accustomed of old to this proof of her wrath; as far back as he could remember it had been Sabrina's habit to figuratively wash her hands of unpleasant complications on the ground-floor by slamming this self-same door, and going up to sulk in her own room. She did it as a young girl, in the first months of her disagreements with his young wife; it seemed to him a most natural proceeding now, when they were both old, gray-headed people.

Just now, it was a relief to him that she had gone, for if she had stayed he might not have had the courage to put his thoughts into actions. As it was, he took his hat from its nail back of the kitchen-door, and started across lots for the Warren homestead.

There was no danger of not finding Mrs. Warren at home. For seven or eight years she had scarcely stirred beyond her own door, and for the past eighteen months she had been bed-ridden. The front door was opened to Mr. Fairchild by a young slip of a girl, one of the brood of daughters with which a neighboring poor family was weighted down, and all of whom had been driven to seek work at any price among the farmers of the vicinity. It seemed as if there was a Lawton girl in every other farm-house the whole length of the Burfield Road.

The girl ushered him into the gloomy hall, gloomier than ever now in the gathering twilight, and unceremoniously left him there, while she went to announce his presence. He heard through a door ajar at the end of the hall a thin, querulous voice ask, "Which one of the Fairchilds is it?" and the girl's reply, "The old man."

Then the servant returned to him, and with a curt, "Come ahead," led him to the mistress of the house, who lay in her bed-home, in a recess off the living room.

Mrs. Matilda Warren had never been what might be called a popular woman in the neighborhood. She and her husband, the latter dead now for many years, had come from Massachusetts. They were educated people in a sense, and had not mingled easily with their rougher neighbors. The widow Warren had, after her daughter's escapade, carried this exclusiveness to a point which the neighborhood found disagreeable. Gradually she had grown into the recluse habit, and younger generations on the hill-side, eking out the gossip of their elders with fancies of their own, born of stray glimpses of her tall, gaunt figure and pale face, came to regard her with much that same awe which, two centuries before, reputed witches had for children, young and old.

Something of this feeling Lemuel himself was conscious of, as he stood before her. The coverlet came up close under her arms. She wore a wrapper-dress of red flannel. As he entered she raised herself, with an evidently cruel effort, upon her elbow, dragging the pillow down to aid in supporting her

shoulder. She panted with this exertion as she confronted him. Her scanty white hair was combed tightly back from her forehead, and bound in place with a black-velvet band; a natural parting on the side of the hair gave the withered face a suggestion of juvenile jauntiness, in grotesque, jarring contrast with the pale blue eyes which glittered from caverns of dark wrinkles, and the sunken, distorted mouth. She had changed so vastly since their last meeting that Lemuel stood bewildered and silent, staring at her.

She spoke first. "I'm trying to think —it must be twenty year since we've met, Lemuel Fairchild."

"Nigh onto that, M'tildy," he replied, turning his hat in his hands.

"I didn't expect ever to lay eyes on you again, I couldn't come to you, and wouldn't if I could, and I didn't dream you would ever show your face here." The aged woman said this in a high, sharp voice, speaking rapidly and with an ungracious tone.

Lemuel fidgeted with his hat and moved his feet uneasily on the dog-skin rug. "Yeh needn't be afeered, M'tildy, I wouldn't hev' come naow ef it hadn't been somethin' partikler 'baout Annie."

The invalid raised her shoulder from the pillow with a sudden movement, and bent her head forward. "What's happened to her? Is she hurt? Tell me, quick!"

"Oh nao, they ain't nothin' th' matter with her. It's unly 'baout her 'n' Seth. I kine o' thought we ought to talk it over 'n' see haow the land lay. That's all."

"Oh, that's it, is it? *Samantha!*"

Betrayed out of her shrewdness by the suddenness of the summons the servant girl made her immediate appearance through the hall door.

"Yes, I knew you were listening, you huzzy," said Mrs. Warren, grimly. "You get along up stairs, go into Annie's room, an' make a noise of some sort on the melodeon till I call you. Not too much noise, mind; jest enough so I can know you're up there."

As the girl left the room, the invalid explained: "What she don't hear, the rest of the Lawtons won't know. That family's as good as a detective force for the whole county." Then, in a less amiable tone: "You might as well set down. What is it about my girl an' Seth?"

As Lemuel awkwardly seated himself near the bedside and prepared to answer, a wailing, discordant series of sounds came from the floor above. The knowledge that the girl was creating this melancholy noise to order, and on his account, confused his thought and he found himself stating the case much more baldly than he had intended. "The fact is," he said, stroking his hat over his knee, "Seth's thinkin' o' goin' away to Tecumsy—Albert's got him a place there—'n' so I s'pose it'll be all up b'twixt him 'n' Annie."

The grandmother never took those light, searching eyes off her visitor's face. He felt himself turning uncomfortably red under their malevolent gaze, and wished she would speak. But she said nothing. At last he explained, deferentially:

"I thought it'd only be right to tell yeh. I know Sissly 'n' you use to talk abaout th' thing. Th' way she useto talk, speshly jis' 'fore she died, it 'peared 's if you tew hed it all settled. But Albert's goin' to take th' farm, it seems, 'n' Seth, he's fig'rin' on goin' away to be a neditor, 'n 'it looks to me 's if th' hull plan'd fell threw."

Still no reply from the bed. He added, helplessly, "Don't it kind o' seem so to you, M'tildy?"

The wretched discords from the chamber above mocked him. The witch-like eyes from the shadows of the recess began to burn him. It was growing into the dusk, but the eyes had a light of their own, a cold, steely, fierce light. Would she never speak? How he regretted having come!

"I'll tell you what seems to me, Lemuel Fairchild," she said at last, not speaking so rapidly now, and putting a sharp, finishing edge on each of her words. "It seems to me that there's never been but one decent, honorable, likely human bein' in your whole family, an' she came into it by the mistake of marrying you. I blame myself for not remembering the blood that was in you all, an' for thinking that this youngest son of yours was different from the rest.

I forgot that he was a Fairchild like the others, an' I forgot what I owed that family of men, so mean and cowardly and selfish that they have to watch each other like so many hyenas. An' so you've come to tell me that Seth has turned out like his father, like his uncle, like all of his name, eh? The more fool I, to need to be told it!"

Lemuel's impulse was to rise from his chair, and bear himself with offended dignity, but the glitter in the old woman's eyes warned him that the attempt would be a failure. He scowled, put his hat on the other knee, crossed his legs, pretended to be interested in the antics of a kitten which was working havoc with a ball of yarn at his feet. Finally he said:

"You ain't fair to Seth. He's a good boy. He ain't said nothin' nor done nothin' fer yeh to git mad at. Fer that matter, you never was fair to any of us, 'cept Sissly."

"Fair! *Fair!*" came the answer promptly, and in a swifter measure. "Hear the man! Why, Lemuel Fairchild, you know that you cheated your own brother out of the share in that farm that was his by all rights as much as yours. You *know* that your father intended you both to share alike, that he died too suddenly to make a new will, and that you grabbed everything under a will made when your brother William was thought to be too sickly to ever raise. You *know* that you let him grow up an idle, worthless coot of a fellow, an' then encouraged him—yes, don't deny it, encouraged him, I say—to make a fool of my daughter, and run away with her. You knew I wouldn't look at him as a suitor for Jenny; but you thought I would be soft enough, once they were married, to give him my farm, an' you counted on getting it away from him afterward, just as your father got the Kennard farm before you. You egged him on into the trouble, an' you let him die in it, without help. Oh *I* know you, Lemuel Fairchild—I know your breed!

"Your *wife* was a good woman—a million times better than you deserved. *She* knew the wrongs that had been done me, an' Annie, an' her poor ne'er-do-well of a father before her; *she* was anxious to make them good, not I. It was she who talked, year after year, when she ran over here on the sly to visit me, of squaring everything by the young folks' marriage. For a long time I didn't like it. I distrusted the family, as, God knows, I had reason to. But all that I heard of Seth was in his favor. He was hard-working, patient, even-tempered, so everyone said. What little I saw of him I liked. An' I felt sorry for him, too, knowing how dear he was to his mother, and yet how helpless she was to give him advantages an' make something besides a farm-drudge out of him. So, little by little, I gave in to the idea, an' finally it became mine almost as much as Cecily's.

"As for Annie, I don't know how much she has grown to care for him; I'm afraid she's known about our talks, and lotted on 'em, though if anything has passed between them she would have told me. For she's a good girl—a *good* girl—and she'll stand by me, never fear, and say, as I say now, that it's good riddance! D'ye mind? Good riddance to bad rubbish—to your whole miserable, conniving, underhanded family! There ain't an honest hair in your head, Lemuel Fairchild, and there never was. And you can go back to them that sent you, to your old catamaran of a sister and your young sneak of a son, and tell 'em what I think of them, and you, and the whole caboodle of you, that ruined and killed my Jane, and made me a broken old woman before my time, and now tries to break my granddaughter's heart! And the longest day you live, don't ever let me lay eyes on you again. That's all!"

Lemuel groped his way out again through the dark hall, to the front door. The groaning discords from upstairs rose to a triumphant babel of sound as he knocked against the hat-rack, and fumbled for the latch, as if to emphasize and gloat over his discomfiture. The cold evening air, after the sweltering heat of the sick-room, was a physical relief, but it brought no moral comfort.

Old Lemuel was much pained, and even more confused, by the hard words to which he had had to listen. They presented a portrait of himself which he felt to be in no way a likeness, yet

he could not say wherein a single line should be altered. He knew that he was not a bad man; he felt conscious of having done no special wrong, intentionally, to anybody; he had always tried to be fair and square and easy-going with everybody; yet the mischief of it was that all these evil things which the witch-like M'tildy had piled at his door were of indubitable substance, and he could not prove, even to himself, much less to her, that they did not belong there. It was a part of the consistently vile luck of his life that all these malignant happenings should be charged up against him, and used to demonstrate his wickedness. He had not enough mental skill or alertness to sift the unfair from the true in the indictment she had drawn, or to put himself logically in her place, and thus trace her mistakes. He only realized that all these events which she enumerated had served to convince Mrs. Warren that he was a villain. The idea was a new one to him, and it both surprised and troubled him to find that, as he thought the matter over, he could not see where she was particularly wrong. Yet a villain he had certainly never intended to be—never for a moment. Was this not cruelly hard luck?

And then there was this business about Seth. He had meant it all in the friendliest spirit, all with the best of motives. And how she had snapped him up before he had a chance to explain, and called him a scoundrel and his boy a sneak, and driven him from the house! Here was a muddle for one—and Sabrina had said he would make a muddle of it, as he had of everything else, all through his life. The lonely, puzzled, discouraged old man felt wofully like shedding tears, as he approached his own gate—or no, it was Albert's gate now—and passed the young people chatting there, and realized what a feeble old fool they all must think him.

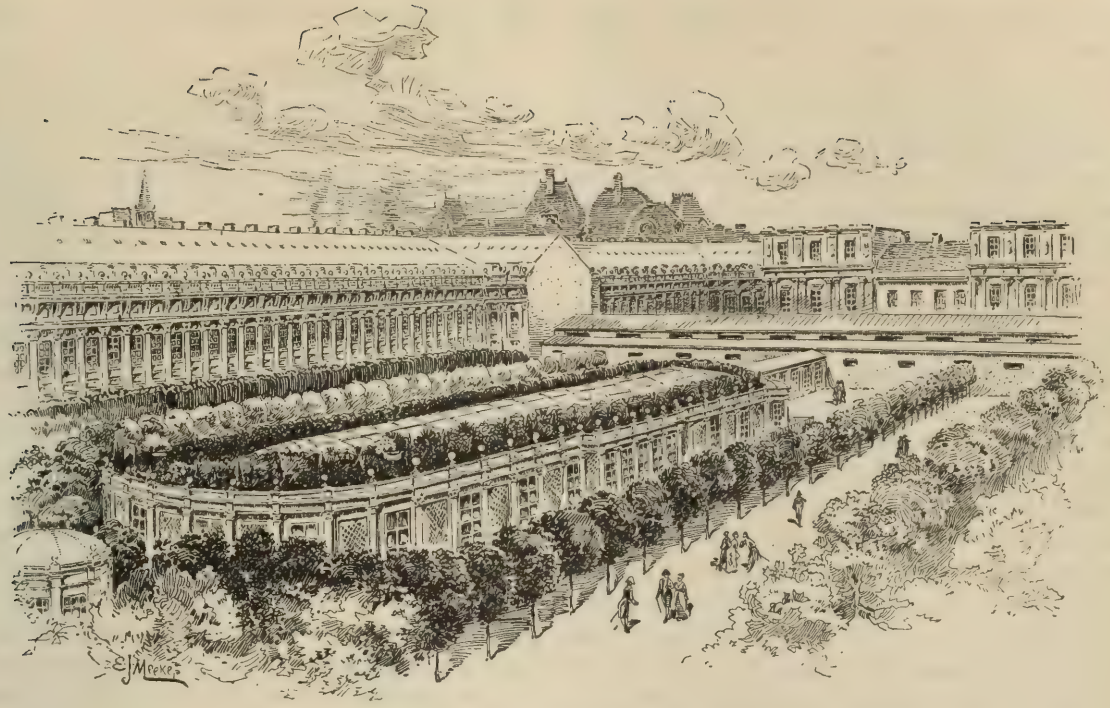
(To be continued.)

THE LAST FURROW.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

The Spirit of Earth, with glad restoring hands,
'Mid ruin moves, in glimmering chasm gropes,
And mosses mantle and the bright flower opes;
But Death the Ploughman wanders in all lands,
And to the last of Earth his furrow stands.
The grave is never hidden; fearful hopes
Follow the dead upon the fading slopes,
And there wild memories meet upon the sands.

When willows fling their banners to the plain,
When rumor of winds and sound of sudden showers
Disturb the dream of winter—all in vain
The grasses hurry to the graves, the flowers
Toss their wild torches on their windy towers;
Yet are the bleak graves lonely in the rain.



The Palais Royal at the Time of the Revolution. From an old Print.

GLIMPSES AT

THE DIARIES OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

SOCIAL LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE PARIS OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Annie Cary Morris.

SECOND PAPER.

It hardly seems possible that Mr. Morris really found himself "not sufficiently brilliant for the constellation" which gathered round Madame de Staël; and his own reason for not entering into the *ton* of this society, "that I should not please here, because I am not sufficiently pleased," seems to offer the only excuse for the feeling he expressed almost every time that he made one of the "constellation." There was no lack of "bel esprit" and brilliant conversation on all topics, and it is possible the key to his feeling may be found in a little lurking sarcasm in his criticism on the few observations he made himself, which, he says, "have more of justice than splendor, and therefore cannot amuse."

Meditating on the quality of the conversation in "this upper region of wits and graces," he concluded that there was a road to success "here, which I am half tempted to try. It is the sententious style. To arrive at perfection in it one must be very attentive, and either wait till one's opinion be asked or else communicate it in a whisper. It must be clear-pointed and perspicuous, and then it will be remembered, repeated, and respected. This, however, is playing a part not natural to me; I am not sufficiently an economist of my ideas."

Mr. Morris gives a most interesting description of the fashion among the members of the national assembly, of submitting their arguments, before reading them in public, to the criticism of a small, select circle of persons interested in the orator—among whom, Mr. Morris says, "is generally the intimate friend of the speaker, or else the fair who[m] intends to make his friend; an

ceremony does not fail to affect the form at least, and perhaps the subject."

It happened sometimes, however, that a subject appealed strongly to the listeners—the personality of the reader, the pathos of his voice and words, so overpowered their better judgment that, despite the unsoundness of the principles he advocated, his argument met with the fullest applause. Often present at these readings, Mr. Morris's criticism was generally asked for, and given with the candor he usually displayed.

He gives a particularly interesting account of one evening in Madame de Staël's salon, where a party of choice spirits were assembled to listen to Clermont-Tonnerre, "one of the greatest orators of the day," read an oration which he intended to deliver in the national assembly. "It was a very pathetic oration," he says; the object of which was to show that penalties are the legal compensation for injuries and crimes. The man who is hanged, having by that event paid his debt to society, ought not to be held in dishonor; and, in like manner, he who has been condemned for seven years to be flogged in the galleys should, when he had served out his apprenticeship, be received into good company as if nothing had happened."

This seems a strange doctrine; but was really a strong reaction against the extreme to which the matter had been carried the other way. "Dishonoring thousands for the guilt of one has so shocked the public that this extreme has become fashionable." "The oration was very fine," Mr. Morris says; "very sentimental, very pathetic, and the style harmonious. Shouts of applause and full approbation greeted it."

"Extremely eloquent," he told Monsieur de Tonnerre, he found his speech; but made one or two observations on the reasoning, telling him candidly that "his principles were not very sound." This opinion created universal surprise, and a few more remarks from Mr. Morris "changed the face of things, and brought the company to an opinion so adverse to the reader that his position was universally condemned, and, apparently much mortified, Clermont-Tonnerre left the room. I fear," adds Mr. Morris, "that I have made an enemy of him."

Did Clermont-Tonnerre really have any faith in an argument that could be killed by one adverse opinion? seems a natural question; and it finds a ready answer in the fact, which Mr. Morris notes, "that the discourse was never delivered in the assembly," and yet he goes on to say: "It was of the kind which produces a decree by acclamation, for sometimes an orator gets up in the midst of *another* deliberation, makes a full discourse, and closes with a good snug resolution which is carried with a huzza and the clapping of hands," which so shocked Mr. Morris's sense of propriety.

Taking the active interest he did in public affairs, with his ready wit always on the alert to turn a pretty speech or to amuse the society he was in, and with a vein of sarcasm difficult for him to subdue when called out by a condescending person or by one whose mind was not responsive to his—and, as he says, often expressing his sentiments and opinions too openly was a fault not easy for him to curb—it is not to be wondered at that, insignificant as he thought he was, he should occasionally have found himself an object of dislike. It is impossible not to be amused by the account he gives of having inadvertently offended a hot-headed gentleman he met at dinner, simply by answering an observation of his to the effect that "Paris maintained the kingdom of France." "I said," says Morris, "Oui, monsieur, comme moi je nourris les éléphants de Siam. This excited the choleric humor of a pedant, and he takes revenge by circulating the report that I am an *intriguant*, a *mauvais sujet*, and a partisan of the Duke of Orleans." Madame de Flahaut, to whom the story of the man's wrath and threats had been told by her physician, knew the fellow to be himself a "mauvais sujet," and a very dangerous person besides; and was most solicitous that Mr. Morris should speak to Lafayette, and ask protection against a man "whom she is sure," she tells him, "would not scruple to bring him to the lanthorn —in other words, to have me hanged. This would be a rather sharp retri-

bution for the remark which has excited his rage."

There was but one thing to be done, he told Madame de Flahaut, if he stirred at all in the matter, and that "is to call on him, and tell him that if he speaks disrespectfully of me again I will put him to death. But in times like the present such conduct would only give an air of importance to what must otherwise fall of itself, for I am not of sufficient consequence to occupy the public attention; and, luckily, the things he says are too improbable to be believed." A wise course to adopt, it would seem, in a place where the "Lanthorn" was ready for a victim, and a crowd always at hand to sacrifice him.

Mr. Morris was a sworn enemy to cards and the gaming-table. Having, as he says, "imposed upon myself the law not to play," he seldom transgressed, and then indulged only in a mild game of whist, for sixpenny points, to while away an hour. When the guests went to the card-table, he either left them or utilized the time his friends were wasting in the joys and sorrows of their game by informing himself of the state of opinion in the Assembly, as embodied in the last speech delivered before that august body, or in looking over somebody's memoir, and so kept up with the latest subjects that were being discussed.

Paris was quite given over to gambling, and the fever attacked alike the dignitary of the Church, the deputy, weary with his labors in the Assembly, and the fine lady in her salon.

It was necessary to oppose a strong determination against this all-absorbing amusement, or, more properly speaking, business, not to be drawn into this whirlpool and destroyed, for the very air seemed calculated to excite the disease. Like drowning men catching at straws, these people, seeing their means of living gradually slipping away from them, sought to supply the deficiency at the roulette-table. When, in 1789, the contents of the famous "Red Book," that ignominious catalogue of fraudulent pensions, was announced to the Assembly, the sum total of which was 277,985,017 livres, Paris stood aghast. That portion of the community whom the pensions had not benefited were furious about the frauds practised in high places; while the other half said that, with the stoppage of the pensions, starvation, the necessity to abandon the life so dear to them, and possibly banishment, stared them in the face. It must have infuriated the friends of the revolutionary party to have such disclosures as the "Red Book" contained trumpeted forth by their own leaders—to see Camille Desmoulins gloat over the revelations, picking out of the twenty-four million examples the most glaring frauds. Loud and vehement were the protests against the *décret* touching the pension-list made by the Assembly. "In Madame de Staël's salon," Mr. Morris says, "the matter was discussed pretty much at large, and I tell them that when privileges were abolished the road was opened for the destruction of all property. This gives rise to an endless dispute, in which Madame de Staël shows much genius and little good-breeding. The opinions are various, but they will all be alike. I throw out the idea on purpose to make an impression on some who have, I know, styled me *aristocrat* because I do not approve of their sentiments."

Madame de Flahaut, whom the decree deeply affected, Mr. Morris found one day "*au désespoir*, and she intends to cry very loud, she says. Her servants, this morning, have waited on her, with the assurance that they will, if necessary, live on bread and water for the next six months. She has been in tears all day. Her pensions from Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois are stopped. On that from the king she receives but 3,000 francs—and must, therefore, quit Paris. I try to console her, but it is impossible. Indeed, the stroke is severe; for, with youth, beauty, wit, and every loveliness, she must quit all she loves and pass her life with what she abhors."

Unfortunate Mademoiselle Duplessis, a member of Madame de Flahaut's family, was quite beyond the help of sympathetic words. Her pension was stopped, "and the poor girl," Mr. Morris says, "who does not know what to do, spends her days and nights in tears." With a delicacy that could not hurt her, he sent her, in the form of 500 francs, the only sympathy that could effectually help her, "and took," as he says, "every

precaution to prevent discovery." Almost constant demands were made upon his sympathy, and not a few upon his purse to lighten the burden of daily increasing troubles of poverty and afflictions of all descriptions, and always, with a thoughtful delicacy, he gave what help was possible; alike he opened his *heart* to his friend, Madame de Chastelleux, whom he found "in bed one morning in tears over the reported death of her brother at the capture of Belgrade," and his *house* to the terrified people who rushed to him for protection on the 10th of August—that night when the pent-up animosities, the sufferings, the wretchedness of years burst out in brutal acts, and men's hearts literally failed them for fear.

It cannot be said to have been a stroke of good fortune for him which placed Mr. Morris as Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of Louis XVI. just at the moment when king and court were about to vanish and a new order of things was forcing itself to the front. That Mr. Morris should be the accredited minister of the United States to France had been, from the time of his arrival at Paris, the openly expressed wish of many of his friends. For himself, he does not say that he ever desired the position, but his answer always was, when spoken to on the subject, that if he were appointed he should certainly not decline the office. His credentials reached him while he was in London, during the spring of 1792; but almost as soon as he returned to Paris and set to work fitting up a house which should be properly arranged for entertaining, and with surroundings that should do credit to the representative of America at a foreign court, he found that a party had formed themselves against him, and rumors reached him to the effect that he might not be accepted as minister. No man could have taken upon himself the duties of such a position at a more unfortunate moment; and the fact that he had moved almost entirely in high aristocratic circles increased the difficulties tenfold, but in this set he found a ready welcome in his public capacity. Madame La Princesse de Tarent, one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting, who was with her the fatal night of the 10th of August, sends him word that she is glad to hear that he is back in Paris. "It is the gladness in that quarter," he says, "which indisposes the others to receive me." It was extremely difficult to know just what was the right course to take at this moment. Months must elapse before Mr. Morris could possibly have heard the wishes of his Government in regard to his action. The patience it must have required to wait for an answer to a question upon which large issues depended is difficult for us even to imagine, who have a question asked and answered in almost the time it took then to write a long document. Mr. Morris chose to wait the issue of events; and in the meantime went quietly along with his plans, and finally settled himself pleasantly in the Rue "de la Planche" and kept open house.

He had barely settled himself when, early in August, the mob-rule commenced in all its force and wickedness, and with it those days so appropriately called the days of "Terror." At once the shelter of Mr. Morris's house and flag was demanded by terrified people, who rushed to him early in the morning and in the late hours of the night, sure that, for the moment at least, they might escape the fury of the wild creatures in the streets. "Men torn by affliction," he says, "and women violently affected," he took under his roof and cared for. Knowing that his conduct in his diplomatic capacity might be severely criticised, and not in the least knowing, he says, that "my house will be a protection to them," he fearlessly acted upon the impulse of the moment, and determined to take whatever consequences might follow.

Writing of August 11th, he says: "Paris is in great agitation; cannon and musketry are heard all through the day. A sleepless night renders me heavy during the day. The king and queen remain at the Assembly, which goes on rapidly under the *dictée* of the tribunes. We are quiet here in my house, and things are taking on their new order." During these terrible days, when the moral world was at a red-hot temperature, the physical world was almost equally red-hot. Mr. Morris often mentions the excessive heat of the August weather, which added greatly to the general

suffering. He speaks of some "perch which were alive in the morning and spoiled by dinner-time. So rapid a state of putrefaction I never saw before. In the Champs de Mars, where I go to take a walk, I see a few ragamuffins who are signing the petition for the *déchéance*. In the evening Monsieur de St. Pardou calls on me and seems torn to pieces by affliction; the royal family, he tells me, are hourly expecting to be murdered, and in the Assembly they have decreed the suspension of the king's authority. I desire him if he sees the royal family to tell them that relief must soon arrive."

But the only relief, if such it could be called, for those unfortunate people, shorn of all their pomp and state, and with barely a change of clothing, was to be found in the wretched rooms in the Tour du Temple—that treasure-house of the Knights Templar, and of many of the kings of France, now empty, its treasures gone, and become a prison-house for the most afflicted king of France. But even inside the gloomy, forbidding-looking walls of their prison they were by no means safe from the constant insults heaped on them in the form of pamphlets and caricatures of the vilest description. Mr. Morris is silent on the subject of the king and queen after the 10th of August, presumably for the reason which he gives when, a few months later, he stops his diary. "The situation of things," he says, "is such that to continue this journal would compromise many people. I prefer, therefore, to put an end to it." This he accordingly did; in his letters only did he keep a chronicle of events. After his two years of service in a diplomatic capacity, and after he had left Paris forever, he resumed his diary and continued it until his death.

After the imprisonment of the king and the fall of the monarchy, the Brissotine faction tried to force Mr. Morris to recognize the government. The Minister of Foreign Affairs wrote him a most insulting letter to that effect, and with a view to driving him out of the country. Mr. Morris, however, felt that to leave "would look," as he says, "like taking part against the late revolution; and I am not only unauthorized in this respect, but I am bound to suppose that if the great majority of the nation adhere to the new form, the United States will approve thereof, because, in the first place, we have no right to prescribe to this country the government they shall adopt, and, next, because the basis of our own Constitution is the indefeasible right of the people to establish it." Still he wavered in his determination to stay until a half-apologetic letter came from the minister, which decided him to await orders from home.

It required a certain courage to stop in mob-ruled Paris, and to see gradually one by one of the charming society that had made his life, and to which he had been such a brilliant addition, slip away—some of them to be marched to the guillotine, to gratify the mob's insatiable thirst for blood; some of them fleeing for their lives to an exile, to them, little short of death. Soon he was to find himself almost alone, and never quite sure of his own safety. The *corps diplomatique* were recalled by their respective governments; and all who could get passports left Paris, glad to escape with their heads intact. When the Venetian ambassador was "very ignominiously treated, brought back to Paris, and his papers examined," Mr. Morris says: "This is strong, and raises in my mind a question whether I ought not to show resentment by leaving the country."

The British Ambassador and Lady Sutherland Mr. Morris found one evening in much distress. "They can't get passports," he says, "and Lord Gower is in a tearing passion; he has burned his papers, which I will not do. They give me broad hints that honor requires me to quit this country." Not in the least influenced by these hints, he seems only to have laughed at their fears and Lord Gower's anger, which, he says, "made me very gay, which exhibition of spirits his lordship can hardly bear."

There was, no doubt, a strong desire on Mr. Morris's part to stay and watch the issue of the momentous struggle that was shaking France—and, indeed, Europe—to the very foundations; but a very sincere sense of duty must also have induced him to remain at his post during this time of tumult and sorrow. It was terrible enough to know "that

the priests shut up in the Carmes and the prisoners in the Abbaie" were, as he says, "all killed, and that the murdering goes on all day; and that there were about eight hundred men concerned in it." But to have been quietly eating dinner and to be told "that a friend is on his way to the place of execution," and not to know which of the guests partaking of his hospitality would be the next victim of the scaffold, must have made life nearly unbearable.

Of course there was little hope that the brutal passions, aroused and stimulated by the sight of blood, would quiet down after the sacrifice of a few victims; for Mr. Morris says: "Everything wears an appearance of confusion—no authority anywhere; and, notwithstanding the common danger, the factions seem daily more embittered against each other, and are far from a disposition to unite. It seems probable that those who possess Paris will dictate to the others. People have been amusing themselves in the streets to-day tearing the ear-rings out of women's ears and stealing watches." Such is the history Mr. Morris gives of many days, gradually growing worse as the new government and the mob gained strength. It would be useless to go into details in the short space allotted to this article, and it is a much more grateful task to pass over them and go back a few months, when, although there was plenty of trouble, and clouds of impending danger hung over society, people rose above the depression, and, bravely trying to accept the change from the old order to the new, enjoyed themselves in many ways.

Goncourt says that during 1790 and 1791 the only commerce that prospered was the "*commerce de la gueule.*" The pleasures of the palate were, in some degree, made to compensate for the disagreeable disorder and general wretchedness of life. A feeling of "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," seemed to animate society, and much ingenuity was exercised to create an endless variety of delicious dishes, with names to fit the particular excitement of the moment. Arthur Young gives a very interesting picture of the well-appointed French table of that day, with its clean linen, which he found everywhere of a coarse quality, but in great profusion. The poorest Frenchman never thought of eating a meal without a napkin; and he contrasts this with the rather unpleasant habit in the houses of "well-to-do people" in England—of not using them because, owing to the extreme fineness of the English linen, the expense of it was enormous. Mr. Morris does not go into the details of the linen as Arthur Young does; nor has he, like Goncourt, noted the menus of most enticing dinners. These items, so interesting to the general reader, have, unfortunately, escaped his notice.

He *does* mention, in a casual way, going to dine with Madame de Foucault, and being informed by her that "the *maître d'hôtel* has shot himself this morning, so we dine late." As a rule, he was more occupied with the guests than the dinner, though he did, on one occasion, remark that the Duchess of Orleans had profited by changing her *maître d'hôtel*, and he was never slow to acknowledge the good quality of the entertainment. His province seems to have been to, if possible, counteract the tone of depression and sadness which possessed his friends, and by a jest, a well-turned compliment, or a verse, to turn their thoughts, for the moment at least, from their troubles.

He did not hesitate to make merry with Madame de Montmorris over her reduced circumstances, when she showed him an almanac the Duke of Dorset had just sent her from England, "in which, among other things, is a table of weights and measures. She says it is one among many things which will be useless to her." This was too good an opportunity to lose; so the ever-ready verse was forthcoming, intended to amuse her and, at the same time, give a sly hit at the wearying discourses and endless conversations he was forced to listen to—"and on a blank leaf of the almanac," he says, "I wrote the following lines:

> "A table of weight and measure,
> In times like these it *is* a treasure;
> For each one measures now the State,
> And what his reasons want in weight
> He makes up, as a thing of course,
> By the *abundance* of *discourse.*"

Sometimes the endless "discourse" on politics was agreeably interrupted by music. In her own drawing-room Madame de Staël sang, and selecting the most favored guest, would sing *at* him and make love to him with all the fervor she could throw into voice and eyes. Under the aliases of "Colin Maillard," "Blind Buck and Davy," the school-boy game of "Blind Man's Buff," was the amusement," Mr. Morris says, "offered one evening in Madame de Gibert's salon." It is hardly to be supposed that this "citizen of a new world, who had left one of his legs behind him," indulged in such a romp. As he omits to say what course he took, it is fair to suppose that the ever-ready pencil and paper, upon which to jot down a few apropos lines, gave him occupation for the evening.

Often the Abbé de l'Isle, undisturbed by the commotions around him, gave infinite pleasure by repeating or reading his verses, which Mr. Morris invariably speaks of as admirable, and about which, indeed, he often uses stronger expressions of approval. One evening the abbé repeated his "Catacombs" to an audience at the Palais Royal. "The verses," Mr. Morris says, "are very fine and very well spoken, but I remark to him that one of his lines—'*Il ne voit que la nuit, n'entend que le silence*'—is *un peu fort.* He tells me that he is surprised that I, above all men, should make that remark, who must remember Milton's 'darkness visible.' There is a difference, however, both in the phrase and in the idea; there is a difference, also, in the kind of poem, and perhaps Milton was on the verge, at least, of bombast in that expression. However, I do not discuss the matter further with him."

The theatre, too, still held up its head, and was a solace not to be despised. Not until later did "*art* emigrate," and then Vestris and Gardele, those marvels in their art, danced off the stage to safer scenes. Then the *marchandes de modes* went, leaving Paris destitute, and mourning that there was no one left to suggest how to trim a bonnet, and the fine ladies had to depend on the provinces for their fashions, which came to them in odd style enough, yellow flowers being the rage, because it was maliciously hinted they were "*au teint de la Constitution.*" Then, indeed, desolation and desertion reigned, and Goncourt says of those days: "Paris has only *fagotières* left." Before, however, such utter desolation took possession of Paris, Préville was delighting the lovers of the drama. Mr. Morris fell a victim to his charms and was loud in his praise. He says: "I have the pleasure to see Préville perform in the 'Bourreau bienfaisant,' and in the part of *Sosie* in Molière's 'Amphitrion.' He is seventy-five years of age and wonderful—truly an actor. He would be considered excellent, his age out of the question; but, all things considered, he is a prodigy—nothing below and nothing above his part, no false ornament, but 'the naked nature and the living grace.' The best of the others may be said to act well their parts, but he represents his." So enthusiastic was Mr. Morris over this man's acting that he says: "I go to the Comédie Française, where I am kept above half an hour waiting before my servant can get a ticket, and afterward I get a very bad place; but still I think myself compensated by Préville, who is truly formed to hold the mirror up to nature and to show to the very 'shape a body of the time—his form and pressure." Just at a moment of strong political feeling the play of "Brutus" was brought out, and much excitement attended its *début.* "At dinner at the Marquis de Montmorin's," Mr. Morris says, "we conversed about the play of this evening, 'Brutus.' It is expected to excite much disturbance. After six o'clock Bouinville and I go to see the play, and at leaving the room, as it is supposed that there will be three parties in the house, I cry in the style of rant: '*Je me déclare pour le Roi, et je vole à la victoire.*' We cannot find seats; therefore I go to the *loge* of D'Angeviliers and find that I was expected, having promised to come and then forgotten it. The piece excites a great deal of noise and altercation, but the *parterre*, filled with democrats, obtains the victory, and, having obtained it, roars for above ten minutes, '*Vive le Roi!*' After the play a motion is made to place the bust of Voltaire on the

stage and crown it, which is complied with amid repeated acclamations."

About the same time that the revolution was stretching its hand out toward the properties of the Church, and the priests, after making a desperate fight for their possessions, and incidentally for their religion, were almost ready to say with the Trappist monk, "*Frères, il faut mourir*," the play of "Charles Neuf" was put upon the stage, by way of assisting the Assembly in its crusade against the priests and irritating still more the already half-distracted clergy. "It is a tragedy founded on the massacre of St. Bartholomew," Mr. Morris says, "and a very extraordinary piece to be represented in a Catholic country. A cardinal who excites the king to violate his oaths and murder his subjects, then in a meeting of the assassins consecrates their daggers, absolves them from their crimes, and promises everlasting felicity—all this with the solemnities of the established religion. A murmur of horror runs through the audience. There are several observations calculated for the present times, and I think this piece, if it runs through the provinces, as it probably will, must give a fatal blow to the Catholic religion. My friend, the Bishop d'Autun (Talleyrand), has gone a great way toward its destruction by attacking the Church property. Surely there never was a nation which verged faster toward anarchy. No law, no morals, no principles, no religion."

Of all the different persons in many walks of life and of various degrees of moral excellence whom Mr. Morris met, there are none that he handles so severely as he does these same priests and high ecclesiastical dignitaries who, with the Abbé Maury as their leader, fought for the rich benefices of the Church. "The Abbé Maury," he says, "is a man who looks like a downright ecclesiastical scoundrel." He met him in Madame de Nadaillac's salon, where were "a party of fierce aristocrats. They have the word '*Valet*' written on their foreheads in large characters. Maury is formed to govern such men, and such men are formed to obey him, or anyone else. But Maury seems to have too much vanity for a great man. I tell him in the course of conversation that I expect he will get the hat the Cardinal de Lomerice has sent back. And I further tell him that the holy father has done wrong in laying the kingdom under an interdict. He answers, 'that opinion is no longer with the Sainte Liege, and that without an army to support the interdict it would be laughed at; that the instance of England makes Rome cautious.' I reply that the cases are somewhat different; but further, as the Assembly have left the pope nothing, he might play a sure game, since he can lose no more, and at any rate he had better have done nothing than only one-half of what he might do, because mankind may by degrees be habituated to everything.

"He agrees to the truth of this, and owns that he should have preferred extremities. I tell him that from the moment when the Church property was seized I considered the Catholic religion at an end, because nobody would be priest for nothing. He agrees fully." Mr. Jared Sparks, in one of his quotations from his diary, has given Mr. Morris's first impression of Talleyrand, which was not particularly favorable to the worthy bishop. "Sly, cool, cunning, malicious, and, of course, ambitious," was his verdict after seeing and talking to him one evening in Madame de Flahaut's salon. And although afterward he saw him constantly and in the most intimate way he never seems to have trusted the Bishop of Autun.

Mr. Morris's introduction to this portion of the community was soon after his arrival in France, at Madame de Durfort's, one evening, when, much to his surprise, for he evidently expected more dignity in a member of the Church, he says: "A bishop from Languedoc makes tea, and the ladies who choose it stand round and take each their dish. This would seem strange in America; and yet it is by no means more so than the Chevalier de Louis, who begged alms of me this morning after introducing himself by his own letter."

The Bishop of Orleans, with whom he dined at the table of the Duchess of Orleans, did not escape his criticism, as that reverend father evidently did full

justice to the princess's dinner, for Mr. Morris says: "This bishop seems to be of that kind whose sincerest prayer is for the fruit of good living, and to judge by his manner of talking one would suppose that he deems it of more importance to *speak* than to speak the truth." Mr. Morris cannot help showing his amusement, and a little of his sarcastic vein crops out in the short mention he makes of a conversation he had with the celebrated Cardinal de Rohan, the hero of the diamond-necklace scandal. He met him at Madame de Flahaut's one evening—"and we talk," he says, "among other things about religion, for the cardinal is very *devout*. He was once the lover of Madame de Flahaut's sister. Accidentally he mentions his *procés*," at the time of the diamond-necklace excitement, "and after relating the circumstances which brought it to his mind, he declares that he thinks it a weakness to talk of it; and he is right." "He has," is Mr. Morris's comment, "*plus de grace que d'esprit*, but he speaks in too good style to write in a style as bad as Madame de la Motte has attributed to him."

It is quite evident that Mr. Morris found the society of prelates the least congenial in Paris. He was much more in the element that pleased his fancy when the house of the British ambassador was opened to him, and he and Lord Gower became very good friends. He found as well a charming friend and companion in the wife of the British ambassador, Lady Sutherland, who seems to have been a most lovely woman, and the friendship she and Mr. Morris formed lasted many years. She it was who showed her sympathy for the queen when the royal family, after the break-up of the 10th of August, were put into a cell in the ancient monastery of the Feuillants, by sending, in a very private way, some linen for the dauphin. The queen told Madame Campan, who mentions this incident, that Lady Sutherland alone, of all the foreign representatives, noticed their misery and actual want. In the drawing-rooms were to be found all the distinguished English people passing through Paris, as well as many well-known French people. Here he met "Lady Ann Lindsay, with whom," he says, "I have a curious conversation. She is desperately in love with Mr. Windham, and tortured with jealousy. I tell her that if she wishes to bring back a lover she must alarm his fears, and if she chooses to make use of me I am at her orders. I tell her how she ought to act, and she says that if it becomes necessary she will apply to me." Of course he wrote verses to Lady Sutherland's charms, and when he gave them to her, "her countenance," he says, "shows me that they are not thrown away. She afterward confides to me that she was ashamed, flattered, and delighted."

She asks his sympathy and interest in the fact that "she and Lord Gower have quitted playing, and she thinks I like them well enough to be pleased at it. I assure her of my attachment more in tone and manner than by words." It is impossible to comment on the style of conversation and the badinage indulged in by the highest society in Paris and France. It must stand on its own merits, if it has any; as it was *then*, so it is *now*. Startling in its freedom to the uninitiated, but by no means ungrateful to the ladies of France, who then, as now, made but a feeble protest, with the slightly drooped eyelid, the little characteristic shrug of the shoulders, and a gentle exclamation—rather inviting than repelling a continuance of the insinuating flattery or the *risquée* anecdote.

Mr. Morris had one advantage over most persons, which he was not slow to turn to profit, for under cover of English, which was not understood by many of his friends, he could observe to the ambassadress, his hostess, "that she doesn't eat, but is merely a dish at her own table, and that not the worst, but that she has not the politeness to ask anyone to partake of it. Madame de Montmorris wants to know," he says, "the subject of our conversation, which she does not understand. Lady Sutherland tells her: '*Il me dit des méchancetés.*' 'Oh,' was her answer, '*il en est bien capable.*' Madame de Staël comes in late, and the Princesse de Tarent makes mouths at her. After dinner the princess tells me that the queen often talks to her of me when they are riding together. I reply only by a bow. She repeats it and dwells on

the subject, but I make only the same reply. The princess then tells me that she loves me because I love the queen, and her reception proves that my conversation is not disagreeable. She wishes very much to have my sentiments on affairs. I tell her that I have formed none. She wishes some kind of advice for the queen, but I tell her that in my present diplomatic situation I can give none; but further, I think their majesties should not only march in the line of the constitution, but should not permit any person in their presence to jest on that subject, much less seriously to blame the ministers or their measures."

The queen's knowledge of Mr. Morris began in 1790, when he opposed the king's intention of going to the Assembly, and boldly said that his advisers were giving him "*un conseil ou inepte ou perfide.*" When, however, the king determined upon his course and went to the Assembly, Mr. Morris immediately communicated to Madame de Flahaut "a note upon the situation of affairs and the conduct which the king ought to pursue. This," he says, "she will hand to the queen's physician, Vicq d'Azir," who was always near the queen, and was also one of the many courtiers who had become entangled in the fair De Flahaut's meshes, by whom she could approach royalty. "I tell Madame de Flahaut," Mr. Morris goes on to say, "that she must cultivate the queen and give her good advice, the direct contrary of what the king receives from the ruling party; that if they succeed, she will then be provided for by means of her friends, but if they fail, then the queen will feel obligations which, having the power, she will of course repay." "Vicq d'Azir gave to her majesty," Mr. Morris says, "the note I had written, but she says that so long as Monsieur Necker remains in office she will not indulge in affairs."

From very excellent authority Mr. Morris heard that the "queen had decided the king to go to the Assembly; that his majesty, the day before he was to go, swore hard at Necker, and asked him if that step would procure peace, which of course the poor minister could not promise; that his majesty was very much out of humor also all the morning, and that when he returned from the Assembly he passed some time in tears. I doubt that this picture is overcharged, but I believe the ground is just." The king delivered his discourse standing, hat in hand, and De Montmorin told Mr. Morris that the "speech was received with great applause, and the Assembly took an oath to support the constitution which is to be made. A strange oath, as I consider the constitution they have proposed is such that the Almighty himself could not make it succeed without creating a new species of man. Monsieur de Lafayette is much surprised to hear that I disapprove of the king's step. I tell him that I think it can do no good, and must therefore do harm; but he says it will enable him to advocate the royal authority in the Assembly.

The night after the king had delivered his speech, so full of popular catchwords and phrases, promising to bring up his son to the new order of things, and to maintain constitutional liberty, one of the guests who dined with Mr. Morris at the Palais Royal "tells me," he says, "that I was right in my ideas about the effect of the king's speech, and owns that he was mistaken. I whisper to my neighbor, Madame de Segur, that this information has no effect either to alter or confirm that opinion which is founded on what I conceive to be the nature of man. It is a very strange thing that men who have lived in the world fifty years should think that opposition founded on strong direct personal interest can be instantly calmed by a few honeyed expressions. The present idea is that it will have a wonderful effect in the provinces, but I can conceive of no effect other than to create animosity. The *noblesse* will consider it as the effect of thraldom, in which he is held; and the populace, as a declaration of war against their superiors." Mr. Morris thought "that if this step of his majesty's had any effect on reasonable minds it would be to prove more clearly the feebleness of his ministers. For these three months past they have inveighed to the members against the proceedings of the Assembly, and now they appear to give his majesty's full approbation." Again, in

August, 1791, Mr. Morris made an effort to influence the king in the acceptance of the constitution, which he did not hesitate to say was "a ridiculous one," and gave into the hands of Monsieur de Montmorin what he calls "a plan of a discourse for the king," to be presented to his majesty. Morris's advice to the king was to accept the constitution, to "make clear and pointed observations on it, and assign as a reason for accepting it the mischief which would inevitably follow from his refusal." The character of his advice all through was exceedingly bold, and it startled Monsieur de Montmorin, "who," says Morris, "finds it too forcible; that the temper of the people will not bear it. I leave the paper with him, however, and he is to show it to the king on Monday. I gave him leave (which he otherwise would have taken) to show it to his daughter, Madame de Beaumont, as I know that she will encourage such a step, having previously mounted her imagination to that point."

Madame de Staël, in her most mischief-making mood, is to be thanked for making an interesting history for this memoir, which otherwise might have remained unheard of, like several others presented to the king at the same time on the same subject. That lady put into practice what no less a person than her father said "was a common trick with her, to pretend in order to learn," and, Mr. Morris says, "requests me at her own dinner-table to show her the memoir I have prepared for the king. I am surprised at this, and insist on knowing how she became acquainted with it. She tells me pretty nearly. I read it to her and the Abbé Louis, through whom she gained her intelligence, and they are, as I expected, very averse to so bold a tone. I am well persuaded that a poor conduct will be adopted." Madame de Staël's next move was to speak to the Bishop of Autun of the work, forgetting or not caring that what she said would get back to Mr. Morris. "Madame de Flahaut tells me," he says, "that Madame de Staël had found my work very weak, and that *she* had told the bishop that this is false, for that, on the contrary, Madame de Staël had feared only from its being too strong. I expected that conduct from Madame de Staël. She has told other persons that she has seen my work. She is a devilish woman."

When he next met her he says: "I have not the opportunity to tell her what I intended, for she seems a little conscience-struck and avoids me; but I tell the Abbé Louis that I renounce all influence in the business, and shall desire that my plan be not followed. Monsieur de Montmorin tells me that Madame de Staël played the same trick on him. I tell him that I have caused her to believe that I have given up the idea entirely, and desire him to speak of it lightly and as a thing I have abandoned." The question was, Who could be trusted? Madame de Staël could make mischief and try to spoil things with her tricks, but Monsieur de Montmorin was not above saying one thing and doing another; for he told Mr. Morris that "the plan was in the king's possession, and that his majesty found the discourse prepared for him difficult to swallow, because it acknowledges the loss of the crown. But he replied to this that it was only defective because he had not the command of 150,000 men." The king accepted the constitution on the 14th of September. The day before, "Monsieur de la Marck tells me," Mr. Morris says, "that the king's observations will be made to-morrow. He seems a little cool and shy on the subject. Dining at Madame de Flahaut's to-night, I learn the purport of the king's letter, which is meagre enough. It would seem that intrigue has at length succeeded, and caused the poor monarch to adopt a middle party which is good for nothing." "This morning is introduced by peals of artillery," Mr. Morris says. "It is a high festival on the adoption of the constitution. As no carriages can move I walk out, at one, and go to the Palais Royal. In the evening, having deposited my watch, purse, and pocketbook at home, I walk through the Rue St. Honoré to the Champs Elysées, thence to the Tuileries. The illumination of the château and avenues is superb."

"I see Monsieur de Montmorin, and on inquiry find that he did not deliver my paper until after his majesty had accept-

ed the constitution. This is wrong, but it is too late to do any good by saying so. I am now pretty well persuaded that the poor king has been prevented by an intrigue, in which Monsieur de Montmorin is a party, from acting as he ought."

Mr. Morris was assured that the king preferred "my observations to those presented by Pelling, and my informer felicitates me. I lead him off the scent, but he tells me that he is informed of this in such a manner as admits of no doubt, and also that Monsieur de Montmorin is vexed at the preference."

The vivid interest Mr. Morris always took in the affairs of France was by no means unnoticed by the king and queen. "Their majesties spoke to De Moustier of me," he says, "and he tells me that I stand well in their opinion." This intelligence interested him, in view of his possible mission to the court of Louis XVI., "where their favorable opinion," he says, "may be useful to my country." He frequently sent messages to the queen; and when Bertrand de Molleville was made Minister of the Marine, in 1791, Mr. Morris requested the Princesse de Tarent to "inform the queen from me that Monsieur de Molleville is the only minister in whom she ought to have confidence." The queen was touched by Mr. Morris's efforts to serve her, and told her physician, who repeated a conversation he had had with Mr. Morris respecting the decree against the princes, that "she desired to have it in writing, telling him that she knew how to value everything from that quarter."

Mr. Morris speaks of the queen being at the play one night, "and is perfectly well received. I sit directly over her head, and somebody, I suppose, tells her so, for she looks up at me very steadily, so as to recognize me again—this, at least, is my interpretation. My air, if I can know it myself, was that of calm benevolence with a little sensibility."

Mr. Morris was never presented at court until the occasion of his reception in his diplomatic capacity, but owing to the channels open to him through which he could approach the king by letter, many of his friends expressed surprise that he had not been nearer to the throne. "I tell Monsieur Bremond," he says, "when he asks me if I am not already acquainted with the king, that I never saw his majesty but in public, and never exchanged a word with him in my life, although some of the gazettes have made me one of his ministers; and that I am persuaded he would not know me if he should see me."

When, after many delays, the audience was granted, and "I present my letter of credence," Mr. Morris says, "the king, on receiving it, says: '*C'est de la part des Etats-Unis*,' and his tone of voice and his embarrassment mark well the feebleness of his disposition. I reply: '*Oui, sire, et ils m'ont chargé de témoigner à votre majesté leur attachement pour elle et pour la nation française.*' I am afterward presented to the queen."

It is touching, with the knowledge history gives us of the sad end of the queen and her son, to notice the pride with which she showed him to Mr. Morris: "'*Il n'est pas encore grand*,' she said, and I reply, '*J'espère, madame, qu'il sera bien grand, et véritablement grand.*' '*Nous y travaillons, monsieur*,' was her answer."

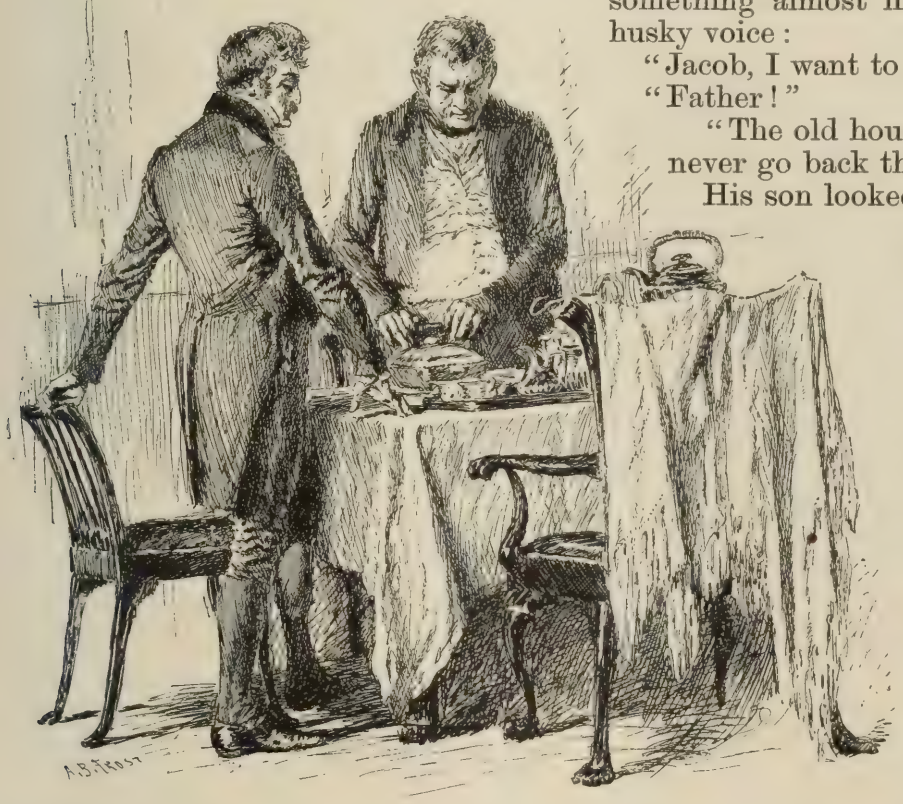
He does not seem to have quite approved of the queen's course during these last days, and says: "I found her majesty in good spirits and affable today at the *levée*, but I am, however, not pleased with her conduct." He told Vicq d'Azir that he had prepared a letter for his mistress, but "that I will not send it. He urges my doing so, but I refuse, and tell him that the king has been to the Assembly, which I disapprove of."

It would be interesting to know if Marie Antoinette complied with Mr. Morris's request for a lock of her hair, which he asked Madame de Tarent to procure for him. "She promises to try," he says, "and I think her majesty will be pleased with the request, even if she does not comply with it." Poor queen! her hair had, since her late adventures—her flight to Varennes and the cruel journey back to Paris—"turned quite gray," Vicq d'Azir told Mr. Morris.

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By H. C. Bunner.

II.



When young Jacob Dolph came down to breakfast the next morning he found his father waiting for him in the breakfast-room. The meal was upon the table. Old Chloe stood with her black hands folded upon her white apron, and her pathetic negro eyes following the old gentleman as he moved wistfully about the room.

Father and son shook hands in silence, and turned to the table. There were three chairs in their accustomed places. They hesitated a half-second, looking at the third great arm-chair, as though they waited for the mistress of the house to take her place. Then they sat down. It was six years before anyone took that third chair, but every morning Jacob Dolph the elder made that little pause before he put himself at the foot of the table.

On this first morning there was very little said and very little eaten. But when they had made an end of sitting at the table old Jacob Dolph said, with something almost like testiness in his husky voice:

"Jacob, I want to sell the house."

"Father!"

"The old house, I mean. I shall never go back there."

His son looked at him with a further inquiry. He felt a sudden new apprehension. The father sat back in his easy-chair, drumming on the arms with nervous fingers.

"I shall never go back there," he said again.

"Of course you know best, sir," said young Jacob, gently; "but would it be well to be precipitate? It is possible that you may feel differently some time ——"

"There is no 'some time' for me!" broke in the old man, gripping the chair-arms fiercely; "my time's done—done, sir!"

Then his voice broke and became plaintively kind.

"There, there! Forgive me, Jacob, boy. But it's true, my boy, true. The world's done, for me; but there's a world ahead for you, my son, thank God! I'll be patient—I'll be patient. God has been good to me, and I haven't many years to wait, in the course of nature."

He looked vacantly out of the window, trying to see the unforeseen with his mental sight.

"While I'm here, Jacob, let the old man have his way. It's a whimsy; I doubt 'tis hardly rational. But I have

no heart to go home. Let me learn to live my life here. 'Twill be easier."

"But do you think it necessary to sell, sir? Could you not hold the house? Are you certain that you would like to have a stranger living there?"

"I care not a pin who lives within those four walls now, sir!" cried the elder, with a momentary return of his vehemence. "It's no house to me now. Sell it, sir, sell it!—if there's anyone will give money for it at a time like this. Bring every stick of furniture and every stitch of carpet up here—and let me have my way, Jacob—it won't be for long."

He got up and went blindly out of the room, and his son heard him muttering, "Not for long—not for long, now," as he wandered about the house and went aimlessly into room after room.

Old Jacob Dolph had always been an indulgent parent, and none kinder ever lived. But we should hardly call him indulgent to-day. Good as he was to his boy, it had always been with the goodness of a superior. It was the way of his time. A half-century ago the child's position was equivocal. He lived by the grace of God and his parents, and their duty to him was rather a duty to society, born of an abstract morality. Love was given him, not as a right, but as an indulgence. And young Jacob Dolph, in all his grief and anxiety, was guiltily conscious of a secret thrill of pleasure—natural enough, poor boy—in his sudden elevation to the full dignity of manhood, and his father's abdication of the headship of the house.

A little later in the day, urged again by the old gentleman, he put on his hat and went to see Abram Van Riper. Mr. Van Riper was now, despite his objections to the pernicious institution of country-houses, a near neighbor of the Dolphs. He had yielded, not to fashion, but to yellow fever, and at the very first of the outbreak had bought a house on the outskirts of Greenwich Village, and had moved there in unseemly haste. He had also registered an unnecessarily profane oath that he would never again live within the city limits.

When young Jacob Dolph came in front of the low, hip-roofed house, whose lower story of undressed stone shone with fresh whitewash, Mr. Van Riper stood on his stoop and checked his guest at the front gate, a dozen yards away. From this distance he jabbed his big gold-headed cane toward the young man, as though to keep him off.

"Stay there, sir—you, sir, you Jacob Dolph!" he roared, brandishing the big stick. "Stand back, I tell you! Don't come in, sir! Good-day, sir—good-day, good-day, good-day!" (This hurried excursus was in deference to a sense of social duty.) "Keep away, confound you, keep away—consume your body, sir, stay where you are!"

"I'm not coming any nearer, Mr. Van Riper," said Jacob Dolph, with a smile which he could not help.

"I can't have you in here, sir," went on Mr. Van Riper, with no abatement of his agitation. "I don't want to be inhospitable; but I've got a wife and a son, sir, and you're infectious—damn it, sir, you're infectious!"

"I'll stay where I am, Mr. Van Riper," said young Jacob, smiling again. "I only came with a message from my father."

"With a *what?*" screamed Mr. Van Riper. "I can't have—oh, ay, a message! Well, say it then, and be off like a sensible youngster. Consume it, man, can't you talk further out in the street?"

When Mr. Van Riper learned his visitor's mission he flung his stick on the white pebbles of the clamshell-bordered path and swore that he, Van Riper, was the only sane man in a city of lunatics, and that if Jacob Dolph tried to carry out his plan he should be shipped straightway to Bloomingdale.

But young Jacob had something of his father's patience, and, despite the publicity of the interview, he contrived to make Mr. Van Riper understand how matters stood. To tell the truth, Van Riper grew quite sober and manageable when he realized that his extravagant imputation of insanity was not so wide of the mark as it might have seemed, and that there was a possibility that his old friend's mind might be growing weak. He even ventured a little way down the path and permitted Jacob to come to the gate while they discussed the situation.



"Poor old Dolph—poor old Jacob!" he groaned. "We must keep him out of the hands of the sharks, that we must!" He did not see young Jacob's irrepressible smile at this singular extension of metaphor. "He mustn't be allowed to sell that house in open market—never, sir! Confound it, I'll buy it myself before I'll see him fleeced!"

In the end he agreed, on certain strict conditions of precaution, to see young Jacob the next day and discuss ways and means to save the property.

"Come here, sir, at ten, and I'll see you in the sitting-room, and we'll find out what we can do for your father—curse it, it makes me feel bad, by gad, it does! Ten to-morrow, then—and come fumigated, young man, don't you forget that—come fumigated, sir!"

It was Van Riper who bought the property at last. He paid eighteen thousand dollars for it. This was much less than its value; but it was more than anyone else would have given just at that time, and it was all that Van Riper could afford. The transaction weighed on the purchaser's mind, however. He had bought the house solely out of kindness, at some momentary inconvenience to himself; and yet it looked as though he were taking advantage of his friend's weakness. Abram Van Riper was a man who cultivated a clear conscience, of a plain, old-fashioned sort, and the necessity for self-examination was novel and disagreeable to him.

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Life lived itself out at Jacob Dolph's new house whether he liked it or not. The furniture came up-town, and was somewhat awkwardly disposed about its new quarters; and in this unhomelike

combination of two homes old Mr. Dolph sat himself down to finish his stint of life. He got up each morning and found that twenty-four hours of sleep and waking lay before him, to be got through in their regular order, just as they were lived through by men who had an interest in living. He went to bed every night, and crossed off one from a tale of days of which he could not know the length.

Of course his son, in some measure, saved his existence from emptiness. He was proud of young Jacob—fond and proud. He looked upon him as a prince of men, which he was, indeed. He trusted absolutely in the young man, and his trust was well placed. And he knew that his boy loved him. But he had an old man's sad consciousness that he was not necessary to Jacob—that he was an adjunct, at the best, not an integral part of this younger existence. He saw Jacob the younger gradually recovering from his grief for the mother who had



left them; and he knew that even so would Jacob some day recover from grief when his father should have gone.

He saw this; but it is doubtful if he felt it acutely. Nature was gradually dulling his sensibilities with that wonderful anæsthetic of hers, which is so much kinder to the patient than it is to his watching friends. After the first wild freak of selling the house, he showed, for a long time, no marked signs of mental impairment, beyond his lack of interest in the things which he had once cared about—even in the growth of the city he loved. And in a lonely and unoccupied man, sixty-five years of age, this was not unnatural. It was not unnatural, even, if now and then he was whimsical, and took odd fancies and prejudices. But nevertheless the work was going on within his brain, little by little, day by day.

He settled his life into an almost mechanical routine, of which the most active part was his daily walk down into the city. At first he would not go beyond St. Paul's church-yard; but after awhile he began to take timorous strolls among the old business streets where his life had been passed. He would drop into the offices of his old friends, and would read the market reports with a pretence of great interest, and then he would fold up his spectacles and put them in their worn leather case, and walk slowly out. He was always pleased when one of the younger clerks bowed to him and said, "Good-day, Mr. Dolph!"

It was in the fourth year of his widowhood that he bethought himself of young Jacob's need of a more liberal social life than he had been leading. The boy went about enough; he was a good deal of a beau, so his father heard; and there was no desirable house in the town that did not welcome handsome, amiable young Dolph. But he showed no signs of taking a wife unto himself, and in those days the bachelor had only a provisional status in society. He was expected to wed, and the whole circle of his friends chorussed yearly a deeper regret for the lost sheep, as time made that detestable thing, an "old bachelor," of him.

Young Jacob was receiving many courtesies and was making no adequate

return. He felt it himself, but he was too tender of his father's changeless grief to urge him to open the great empty house to their friends. The father, however, felt that it was his duty to sacrifice his own desire of solitude, and when the winter of 1825 brought home the city's wandering children—there were not so many of the wandering sort in 1825—he insisted that young Jacob should give a dinner to his friends among the gay young bachelors. That would be a beginning; and if all went well they would have an old maiden aunt from Philadelphia to spend the winter with them, and help them to give the dinner parties which do not encourage bachelorhood, but rather convert and reform the coy celibate.

The news went rapidly through the town. The Dolph hospitality had been famous, and this was taken for a signal that the Dolph doors were to open again. There was great excitement in Hudson Street and St. John's Park. Maidens, bending over their tambour-frames, working secret hopes and aspirations in with their blossoming silks and worsted, blushed, with faint speculative smiles, as they thought of the vast social possibilities of the mistress of the grand Dolph house. Young bachelors, and old bachelors, too, rolled memories of the Dolph Madeira over longing tongues.

The Dolph cellar, too, had been famous, and just at that period New Yorkers had a fine and fanciful taste in wine if they had any self-respect whatever.

I think it must have been about then that Mr. Dominick Lynch began his missionary labors among the smokers and drinkers of this city; he who bought a vineyard in France and the Vuelta Abajo plantations in Cuba, solely to teach the people of his beloved New York what was the positively proper thing in wines and cigars. If it was not then, it could not have been much later that Mr. Dolph had got accustomed to receiving, every now and then, an unordered and unexpected consignment of wines or Havana cigars, sent up from Little Dock Street —or what we call Water Street now, the lower end of it. And I am sure that he paid Mr. Lynch's bill with glowing pride; for Mr. Lynch extended the evangelizing hand of culture to none but those of pre-eminent social position.



It was to be quite a large dinner; but it was noticeable that none of the young men who were invited had engagements of regrettable priority.

Jacob Dolph the elder looked more interested in life than he had looked in four years when he stood on the hearth-rug in the drawing-room and received his son's guests. He was a bold figure among all the young men, not only because he was tall and white-haired, and for the moment erect, and of a noble and gracious cast of countenance, but because he clung to his old style of dress —his knee-breeches and silk stockings and his long coat, black, for this great occasion, but of the "shadbelly" pattern. He wore his high black stock,



"And then he marched off to bed by himself, suffering no one to go with him."

too, and his snow-white hair was gathered behind into a loose peruke.

The young men wore trousers, or pantaloons as they mostly called them, strapped under their varnished boots. Their coats were cut like our dress-coats, if you can fancy them with a wild amplitude of collar and lappel. They wore large cravats and gaudy waistcoats, and two or three of them who had been too much in England came with shawls or rugs around their shoulders.

They were a fashionable lot of people, and this was a late dinner, so they sat down at six o'clock in the great dining-room—not the little breakfast-room—with old Jacob Dolph at one end of the table and young Jacob Dolph at the other.

It was a pleasant dinner, and the wine was good, and the company duly appreciative, though individually critical.

Old Jacob Dolph had on his right an agreeable French count, just arrived in New York, who was creating a *furore;* and on his left was Mr. Philip Waters, the oldest of the young men, who, being thirty-five, had a certain consideration for old age. But old Jacob Dolph was not quite at his ease. He did not understand the remarkable decorum of the young men. He himself belonged to the age of "bumpers and no heel-taps," and nobody at his board to-night seemed to care about drinking bumpers, even out of the poor, little, new-fangled claret-glasses, that held only a thimbleful apiece. He had never known a lot of gentlemen, all by themselves, to be so discreet. Before the evening was over he became aware of the fact that he was the only man who was proposing toasts, and then he proposed them no more.

Things had changed since he was a young buck and gave bachelor parties. Why, he could remember seeing his own good father—an irreproachable gentleman, surely—lock the door of his dining-room on the inside—ay, at just such a dinner as this—and swear that no guest of his should go out of that room sober. And his word had been kept. Times were changing. He thought, somehow, that these young men needed more good port in their veins.

Toward the end of the festivities he grew silent. He gave no more toasts, and drank no more bumpers, although he might safely have put another bottle or two under his broad waistcoat. But he leaned back in his chair, and rested one hand on the table, playing with his wine-glass in an absent-minded way. There was a vague smile on his face; but every now and then he knit his heavy gray brows, as if he were trying to work out some problem of memory. Mr. Philip Waters and the French count were talking across him; he had been in the conversation, but he had dropped out some time before. At last he rose, with his brows knit, and pulled out his huge watch and looked at its face. Everybody turned toward him, and, at the other end of the table, his son half rose to his feet. He put the watch back in his pocket, and said in his clear, deep voice: "Gentlemen, I think we will rejoin the ladies."

There was a little impulsive stir around the table, and then he seemed to understand that he had wandered, and a frightened look came over his face. He tottered backward, and swayed from side to side. Mr. Philip Waters and the Frenchman had their arms behind him before he could fall, and in a second or two he had straightened himself up. He made a stately, tremulous apology for what he called his "infelicitous absence of mind," and then he marched off to bed by himself, suffering no one to go with him.

A little while later in the evening, Mr. Philip Waters, walking down Broadway (which thoroughfare was getting to have a fairly suburban look), informed the French count that in his, Mr. Waters's, opinion young Jacob Dolph would own that house before long.

Young Jacob Dolph's father insisted on repetitions of the bachelor dinner, but he never again appeared in the great dining-room. When there was a stag party he took his own simple dinner at five o'clock and went to bed early, and lay awake until his son had dismissed the last mild reveler and he could hear the light, firm young footstep mounting the stairs to the bedroom-door opposite his own.

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That was practically the end of it for

old Jacob Dolph. The maiden aunt, who had been invited, was notified that she could not come, for Mr. Dolph was not well enough to open his house that winter. But it was delicately intimated to her that if he grew worse she might still be sent for, and that alleviated her natural disappointment. She liked to give parties; but there is a chastened joy also for some people in being at the head of a house of mourning.

Old Mr. Dolph grew no worse physically, except that he was inclined to make his daily walks shorter, and grew fonder of sitting at home in the little breakfast-room, where the sun shone almost all day long, and where Mrs. Dolph had once been fond of coming to sew. Her little square work-table of mahogany stood there still. There the old gentleman liked to dine, and often he dined alone.



Young Jacob was in great demand all over town, and his father knew that he ought to go out and amuse himself. And the young man, although he was kind and loving, and never negligent in any office of respect or affection, had that strong youth in him which makes it impossible to sit every day of the week opposite an old man whose world had slipped by him, who knew nothing of youth except to love it and wonder at it.

In the morning, before he went out for his daily tramp into town, old Jacob would say to young Jacob:

"I suppose I shall see you at dinner, my boy?"

And young Jacob would say, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir, I think not. Mrs. Des Anges was in town yesterday, and she asked me to ride up there to-day and dine. And Diana" (Diana was his big black mare) needs a little work; she's getting badly out of condition. So, if it doesn't matter to you, sir, I'll just run up there and get back before the moon sets."

And the father would answer that it didn't matter, and would send his best respects, through Mrs. Des Anges at Kingsbridge, to Madam Des Anges at New Rochelle; and at night he would sit down alone to his dinner in the breakfast-room, served by old Chloe, who did her humble best to tempt his appetite, which was likely to be feeble when Master Jacob was away.

Master Jacob had taken to riding to Kingsbridge of late. Sometimes he

would start out early in the morning, just about the time when young Van Riper was plodding by on his way to the shop. Young Van Riper liked to be at the shop an hour earlier than his father. Old Mr. Dolph was always up, on these occasions, to see his son start off. He loved to look at the boy, in his English riding-boots and breeches, astride of black Diana, who pranced and curvetted up the unpaved road. Young Jacob had her well in hand, but he gave her her head and let her play until they reached Broadway, where he made her strike a rattling regular pace until they got well up the road; and then she might walk up Bloomingdale way or across to Hickory Lane.

If he went up by the east he was likely to dismount at a place which you can see now, a little west and south of McComb's Dam Bridge, where there is a bit of a rocky hollow, and a sort of horizontal cleft in the rocks that has been called a cave, and a water-washed stone above, whose oddly shaped hollow is called an Indian's footprint. He would stop there because right in that hollow, as I can tell you myself, grew, in his time as in mine, the first of the spring flowers. It was full of violets once, carpeted fairly with the pale, delicate petals.

And up toward the west, on a bridle-path between the hills and the river, as you came toward Fort Washington, going to Tubby Hook—we are refined nowadays, and Tubby Hook is "Inwood"—Heaven help it!—there were wonderful flowers in the woods. The wind-flowers came there early, nestling under the gray rocks that sparkled with garnets; and there bloomed great bunches of Dutchman's-breeches—not the thin sprays that come in the late New England spring, but huge clumps that two men could not inclose with linked hands; great masses of scarlet and purple, and—mostly—of a waxy-white, with something death-like in their translucent beauty. There, also, he would wade into the swamps around a certain little creek, lured by a hope of the jack-in-the-pulpit, to find only the odorous and disappointing skunk-cabbage. And there the woods were full of the aroma of sassafras and of birch, tapped by the earliest woodpecker, whose drumming throbbed through the young man's deep and tender musing.

And—strange enough for a young man who rides only to exercise his black mare—he never came out of those woods without an armful of columbine or the like. And—strange enough for any young man in this world of strange things—when he sat down at the table of Mrs. Des Anges, in her pleasant house near Harlem Creek, Miss Aline Des Anges wore a bunch of these columbines at her throat. Miss Aline Des Anges was a slim girl, not very tall, with great dark eyes that followed some people with a patient wistfulness.

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One afternoon, in May of 1827, young Jacob found his father in the breakfast-room, and said to him:

"Father, I am going to marry Aline Des Anges."

His father, who had been dozing in the sun by the south window, raised his eyes to his son's face with a kindly, blank look, and said, thoughtfully:

"Des Anges. That's a good family, Jacob, and a wonderful woman, Madam Des Anges. Is she alive yet?"

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When Madam Des Anges, eighty years old and strong and well, heard of this, she said:

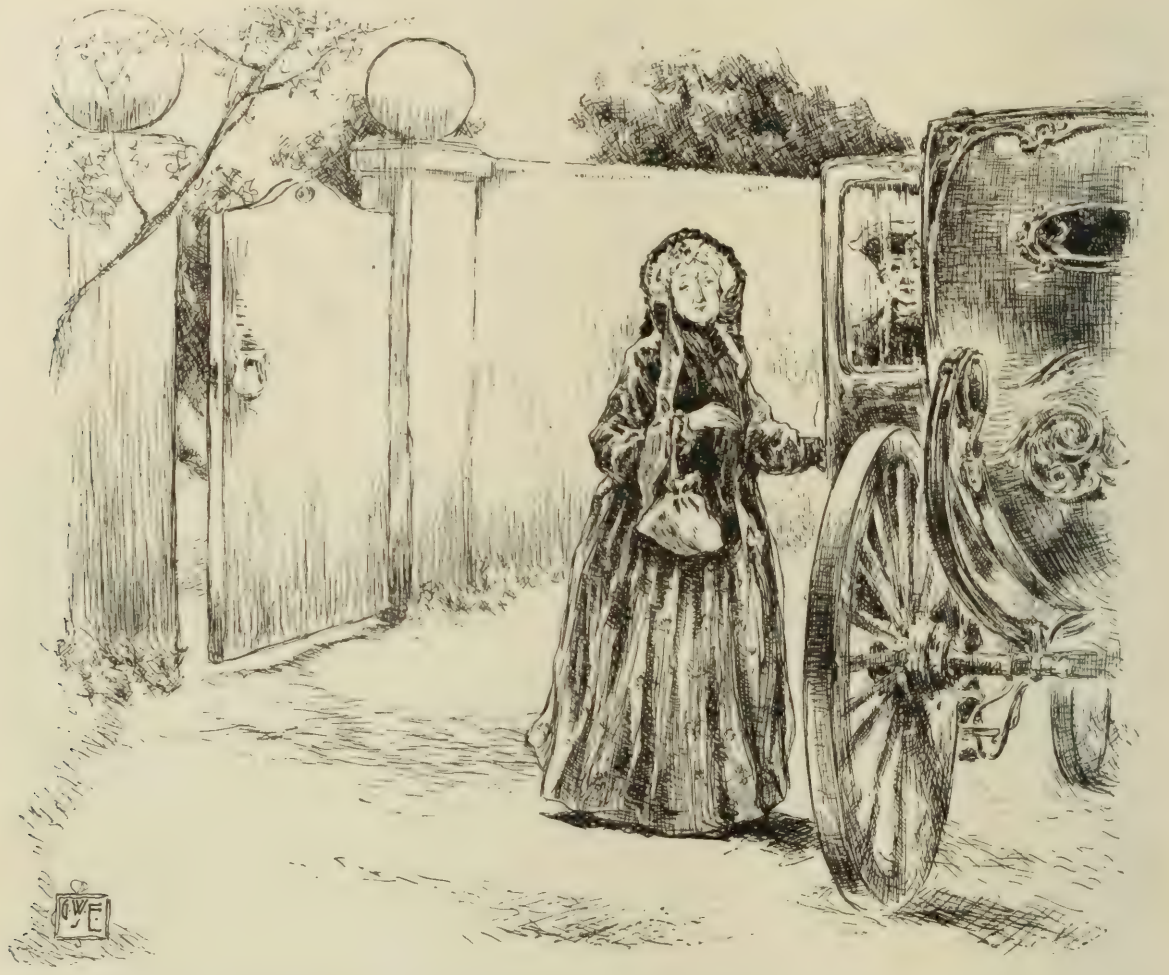
"It is the etiquette of France that one family should make the proposition to the other family. Under the circumstances *I* will be the family that proposes. I will make a precedent. The Des Anges make precedents."

And she rode down to the Dolph house in the family carriage—the last time it ever went out—and made her "proposition" to Jacob Dolph the elder, and he brightened up most wonderfully, until you would have thought him quite his old self, and he told her what an honor he esteemed the alliance, and paid her compliments a hundred words long.

And in May of the next year, Kingsbridge being out of the question, and etiquette being waived at the universal demand of society, the young couple stood up in the drawing-room of the Dolph house to be wed.

The ceremony was fashionably late—

seven o'clock in the evening. And after it was over, and the young couple had digested what St. Paul had to say about the ordinance of wedlock, and had inaudibly promised to do and be whatever the dominie required of them, they were led by the half-dozen groomsmen to the long glass between the front windows, and made to stand up there, with their faces toward the company, and to receive the congratulations of a mighty procession of friends, who all used the same formulas, except the very old ones, who were delicately indelicate.



The bridegroom wore a blue coat and trousers, and a white satin waistcoat embroidered with silver-thread roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The coat was lined with cream-colored satin, quilted in a most elaborate pattern; and his neck-tie was of satin, too, with embroidered ends. The frills on his shirt were a miracle of fine linen. As to the bride, she was in white satin and lace, and at her throat she wore a little bunch of late white columbines, for which Mr. Jacob Dolph the younger had scoured the woods near Fort Washington.

There was to be a grand supper, later; and the time of waiting was filled up with fashionable conversation.

That dear old doctor, who was then a dear young doctor, and whose fine snow-crowned face stood in later years as an outward and visible sign of all that was brave, kindly, self-sacrificing, and benevolent in the art of healing, was seated by Madam Des Anges, and was telling her, in stately phrase, suited to his auditor, of a certain case of heroism with which he had met in the course of his practice. Mr. Blank, it appeared, had been bitten by a dog that was supposed to be possessed by the rabies. For months he had suffered the agonies of mental suspense and repeated cauterizing of the flesh, and during those months had concealed his case from his wife, that he might spare her pain—suffering in silence enough to unnerve most men.

"It was heroic," said Dr. F.

Madam Des Anges bowed her gray head approvingly.

"I think," she said, "his conduct shows him to be a man of taste. Had he informed his wife of his condition, she might have experienced the most annoying solicitude; and I am informed that she is a person of feeble character."

The doctor looked at her, and then down at the floor; and then he asked her if she did not hope that Almaviva Lynch would bring Garcia back again, with that marvellous Italian opera, which, as he justly observed, captivated the eye, charmed the ear, and awakened the profoundest emotions of the heart.

And at that Madam Des Anges showed some animation, and responded that she had listened to some pleasing operas in Paris; but she did not know that they were of Italian origin.

But if Madam Des Anges was surprised to learn that any good thing could come out of any other country than France, there was another surprise in store for her, and it did not long impend.

It was only a little while after this that her grandson-in-law, finding her on his right and Abram Van Riper on his left—he had served out his time as a statue in front of the mirror—thought it proper to introduce to Madam Des Anges his father's old friend, Mr. Van Riper. Mr. Van Riper bowed as low as his waistcoat would allow, and courteously observed that the honor then accorded him he had enjoyed earlier in the evening, through the kind offices of Mr. Jacob Dolph, senior.

Madam Des Anges dandled her quizzing-glass as though she meant to put it up to her eye, and said, in a weary way:

"Mr.—ah—Van Riper must pardon me. I have not the power of remembering faces that some people appear to have; and my eyes—my eyes are not strong."

Old Van Riper stared at her, and he turned a turkey-cock purple all over his face, down to the double chin that hung over his white neckerchief.

"If your ladyship has to buy spectacles," he sputtered, "it needn't be on my account."

And he stamped off to the side-board and tried to cool his red-hot rage with potations of Jamaica rum. There his wife found him. She had drawn near when she saw him talking with the great Madam Des Anges, and she had heard, as she stood hard by and smiled unobtrusively, the end of that brief conversation. Her face, too, was flushed—a more fiery red than her flame-colored satin dress.

She attacked him in a vehement whisper.

"Van Riper, what are you doing? I'd almost believe you'd had too much liquor, if I didn't know you hadn't had a drop. Will you ever learn what gentility is? D'ye want us to live and die like toads in a hole? Here you are with your ill manners offending Madam Des Anges, that everybody knows is the best of the best, and there's an end of all likelihood of ever seeing her and her folks, and two nieces unmarried and as good girls as ever was, and such a connection for your son, who hasn't been out of the house it's now twelve months—except to this very wedding here, and you've no thought of your family when once you lose that mighty fine temper of yours, that you're so prodigious proud of; and where you'll end us, Van Riper, is more than I know, I vow."

But all she could get out of Van Riper was:

"The old harridan! She'll remember my name this year or two to come, I'll warrant ye!"

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It was all over at last, and old black Julius, who had been acting as a combination of link-boy and major-domo at the foot of the front steps, extinguished his lantern, and went to bed, some time before a little white figure stole up the stairs and slipped into a door that Chloe—black Chloe—held open.

And the next day Jacob Dolph the elder handed the young bride into the new travelling-carriage, with his stateliest grace, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Dolph, junior, rolled proudly up the road, through Bloomingdale, and across Kingsbridge—stopping for luncheon at the Des Anges house—over to New Rochelle, where the feminine head of the house of Des Anges received them

at her broad front door, and where they had the largest room in her large, old-fashioned house, for one night. Madam Des Anges wished to keep them longer, and was authoritative about it. But young Jacob settled the question of supremacy then and there, with the utmost courtesy, and Madam Des Anges, being great enough to know that she was beaten, sent off the victor on the morrow, with his trembling accomplice by his side, and wished them *bon voyage* as heartily as she possibly could.

So they started afresh on their bridal tour, and very soon the travelling-carriage struck the old Queen Anne's Road, and reached Yonkers. And there, and from there up to Fishkill, they passed from one country-house to another, bright particular stars at this dinner and at that supper, staying a day here and a night there, and having just the sort of sociable, public, restless, rattling good time that neither of them wanted.

At every country house where they stayed a day they were pressed to stay a week, and always the whole neighborhood was routed out to pay them social tribute. The neighbors came in by all manner of conveyances. One family of aristocrats started at six o'clock in the morning, and travelled fourteen miles down the river in an ox-cart, the ladies sitting bolt upright, with their hair elaborately dressed for the evening's entertainment. And once a regular assembly ball was given in their honor, at a town-hall, the use of which was granted for the purpose specified by unanimous vote of the town-council. Of course, they had a very good time; but then there are various sorts of good times. Perhaps they might have selected another sort for themselves.

There is a story that, on their way back, they put up for several days at a poor little hostelry under the hills below Peekskill, and spent their time in wandering through the woods and picking wild-flowers ; but it lacks confirmation, and I should be sorry to believe that two well-brought-up young people would prefer their own society to the unlimited hospitality of their friends in the country.

Old Jacob Dolph, at home, had the great house all to himself ; and, although black Chloe took excellent care of his material comforts, he was restless and troubled. He took most comfort out of a London almanac, on whose smudgy pages he checked off the days. Letters came as often as the steamboat arrived from Albany, and he read them, after his fashion. It took him half the week to get through one missive, and by that time another had arrived. But I fear he did not make much out of them. Still, they gave him one pleasure. He indorsed them carefully with the name of the writer, and the date of receipt, and then he laid them away in his desk, as neatly as he had filed his business letters in his old days of active life.

Every night he had a candle alight in the hallway ; and if there were a far-off rumble of carriage-wheels late at night, he would rise from his bed—he was a light sleeper, in his age—and steal out into the corridor, hugging his dressing-robe about him, to peer anxiously down over the balusters till the last sound and the last faint hope of his son's return had died away.

And, indeed, it was late in July when the travelling-carriage once more drew up in front of the Dolph house, and old Julius opened the door, and old Mr. Dolph welcomed them, and told them that he had been very lonely in their absence, and that their mother—and then he remembered that their mother was dead, and went into the house with his head bowed low.

OUR NAVAL POLICY—A LESSON FROM 1861.

By James Russell Soley.

The decrepit condition of the navy has been for some time a subject of concern and a source of humiliation to the country. Its extraordinary development during the civil war was not productive of any permanent benefit. Its expansion at that time was due to the pressure of urgent necessity, and the measures adopted were makeshifts, suited only to the demands of the moment. The next fifteen years were marked by a steady process of deterioration. In 1881, however, with the appointment of the first Advisory Board, a reaction set in, and the earnest efforts made during the last five years in Congress, in the Department, and in the service have at last begun to bear fruit. But the results that have been accomplished so far, though they make a good beginning, are only a beginning, and the danger is that the country, through a mistaken estimate of its wants, will be satisfied to stop at the elementary stage. It is therefore desirable to find out, if possible, what the necessities of our naval policy really are, and how far, in the light of past experience, the navy falls short of them.

The one broad proposition that lies at the root of the whole matter is that the navy exists for war. It has its uses in time of peace, some of them important uses. It performs its part in the police of the ocean, and it protects American interests, chiefly by the exercise of moral force, in disturbed countries. There is no doubt that the entire want of a naval force for these purposes would work much mischief to our interests abroad. But if these were all the duties of the navy, or even its chief duties, a much smaller and less expensive fleet would be sufficient—certainly there would be no need of an establishment including seven great dockyards, with a cabinet minister at its head, and costing from twelve to eighteen millions a year. The real use of this great establishment is to provide the country with an instrument for waging war, and the principal reason for employing it in miscellaneous peace duties is to occupy and train its energies with a view to the crisis which it is ultimately to meet. Indeed, so important is it that the navy should have this constant professional occupation and training during peace, that it would be desirable to create employments with this special object if the ordinary wants of the government failed to supply them.

As the navy is not maintained merely as an ocean police, or as a conventional ornament of international intercourse, but mainly for war, the question may pertinently be asked, and it is repeatedly asked, especially by inland statesmen, whether the United States really need an establishment of this kind for war purposes. It is said that our isolated position and our traditional policy of avoiding political alliances give us an international status very different from that of European nations; while our immense preponderance in the western world, in resources, in population, and in area, should exempt us from all danger at the hands of our comparatively feeble neighbors. It would seem, therefore, that we might count upon an unusual durability and continuity of friendly relations for two reasons: first, because we do not cultivate the rivalries and animosities that excite hostility, and, secondly, because foreign nations are afraid of us.

There is a grain of truth in this reasoning, but a much larger proportion of error. If we carry it to the length of neglecting to provide the means of national defence, and conducting our foreign relations with a comfortable sense of security, based on the policy which conscientious nations ought to pursue toward ourselves, we shall be living in a fools' paradise, from which the angel with the flaming sword will some day rudely cast us out. No state, whatever its position or its traditional policy, is secure against an invasion of rights. The rights of private individuals in a

community are guaranteed by the law, and enforced by the government. In the international system, where states are the individuals, the law defines rights with more or less exactness; but in the absence of a common superior, their only guarantee lies in public opinion, which is always swerved by national bias, and their enforcement is left to the individuals themselves. The relations of states are therefore those of individuals in an unorganized community, where interests are divergent, and where each man enforces his own rights by the principle of *vis major*. Under such conditions the most long-suffering individual would find it difficult to avoid disputes, for he would ultimately reach a point where further yielding would mean the loss of independence. A state that pursued a uniform policy of concession would very soon reach that point. Moreover, international relations are so interwoven through commercial and other interests that no state, however isolated its geographical position, can wholly escape controversy. Where the private citizen is only liable to private quarrels, the state, or the government which represents it, being the trustee of the interests of all its citizens, must be ready to act for their protection and in their behalf, by making their just quarrels its own. An invasion of their rights is an invasion of its own rights, which it is bound to repel, while behind it and behind its opponent lies a popular sentiment which neither can easily control. With such heavy responsibilities and such imperfect guarantees, a government that neglects preparation invites aggression, for it can only assert its rights effectually by showing a capacity to enforce them.

The question as to the immediate or remote probability of war, at any given time, is a matter of futile speculation, as our history amply proves. During the last hundred years we have been at war six times, counting the French hostilities in 1798—an average of one war to every sixteen or seventeen years. The causes that brought about the old wars are no longer operative—French spoliations have ceased, the Tripolitan and Algerine pirates have been swept from the seas, England no longer asserts a right of impressment, there is no territorial controversy with Mexico. But other causes that may operate with equal force in the future are not far to seek. We have come to the verge of war twice since the Rebellion—in 1865 and in 1873—and both times unexpectedly. In the first case a rupture was only averted by our own excellent state of preparation. In the event of a general European war, which is always impending, unarmed neutrals would suffer, as they did in 1806; and even without such a war there is danger at all times of an invasion of rights, or a collision of interests, which no compromise could adjust, and before which the friendly demonstrations of the centennial period would disappear like the smoke of the saluting guns that accompanied them.

The second theory upon which our supposed immunity is based, that foreign nations, whatever their interests or sentiments, will be afraid to go to war with us, is a colossal delusion. In spite of its resources in reserve, the country is more vulnerable to-day to a sharp and sudden blow than it was half a century ago. Future wars will be of short duration; they will come when least expected; and the state that is prepared to strike a blow at the outset will inflict an injury that no belated exertions will avail to repair. Potential strength will not deter foreign states from a policy of aggression. Unless the force is actual, unless the effective army and navy are prepared for immediate resistance, and are commensurate in some degree with the position of a state in the international system, other states care little for it and its reserve power in the background. It is a physical impossibility that the reserve power should be brought into effective play within any reasonable time after war has begun, as war is carried on to-day—a fact of which the military and naval authorities in foreign states are fully aware, and which they take into account in their calculations. I venture to assert, from what is known of the methods of administration prevailing, for instance, in Germany, with which state it is most unlikely that we should have a serious cause of dispute, that the General Staff at the German Admiralty know to a nicety

what we could accomplish in a war with that power ; and in all probability they have a plan of operations with the details of the campaign already prepared, carefully modified in accordance with every variation for the better or the worse in our effective force, and ready to be put in operation at a few hours' notice.

Apart from the probability of actual war, the necessity of an armed force is manifest as an element, although an unrecognized element, in international negotiation. To recur to our illustration, the private individual in an unorganized state of society, though he might keep out of quarrels by uniform conciliation, would find his volition and his action constantly fettered by his inability to assert his rights through the only *ultima ratio* known to the community around him. So it is with the state. In the controversies of nations it is not the just cause that prevails, but the just cause aided by the strong arm. It has not been the habit with us Americans to think much of this silent factor in international negotiation. But with our friends, the Great Powers, it lies rooted in every question of foreign policy ; and the other powers are coming rapidly to the same view, as may be seen from the tone of their diplomatic communications and the increased efficiency of their naval armaments. A certain sense of decency may deter states from unjust aggressions toward their diminutive or feeble neighbors, but there is nothing to restrain them in a dispute with a great rival that refuses to protect its rights by maintaining an adequate force. The executions at Santiago de Cuba, in 1873, would never have taken place if we had had a respectable squadron at the time in West Indian waters ; and it must be clear to everyone that the nagging and offensive policy of the British provinces toward our fishing-vessels would not be continued for a day if we had a really efficient fleet. As the Secretary of the Navy said in his report of last year : "This country can afford to have, and it cannot afford to lack, a naval force at least so formidable that its dealings with foreign powers will not be influenced at any time, or even be suspected of being influenced, by a consciousness of weakness on the sea."

It is clear that these views receive a vague sort of assent in the popular mind, for otherwise we should not have two out of the seven great departments of the Government employed in carrying them out. But in the popular mind, and in Congress, which reflects it, the notion of a fighting force is chiefly represented by the army; while the navy is regarded doubtfully as a conventional, though possibly a useful, adjunct in military operations. Yet this country above all others, except England, must look to its navy to meet the most urgent demands of belligerent operations. Its position is such that neither it nor its enemy is likely to present a vulnerable land frontier. Whether its wars are offensive or defensive, the attack will be made from the sea, and will be met on the sea or at the sea-coast, whichever party attempts to strike the first blow. The land forces would sooner or later bear a most important part, but an invasion of any foreign territory, except Mexico or Canada, would be impossible without a supporting squadron, while a foreign invasion of our own territory could be rendered equally impossible by our ability to concentrate a sufficient maritime force. In any case, therefore, the indispensable element of attack and of defence would be the fleet.

It may fairly be assumed from what has been said that the United States need a navy, and that, to be of any real use, it must be capable of instantaneous conversion—that is, in the space of a few days—into an instrument for waging effective war. To see how far the establishment may fall short of this requirement, we have only to look at our experience in 1861. At that time our enemy had a sea-coast of three thousand miles, full of vulnerable points, nearly all his important cities were within striking distance from the sea, and he began the contest without a single armed vessel afloat, so that both our seaports and our merchantmen had complete immunity from attack. The land campaign, in which two armies composed of raw levies held each other in check, was practically at a standstill. Could a combination of circumstances be imagined more favorable for utilizing an efficient

fleet, and for striking a succession of blows of the kind that paralyzes an enemy? In spite of these conditions, the naval war for the first half-year was a lamentable failure. The new administration came in on the 4th of March, and the outbreak of war from that moment was only a question of days. Yet the first, the very first, naval operation was on the 28th of August, when Commodore Stringham attacked the forts at Hatteras Inlet. It was an exploit requiring no great force—indeed, as an operation it was mere pastime—yet it had been nearly six months in preparation, and another six months elapsed before it was followed up by Goldsborough's expedition to the Sounds. The important results of these two operations only show how much might have been done at the outset with a properly prepared fleet. Except for the blockade, which was hardly efficient until autumn, the attack at Hatteras Inlet represents all that was accomplished by the naval administration during its first eight months of power. With such a pitiful result when all the conditions were favorable, it is easy to see what would have happened during the same period in a war with a maritime enemy. Our so-called ships-of-war, when they got to sea, would have been annihilated, our arsenals and dockyards would have been destroyed, our commerce extinguished, and our sea-coast cities either bombarded or laid under heavy contribution.

The failure of the navy in 1861 was due to the neglect of the one cardinal principle, which should pervade and vitalize the whole naval establishment, that the navy exists only for war. The fundamental defect extended through every detail of administration—personnel, organization, material. It was shown in the personnel by the absence of any real training for war, and by the failure to select, beforehand, the best men in the service for its responsible commands. It was shown in the organization by the want of an authorized military agency, prepared to direct the operations of the fleet during war, or engaged in directing them during peace in such a manner that they would be of immediate service in war; and, further, by the failure to provide for the enlargement of the navy through the establishment of a naval reserve. It was shown in the material by the fact that though the fleet was being gradually modernized, by the construction of ships and guns that were excellent for the time, the process was going on so slowly that out of a list of ninety vessels less than twenty were of real use for fighting purposes.

The lesson of 1861 touches us so closely that we cannot afford to neglect it. The navy then underwent its only real test, the test of battle, and it was unable to supply the history of the war with a single creditable event for nearly six months. The navy of to-day can only be fully judged by the same test. In the light of our experience in 1861, is the fleet, in personnel, in organization, and in material equipment, prepared to stand the trial?

It has been the fashion in certain quarters to abuse the personnel of the navy, and to represent it as a horde of idlers serving no useful purpose and feeding at the public crib, the older members holding comfortable billets, where their only duty is to draw their monthly pay, and the younger engaged in pleasure trips in foreign countries or lingering about Washington, where their time is taken up with various forms of social frivolity. For one who knows them as they really are, it is hard to find words to characterize, with sufficient force and indignation, the grossness and malignity of these caricatures. As a matter of fact, the officers of the navy, to-day, form a body of patient, hard-working, earnest men, of singular resource and adaptability, eager and efficient in the performance of duty. Their life is a trying one, and the difficulties with which they must contend are unknown in ordinary civil occupations. A large part of the officer's career is passed under the closest restraints of military discipline. The ordinary wear and tear of professional service tells upon the mind and body to an extent far greater than in other walks of life. The intercourse of home, the *vie d'intérieur*, which forms the balance-wheel of so many overworked hu-

man machines, is, at best, broken, fitful, interrupted. On board the ship at sea, where the physical horizon is unobstructed, the mental horizon is narrowed down to companionship for three years with a dozen or a score of men in the same profession, saturated with the same ideas, absorbed in the same occupations, surrounded and cramped by the same routine. The officer may have his books, but the conditions of ship-life are unfavorable to study. He visits other countries, but he cannot reap the benefits that come from foreign travel; he is tied to the ship, he skims the coast and puts in at the seaports, he is always confined by the limitations of the cruise. If he goes on leave, after the binding restraints of ship-life, what he needs and must have is relaxation, pure and simple. It is a rare man who would get much else from such short and infrequent holidays. In his service afloat, which fills the larger part of his career, especially of the first half, he is cut off from that general and broadening intercourse with men in other occupations, that stimulating metropolitan atmosphere, that eternal movement of thought and of affairs which rubs away the sharp edges of prejudice and tradition, and which makes the great centres of activity, in whatever direction—intellectual, artistic, commercial—the only places in which a man can acquire breadth of view and mental vigor—in which he can *meubler l'esprit*, as the French say—in this nineteenth century.

Great as are the barriers to an all-round development, those in the way of professional development are even greater, but with this difference, that while the former are inseparable from the profession, the latter can to some extent be remedied. The first of these lies in the fact that the officer's career is chiefly spent in preparation for his real business, and that the real business, to which all the preparation has been directed, is in the nature of a sharp crisis, which comes and goes like a flash. The oldest officer in our navy to-day, who has been seventy years in the service, has seen only six years of actual war ; and out of the total of seven hundred and fifty line officers on the active list, six hundred have seen no war service whatever. In the course of twenty years even this small proportion of veterans will have disappeared from the list.

The long intervals of peace are not periods of rest. They are periods of training. But the effect of an occupation where the whole effort is directed, not to final results, but to results which are only preparatory to the final results, which at best only serve to get the machine in working order until the moment comes when it may do its work, is in itself a source of discouragement. In civil occupations the strain of effort and the stimulus of results accomplished are spread out over the labors of each year and month, if not of each day and hour ; but the officer, accomplishing no results, refreshed by no encouragement, must persist in his daily exertions in order to be ready for a sharp spasm of intense activity, to be followed only by fatigue and reaction.

Although this peculiar difficulty is inherent in the naval career, it may be partly obviated by opening to naval officers all those branches of governmental employment which, while closely allied to their professional work, form in themselves a worthy object of effort. It may be still further remedied by making a more living subject of that art of war which should be the main object of their attention. It is to meet this want that the schools of application which exist to-day in most foreign services have been established ; and to this end, also, are directed the admirable fleet exercises, or manœuvres, such as those of the English Navy in Bantry Bay and at Milford Haven, not for routine drills, but for practice carried on as nearly as possible under the actual conditions of battle.

In this respect we have not been altogether stationary. The establishment of the War College two years ago at Newport was certainly one of the most sagacious measures of naval administration that has been adopted since the close of the war. Like the torpedo station, which, however, deals with only one branch of naval science, it is a school of application for officers. Being an establishment of a most original character, it was wisely decided not to engraft it

on the Naval Academy, an elementary school with which it has nothing in common, and whose deeply-rooted traditions, excellent as they are for the Academy, would have made it a mere course for resident graduates. This is perhaps not the place to dwell much upon the work that the College is doing; it is enough to say that its lectures and discussions upon the art of war, conducted by special students who are neither amateurs nor *dilettanti*, include the exact treatment of such subjects as military and naval strategy, the critical examination of naval campaigns, practical gunnery, the evolutions of combat, coast defence and the attack of coast defences; while others are in preparation upon the resources of foreign navies, the plan of future campaigns, the strategic value of geographical points, and the problems in construction presented by the modern conditions of naval war. It only remains to supplement these discussions by exercises, with guns and with vessels, in the best harbor to be found on our coast for the purpose. To this duty the Home Squadron, temporarily increased by the addition of every available vessel, may be devoted each summer, and the manœuvres so conducted would be the one event of importance in the operations of the year.

Even with such an enlargement, the training of our officers will still be incomplete as long as they are compelled to work with obsolete tools. Their ships and guns are twenty years behind the standard of foreign navies, and they know that with such weapons the attempt to carry out their vocation would be a hopeless struggle. One of our vessels, not long ago, being in the neighborhood of a French flagship, was visited in turn by the admiral and the captain. As the admiral was taking his leave, on the quarter-deck, he paused in a meditative way at the pivot gun, remarking: "*Ah, les vieux canons!*" A few hours later the captain, pausing in the same spot, remarked in the same contemplative manner, "*Ah, l'ancien système! Nous l'avons eu.*" How can anything be looked for in the American navy when its present is everybody else's past? Or what right have we to expect that our officers will take their profession seriously when the policy of neglect has made it such a burdensome farce? Or, finally, if in spite of all their discouragement they still go manfully through the treadmill of routine, how are they to learn to use the tools that have never been put into their hands?

The third and last obstacle to a sound and normal development of the naval personnel, the most harmful, and at the same time the most difficult to reach, is the system of promotion by seniority. In every civil occupation, and in most military and naval services, advancement in the profession, barring the accidents of luck, is a question of ability and effort. In the navy of the United States, ability and effort count for nothing. Through all the seven hundred steps of advancement in the line, priority of the date of entry, or, with those of the same date, priority of academic rank, fixes unalterably the relative position of officers. The head of the class of 1890 is always at the heels of the last man of the class of 1889. No zeal or capacity or eager attention to duty will help him to pass above his weaker comrade; and no shirking or dulness or misconduct will remove the other from his place, if he can stand his *pro forma* examinations and avoid incurring court-martial. The same blank prospect stares the meritorious officer in the face after he reaches the period of command. No matter what he does for the benefit of the service or the country—whether he fills one of the many positions of administrative trust with signal ability, or conducts a brilliant series of researches and experiments, or leads an expedition through danger and difficulty to final achievement—his performance is barren of those rewards which in every other career form the incentive to effort and the crown of success; unless, indeed, he receives the thanks of Congress upon the recommendation of the President, a distinction so marked that it is rightly reserved for the most eminent services in war. The consciousness of work well done is in ordinary cases all that the officer has for his efforts, and few men will be satisfied to put forth their energies merely for this. Gradually a brooding lethargy creeps over his mind, until at last he sinks into

apathetic indolence and a mechanical performance of the routine of duty. The willingness, nay the very ability, to assume responsibility in an emergency is lost, for no one will take risks where there is no prospect of a compensating benefit. Such was the condition of the personnel at the beginning of the last war, and the signs are not wanting of a tendency in the same direction now.

Conceive for a moment the situation of any great civil organization, that of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, under such a system, with a corps of officials holding their places by a permanent tenure, promoted strictly in the order in which they entered, each one regarding it as an indefeasible right that he should forever be the superior of all those who had ever been his juniors, and all forever debarred from any recompense for capacity or effort. With such a system it is safe to say that in ten days the organization would go to pieces. It is objected that considerations of social or political influence would occasionally make bad promotions. The experience of the army, where promotion by selection obtains to a limited extent, is against such a theory. The promotions are perhaps not absolutely the best that could be made, but they are never bad; while with a system of promotion by seniority they must often be bad. It is also said, and truly, that a system of selection would cause disappointment and heart-burnings. But what disappointment of inferior men who are passed over is to be compared with the bitterness of soul of the man who, conscious of his worth and of his powers, finds himself handicapped in the struggle of life and sinking into apathy from the want of recognition? Would the railroad company abstain from promoting a good man because of the heart-burnings and jealousies of the unpromoted? The remedy lies largely in their own hands. The company is only following out the law of nature and of society—that force, character, talents, zeal have their price in the market of life, and that the man who has them can obtain a reward which is denied to less capable or less active competitors; while the navy, disregarding this wholesome and normal rule, would reduce its members to a Procrustean standard of irresolution, indolence, and mediocrity.

If any further illustration is needed of the comparative merits of the two systems of promotion, it may be found in the operations of the first six months during our two greatest naval wars, those of 1812 and 1861. The commanding officers in the first war had got their places through that most rigorous measure of selective promotion, the Peace Establishment Act of 1801: the seventy-five captains in the second had risen to command solely by virtue of age, and, with perhaps four exceptions, were totally unfit for service. The performances of these captains during the first six months—those of them who could be employed at all—in a war where their enemy was destitute of naval resources, are summed up in the trifling affair at Hatteras Inlet, the stupendous blunders at Norfolk and Pensacola, and the shameful panic at the Head of the Passes; while the captains of the earlier war gave to the country during the same period a succession of six brilliant victories over the greatest naval power in the world,—victories that astonished and delighted their countrymen as much as they astonished and mortified the enemy.

In the matter of naval organization there are many points open to discussion, but of these there are two especially whose importance was shown in the opening events of the civil war. The first is the creation of a naval reserve. It is our policy, and a truly wise policy it is, to keep our standing force within the lowest possible limit; but there must be a provision for enlargement. When the war broke out the Navy Department had but two hundred men available for immediate service in the home ports; and another war might find us in nearly the same condition. In the course of the Rebellion the force of seamen, with the utmost difficulty and at great expense, was increased from seven thousand to fifty thousand; and any war would compel us to treble or quadruple the existing complement. To meet this increase we have nothing in the shape of an organized reserve. If

we had had no militia in 1861 to answer the President's first call for volunteers, of what would our army have been composed? Yet the navy needs its trained reserves even more than the army, for it must draw them from a small fragment of the population.

The organization of a naval reserve is, therefore, a necessary element in naval efficiency. Its members, who will come from the seafaring population—the merchant seamen, fishermen, watermen, and crews of coasters—should be enrolled, their residence and employment known, and they should be connected in a permanent way, be it ever so slight, with the standing force. At intervals they should receive training for short periods on board a man-of-war, enough, at least, to teach them the handling of guns and the drills of the ship. For the latter purpose the Home Squadron, temporarily enlarged and converted into a summer squadron of evolutions, would answer exactly. The navy, at the first sign of war, would then be capable of immediate expansion, and the calling out of the naval reserve would be as simple as calling out the militia.

The second point is one which lies at the very foundation of all naval administration. This administration is divided into two great branches: one concerned with the supply of materials—ships, guns, engines, equipments, stores, and so on; the other, with the regulation and direction of the working establishment. About the first there is little to be said; it is a matter of business, the direction of a branch of technical industry, like the management of a private shipyard or foundry, and is administered for the navy by the eight business offices or bureaus of the Department. Its existing defects are pointed out in recent reports of the Secretary, and have excited no little comment, but they are not within the range of our present discussion. The second branch of administration, comprising the direction of the fleet, is as purely military as the other is purely civil, and requires, above all things, unity of purpose. In modern organizations, in most countries, it is in the hands of a body of officers who constitute the General Staff of the navy, with a chief of staff at their head. The chief of staff is the lieutenant of the secretary or minister in all that relates to the existing force, whether of men or of vessels. The duty of the general staff, in time of peace, is to keep itself and the force under it constantly up to the mark, in preparation for war; and when the war breaks out it furnishes the responsible professional assistance required by the head of the department for the conduct of naval operations.

It will readily be seen how indispensable such a branch of administration is to secure the one end and aim of the navy's existence—that without which it becomes the merest sham—its immediate readiness and efficiency for war. It is the corner-stone of the whole structure. To be of any real service, the navy must have its plan of operations ready, not six months after the war has begun, but before the war begins. The Secretary of the Navy cannot evolve such a plan himself, nor is it any part of his business. *His* duty is to know the policy of the Government, to be able to discern the coming crisis, and to see to it that his coadjutors are always bending their energies to meet it. When the crisis comes, the initial plan must be ready. It must be a comprehensive plan, including attack, if need be, and defence from the enemy's supposed attack; involving measures of mobilization, concentration, the rapid preparation of the whole available force, whether already in commission or laid up in ordinary; the increase of the fleet by the addition of suitable vessels from private service, and of suitable men—that is, seafaring men—from private occupation. It must be a well-digested plan, not devised on the spur of the moment, under the pressure and anxiety of hostilities threatened or begun, but based upon an accurate and intimate knowledge of the naval resources of both belligerents, which can only be obtained by long and laborious investigation.

In the early period of its history there was no such branch of administration at the Department. The first of our great wars, that of 1812, began when there were only twenty ships in the navy, and its organization was still of the simplest character. But these ships,

owing to the wise foresight of Washington and his advisers, who recognized that a navy exists only for war, were the best of their class afloat; and there being little demand at that time for foreign service, most of them were in the home ports. The plan of operations was therefore a simple matter. The commanding officers of the navy were sent to sea in charge of vessels, and they were left, in the main, to decide upon a course of action for themselves. There was no opportunity for concerted action by fleets, and as a matter of fact the ships never acted in concert. Their captains, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Porter, Stewart, Biddle, Blakely—all of them young men, some of them very young, and all of them capable men—were genuine rovers of the seas; they were the Drakes, the Hawkinses, the Grenvilles, of this Tudor period of American naval history. Even on the lakes, where alone we had squadrons, everything, from laying the keel of the vessels to firing the last gun before the enemy surrendered, was left to the young commodores in command.

Upon the expansion of the force toward the close of the war, and during the period immediately following it, it became necessary to substitute a definite scheme of organization in place of the system, or want of system, of 1812. Accordingly, in 1815, a board of three officers was appointed, styled the Navy Commissioners, who had charge of all the work of the Department—"performing," as the law said, "under the secretary, all the ministerial duties of his office." As a substitute for a general staff the board would certainly have been found defective, if it had been tried by the test of actual war, since the civil organization of a board, implying equality among the members, can never answer for a staff, the first requisite of which is military subordination. As an office of supply the board failed completely, especially toward the end of its existence, when the introduction of steam complicated this branch of its work. In 1842 it was replaced by the bureau system, which, with some expansion, has continued until the present time.

The bureaus, as originally organized, proved efficient for the business of supply, but they were incapable of directing the actual establishment, and the latter, in the absence of a general staff, was left to take care of itself. The navy, as a working force, was entirely without naval direction. There was no responsible officer at the Department, with a body of responsible subordinates, to supervise the detail and training of officers, the enrolment, assignment, and training of seamen, the disposition of the vessels, the organization of a reserve, the formation of plans for naval operations, not only against all enemies in general, but against each probable or possible enemy in particular, the determination of the requirements of the fleet in order to keep it abreast of modern invention, and finally, as the groundwork of the whole system, the collection of naval intelligence—that is, precise information in regard to naval development abroad, to the military and naval resources of foreign states, to their means of attack and defence, and to the strength of their fortifications: everything, in short, beyond the manufacture or purchase of materials, that goes to make a navy efficient for the prosecution of war.

The effect of this half-reform became apparent at once at the crisis in 1861. The Department was suddenly plunged into war, and no one at the Department had the faintest idea what was to be done, nor, indeed, was there anyone whose business it was to have such an idea. As to the chiefs of bureaus, the duty of one was to manage the navy-yards, of another to construct vessels, of a third to build guns, of a fourth to supply provisions. None of them had anything to do with the conduct of naval operations. To have asked it of them would have been very much as if the Pennsylvania Railroad, to recur to our former illustration, should call upon the engineer of the shops at Altoona to furnish a summer schedule for excursion travel at outlying points of the road.

Soon after he came to the Department, Mr. Welles, realizing his inability to grapple with the situation, called to his assistance Captain Fox, a man of considerable executive capacity, who had formerly been an officer of the navy.

Fox was at first appointed chief clerk of the Navy Department, and in a short time he became the professional adviser of the secretary in all that related to the conduct of the naval war. He was ultimately appointed assistant secretary, but his duties were essentially of a military character. As the chief of staff, which was what he really became, he had an herculean task before him. The Department had no office organized for staff work; it contained no information upon which such an office could act; it had not even any machinery by which the information could be procured, and much less classified and digested. At this critical moment, when the fate of the nation was trembling in the balance, when that very contingency of war had arisen, to meet which was the purpose of its existence, the navy, an establishment which had been maintained for sixty years for the service of a state embracing thirty millions of people, was found by its secretary to be entirely destitute of any organized means of conducting the operations of war, except five bureaus of supply and his own office of supervision—an office containing half a dozen clerks, who knew as little of naval campaigns as they did of Hindu mythology. It was five months after the administration came in, five weary months, before it could even secure the passage of a law providing for an assistant secretary and the appointment of Fox to the office. Five months were required to accomplish this first step in the necessary organization for war—and during the whole time, as far as any established authority went, the navy continued under its Pinafore system of administration.

It would be interesting to follow out the difficulties that were encountered by the new official, who was called an assistant secretary, but who was really the chief of staff, and see how they were met. Boards were organized to satisfy the various exigencies of the moment. One of these boards, composed of Captains Dupont and Davis, the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and Major Barnard, of the engineers, devoted itself to getting up the plan of a campaign. The device was ingenious, but it is a striking illustration of the defects we have pointed out. So little did the Navy Department know of the defensive capacity of the coast of its own country, that it was compelled to have a board in session for months, in consultation with the director of its coast survey and an army engineer, while the war was in progress, to ascertain where it might strike an effective blow, and that, too, with an enemy that was powerless on the sea. Another board of three naval officers proceeded early in August to study the subject of iron-clads, which had been used with effect five years before in the Black Sea, but of which so little was known at the Department that it took the board until the middle of September to reach a conclusion!

When Fox left the Department, at the close of the war, his attributions as chief of staff fell for a time into a species of decay; but since then the bureaus, whose number was increased during the war to eight, have been given or have possessed themselves of various functions, in the management of the fighting force, entirely foreign to their legitimate business of supply. It should be added that this course was forced upon them by the absence of any properly organized office to do the work. Thus the Bureau of Engineering has obtained a quasi-supervision of the engineer force on board ship; the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing becomes a sort of guardian of the interests of the paymasters; the Bureau of Equipment, by a curious jumbling together of attributes, takes charge of the recruiting of seamen; the Bureau of Ordnance directs gunnery drills on ship-board, with which, as far as its ordinary duties are concerned, it has no more to do than the superintendent of a gun-foundry; the detail of officers falls to the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, doubtless because the others already have their share; the training of officers and men is in part conducted independently, and in part divided between Ordnance, Navigation, and Equipment; while an independent board of inspection has been organized to take a look at the condition of vessels proceeding to and returning from sea.

One step has, however, been taken to improve the system. In the summer of

1882 an office was established at the Navy Department called the Office of Naval Intelligence, to collect and systematize information upon the actual resources of foreign navies and the actual demands of naval war. Its work has been supplemented by correspondents in the cruising-ships, and by energetic naval attachés in Europe. It was created by a purely ministerial act, without any noise or flourish, but it contains the germ of a revolution in our naval administration. It is the first recognition in practice of the necessity that the administration should be prepared to carry on war. Of the work accomplished by the office during the four years of its existence, work that has been performed wholly by junior officers of the navy, it would be difficult to speak too highly; upon every subject other than the manufacture and supply of materials, which last is within the province of the bureaus, it has become the reservoir of naval intelligence of the Department; not a day passes that its stores of information, admirably classified, exact, minute, always kept up to date, are not drawn upon, and the only wonder is that the organization was ever able to do without it. With the first war it can hardly fail to be recognized for that which it is in fact, though not in name—the nucleus of a most efficient working staff.

Only one more step is needed to complete the system—a measure which was in substance recommended by the Secretary of the Navy in his report of last year. Take away from the bureaus of supply the staff duties, or military duties, which have been parcelled out among them, the detail of officers, the recruiting and training of seamen, the movements of vessels, the gunnery drills and practice, the collection of naval intelligence, the higher training of officers for war, whether with books and lectures and war-games, or with ships, guns, and torpedoes, and weld them together in a single organization. It makes no difference whether we call it a bureau of personnel, or a bureau of the fleet, or a general staff; it will be a general staff whatever name it goes by, and it will give to the navy the one thing which it lacks to make it an efficient working machine.

The question of naval material is much more difficult now than it was in 1861. Before 1840 the science of naval construction had been nearly stationary for two hundred years. The next two decades were marked by rapid and radical changes, but the close of the period still showed the prevalence of a single definite opinion as to the requisites of a typical man-of-war. But since 1861 the rush of invention, for it can be called nothing less, has produced a multiplicity and complexity of types and of accessories, presenting a problem of which the most dextrous minds have as yet been unable to grasp the key. The evidence of the technical experts is conflicting. The result in the mind of the layman is utter bewilderment, and a conviction of the "anarchy," as a recent French treatise has well called it, of modern naval science. He finds himself asked to discover the comparative merits of the gun, the ram, and the torpedo, and whether they are best united in a single organism or made the predominant feature in specially adapted structures; of armored, partly armored, and unarmored ships, of broadside batteries and turret batteries, of barbette guns and casemate guns, of steam with full sail-power and steam with limited sail-power, of single screws and twin screws, of sheathed bottoms and unsheathed bottoms, of big torpedo-boats and litfle torpedo-boats. He finds that these minor points and many others like them, are vital elements in determining the qualities which the new structure will possess—her speed, handiness, flotation, stability, draft, power of attack, vulnerability, and, by no means least, her cost; and back of all these details lies the broad question of the general necessities of our naval policy, the demands which future wars may make upon the navy. This involves a knowledge of the size, character, and distribution of the forces of our probable enemies, their possible mode of attack, the way in which the attack is to be met, repelled, perhaps returned, the vulnerable points on our coast, the supply of coal abroad, the requirements of blockade service, of the prevention of contraband trade, of the destruction of an enemy's commerce and the protection of our own,

and, finally, the capacity of the merchant marine to afford a reserve—the whole question, in short, of naval strategy, under the conditions found in the situation of the United States.

In order that the Secretary of the Navy, who presents the scheme, and Congress, which provides the money, may be enabled to act, it is necessary to have an authoritative opinion from experts who have come to a substantial agreement upon both these questions—the general demands of our naval policy, and the specific way in which they are to be met. The first is pre-eminently a question for the general staff. The second involves the elaboration in detail of a definite programme, and can only be accomplished by a special board. It is too many-sided a question to be dealt with by a single man. The details not coming within the province of the board are filled out by the bureaus.

The board cannot expect to escape criticism—no board could expect that. But its conclusions, being the result of a general agreement, at least as far as the outside world knows—for its duty is to present to the world a decision, not a discussion—should receive, while awaiting Congressional action, the assent and support of individuals, and the latter must sink for the moment their individual hobbies. No Congress will vote money to carry out the recommendations of a board, when their ears are stunned by a chorus of dissentient voices proceeding from the service itself. The first Advisory Board made majority and minority reports, which was enough of itself to kill any project. The decisions of the second board called forth violent opposition, and though the discussion was instructive to the service, it was wellnigh destructive of the plan. Until this freedom of speech, always irresponsible and sometimes unreflecting, can be curbed by the self-restraint of officers, which is the only way of curbing it, the efforts of the Department will be neutralized, and the acquisition of a modern navy will be indefinitely postponed.

In regard to the types to be selected for the modern fleet, it is only necessary to say a word. In the present experimental condition of naval science, we can not afford to pin our faith to any extreme theory. We cannot rely for the protection of our cities upon forts, or floating batteries, or torpedoes alone—we must have them all. For the composition of our fleets we must have vessels in considerable numbers, and we cannot satisfy our wants with two or three monster ironclads, even if professional opinion was more united than it is as to their efficiency. Seagoing ironclads there must be of some kind, and swift cruisers, and swifter gunboats of light draft, carrying one or two heavy guns, and torpedo-boats, the swiftest of all.

At the present time the navy does not contain a single modern representative of these four elements of the fighting force, except the cruiser Atlanta. The rest of its seagoing fleet is composed of thirty-four ships, mostly of wood, of an obsolete type, with obsolete guns ; ships which have neither strength for combat nor speed for escape, and which are decaying so rapidly that in six years less than ten of them will be able to keep the sea. There are also fourteen old-fashioned monitors, whose armor and guns are unserviceable, and a dozen sailing-vessels, a few of which are useful for training purposes. Among these sixty vessels there are no seagoing ironclads of any kind, no modern ironclads for harbor defence, no modern cruisers, no modern gunboats, or rams, or torpedo-boats ; nor do any of the vessels carry modern guns. In short, as far as war is concerned, they are sixty names, and nothing more.

I have said that we have one modern cruiser, the Atlanta. The Chicago and Boston, also modern steel cruisers, are approaching completion. By recent legislation provision has been made for two armored ships of the second class, three additional cruisers, two gunboats, one dynamite-gun vessel, and one torpedo-boat. The larger of these vessels can hardly be built in less than two years. Provision has also been made for the completion of the five double-turretted monitors, which should be efficient vessels for coast defence.

This represents a respectable beginning, but nothing more. If we are to have a modern navy, the policy of constructing new ships must be steadily per-

sisted in, so that each year may show a considerable addition to the fleet. In the ten years preceding the civil war, twenty screw-steamers were built for the navy, and the impression prevailed that by reason of these additions the country had a really powerful fleet. It was one of the many lessons taught by the first year of the war, that a fleet of ninety ships is not formidable, when seventy out of the nominal total are obsolete for purposes of war. To-day we are worse off than in 1861, for at the present rate of decay of our wooden ships, which cannot, however, be considered a cause for regret, we shall shortly lose even our nominal total, and the new constructions will be our only ships afloat; unless we go back to the ruinous policy of rebuilding old hulks, under the name of repairs, which until 1882 was in fashion. In the one matter of modern torpedo-boats, which are not costly vessels, we are pitiably defective. The Endicott board decided that one hundred and fifty were necessary for purposes of harbor defence; as yet we have but one even projected. In the matter of guns, the Ordnance Bureau in recent years has been making steady progress, and has accomplished results which have excited admiration abroad as well as at home; but the whole fleet must be armed anew, and so inadequate are the resources of our steel-works that we are compelled to go abroad for our materials.

It is the part of wisdom to study the lessons of the past, and to learn what we may from the successes or the failures of our fathers. The history of the last war is full of these lessons, and at no time since its close has the navy been in a condition so favorable for their application. At least their meaning cannot fail to be understood. They show clearly that, if we would have a navy fitted to carry on war, we must give some recognition to officers on the ground of merit, either by the advancement of the best or, what amounts to nearly the same thing, by the elimination of the least deserving; that we must give them a real training for war, in modern ships and with modern weapons; that the direction of the establishment, in so far as it has naval direction, must be given unity of purpose, and the purpose to which it must be directed is fighting efficiency; that a naval reserve of men and of vessels must be organized, capable of mobilization whenever a call shall be made; and, finally, that a dozen or a score of new ships will not make a navy, but that the process of renewal must go on until the whole fleet is in some degree fitted to stand the trial of modern war. Until this rehabilitation can be accomplished, the navy will only serve the purpose of a butt for the press and a foot-ball for political parties; and its officers, a body of men whose intelligence and devotion under a proper system would be equal to any trust, will be condemned to fritter away their lives in a senseless parody of their profession.

THE DUCHARMES OF THE BASKATONGE.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

In the heart of a northern wilderness, on the shore of an unnamed lake, stands the ruin of a small hut. Half the roof has fallen in. The logs are rotted and covered with moss. In the dark corners spectral weeds and ferns die longing for the sun. The winter wind, untamed out of the north, charges against its crumbling walls and drives the sifted snow, hissing like steam, across the surface of the lake. The haunts of men seem as far away as the stars that throb faintly in the lonely vastness of the summer sky. The silence that dwells forever in the waste places of the world is shaken by unheeded storms and the muffled cries of life in the gloom of the immense forests that darken beneath her brooding wings.

"Ducharme! Ducharme! François—has—gone—over—the—rapids!" The words came in short gusts across the water to where Octave Ducharme stood, pike-pole in hand. They were running the logs on the St. Joseph. The river was racing over the rapids to where the falls were roaring and pulsing under the dome of mist which the April sun was smiting with rainbow shafts that broke and glanced upon its shifting sides.

Ducharme struck his pole deep into the boom, and gazed under his hand up the gleaming river. The water was broken and curled, and came turning the sudden bend with foam-topped waves that were bright now in the afternoon sun. He looked steadily for a moment; then, as he saw something drift into sight other than the dipping logs, he pulled off his heavy boots, threw down his hat, and watched again. There was a rush of men on the river road, with waving of arms and confused cries. But Ducharme ever watched the speck in the swift water, that drew near to him and took the shape of a white face drawn with pain and rocked to and fro in the current. They were shouting from the bank: "Don't go in!"—"You'll both go over!"—"François!"—"Octave!"—shouts—groans—wild jostling of men, and waving of arms. But he stood as calmly as if he were watching a musk-rat cleave the brown waters of some quiet lake in an ever-widening wedge. Suddenly he drew himself up and plunged just in front of the floating face. The two men spoke to one another quickly as they were drifted swiftly together.

"Oh! Octave, my leg, my leg!"

"Never mind, little brother; put your hand on my shoulder."

The strong arms were making new eddies in the torn water. The crowd ran along the bank shouting wildly: "Get into the eddy!"—"Ducharme!"—"Ducharme!"—"Strike into the eddy, or you'll go over!"—"My God!"—"Catch the boom!"—"Strike in!"—"We'll pull you out!"

They ran out on the boom where it was swinging dangerously at the mouth of the chute. The water there was curved in a great glassy heap with long wiry streaks. Above was the eddy, wheeling and turning. To get into its power was safety. The swimmer kept edging in. In a few moments he would be abreast of it. He was muttering, under his breath: "Keep up, little brother; keep up, little brother."

The men on the shore strained forward, struck in the air as if swimming, stamped with their feet, and reached out over the river.

"My God! he's safe!"—"No! he's missed it!" One huge fellow sank on his knees and hid his face. "No! boys, he's in!"—"They'll get him!"—"They're against the boom!"—"Baptiste has him!"—"They're safe!"—and a wild yell of joy tore through the air.

"Take him first," Octave was saying; "two of you hang on—the water will carry him under—I'm all right—pull him along out of the current—there now."

The men stood around as they strove to bring François to, and when he opened his eyes they went back to their work and left him with Octave and the three who had taken him out of the water.

His leg was broken in two places and his head was gashed; but he was all right, he said, and they carried him into the shanty.

That was almost the first year they were on the river together, and all the dangers that crowded thickly about them in the years of toil that followed were warded off by the strength of four arms; for one Ducharme was never alone, and it was always "The Ducharmes," not "François" or "Octave," but "The Ducharmes," "The Ducharmes of the Baskatonge." Whether hunting, or logging, or driving, or running the rafts down to the St. Lawrence, or at home on the Baskatonge, it was always the same. "Have you the Ducharmes?" one foreman would say to another; "then you're all right."

How the work went when there was Octave to sing and François to lead the musical cry, when all arms strained together! And they never seemed to think of one another. They went along unconsciously, working together, and when François was hurt it was Octave who stayed with him until he was better.

"Octave, Octave," François would say, but in return it was always "Little brother." No one could tell why. One was as tall as the other, and as strong. They were like two stalwart young pines, straight and towering; only, if you watched them closely, François never even lit his pipe until he saw the smoke part Octave's lips and curl about his face. Octave was always first. They did not know it themselves, but François always followed.

Their little house back on the Baskatonge was heaped round with snow in the winter, and the frosty wind blew no wreaths of smoke from the chimney into the pines. But that had not always been so; there had been a time when there were four Ducharmes instead of two, and when the frost drew curtains across the windows of the happiest home in the north.

Hypolite Ducharme was a trapper and hunter who sold his furs to the traders, and never swung an axe except to cut his own firewood. He had lived for some years on the Baskatonge, and did not find himself lonely until one day, when he took his winter's haul of furs down the Gatineau, he saw a pair of brown eyes that told him plainly that he could not visit his traps day after day, and hear the sound of the wild fowl driving in a wedge southward to the sunlit sweeps of reeds and curved reaches of moving marsh grass, without seeing that house, back from the river about the flight of a wounded partridge, and the girl with the plaited hair working to the music of her own voice.

At noon the next day many were the bends and rapids between him and the three logs where he had landed the night before; but, as his canoe steadied and swung out into the current, he was watched from the bushes, and until the river hid behind the stony spur of the hill, that never before looked as cold and hopeless, the dark eyes under the arch of brown hands timed the flashing paddle, and when the sun burned red for a moment on the canoe, as it turned behind the hill—would it ever come back?—the November mists came into that May day, and the wind kept turning the dead leaves in the forest.

The way had never seemed so long before; the canoe was never so heavy, and one season he had twice as many furs. But when he turned north again it was a short road he had to travel; and when he reached the rocky point the current bore him a white wood-lily, which he took out of the water as it grazed the canoe-side.

He travelled north again, but not alone, and many were the thickets that trembled to the unknown sound of a woman's voice. For it was a little matter whether it was on the Baskatonge or the Gatineau that Marie Delorme lived so long as she was with the man she loved.

But that was long ago; and all the marks which Hypolite Ducharme blazed on the trees have grown over in ridges, and when an otter is caught he is always the finest the trapper ever saw.

Before Hypolite was killed by the bear, and before Marie died, the boys had learned all their father could teach them of hunting and trapping; but when they were left to themselves they chose to go to the shanties, where there was company and better pay. But in the

summer, when the season's work was over, they went back to their old home and hunted and fished until the autumn came again.

When they were there alone they would often talk of their father and mother. Octave always remembered his father as he saw him striding through the bushes with a young doe across his shoulders; but François always remembered him as he found him, that night, dead under the bear. Their mother, too—whenever Octave spoke her name a cheery face looked out into the night to welcome the tired trappers; but François saw her pale, and heard the thin voice, "François, François, I am dying!" And now they were not so much alone as they had been. Gradually the settlement had crept boldly from the Desert, up the river and back into the country, and now in a day's journey there were many families; on the Bras d'Or, Dubois and Granden; on the Claire, Charbonneau and Faubert; and on the Castor, McMorran—White McMorran, to distinguish him from his brother, who, however, was never called Black McMorran—and the Phelans and O'Dohertys.

The Castor, where there were no beavers, but only broken dams, was five miles from the Baskatonge. There was a path through the woods, and an hour and a quarter would take a good walker from the Baskatonge to the McMorrans'. Octave Ducharme could walk that distance easily in an hour, but then few could walk as fast as Octave.

Already the McMorrans' place began to look like a farm; there were always fires eating into the bush, and the small barn was getting too small.

The Ducharmes were favorites with their neighbors. Octave always did most of the talking; and as François was quick-tempered, he had sometimes to step forward and take the lead in a conversation that would have surely ended in blows. It was seldom that this last ever happened, as the general saying was, "fight one Ducharme, fight two," and so François's hot words usually passed unnoticed. But Octave was so good-tempered that the balance was kept even.

The brothers seemed so entirely at one that the people were not surprised when they learned in after years that they had both fallen in love with the same girl. It seemed quite natural; and then, "you couldn't blame them, for everyone was in love with Keila McMorran."

There were some things about it, though, that nobody could understand.

"One of them didn't know the other was in love with her."

"Well, I used to see them down there together, and they'd walk off home like two lambs."

"That couldn't last you know."

"No, and it didn't last."

This was the general drift of the remarks the neighbors made when they commenced to talk on the subject. It was an ever-recurring topic of conversation, and never was settled to the satisfaction of everyone, although some had decided for themselves.

However these talks commenced, they always ended in one way. There would be a pause, then the words would come slowly, as if the speakers were dreaming of a form they could not forget.

"Strong? I believe he could lift an ox."

"Yes; and he was the best chopper on the river."

"And what a man on the drive!"

"And kind-hearted!"

"Humph!"

"Poor Octave!"

It was a bright August morning, and François was sitting at his door smoking. He was watching a squirrel that was seated at the root of a tree, twirling something between his front feet, when a small, tattered boy, with wide, frightened eyes that turned to all sides as if he expected to be pounced on by some hidden enemy, came toward him from the bush. François turned and spoke to him. He answered:

"I—I—want Octave."

"Gone away."

"But I must see Octave."

"Can't."

"But I *must*."

"Can't; gone away."

"Is he going to come back?"

"To-night."

"But I must see him before to-night. I have to tell him something."

"Can't; home to-night. Tell me."

It was the youngest of the McMorran boys—Tim. He could not understand François's French, and François could speak but little English.

"I can't tell you. Will you tell Octave?"

"Yes."

"Well, when I was fishing last night, down by the bank, two fellows came and talked near where I was, and I heard them, and one of the Phelan boys is going to shoot Octave to-night."

"To shoot Octave!" François jumped to his feet. "Why?"

"Because our Keila won't marry him, and he thinks she's going to marry Octave."

"When?"

"I don't know."

"To shoot Octave—when?"

"To-night, down at the old road."

"To shoot Octave—to-night—one of the Phelan boys—old road."

"Will you tell Octave?"

"No!"—in a tone that set Tim's teeth chattering—"Yes, yes, yes; go home." The small boy ran away, but was soon stealing back. "Will—will—you tell Octave?"

"Yes; go home."

François thought a long time, and then began to throw chips at the squirrel that was hanging head downward half way up the tree.

It was twilight; and down where the path from the Ducharmes' joined the old road a figure crouching in the bushes held a gun, steadied in the low crotch of a shrub and pointed right across the path. His jaws were tightly locked, and whenever he chanced to open them his teeth chattered as if the warm evening breeze that just stirred the bushes was a blast from the north. Every now and then his whole body shook convulsively, and the gun rattled in the forked branch. He was listening for a step in the path. Now he thought he heard it, and drew himself together with a great effort; but it was some other sound in the woods. He noticed nothing stirring behind him; and when a collie, with an angry growl, jumped out into the path and ran away, with its tail between its legs, the cold sweat burst out on his face and hands. But now he could make no mistake—there was someone coming, and he huddled over the gun. The twigs were cracking in the still air, and he thought he could hear the bushes sway; but before he could be sure, there was a grip on his neck like a vice, and his hands left the gun to grasp a pair of iron wrists. He turned slowly over on the ground, and a figure knelt on his chest, choking him until his eyes glared whitely in the darkness and his tongue shot out between his teeth, and held him among the little ferns and mosses so tightly that he could not even have stirred them with his breath. And now the twigs commenced to break, the rustle of leaves grew louder, and someone passed with long, swinging strides. They could hear him breathe, and it seemed like a century before the air was quiet again. Then the hands relaxed and an arm reached for the gun. The figure rose slowly, but the other did not stir. He drew in his tongue, grasped his throat with his hands, and continued glaring with white, distended eyes into the face of the form above him. The hands had grasped the gun, and had torn the stock from the barrel and thrown each in a different direction. Then the foot stirred the man who was struggling for breath on the ground. He turned over slowly and lay still for a moment; then he rose on his hands and knees and crawled, like a wounded snake, into the low, uncertain cedar shadows. Watching for a while where the darkness had swallowed up that cringing form, parting the bushes and standing on the path, where the first trembling star of evening was shining, François Ducharme stepped homeward to the Baskatonge.

Octave had walked steadily until he came to where the path turned along the lake-side. There was a thin screen of bushes between the path and the shore, but where the ground rose suddenly the point that jutted into the water was bare of trees, save a maple or two. As he approached this point the sound of singing reached his ears, and he almost knelt as he stretched himself at full length to listen.

From where the shore line shone like silver against the clear, black shades, from where the night was bending earth-

ward, violet-shadowed, from where the night wind waited in the sedges; stilling the distant trilling and whirring, floating into the rocking reeds, trembling about the dreaming arrow-heads, waking evasive echoes from sleep-shrouded thickets, calling out the wondering stars—the voice floated on the lake to where the listener lay with hidden face and stilled breath.

All the grass seemed stirring about him, and a leaf, withered before its time, dropped lightly on his head. How far away the singing sounded; and now he seemed not to hear it at all.

The past years—the wide silence of the woods—the far-away fall of trees—the call of some moss-mantled stream—the mother's quiet ways—the future, the future—a home somewhere—and Keila McMorran singing in the evening—until a wilful wind sprang up and caught the unfinished strain and bore it away up the hills, where the young birds just heard it and opened their wings and slept again. And the years that passed him slowly found him, with the unfinished song in his ears, waiting for the strain that went with the wind over the hill-tops.

He rose and walked on to the McMorrans', and when his face was set again toward the Baskatonge, and the moon was half way up the sky, there was a song in the air which the trees had never heard before.

The house was dark. He opened the door quietly, and went softly to where François was sleeping on the low bed built against the wall. He sat down beside him and passed his hand gently over his face. Then François awoke, and the brothers talked for a long time in low tones.

"It is all right. I have asked her."

"And?"

"And she has said 'Yes—Yes;' Keila herself said 'Yes.' I am happy, little brother."

François's face was white in the dimness.

"And now what will you do?"

"I will have a farm, and you will live with me."

"Not here?"

"No, not here; down by the Castor, when I get money enough."

"You will have the money."

"No; it is yours too."

"But I don't want it. I will live here just the same—only you, Octave, you will not be here."

"No, little brother, you will live with me. Keila said so."

"Did she say that, Octave?" his voice trembled.

"Yes; Keila said so."

Then there was a long silence, and the cry of the loons came from the lake, through the open door, across the strip of moonlight.

"Will you come to bed, Octave?"

"No, not yet."

He rose and closed the door behind him, shutting out the light, and walked up and down the beach until the sun drove the last laggard star out of the sky.

Aside from the path, near to the Castor, in the dense forest, was a little oval plot of the greenest grass. The flowers never bloomed there, but hovered about the silver stems of the poplars that circled the spot, and when they commenced to die the wind carried their petals inside the close and strewed them on the grass. At one side a large stone had thrust itself for a foot or so into the space, and its moss-covered ledge formed a low bench.

It was a June evening of the next year. The darkness had closed in early, and the poplars were the only trees that answered to the faint breeze. Octave was walking, almost as quickly as usual, in the direction of the Castor. The path was familiar to him, and even in the darkness he stepped over the logs and avoided the low branches. He was whistling to himself so softly that the breath just vibrated on his lips.

As he approached the line of underbrush that separated the path from the little circle of grass, he heard the sound of voices. He went on, without slacking his pace, until he came to a place where the hazels were less thick. Then he stopped suddenly, as if he had stepped against a stone wall, and put his hand to his head.

A voice was saying: "We should not have come here; we must go away." He could make no mistake. That was Keila's voice.

"No; I have something to say." It was when he heard these words that he put his hand to his head. That was, it must be, he knew it was François.

He stepped off the path on the opposite side from where they were talking, and leaned against a young tree, twining his arms through the low branches. The words came very distinctly to him, mingled with the light shivering rustle of the poplars.

"I know that you love me, Keila," François was saying.

"You must not say so."

"But I cannot live without you."

"You must. We must think of Octave; he is so good."

"Yes; but I wish he had never seen you. Why did you ever tell him you loved him?"

"I did love him, François—only—only, you should never have come near me, then I would always have loved him the best."

"But now, Keila?"

"Oh! François, you must not talk to me; you don't know how Octave loves me."

"And you don't know how I love you."

"Yes; but think of Octave. How many times he has fought for you, and saved your life."

"Yes; it is true. But what can we do?"

"We can both be true to Octave. Yes, François, I must be true to Octave."

"Why can't you go away with me down the river and never come back?"

"You must go away alone, and never see me again."

"Keila, I cannot leave you."

"You must. Do promise me, François! Think of poor Octave."

There was a long silence. The wind had risen and all the trees were sighing softly.

"Do promise me!"

"Yes, Keila, I will promise you; but I must go away. I can never come back. Only let me see you once again, here, to-morrow night, and I will promise you anything."

"Well, François, I will come for a little while. You must not come home with me. Octave will come to-night. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

They came out onto the path and walked in opposite directions.

Octave seemed to be thinking the words as they came to him so slowly. It could never be that they were there talking; but François passed quite close to him, and he could have no doubt.

The words kept recurring as he had heard them, only the rustle of the trees was still, and from about his feet rose the smell of crushed moss and wet leaves. Very near him were a few large white lilies that shone through the darkness dimly, like shrouded stars. He hung there, like a stag caught by the antlers, waiting for death, until the dark forest pools commenced to brighten with the dawn, and the birds near him began to wake; then he drew himself up and walked away.

He went, by paths through the tangled forest, toward the lake that was lying silvered somewhere in the north. He passed the spots where they used to set their traps when his father was alive. He seemed to be back in that faded time again, and paused often to wait for the little brother who would always lag behind.

The lake was reached at last. He threw himself down where a group of poplars and a few maples made a shady place, where the shore was high and the water stretched away to the island, where the wrecked cedars lay blanched, like the bones of giants, on the broken shore.

The day wore on. Now and then a small, shadowy cloud drifted dreamily out of the west and vanished like a vision. The winds touched the water lightly, making ripples that never reached the shore.

All day long he lay quietly, as if asleep, and the shadows of leaves kept fluttering over him with countless soothing hands. The sun sank, leaving no color in the sky, and already the twilight was falling.

The water was very quiet, and seemed to be heaving toward him as he gazed at it. He folded his arms, and a great calm stole over him, as he looked past the island where the lake seemed shoreless. And when it was dark he rose and went back by the track that he had followed in the morning, and stood at last

very near to the place where he had paused the night before.

There was a low talking in the bushes. He waited for a moment, and then parted the branches and stood just within the little circle.

"François!" he said. His voice was very clear. They were seated on the low stone, and had not heard him. They started. François stood up and looked at Octave standing in among the ghostly white poplars.

"François, do not speak. Last night I heard you. You need not go away, you and Keila. She loves you, and I—I love you both. I am older than you, little brother. And do you remember when I gave you the little doe I caught back by the Ruisseau?—so long ago; and now—now it is Keila that I give you. You need not go away, and I will come and see you sometimes."

Keila had hidden her face and was trembling, and François had turned away. When the voice ceased he came forward, but Octave said: "No, little brother, do not come near me—you will see me often—but I will go home now," and the bushes closed behind him.

The sun was setting one October evening, and under a steep ridge of rock, that rose in steps and made a jagged outline against the sky, two men were talking.

"Where are you going, Octave?"

"Home."

"To-night?"

"Yes, to-night. You will stay here?"

"Yes. Will you be down in the morning?"

"I don't know."

"You will come down for the wedding?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You must come, Octave."

"Yes, I must come."

"Are you going now?"

"Yes."

It was growing dark rapidly. The sun had set and the sky was flushed and knotted like the forehead of an angry god. François turned his back to the hill, but lingered to look after Octave. He could not see him leaping up from ledge to ledge, but suddenly he sprang from the low brow of the hill and stood for a moment outlined firmly against the sky, then as suddenly vanished. Into the gloom, François thought; but all the little hollow was filled with clear light, and away where the low bushes crouched along the stream a wakeful bird was uttering a few long-drawn, passionate notes. The night that followed was dark and starless, and the wind, searching for forgotten paths among the trees, heaved long, low, tremulous sighs.

On the morrow there was a wedding at the Mission; but hearts would have been happier for the presence of one who never came, and eyes would have been brighter for the sight of one they never saw again.

Years have passed. On many silent hills and in many lonely valleys the stumps of pines stand where the sun used to touch the green tops a hundred feet above them. The stalwart trunks have gone to cover homes in the south, and to shelter the heads of happy children from the storms which they learned to resist on their native hills in the north.

But greater changes have taken place at the Castor. The lake seems wider now, but that is because there is only one little strip of forest on the west side. The fields rise gradually on the rounded hill, and the sun, which used to cast gloomy shadows into the lake, has to smile now across golden fields of ripe oats and barley.

The rocky eastern shore remains unchanged; but on the west there are two houses, with their barns and low outbuildings.

In the evening the collie drives home the cows, and the bells clang wildly through the bushes. A young voice keeps calling to him, and he answers with sharp yelps. Soon a stalwart lad bursts through the underbrush into the path, and goes singing after the cows. He hears a voice calling from the bars. "Octave! Octave! Octave!" His brother waits there for him to pass, and they put up the bars and go home together.

Then there is often singing in the evening, and laughter; and White Mc-

Morran loves to come over and smoke, and listen to his grandchildren talk, and hold the youngest on his knees. But now it is always the Ducharmes of the Castor; no more the Ducharmes of the Baskatonge.

In the heart of a northern wilderness, on the shore of an unnamed lake, stands the ruin of a small hut. Half the roof has fallen in. The logs are rotted and covered with moss. In the dark corners spectral weeds and ferns die longing for the sun. The spring winds, touching the water lightly, make ripples that never reach the shore. In early summer the small, shadowy clouds drift dreamily out of the west and vanish like a vision. In autumn the sky is flushed and knotted, like the forehead of an angry god; a wakeful bird, somewhere in the bushes, utters a few long-drawn, passionate notes; the night that follows is dark and starless, and the wind, searching for forgotten paths among the trees, heaves long, low, tremulous sighs. The winter wind, untamed out of the north, drives the sifted snow, hissing like steam, across the surface of the lake. The haunts of men seem as far away as the stars that throb faintly in the lonely vastness of the summer sky. The silence that dwells forever in the waste places of the world is shaken by unheeded storms and the muffled cries of life in the gloom of the immense forests that darken beneath her brooding wings.

AFTER DEATH.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

'And very sweet it is
To know he still is warm, though I am cold.
—*Christina Rossetti.*

I WOULD not have *thee* warm when I am cold;
But both together—'neath some sylvan mound,
Amid the pleasant secrets under ground,
Where green things flourish in the embracing mould,
And jealous seeds the souls of blossoms hold—
In some sweet fellowship of silence bound,
Deeper than life, more exquisite than sound,
Rest tranquilly while Love's new tales are told.

We will not grudge the waking world its bliss—
Its joy of speech, its gladness of surprise,
When lovers clasp each other's hands and kiss,
And earth puts on new glory to their eyes:
We, lying there, with Death's deep knowledge wise,
Will know that we have found Life's best in this.

M. COQUELIN.

By Brander Matthews.

In Paris, one morning in August five years ago, I was calling on M. Francisque Sarcey, the finest of French dramatic critics, and, happening to tell him that I had been at the Conservatory a day or two before to see the annual competition in tragedy and comedy, he asked me kindly if I would like to see the prizes distributed on the morrow. "I have to go to the Academy to hear Renan's report, but I have two tickets, which are at your service," he said; adding, "you will probably see Got decorated." I knew that M. Coquelin had been urging that the actor should have an equal right with the artist and the author to enter the Legion of Honor. The prejudice against the player was dying hard; Samson and Regnier had been decorated after they had abandoned acting for teaching. M. Got was a professor at the Conservatory, too, but he was also a comedian in active practice; and although he might be decorated as a teacher, it would be as an actor that he would receive the honor. Knowing these things, I accepted M. Sarcey's tickets thankfully; and the next afternoon I took my seat betimes in the tiny bandbox of a theatre where the prizes were to be awarded to the clever young tragedians and comedians who had been serving their apprenticeship for two years.

Many of the foremost actors of France had gathered there, where they had received their own instruction, to behold the bestowal of the cross of the Legion of Honor on the Dean of the Comédie-Française—the first actor to receive the decoration while still on the stage. In front of the footlights, behind a convex table, sat M. Edmond Turquet, the head of the Department of Fine Arts; beside him were M. Émile Perrin, the manager of the Théâtre Français, and M. Ambroise Thomas, the director of the Conservatory; and around them were the members of the faculty, among whom was M. Got. When M. Turquet announced that "a higher recompense is reserved for M. Got," a tumult of applause burst forth, led by M. Coquelin, M. Mounet-Sully, and others of M. Got's comrades at the Théâtre Français. The declaration that it was as a Professor of the Conservatory that M. Got was decorated "cast a cold over the meeting," as the negro exhorter put it; but the enthusiasm was revived by the assertion that "the Government, in decorating him, has not been able to forget that it is honoring the Dean of the Comédie-Française, one of the most eminent artists of that great institution." M. Got had arisen when his name was mentioned; he now approached M. Turquet, who took the red ribbon from his own button-hole and placed it in M. Got's, at the same time giving him the double kiss of friendship, the accolade of the Legion of Honor.

From the Conservatory I hastened to the Théâtre Français, to take a ticket to see that night's performance of the "Femmes Savantes." At briefest notice the chief actors and actresses of the incomparable company of the Comédie-Française had sped back from their vacations that they might do honor to their comrade by appearing with him. M. Got, of course, was *Trissotin;* M. Delaunay was *Clitandre;* M. Coquelin was *Vadius;* and M. Thiron was *Chrysale.* Mme. Brohan was *Philaminte;* Mlle. Jouassain was *Bélise;* Mlle. Barretta was *Henriette;* and Mme. Dinah-Félix was *Martine.* It is a rare treat to see nine *sociétaires* in a single play, and I rejoiced at my good fortune in having a seat well forward in that parterre where the Salic law still governs, and no ladies are yet admitted. French audiences are prone to let the hireling *claque* applaud for them, but there was no lack of warmth in the greeting given to the new Chevalier Got. It was a memorable moment in the history of the French stage when the first comedian who had been found worthy to wear the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor came forward to act for the first time since he received the distinction.

Yet to me the artistic interest of the performance overshadowed the historic. In consequence, no doubt, of the excitement on the stage and in the house, the "Femmes Savantes" was acted with a *brio* and a brilliancy very rarely seen even in the acting of Molière's comedies in the house of Molière. I can recall now, distinctly and without difficulty, the effect one scene had on me —the quarrel between *Trissotin* and *Vadius*, which is in comedy very much what the quarrel of *Brutus* and *Cassius* is in tragedy. M. Got's rendering of the self-satisfied and self-seeking *Trissotin* was most masterly, although at times his lines were a little hard and stiff. M. Coquelin's *Vadius* was that very rare thing in any art—perfection.

That an actor of M. Coquelin's reputation should appear in the single scene of which the part of *Vadius* consists, is as though Mr. Jefferson should now play the *Gravedigger* in "Hamlet." In both cases the characters, although brief, are rich enough to be worthy of the best acting. M. Coquelin's *Vadius* was a marvel of unintelligent learning and dull pedantry—most amusingly ridiculous, and nowhere overcharged with color. I remember remarking with astonishment that M. Coquelin, whose eye is piercing and fiery, kept it down to a dead, leaden level, and never allowed a chance flash to suggest that he was other than the character he had assumed. Not long after, in rereading the "Random Records" of the younger Colman, I was pleased to see the statement that David Garrick had "an uncommon brilliancy of the eye, but he had the art of completely quenching it." More recently, Mr. Austin Dobson has described how Garrick came "bounding on the boards, filling them as of our own day we have seen M. Coquelin fill them in 'L'Étourdi,' with his mercurial presence and the magnetism of his impetuous ubiquity." In M. Coquelin, both as a man and as an actor, I can detect not a few points of similarity to Garrick, who no doubt derived from his French descent some of his great gifts for the drama. The French comedian is like the Englishman whose death "eclipsed the gayety of nations," in the range and variety and value of the parts he has played, in his indisputable supremacy in the chief comic characters of the national drama, in his abounding vitality, in his career of unbroken success, in his incursions into literature, in his honorable position in society, and in his close frendship with the chief authors and artists of his day. Garrick's fellowship with Burke, for example, was not as firm or as solid as M. Coquelin's with Gambetta. Of course, the parallel must not be pressed too far—and the points of dissimilarity are obvious enough. Garrick was a great tragedian, and M. Coquelin, although he has played successfully both heroic and pathetic parts, is rather a great comedian. Over Garrick, however, M. Coquelin has at least this advantage, that the English actor has been dead and gone these hundred years, and that now his name is little more than a peg on which to hang a string of dry anecdotes, while M. Coquelin is alive to delight us to-day.

M. Coquelin will be the fourth of the distinguished performers of the French stage who have crossed the Atlantic to act in America, and although the other three were Rachel, Fechter, and Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt, he is not the least of the four. It may be that he is less known in the United States than they were, and that his coming has been less widely heralded. It is true that he has never striven for that mere notoriety which sometimes serves a public performer in place of fame. No fantastic tales are told of his eccentricities. He is quite without the touch of charlatanry which taints the sayings and doings of Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt. He has gone about his business quietly, and he has done his work as best he could. His success has not been achieved in a day, and there is no danger that his fame will fade over-night. He has won his way steadily and the ground is solid under his feet.

M. Coquelin has risen to be now the first comedian of the Théâtre Français, as Rachel was the first tragedian, and he belongs there of right as she did; while neither Fechter nor Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt was wholly at ease within its walls. Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt, an extraordinary personality, three-fifths genius and two-fifths sheer fudge, as Mr. Lowell said of Poe, uneasily broke away from the Com-

édie-Française as soon as she might. Fechter's position on the Parisian stage is generally misunderstood, and often overrated; he never held an undisputed place; he had passed through the Théâtre Français unperceived, and his chief attempt in classic comedy, an elaborate revival of "Tartuffe" at the Odéon, was a lamentable—I had almost written, a ludicrous—failure.

M. Coquelin's acting has none of the affectation of novelty which was the bane of Fechter's. That he had been sent into the world to overturn all tradition, was Fechter's opinion. M. Coquelin, one might venture to suggest, recognized early that what are often ignorantly denounced as traditions are, in fact, precious heirlooms from the finest performers of the past, a store of accumulated wisdom to be considered reverently, to be selected from judiciously, and to be cast aside only for good reason. While M. Coquelin's native gifts are richer and more abundant than Fechter's (at least they seem so to me), he has "school," and he has been trained with a thoroughness of which the egotism of Fechter was incapable. Fechter was picturesque, romantic, passionate—these are the three qualities strenuously insisted upon in Dickens's brief paper "On Mr. Fechter's Acting," which preceded the French actor's first appearance in America. In "Gringoire," and in the "Luthier de Crémone," M. Coquelin is poetic and pathetic with a touching simplicity, but he cannot claim that fervor in love-making which was Fechter's chief charm and which he could intensify until he seemed to offer up himself and all the other characters in the play, and the whole world, as a sacrifice to the goddess of his fiery adoration.

At bottom, Fechter was monotonous; his variety was superficial only; it was in pictorial details, not in the inner man. As *Hamlet*, or as *Ruy Blas*, or as *Don César de Bazan* the spectator saw essentially the same person, with only external modifications. The hero of the play might be a weak-willed son wishing to avenge his father's murder, or a proud lackey in love with a queen, or a ne'er-do-well Spanish nobleman exchanging places with the king, but the actor was always himself—he was always picturesque, romantic, and passionate; he had always the same method, which he applied to all plays. I do not say this in disparagement of Fechter, who was a very remarkable actor and who administered a welcome stimulus to the sluggish English stage of his day. Real versatility is one of the rarest of the actor's gifts—a versatility, I mean, that is more than skin-deep. Fechter was, in the main, a melodramatic actor. That is to say, what he saw in a play was the situation rather than the character. He poured himself into the situation and he made over the character to suit himself as best he could.

M. Coquelin has a far deeper and truer variety—he has real versatility. He enters into the character he assumes and gets inside of it, and divests himself, temporarily, of those attributes which are not consonant with it.* He makes himself into the other man, and he lets this other man then reveal himself in situation. His *Mascarille* in "L'Étourdi," his *Duc de Septmonts* in "L'Étrangère," his *Gringoire*—and the names of these three parts serve to show the wide range of his accomplishment—are not merely M. Coquelin in the situations of these plays and the costumes of those parts, they are wholly different beings—different outwardly and inwardly, in action and in thought, and each expressing himself after his own kind. To say this is to say that M. Coquelin's acting is of a far rarer kind than Fechter's, and on a far higher intellectual level. M. Coquelin has an intellectual flexibility and subtlety to which Fechter could not pretend. Fechter's acting, indeed, picturesque as it was, passionate and romantic, was essentially not intellectual, but sensual. One can see how

* Just as I was reading the proof of this little paper, I received the November number of the new and excellent *Revue d'art dramatique*, in which I found this most interesting statement (apparently taken down from M. Coquelin's own lips) of his method of study: "When I have to create a part, I begin by reading the play with the greatest attention five or six times. First, I consider what position my character should occupy, on what plane in the picture I must put him. Then I study his psychology, knowing what he thinks, what he is morally. I deduce what he ought to be physically, what will be his carriage, his manner of speaking, his gesture. These characteristics once decided, I learn the part without thinking about it further; then, when I know it, I take up my man again and, closing my eyes, I say to him, 'Recite this for me.' Then I see him delivering the speech, the sentence I asked him for; he lives, he speaks, he gesticulates before me; and then I have only to imitate him."

Dickens came to be enthusiastic over Fechter's force and over his felicity in expressing the external, but one may fancy that Thackeray or George Eliot would have found a keener and a finer enjoyment in the acting of M. Coquelin.

I have never been able quite to understand exactly what it is that the dramatic critics mean when they talk of the several schools of acting. I have seen two kinds of acting, good acting and bad acting. And I perceive two broad classes of actors—those who act by instinct and those who act by intelligence. Most actors fall into the former division; they are inconscient; they do not know why they say a certain speech in a certain way, or why they accompany it with a certain gesture; yet they *feel* that it ought to be said in that manner. More often than not they are right in the result, although their performance is instinctive and almost automatic and though they would probably give a wrong reason for the blind faith that is in them. These are actors who have, in a greater or less degree, the innate histrionic faculty. They were "born so"; they are actors and nothing else; and as anything else they would fail. Far different are the actors without this congenital gift for the stage, but endowed with the powers which make for success. These men think out their work; their acting is the result of intelligent effort; and for every effect they can give you chapter and verse. They plan their performance of a part from beginning to end, and they force their organs and members to obey their will. By dint of intelligence and energy and hard labor, sometimes they succeed on the stage; but then they would have succeeded quite as well in any other profession—at the bar, for instance, or in the pulpit. To the former class belong Spranger Barry and probably Edmund Kean; to the latter, Macready and Charles Kean. Of course no hard and fast line can be drawn, and the boundary between the two classes is vague and uncertain. The greatest actors are those who are both born and made, who have both energetic intelligence and the histrionic faculty, and who, in addition to the endowment of nature, are accomplished in all that the schools can teach. Garrick is the chief exemplar of this combination, and Talma is another. In our own time and in differing degrees we can see it in Mr. Edwin Booth, in Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and in M. Coquelin.

M. Coquelin has abundant natural gifts for the stage. He has a trim figure and a clever face—the tip-tilted nose may be a disqualification for tragedy but it is an advantage in comedy. His eye is alert and penetrating, and, as we have seen, the actor has learnt how to quench its fire when need be. His voice is wonderful, at one moment it rings out in clarion tones and at the next it is most exquisitely modulated to the gentlest whisper. M. Coquelin is a master of *diction* as the French call it, of delivery, of the art of speech, as we must name it. He has a faculty of indescribable volubility, but, despite the utmost rapidity of utterance, he is always clearly and distinctly audible in all parts of the theatre. He has a memory remarkable even among actors; a part once learnt is never forgotten and may be picked up at will and performed unhesitatingly after twenty years' interval. He has a broad and liberal humor and an exuberant and contagious gayety.

It is small wonder that at first his master, Regnier, doubted for M. Coquelin's future, fearing that, as nature had done so much for him, he might be led to think he had no need of art. But his powers were ripened by rigid training under Regnier at the Conservatory, and later at the Théâtre Français, where the pupil and the teacher played together. The young comedian had a high intelligence, a resolute will, and an energetic ambition; and he never spared pains to do his best at all times. As he grew older his skill in the composition of his parts increased, and so did his sense of values, as the painters phrase it. Under Regnier's eye he practised himself in the great comedies of the French stage. Gifted by nature, he was favored by fortune in falling at once into the right place for the complete development of his powers. At the Comédie-Française his intelligence was not jaded nor his brilliancy faded by the pernicious system of long runs; no play is acted there more than three times a week, and at least two nights out of seven are given up to the plays of the

past—the repertory of classic comedy and tragedy.

Mr. Henry James once made the subtle suggestion that a certain meagreness to be detected now and again in French tragic acting is due to the thinness of French tragedy, and that this meagreness is not seen in English tragic acting because the English and American tragedian is nourished on the robust fare of Shakespeare. But in comedy there is no inferiority; in comedy Molière is not second even to Shakespeare. In his 'prentice days M. Coquelin was allowed to appear as *Scapin* and as *Mascarille* (both in the "Précieuses Ridicules" and in "L'Étourdi"), and when Regnier retired M. Coquelin succeeded of right to the possession of Molière's own parts in the company Molière founded. Not in Molière alone but in Regnard, in Marivaux, and in Beaumarchais did M. Coquelin excel. In the old comedies he made his stronghold. "There is no part in his line of business," said M. Sarcey in the monograph on M. Coquelin in his acute and fertile "Comédiens et Comédiennes," "in our old classic drama, in which he is not excellent; in some he has shown himself exquisite; one may say that he has lent them a renewed charm for us, that he has, so to speak, revealed them to us. . . In this line he is the foremost, and he is worthy to be placed by the side of the most illustrious comedians whose memory is guarded in the history of the stage."

In more modern comedy M. Coquelin has been equally felicitous and fortunate. He followed Regnier as *Don Annibal* in "L'Aventurière," and as *Destournel* in "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," and he held his own against the memory of his master. Probably he will play both parts in the United States, and the total difference of the thirsty swashbuckler of M. Augier from the dry little lawyer of M. Sandeau will serve to show the enormous range of his faculty of humorous impersonation. He created—and in his case the French idiom is not inexact—the *Tabarin* of M. Paul Ferrier, the *Gringoire* of M. Théodore de Banville, and the gifted apprentice in the "Luthier de Crémone" of M. Français Coppée—all tender and poetic plays in which the tears lie hidden behind the laughter. On the revival of "Ruy Blas" at the Français he appeared as *Don César de Bazan*—both the part and the fourth act in which *Don César* is the protagonist are omitted in the adaptation of Hugo's drama now performed in America—and he breathed the breath of life into the character and made it live and walk, a feat which the earlier actors who had played the part, among whom were Mélingue and M. Lafontaine, had wholly failed to accomplish.

I am reminded here of a talk I had with M. Coquelin about *Don César* in particular and Victor Hugo's plays in general. I was fresh from a thorough and most conscientious study of the poet's dramatic works, and I asked the comedian if he intended to act *Triboulet*, the jester, in the then promised revival of "Le Roi s'amuse" (known to all American playgoers as "Rigoletto" and the "Fool's Revenge"). He answered that he had no desire to appear again in any of Hugo's plays, because the parts were fatiguing and thankless. With diffidence I ventured to explain that I felt inclined to deny that Hugo was a true dramatist—his poetry seemed to me essentially and finally lyric. M. Coquelin agreed with me instantly. "A man who is in the habit of acting Molière," he said, "of studying out the characters he is to assume, of probing them to the bottom, of turning them inside out, in a word, of mastering them, soon finds he can do nothing with Hugo's comic characters. They are all on the surface; there is nothing beneath. Victor Hugo is a great poet—the greatest lyric poet who ever lived; he scatters beautiful lines lavishly throughout his plays; but these do not compensate the actor for the lack of a living, breathing human being to personate. Failing to find humanity in Hugo's characters, the humanity which is in everyone of Molière's characters, the comedian has to exhaust himself in the discovery of extraneous effects. When we began to rehearse 'Ruy Blas,' I wanted to give up *Don César*—I could discover nothing in it but incessant and factitious movement and many exquisite speeches. *Don César* has only two acts; he makes a brief appearance in the first, and he

bears on his shoulders the whole weight of the fourth. And that fourth act exhausts me every time I play it. In the theatre here they do not think me a weakling ; I act *Mascarille* in 'L'Étourdi,' the most trying part in all Molière, and I get through the five acts without fatigue. But I come from the single fourth act of 'Ruy Blas' utterly spent. If the author has not made the part, it is quite in vain that the actor wears himself out trying to make something of it."

It may be noted that not long after this chat "Le Roi s'amuse" was brought out by the Comédie-Française, with M. Got as *Triboulet*, and that it was received with the dull decorum due to a dismal performance. In his preface to the "Fool's Revenge" Mr. Tom Taylor prides himself that his play is more effective than the original—and not without reason. In like manner another adroit playwright, M. Dennery, has made more effective use of *Don César* than did the inventor of the character. Frédérick Lemaitre, the first *Ruy Blas*, was always anxious to act *Don César*, and to oblige him M. Dennery borrowed Hugo's character and wrote a play around it. This is the "Don César de Bazan" familiar in our playhouses from the fine performances of the elder Wallack and Fechter; and in this drama M. Coquelin intends to present himself to the American public, having already acted it during his starring trips about Europe, although not yet in Paris.

Among the plays in which M. Coquelin hopes to appear in America, besides "Don César de Bazan," "L'Aventurière," "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," and "Gringoire," already referred to, are M. Sardou's "Pattes de Mouche," known in English as "A Scrap of Paper," and Bayard's "Mari à la Campagne," one English adaptation of which allowed Burton to play *Aminadab Sleek* and another was arranged to let Mr. Coghlan appear as the *Colonel*—in the original French piece M. Coquelin will act yet a third part, the husband who goes to the country.

He will not attempt in America the vibrion *Duke* of M. Dumas's "Étrangère," the fast young man of M. Augier's "Fourchambault," the gentle old schoolmaster of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's "Rantzau," or the self-contained hero of M. Feuillet's "Chamillac." That he should have appeared in these characters at the Théâtre Français is proof positive that his ambition to act heroic and pathetic characters is justified by his ability. He was successful in all, and his *Duke* in "L'Étrangère" and his *Florence* in the "Rantzau" are among his finest creations. It is known that M. Coquelin now and again likes to try for tears instead of smiles, and to excite terror rather than laughter. In his case this is not the common desire of the low comedian to act tragedy. Liston's secret ambition was to appear as *Othello*. But Garrick played both *Abel Drugger* and *Hamlet;* and M. Coquelin is closer akin to Garrick than to Liston. He played the restrained and sentimental hero of M. Octave Feuillet's tearful comedy, "Chamillac," an ordinary leading man's part, as well as any ordinary leading man would play it, with force and dignity, without trace of trickery or taint of affectation.

It is a waste of his incomparable qualities to let him do that which an ordinary leading man can do nearly as well when we know that he can play far better parts, richer, ampler, and far more difficult, as no one else can play them. A thin and forced character like *Chamillac* is quite unworthy of M. Coquelin's resplendent talents. Mr. Matthew Arnold has hinted that modern French acting seems to him to be often of a finer quality and a higher value than the modern French plays in which it is made manifest. One cannot but feel that M. Coquelin is far superior to the play he is called on to perform when that play is the cheaply sentimental "Chamillac" or the cheaply farcical "Député de Bombignac." He finds parts worthy of his powers only in Molière, in Regnard, Marivaux, and Beaumarchais, and in those later French dramatists who have best caught the spirit of the old comedies.

During his visit to the United States M. Coquelin will act certainly in one of Molière's comedies, the "Précieuses Ridicules," and probably also in the greatest of all, in "Tartuffe." He has made a profound analysis of the character of *Tartuffe*, the results of which he made

public in a lecture, published afterward, like his other lectures on two other of Molière's greatest characters, the *Arnolphe* of "L'École des Femmes" and the *Alceste* of the "Misanthrope." The gist of the comedian's criticism is that Molière, being a comic dramatist, intended all three of these characters to be comic parts—not sentimental, or heroic, or tragic, as they are now often acted. That M. Coquelin is right, at least as regards *Alceste* and *Arnolphe*, seems likely, for Molière wrote them for his own acting, and he was the foremost comic actor of his time. But the case as to *Tartuffe* is not so clear, as Molière himself played *Orgon*, and not *Tartuffe*. The three tiny little tomes which contain these lectures are admirable specimens of practical dramatic criticism by an expert. Molière and Shakespeare have been over-written about by the poets and the critics, and it is now from the actors only that we can hope for anything truly elucidative, like these pamphlets of M. Coquelin, and the notes on "Othello," written for Mr. Furness by Mr. Edwin Booth.

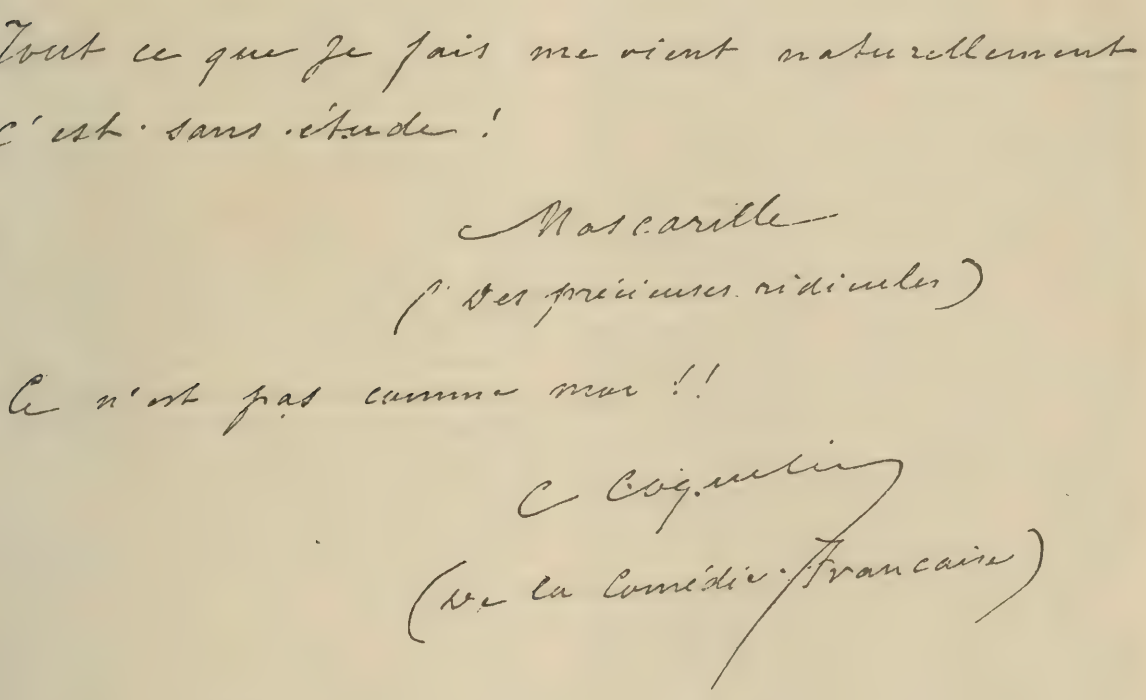
M. Coquelin has also lectured on the poetry of M. Sully-Prudhomme and of M. Eugène Manuel, and on the actor's art. These are all genuine lectures, and not merely essays; they bristle with points of which an adroit reader may take advantage. Once I heard a clergyman in the pulpit say that if people went to sleep under a sermon it was the preacher's fault. I doubt if a man could go to sleep while M. Coquelin was reading these delightfully clever papers or reciting extracts from the poets he was praising. M. Coquelin is not only the first comedian of France; he is an unequalled reader and an incomparable reciter. On the platform of a lecture-room or in a parlor M. Coquelin never acts, holding that the art of the reader and the kindred art of the reciter have wholly different conditions from the art of the actor.

All these little books of M. Coquelin's are interesting, but by far the most important is the essay on the actor's art, "L'Art et le Comédien" (of which there is an American translation by Miss Alger). A discussion of the principles of his art by an accomplished artist is always valuable, and M. Coquelin's is singularly suggestive. On the moot question whether an actor is to feel with the characters he personates, and experience at every performance, again and again, the emotion he expresses, or whether he is to remain calm and master of himself, M. Coquelin is most convincing. He is fully in accord with Diderot, in whose "Paradoxe sur le Comédien" the case is argued at length. To move others, the actor must keep himself unmoved. "I am persuaded," he says, "that a man can be a great actor only on the condition that he governs himself absolutely, and that he is able to express at will sentiments that he does not feel, that he may never feel, that by his very nature he could never feel." Real emotion makes the actor stutter and sob and deprives him of the physical force and mental clearness which his work demands. "The 'Paradoxe' of Diderot," he said to me once, "is not a paradox at all; it is the absolute truth." Perhaps M. Coquelin pushes the theory to extremes in refusing to allow an actor to avail himself of a natural advantage, like the gift of shedding tears at will. I remember once hearing him summarily judge a certain actress: "She weeps on the stage—for me, that is enough—she is a mediocre artist."

I happened to quote this once to Mr. Edwin Booth, and I received from him a strange confirmation of M. Coquelin's opinion. Mr. Booth told me that sometimes when he has been acting in the "Fool's Revenge," he has felt a singular sympathy with the character he was performing. On one occasion in particular the pathos of the poor jester's hard fate appealed to him more powerfully than it had been wont to do; he began to identify himself with the twisted and tortured *Bertuccio;* the tears rose to his eyes and streamed down his face; his voice was broken with honest emotion; he felt the part as never before; and it seemed to him that he had never played it so well. And yet, when the play was over and he left the theatre, his daughter, his surest critic, who had seen the performance from a stage-box, asked him what had been the matter, as she

had never seen him act the part so badly.

After all, the actor's art would be an easy thing and of little value if the actor could rely on the inspiration of the moment and trust to a chance of "feeling the part." Acting, like any other art, is long; and good acting means hard work. In my copy of the invaluable "Register" of La Grange, which is the chief contemporary record of the doings of Molière's company and which the Comédie-Française caused to be published ten years ago in most sumptuous fashion, M. Coquelin has written his name:



When we behold M. Coquelin (*de la Comédie-Française*) as the *Mascarille* of the "Précieuses Ridicules," we shall see a surpassingly natural performance, the result of unremitting study and consummate art.



RUSSIAN NOVELS.

By Thomas Sergeant Perry.

The present wide-spread interest in Russian novels certainly betokens a healthy curiosity in intellectual matters, for there can be no surer sign that a man, or a nation, has ceased to grow than the disposition to believe that all the songs have been sung; that everything that can be known about human nature is already trite; and that the methods of the past are the only ones deserving of respect. This is a state of mind as ruinous as living upon one's income—however great the pleasure, its duration is limited. After all, the time for one to live in is the present, with such comprehension of the past, and such perception of the future, as may be granted; and, indeed, to understand the present, without being offended by it, is to know the past, and to be a contemporary of what is yet to come, when today's novelties shall have become our children's common-places.

It is true that it is not a sense of wise provision against painful surprises in the future that now makes the Russian novels popular in this country, but rather a frank admiration for something new and striking. These stories have the great advantage of being modern. Their modernness is not confined to their title-pages; it is part of their whole spirit and method. This quality, to be sure, offends many readers, who believe that the only way to do good work is by exercising in a beaten track and by following approved models. They forget that even the most admired manner had once to endure the obloquy that attests the importance of everything new, and that at all times a half-century earlier has seemed to many, young as well as old, the culminating moment of human endeavor, since when men have steadily degenerated. In Russia, however, the growth was so swift that there has been but little time for pensive regret. While in the last century Russia went rapidly through the steps that in other countries were taken more leisurely, its real literary life began with the romantic outbreak early in this century. At present it is not romanticism, but realism, which is the most striking characteristic of the Russian novel. Here the writers have made their mark; they have set their foot on the earth, not in an imaginary region, and they describe what they see. Moreover, their vision is not clouded by a host of literary conventions which they mistake for real things and confound with facts. The very laxity of their previous literary training has been of great advantage to them in this respect, for they have not been hampered and misled by all the traditions that obscure the sight of the Western Europeans and of their faithful followers, the cultivated Americans. We have all become the accomplices of the writers, and are perfectly familiar with the working of the machinery: A hero tumbles down a well, or is said to have been lost at sea, and we can open at the very page, toward the end of the book, where he returns, dripping with fresh or salt water, as the case may be, and marries the constant heroine. Or he is riding on horseback; the moment that the steed becomes restless, we know the lurking accident that shall disable him for a time, but on no account disfigure his extraordinary beauty. All of these devices, however much the worse for wear, give vast entertainment to many readers, who not only are tolerant of characters who shall, in all respects, surpass real people, but also defend this inexact drawing by asserting that "something better than life" is the proper subject of the novelist. Naturally enough, those whose business it is to purvey novels have found it easy to be inexact, and to substitute a dreamy invention for painstaking observation, and they thus lose the ability to determine between real life and literary artificialities.

These unnatural devices, having never thriven in Russia, do not survive to cumber the path of the novelists of that country, who stand in relation to the literary art in very much the same position that we Americans hold in relation

to personal freedom. Our ancestors, by breaking away from the feudalism that still lingers in Europe, and by the nature of the task that awaited them in this country, laid the foundations of an amount of individual freedom that to Russians, for example, might well seem like anarchy ; but with us literary traditions have known the fondest piety. In Russia, on the other hand, with no proper outlet for the energies of a mighty people save such as has been found in letters, the old forms have never impressed themselves deeply on whole generations of men, and now they scarcely exist. The field, then, is free, and the intensity of national feeling is not hampered by the necessity of worshipping the ghosts of the past. They have reached a point that other nations find still blocked by old-fashioned likings and habits.

In other lands the national energy is absorbed and scattered in a thousand necessities and opportunities that lead men into various fields of action and adventure which here are closed by a rigid despotism. In the rest of Europe the trifling novel of mere amusement has sufficient reason for existing, but in Russia life is too serious ; entertaining fiction has to be imported along with champagne, and silks, and ribbons, and the native who writes speaks for the whole compressed anguish of a people in chains. Mere entertainment would be a degrading aim for a Russian novelist—that is, the luxury of ease and security, and not even the masters in that country know either of these. All writing is under the control of a vigilant censorship ; students are forbidden access to what are regarded as dangerous books ; yet the novel, by confining itself to the representation of familiar or possible facts, manages to elude repression. Even the sharpest-eyed censor does not read what is written between the lines ; but it is this part, printed, as it were, in invisible ink, that helps to fill out the terrible picture of despair that almost every Russian novel contains. Not merely, then, are the literary hobgoblins dead ; they have never lived long ; their shoulders were too weak to bear the burden of expressing real suffering and hopeless misery. Their absence is certainly a natural result of the condition of affairs ; for just as cruelty begets deceit, so the despotism of that unhappy land has taught men to attack the abuse of power by portraying its results without uttering an aggressive word of abuse or criticism. Perhaps the most marked instance of the efficacy of this method is Gogol's comedy, "The Inspector," of which Mérimée's French translation, under the name of "Le Reviseur," is readily to be had. The play is amusing enough to be as frivolous as a ghost story, or any other fairy tale, while yet it is as serious an attack upon official corruption as there is in literature. The plot is as simple as possible : All the officials of a provincial town have heard that an inspector is to visit them *incognito*, and they at once prepare to throw dust in his eyes. A traveller happens to arrive at the inn just at that moment, and he is at once taken for the disguised inspector. They all immediately crowd about him, flattering him, backbiting their rivals, lending him money. Although the stranger is puzzled beyond measure, he readily adapts himself to the agreeable position, until, when everything is at the wildest, the real inspector suddenly appears, and the play ends. The fun is like that of a farce, and it seems as innocent ; but all the bullying and cringing, the lies and intrigues—the whole array of petty vices—with their extravagant drollery, and their freedom from any word of condemnation and any apparent desire of giving offence, are more convincing than any indignant outcry or lofty blame. The matter is laid before us, and if anyone wishes to draw a moral—and it is not easy to see how this is to be avoided—he is at least never reminded of it by Gogol.

Indeed, as a valuable means of drill in the technicalities of literature, despotism has never received, from writers upon education, half the praise that it deserves. The writer is sure to be careful in his phraseology when a rash word may mean life-long exile ; and one of the results of the terrors of the Russian penal code was that novelists learned compression and vigor, as well as all the possibilities of seriousness. We find this forcible reserve even dur-

ing the brief flowering-time of romanticism, which is yet enriched by precise and vivid realism. To be sure, we may see a similar combination of influences in Balzac, and in some of George Eliot's early work ; but in all it is the pictures of life that survive, while the fantastic is not always sure to exert its earlier charm. Gogol's "Dead Souls," on the other hand, owes but little of its merit to ingenious toying with local superstitions, or to the aid of the supernatural. Far from it ; it is its naturalness that makes the book impressive, as the hero wanders from one part of Russia to another buying the names of dead serfs, in order to employ these lists of apparent belongings as security on which to borrow money. His roving necessitates a number of different pictures, so that in a single frame we find many separate scenes of Russian life ; and the total impression is one of deep gloom. It is easy to understand why Pushkine, on reading it, should have said, "What a dreary country our Russia is !" And if other proof were needed, it might be found in the gloomy end of Gogol's own life, which was embittered by his absolute uncongeniality with his surroundings, and, indeed, by madness. The reader will recall Tolstoï's abandonment of letters for mysticism. In both we see the effect of despair on a sensitive soul.

The steps which Gogol took indicated the direction in which the Russian novel was destined to move. In his excellent book, "Le Roman Russe," Melchior de Vogüé quotes a statement from a later writer that they all dated from Gogol's "Cloak." This "Cloak" is a story about a department clerk, and the author's whole art is devoted to representing the innocent pettiness and insignificance of the poor wretch, whose sole interest in life consists in copying, and whose sole ambition is to own a new cloak. When at last he gets one, his little soul is filled with happiness ; but the very same evening he is waylaid by ruffians and robbed of his new treasure, and, in consequence, he dies of a broken heart. This is certainly a simple tale so far as the plot goes, but the plot is not everything ; the way in which the clerk's state of mind is drawn burns deep into the reader's attention, so great is Gogol's directness, so serious is his treatment of a case that stands as a representative of general misery. The unhappy hero is not turned to ridicule —the Russian novelists are wholly free from contempt for any of the weaknesses that they study and describe—because the writer sees that the poor man's petty life and meagre joys are all that is left to him in a country where men seem to live in a perpetual twilight. A microscopist is as likely to laugh at the animalcules he is examining as Gogol is to sneer at these dwarfed victims of despotism.

In Tourguéneff's early work we see the influence of Gogol, as well as of the other writers, like Auerbach and George Sand, who were destroying the authority of social conditions in literature. The short story of "Mumu," for example, might at first seem like a mere trivial anecdote of a deaf-mute and a dog, and it is easy to imagine that anyone who yearns for fine company in his reading might prefer a tale about a rich prince and a pet tiger ; but, such as it is, the story is most impressive, and, too, more especially by its implications concerning the society in which such things are possible.

Tourguéneff's longer novels, however, as well as those of Dostoievsky and Count L. Tolstoï, have a much wider significance, and they express much more fully the tremendous and incessant intellectual and moral turmoil that has agitated Russia during the last twenty-five years. The whole mass of corruption and brutality which Gogol set down in print bore congenial fruit ; and the long struggle between freedom and slavery, which is still going on, is only the natural outcome of the complicated conditions as the novelists portrayed them. Their work, moreover, has aided the side of progress, so that their books have a decided historical value. Aside from this quality, important as it is, there is the momentous advance in the construction of the novel as it has grown in the hands of these three men and their contemporaries. In Tourguéneff we find traces of the influence of romanticism in his selection of special cases for description and study. His

"Spring Floods," for example, is obviously an exceptional event, narrated, however, with all the love of knowledge of truth which have made him great. In Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," again, we have the study of a murderer's heart, a subject familiar in fiction, even if tolerably rare in life. Yet no one has treated it as he has done; not with any design of playing an amusing game with the reader, hiding a secret, as children hide a handkerchief, leaving the work of guessing to be done for a discreet time, and then making the mystery clear by bringing out the missing object from beneath the hearth-rug or from behind the clock. Nothing of the sort; we are with the murderer from the time that he meditates the crime, through his subsequent sufferings, and up to his absolution. And such sufferings! The description of his agony and fear of detection simply makes the reader's mouth grow dry with terror, and the final solution is attained with equal skill. When we remember that this hero is a Nihilist, whose brain is confused and muddled by overwork, suffering, and crude thought and study, we may see how inaccurate it is to look on any literary product as a thing apart from the general movement of life. In this, as in the whole list of Russian novels, so far as they are accessible to the outside world, we may perceive the spirit that animates the Nihilists finding expression in literature. Not merely are they written about; that, if done only from the outside, would be of comparatively slight importance—even the inculcation of their theories, besides its imminent peril, would be, perhaps, less effective—we see it rather in the appearance of realism as the voice of Nihilism. The whole meaning of realism is the denial of conventionalities in literature. A hero is in one way a supernatural being; his position as protagonist does not imply that he is thereby superior to anyone else; and all the fine flower of grace and transcendent merit that has grown about that briefly important personage finds no place in realism, any more than it exists in a Nihilist's feeling about a man of lofty position. What he would affirm would be that he despised pretence and hypocrisy, whether in government or in society; and this stern view of the responsibilities of life is expressed in a large number of the Russian novels of the day, as well as in a great deal of political action. There is nothing strange in this. The English novel, with its monotonous record of tennis and dinner-parties, its tepid love-making, its judicious distribution of moderate wealth, its exalted aristocrats, worthy clergy, and strictly subordinate peasantry and working-people, is the mirror of a calm conservatism that looks at the storms of life, if at all, only through the windows of a comfortably warmed and charmingly furnished room. Where life is not eager and impetuous, the ghosts of the past live long in secure intrenchments, and acquire the venerability that attaches itself to old furniture and ancient buildings that must not be rashly changed. But in Russia, where the past was a mere waste of barbarism, the teachings of modern science and the aspirations of democracy found a field uncumbered by objects of inherited reverence; they had a chance to grow in virgin soil, and to attain a vigor unknown in other lands, where respect for the past has compelled men to dock and trim their work into accordance with the customary ideals of the sweet security of society.

Even in Russia, however, this position was attained only gradually, through a certain tolerance of heroes and heroines of gentle birth, a certain disposition to gaze with tenderness upon the peasants. In Tolstoï there are no such limitations of personal liking or disliking. His own mood is one of contemplation; his vision is not controlled or colored by the necessity of proving this or that theory; he seeks merely to understand his characters; and he respects his readers sufficiently to suppose that they are capable of seeing for themselves what is commendable and what otherwise in the scene he sets before them without his labelling it or commenting upon it. Other novelists have inherited traditions; they have felt it necessary to believe and inculcate some general truth, instead of letting the truth evolve from the facts themselves. He starts with no preconceived notions, but simply tells his story, and, in consequence, his sublime impartiality

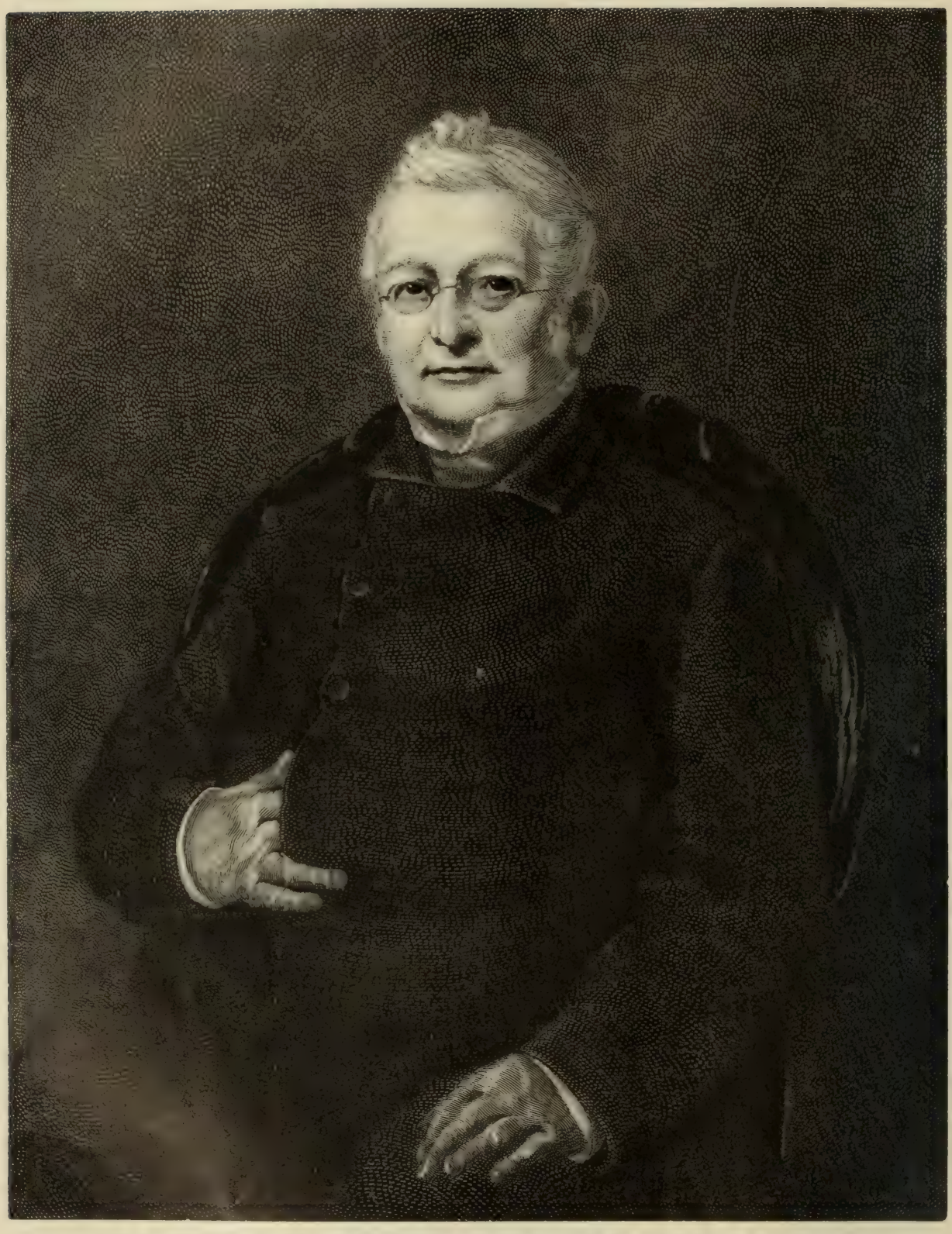
raises him to a height that one may be pardoned for thinking that no novelist has ever reached before. One reads Tolstoï and feels as if he were the only man who ever saw things as they are and ever told the truth. Even if this feeling is inexact, as feelings are apt to be, the reader admires him for his saying what everyone knows, instead of what everyone says.

In his "War and Peace" we have no narrow field, but an epic breadth of treatment, a whole country seething with excitement, great sections of society are put before us; we are carried from St. Petersburg into the country, out into the army, with which we make long campaigns; we witness momentous battles, and watch the burning of Moscow. Meanwhile the reader, accustomed to the conventional novel, wonders who is the hero over whose fortune he knows that a kind author is keeping guard; he is puzzled by the multitude of various characters and events that sweep over the stage, and only when he has finished the book does he comprehend the great scope and significance of what has seemed like inarticulate confusion. He then perceives how vivid an impression he has received of the bravery and hopefulness of the Russian character in war, and of its timidity and feebleness in the hardy struggles of peace. He has lived through a great event in modern history, and has seen how everything is made up of human atoms, whose innermost wishes, interests, weaknesses have been set forth by this great author with that full sympathy which is one side of comprehension.

Tolstoï's "Anna Karenina" bears much closer resemblance to the customary novel by means of the greater compactness of its subject, one already familiar to the student of French fiction, and so adapted for older readers. We see clearly how mighty a weapon is wielded by a writer who has confidence that the truth can prevail in fiction, as it does in life, of its own weight. His impartiality saves him from unfairness, as it protects a wise parent from spoiling the child he loves and from ill-treatment of the one of whom he disapproves; and so great is the force of truth that the moral of the story is most impressive, and it escapes the odium of being thrust down the reader's throat. We see the heroine sinking lower and lower under the degradation of her crime, not because the author was anxious to enforce a useful moral lesson, but because conscious wickedness enfeebles the whole nature. At the beginning we see most vividly her lofty grace and dignity, her superiority to the company in which she moves; but her subsequent course, although one in accordance with the society in which she lives, and one that in other cases was less pernicious in its effects, is thoroughly destructive in her. The writer who has contented himself with seeing this result of evil-doing, and with describing it, has not needed to dip his pen into the purple ink; the customary black is black enough for him.

In Tolstoï's yet untranslated sketches of military life at Sebastopol during the siege we find the adventurous side of a soldier's career, told as it was never told before, with a vision of its actuality, of the fact that all that is called the pettiness of life goes on, in all circumstances, as we know is the case, though we are careful not to say it, lest heroism should seem the merely human quality that it really is. Yet this work is done only with reverence for humanity, with no sign of the hasty gesture with which one generally brushes away cobwebs, because, for one thing, these conventionalities were less firmly established in Russia than elsewhere, and were easily scattered.

This, then, is the position of the Russian novel of to-day—that it has grown in a congenial soil, free from all the cumbrances that elsewhere tend to keep fiction conventional, and has been the mouthpiece of the most important movements that are now threatening the relics of feudalism. It is, then, modern; it is full of the future; and whether it is impressive or not will not be determined by anyone's assertion—let the reader see for himself. If he is contented with pleasing little pictures of the surface of life, he will not care for these more serious stories; if, however, he demands that literature should be something more than a toy, he will find in these books great draughts of life.



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LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

a Mon D. Cowan

A. Thiers

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THE STABILITY OF THE EARTH.

By N. S. Shaler.

HUMAN society is organized for a stable earth; its whole machinery supposes that, while the other familiar elements of air and water are fluctuating and untrustworthy, the earth affords a foundation which is firm. Now and then this implied compact with nature is broken, and the ground trembles beneath our feet. At such times we feel a painful sense of shipwrecked confidence; we learn how very precious to us was that trust in the earth which we gave without question. If the disturbance be of a momentary and unimportant kind we may soon forget it, as we forget the rash word of a friend; if it be violent, we lose one of the substantial goods of life, our instinctive confidence in the earth beneath our feet.

Although we know as yet little concerning the continent of North America, our experience has taught us that it is subject to frequent earthquake shocks; it is, therefore, worth our while to prepare to meet them by studying their nature, their dangers, and, so far as they exist, their remedies. In this way we shall at least escape from the fear which comes with unknown evils; we may, perhaps, be prepared to mingle a little philosophy with the tribulations which these disturbances bring to us.

The notion that the ground is naturally steadfast is an error—an error which arises from the incapacity of our senses to appreciate any but the most palpable and, at the same time, most exceptional of its movements. The idea of terra firma belongs with the ancient belief that the earth was the centre of the universe. It is, indeed, by their mobility that the continents survive the unceasing assaults of the ocean waves, and the continuous down-wearing which the rivers and glaciers bring about.

Were it not that the continents grow upward, from age to age, at a rate which compensates for their erosion, there would be no lands fit for a theatre of life; if they had grown too slowly, their natural enemies, the waves and rain, would have kept them to the ocean level; if too fast, they would lift new surfaces into the regions of eternal cold. As it is, the incessant growth has been so well measured to the needs, that for a hundred million years, more or less, the lands have afforded the stage for prosperous life. This upward growth, when measured in terms of human experience, is slow; it probably does not exceed, on the average, one foot in three or four thousand years. The rate varies in times and places. Under varying conditions, as when a glacial sheet is imposed on the continent—as it was, in the immediate past, on the northern part of North America—a wide area of the ice-laden land sank beneath the sea, to recover its level when the depressing burden was removed. Still the tendency of the continents is to elevation, and even the temporary sinking of one portion of their area is probably, in all cases, compensated by uplifts on another part by which new realms are won from the sea.

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Street in Charleston

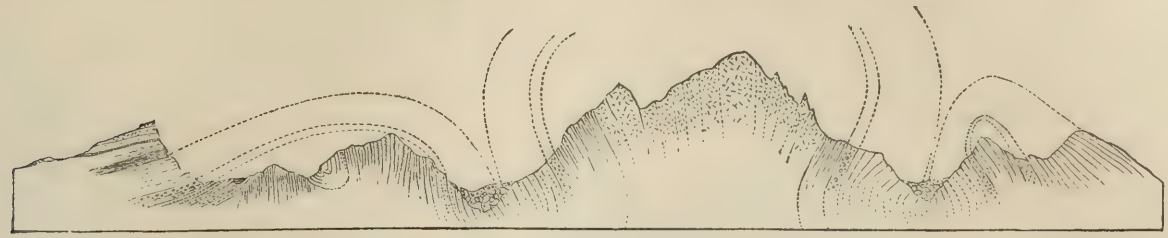
Showing the relative effect of a moderately strong earthquake on timber and masonry buildings.

Although access to the deeper earth is denied us, we are probably safe in our belief that this steadfast upward growth of the lands is due to a simple cause, which is as follows, viz. : The diameter of the earth depends, in part, upon the amount of heat it contains. This heat is constantly flying out into space. Each moment, from every part of its surface ; some portion of the original store escapes into the cold realms of space. With every volcanic eruption a great outrush of heat occurs. Thus, the earth is steadfastly shrinking : each age, it is girdled by a shorter line. If, by this escape of heat, every part of the earth were equally cooled, there would be no continents, for the whole mass would fall equally toward the centre ; but the deeper parts of the earth lose by far the most heat, for the simple reason that they have the most to part with. The superficial portions long since parted with the larger part of their original caloric.

Thus, this upper portion, or crust, as it is commonly called, does not contract as much as the interior mass, and therefore the inner part tends to leave the outer crust behind. But for the weight of this outer section, it would be left more or less separated from the interior mass ; but as its weight is much greater than it can sustain, it is compelled to wrinkle, or, in other words, to form the great ridges and furrows which constitute the continents and the ocean basins. Geologists are still in debate as to the precise manner in which this wrinkling comes about, and as to the way in which it has effected the construction of continents and mountains ; but they very generally believe that it is due to the cause above mentioned—*i.e.*, to the loss of heat, which is greater from the interior than from the superficial parts of the earth. In a rough way, this folding of the outer part of the earth may be compared to the wrinkling of the skin of a dried apple ; only in the fruit the shrinkage of the interior is due to the escape of water, while in the case of the earth it is due to the loss of energy in the form of heat.

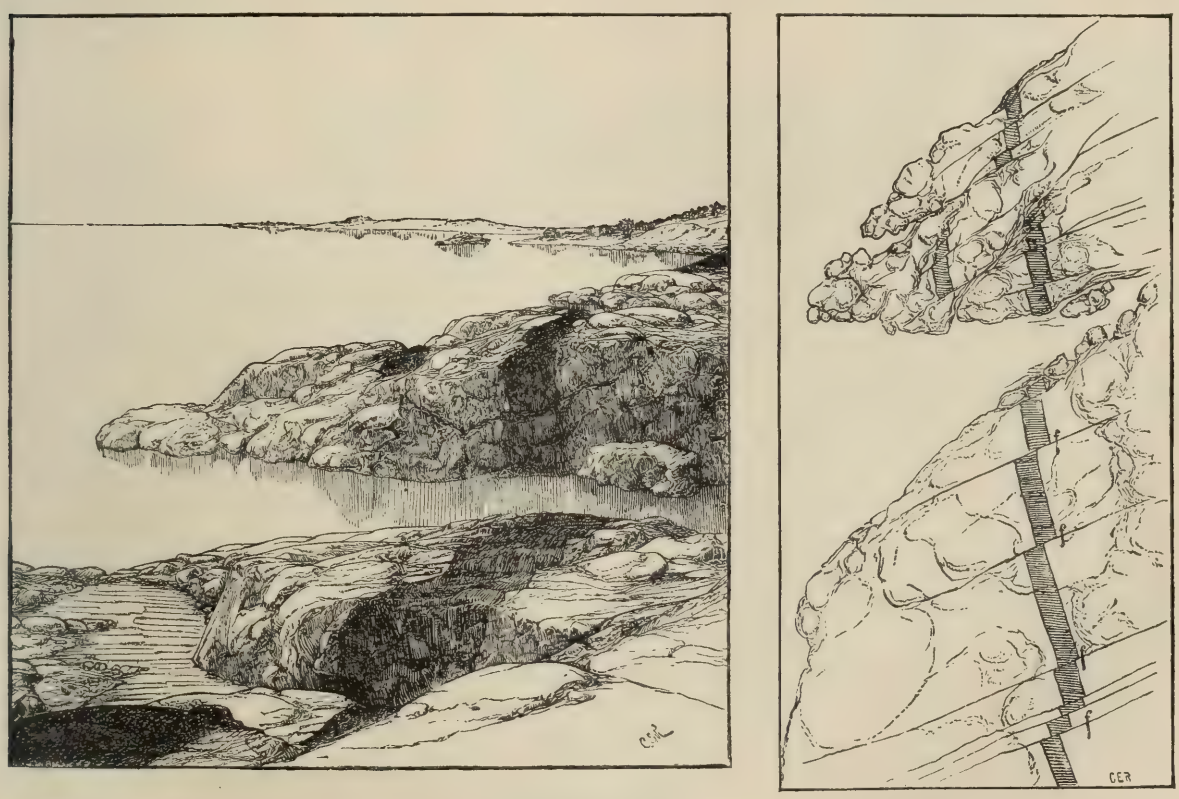
It is easy for the reader to see that

this wrinkling sets a vast amount of machinery in operation, and compels tensive disturbances of vast masses of the earth; these uplifted arches of the



Section through Mont. Blanc, Switzerland,
Showing folds of strata in a mountain.

the movement of masses which cannot be expected to stir without shock. In the upward folding of continents and of mountains the rocks must bend and break, masses of rock must slide over each other, making such flexures as are seen on existing mountains, or in regions where mountains have once mountains have to be underpinned, or supported from below, else they would crush down by their own weight; this support from beneath demands the transfer from considerable distances within the crust on either side of the mountain of great masses of rocky matter. Although this rock is greatly



Dyke of Volcanic Rock,
In lignite on the shore, in Marblehead, Mass. The horizontal plan shows many small faults which have been formed since the Dyke was made, each giving rise to an earthquake.

lifted their ridges, though they may now be worn down to their roots, and no longer have any trace of their original altitude. This folding is titanic work, and the movements at great depths beneath the surface made necessary by this wrinkling demand very ex- heated, it is probably not, in a strict sense, fluid, and so moves with a certain difficulty, and only under the compulsion of inconceivably great strains which cannot be expected to act without a certain measure of disturbance. Thus, by the folding, breaking, and slipping in-

volved in the production of the greater reliefs of the earth, a certain amount of sudden and irregular motion is necessarily brought about.

Beneath the sea and along the shores we have another disturbing agent in the volcanic impulse. On the sea-floors the mountain and continent-building forces appear in the main to be wanting, while the volcanic conditions are at rest beneath the interior of the continents. The conditions producing volcanoes appear to originate in the following manner: The deposits of sedimentary matter which are constantly making in the sea-floors contain a great deal of water; from five to twenty per cent. of their mass consists of the fluid which is imprisoned between the grains of mud or sand as the beds are formed. When, in time, any of these beds become deeply buried, they become greatly heated by the heat of the earth's interior, the exit of which is hindered by the strata laid down after the lower beds were formed. When, in this way, a bed is buried to the depth of twenty thousand feet or more, the imprisoned water may be raised to a temperature far above its ordinary boiling-point.

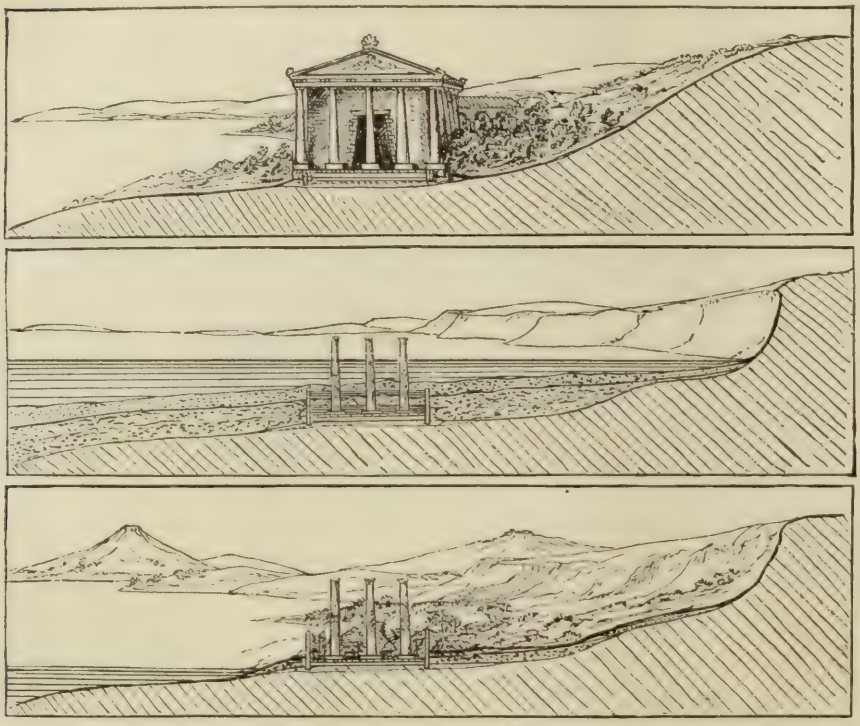


Diagram showing the Geological History of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis.

The first figure shows the original position of the temple; the second, the condition at the time of the greatest submergence; the third, the present position of the ruins.

Into this region of deeply buried water-charged beds the heat comes, not only by conduction from the earth's interior, but also by the action of streams of molten rock, which rush upward from below, forming dykes or veins of lava, such as may often be seen when ancient and once deeply buried strata are disclosed to view by the wearing away of the deposits which formerly lay upon them.

This greatly heated water of the rocks is constantly seeking to pass into the state of vapor; if it finds any line of weakness, it rends it open, with more than the energy of exploding gunpowder, and forms a volcano. Volcanoes are essentially gigantic explosions, such as are faintly imitated in bursting steam-boilers. In the volcanic explosion the steam is so hot that it may melt the rocks through which it passes, or drive those beds in which it was formed upward to the surface in the form of lavas or finely divided dust.

Thus in the upgrowing of the lands to replace the continued down-wearing which assails them, and in the outbreaks of the heated water deeply buried in the sediments derived from these worn lands, we have two evident sources of earthquake movements. These disturbances express themselves on the surface simply as movements, with no distinct evidence as to the origin of the shock; just as when we hear a loud noise we may find it to be due to any one of many causes—to a falling meteor, a cannon-shot, a bursting boiler, or something else in the way of sound-producing action—so with these earthquake shocks; they tell us little of their causation; that is the subject for troublesome and often baffling inquiry. Leaving aside the great

slow movements of the lands which we cannot feel, and can only infer from geological monuments, such as ancient shore-lines, or the marine fossils in the rocks which compose high mountains, and considering only the sensible movements of the earth's crust, we find several distinct classes of motions by which the earth is affected. Arranging these in the order of their magnitude and the time occupied by their movements, we have the groups noted below.

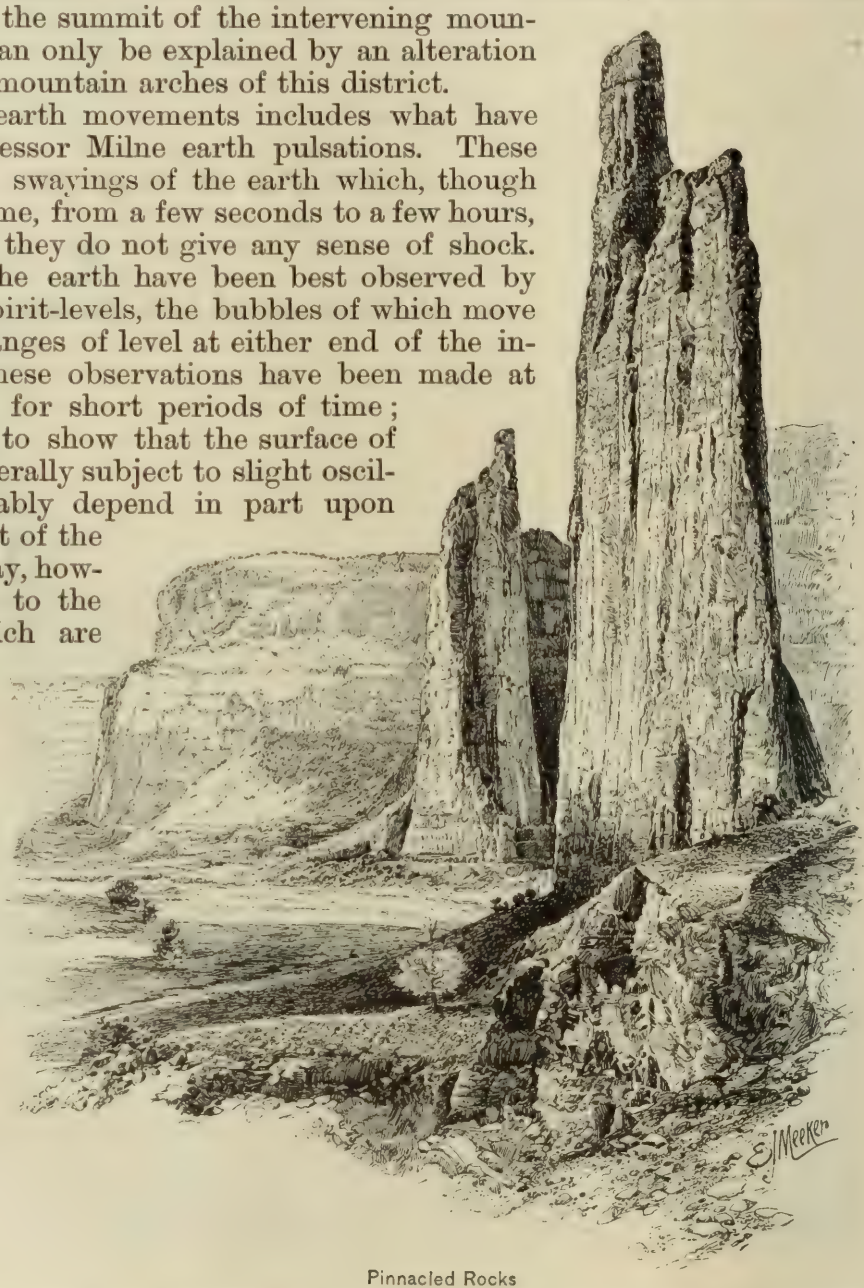
First among these oscillations of the earth we may notice the slow up or down movements, which are probably of the same general nature and of the same origin as the movements which build the continents, only much more rapid; so rapid, indeed, that they may be observed from decade, to decade, or, at least, from century to century. In this class we include the down-sinking of the coast of New Jersey, the uprising of the northern part of Scandinavia, or the oscillations of the shore on the coast of the Bay of Naples. These movements which, though in a geological sense rapid, rarely change the level of the land more than a foot or two in a century, appear to be divided into three distinct classes as follows: First, those which are due to the imposition of a heavy weight upon the earth's surface, or to the removal of such a weight. A good case of this is the deep depression of the northern part of North America where the glacial sheet came upon it, and its rapid re-elevation when the ice melted away. Next, those which are due to the formation of a great fault or break through the rocks as they are shoved about by the compressive forces which build mountain chains. And, finally, those which are due to the movements of volcanic gases and the lava which they propel toward the crater, whence, in time, they are to be discharged.



Effect of a Powerful Earthquake on Massive Masonry, Italy.

Of these slow movements the most interesting, because the best known, is that which is shown by the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, near Naples. We see by the evidence of these ruins that the temple has sunk down since the Christian era, so that the marine animals bored into the marble columns at the height of more than twenty feet above the present level of the sea ; it then rose up to its original level, and is now again sinking at the rate of one inch in three or four years. A similar movement connected with the process of mountain-building has been observed at Subiaco, about forty miles to the north of Rome. A hundred years or so ago the church of Jenne was invisible from Subiaco, while now it is in plain view over the summit of the intervening mountain. This change can only be explained by an alteration in the height of the mountain arches of this district.

Another class of earth movements includes what have been called by Professor Milne earth pulsations. These are temporary slight swayings of the earth which, though occupying a short time, from a few seconds to a few hours, are still so slow that they do not give any sense of shock. These swayings of the earth have been best observed by means of delicate spirit-levels, the bubbles of which move with very slight changes of level at either end of the instrument. So far these observations have been made at but few points and for short periods of time; they serve, however, to show that the surface of the earth is very generally subject to slight oscillations, which probably depend in part upon changes in the weight of the atmosphere ; they may, however, in part, be due to the varying strains which are produced by the continent- and mountain-building process, and perhaps, in certain regions near the shore, by the action of the volcanic forces as well.



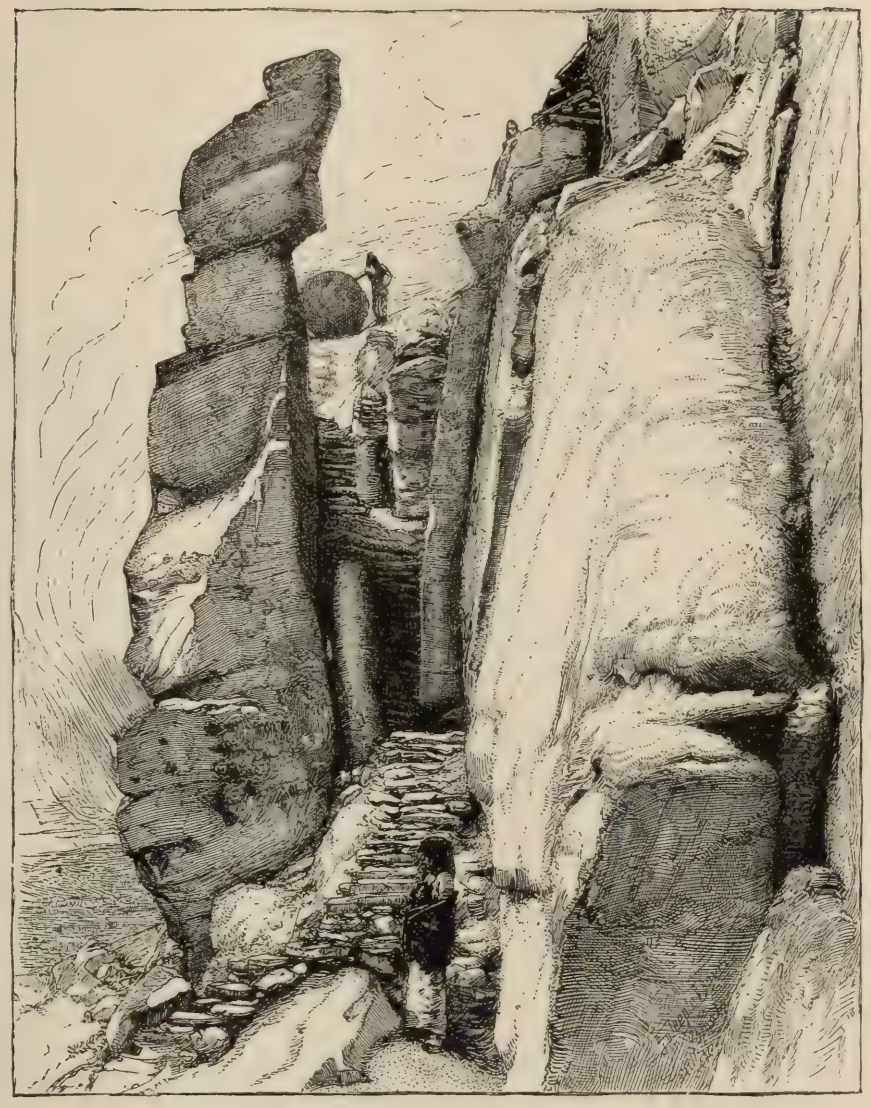
Pinnacled Rocks
Likely to be overturned by a succession of powerful earthquakes. (U. S. Geological Survey.)

Another class of movements has received the name of earth tremors. These are very slight jarrings of the earth, too trifling to make any impression on the unaided senses; in fact, only made sensible by means of very delicate pendulums and other contrivances of that nature. Whenever such observations have been carefully undertaken, it has been found that the surface of the earth is in a state of recurrent or continuous movement. In Italy, where these inquiries have been most continually and skilfully made—where, indeed, this branch of geologic study originated—these tremors, though observable at nearly all times, are characterized by fluctuations in their frequency and intensity. During a time of great

barometric disturbance the oscillations of the pendulum are often very marked. It seems certain that a cause apparently as slight as the sudden changes in the weight of the atmosphere in the tumult of a gale is sufficient to cause the elastic crust of the earth to tremble. Again, in the days preceding a sensible earthquake, especially one of any violence, the instruments show a great increase in the trembling movement. It appears, indeed, as if in time we may be able to foretell the occurrence of important shocks by their forerunners in the shape of microscopic movements of the earth's crust.

With the microphone, that microscope of the ear, it has been shown that in Italy, and probably wherever these little earthquake waves occur, the earth sends forth a medley of confused sounds—crackings and snappings—probably caused by the rocks creeping toward relief from the strains which urge them to change their position. It is hardly too much to say that this method of observing the earth has enabled us in part to perceive the constant working of the great telluric machinery which continually builds our lands.

Between the class of earth tremors and earthquakes proper there is no other difference, save in the violence of the shock. As long as the movements are imperceptible to the unaided human senses, we, for convenience, place them in the former group; when they are great enough to excite our senses they are called earthquakes.



Steepled Rocks and Erosion Boulder

Indicating exemption of district from violent earthquakes. (U. S. Geological Survey.)

What has been already said has probably made it clear to the reader that an earthquake shock, like any other jar, is only the result of some disturbance, and not in itself an original fact. In order fully to understand what happens in any shock, it is necessary to look a little more closely at the nature of these vibrations of the rocks which constitute earthquakes. The ordinary experiences of life make us in many ways familiar with the elasticity of common substances; a boy's marble, which is composed either of compact limestone or of glass, though not evidently elastic to a pressure of the fingers, will bounce like a rubber ball if thrown upon a pavement of hard stone. A bullet fired against a stone wall will, as many a boy has noticed, be hurled back with menacing

velocity. Such facts show us that if rocks are struck a blow of sufficient violence they act as very elastic substances. Further experiments, also familiar in the arts, extend this conception. When a strong blast of gunpowder or other similar explosive is fired, as in quarries or mines, the shock extends for great distances. Thus in the last great explosion in the mines used for the destruction of the reefs at Hell Gate, near New York, the shock was distinctly perceptible at a distance of more than one hundred miles from the point where the blow was struck, and was possibly evident nearly two hundred miles away.

Returning to the instructive experiment with the marble, we observe that its elasticity is not manifested by a single bounce, but that it again and again rebounds from the stone floor before it comes to rest. This is because gravity impels it downward after each blow sends it up; but if we could suspend the ball in air after its first rebound, we should see that the little sphere vibrated for some time after the blow; we should, under favorable circumstances, see that it simply changed its form from a sphere to a spheroidal shape in a regular pulsating way. If we observe the rocks near a blast discharged in a quarry or mine, our instruments show us that the rocks of the earth's crust vibrate in essentially the same manner as the marble—it swings to and fro until the force which set it in motion is exhausted in the frictions which the impulse encounters.

One more peculiar experiment will enable the reader to complete his conception of the important features of earthquake waves. It is easy to remember what happens if we jar the centre of a still basin of water, as we do when we apply a certain amount of force to it by tossing a pebble upon its surface—wavelets are formed, which roll away from the centre. We can easily see that these wavelets are mere wrinkles in the water, created like those we may form in a strip of carpet when we shake it on the floor. If in their ongoing these water-waves strike against any body which does not move with them—a floating cake of ice, for instance—other little waves start back from the resisting objects, which cross and mingle with the original waves and partly destroy them. It is now, we may hope, not difficult to conceive that the waves started in a mass of rock, which are, in a certain general way, like the undulations of the water, may move in any direction from the point where they were created by the jar, until they come to the earth's surface, or are worn out by the frictions which they have to overcome. We also can conceive that diverse accidents in the rocks may much affect the movement of these waves of elastic compression, as they are called, which constitute an earthquake. When the rock is much rifted, they may be extinguished; when it is spongy and inelastic, they may die away. It is less easy to see that when a vibration is running through rock of a given elasticity, and encounters, as it well may, a kind of rock of another degree of elasticity, it will have its waves reflected, much as those of the pool of water are reflected from a floating cake of ice, and so make a confusion of cross-vibrations, which may very much vary the action of the original movements.

We turn now to consider more in detail the causes of earthquakes. We have seen that the power which urges the continents into their great folds, or the mountains into the lesser corrugations, afford a simple and, indeed, necessary cause of certain violent strains, which in their action tend to compress the rocks into a less bulk than they originally occupied. Under the influence of these strains, any one or more of the following accidents may occur: The rocks may wrinkle into folds like those we find in mountains; they may be broken along their natural joints or fracture-planes, and the sundered parts may slip over each other, or the rocks may be squeezed out like dough under the cook's roller, and so escape to a region of less pressure. In taking any of these methods of relief, the rocks are necessarily liable to many sudden starts, each accompanied by rendings and other violent movements.

When, in winter, the frozen ground rives asunder, though the crevice is but a small fraction of an inch wide, and a foot or two deep, the ground is often so violently jarred that a sensible earth-

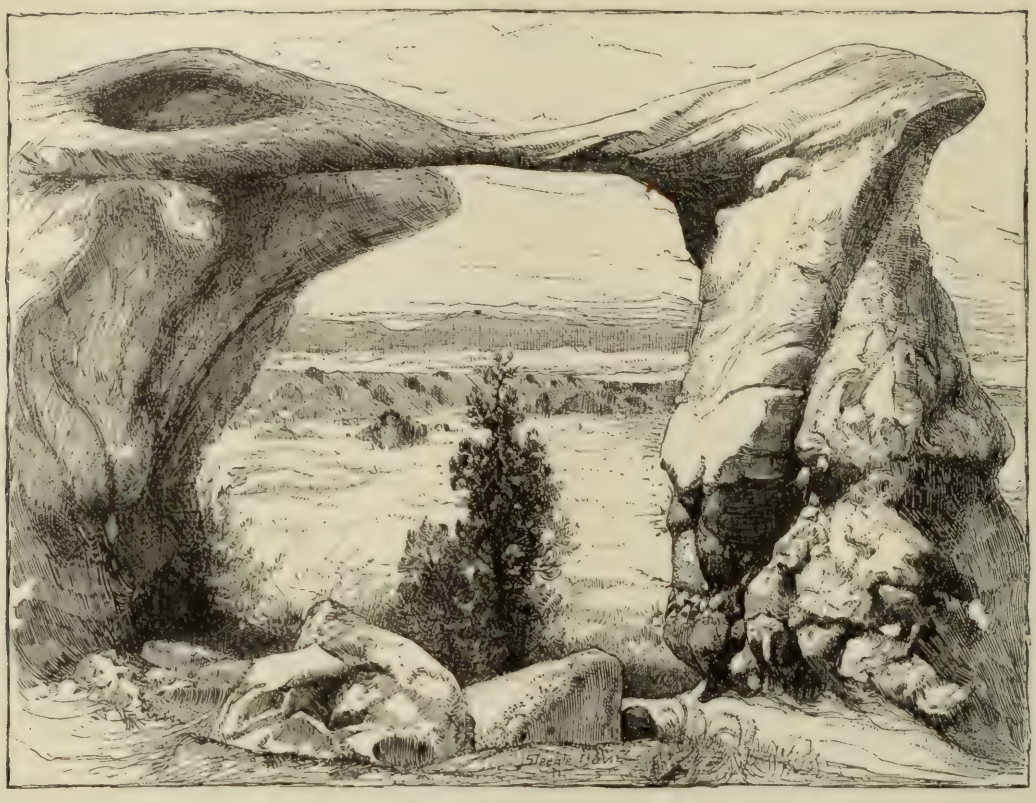
quake is produced, which may be felt hundreds of feet away from the source of the disturbance. It is, indeed, likely that many of the slight local earthquakes which are chronicled may be due to this cause. We can, therefore, readily see that when the fracture has a length of miles, and the depth of thousands of feet, as is the case in many faults, the jar occasioned may produce a disastrous shock, which may involve a great area of country. But it is not only the rending of the fissures which produces the jar; after the rift is formed, the severed masses of rock slip over each other—the rocks on one side rising, while those on the other side slip down.

These two great walls on either side of the fault are not smooth, but each is jagged with projections, which are often ruptured as they grind against each other in their opposed movement. By each of these minor rendings, as well as by the formation of the principal fracture, the rocks are set a-quivering like the bounced marble of our previous illustration. These faults are, indeed, earthquake factories. The greatest shock is produced at the time of their formation; but from time to time they are freshly ruptured, perhaps after a vein deposit has bound their adjacent walls together, and the disturbance is again and again renewed. It is evident that many great faults—those in which the slipping of the sides on each other has amounted to a thousand feet or more—have moved only a few inches at any one time, so that a single such fracture may have given rise to hundreds, if not thousands, of earthquake shocks. So, too, when beds are not broken, but are bent into an arch, the rocks must slip over each other. The reader will see this illustrated if he bends the hundred pages he is reading into a sharp fold. Supposing the pages were from the great stone-book of the earth's crust, and the thickness of each leaf many feet, and of the whole many tens of thousands of feet, it is easy to conceive that the motion would not take place silently, but with much perturbation. There is in mountain-building a chance for many slight shocks, with but a small amount of motion. In the formation of such folds as those of



Erosion Column

From the Cañon of the Kentucky River, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)



Erosion Arch

Showing a type of structure likely to be destroyed by powerful shocks.

Mont Blanc the tremors may have been numbered by the million.

Another most evident class of shocks have their origin in the movement of rocks which have been melted by volcanic action, and driven on hurried incursions into crevices which are formed in the deep buried parts of the earth's crust. To see the origin of these disturbances, we have only to visit any of those regions of the earth once deeply covered by strata which have been worn away, revealing to us rocks which, by their crystalline structure, indicate their long sojourn in the depths where the volcanic forces are developed.

We find, in almost any region where these crystalline rocks are well exposed to view, many long tongues of lava, which have been violently driven into fissures of the rock, riving them with destructive power. The formation of such a dyke-fissure and the inrush of the lava must have occasioned a very great jarring of the earth's surface beneath which the movement occurred. If the reader is familiar with the sea-shore, he must often have noticed, in times of storm, the quiver which the stroke of a great wave gives to the rocks when it rushes into some crevice or chasm, and is tossed into spray by the blow. This phenomenon will help him to fancy how great must be the disturbance when a molten lava, three or four times as heavy as water, is driven into the rocks, perhaps with a greater impulse than that which propels the ball from a cannon.

These dykes are, like the faults, inconceivably numerous. All the evidence goes to show that they exist to the number of hundreds beneath each square mile of the earth's surface. In certain places, the rocks are fairly laced with them.

Leaving out of account the minor sources of disturbance which come from the tumult of volcanic explosions, and the stresses arising from the change in the volume of rocks undergoing alterations in chemical composition, and from loss and gain of heat, we see that in the evident mechanism of the earth we have the natural source of innumerable earthquake shocks. It is almost certain that at one time or another every portion of the earth's surface has felt these disturbances; it is equally clear that the shocks have not at any time been equally com-

mon on all parts of the earth's surface, for the reason that the machinery which produces them is often dormant for long periods over large areas. A mountain system, after continuing to grow for ages, may for ages cease to grow; the relief of the pressure which led to its construction being afforded by foldings of the crust at other points, sometimes far away from the original seat of disturbance. So, too, that other class of disturbing actions involved in the formation of dykes appears to be only locally active in any geological period, though in the succession of the ages it probably affects every part of the crust.

In the present condition of the earth's crust, so far as the brief historic record goes to show, earthquakes of an intensity menacing to man are limited to certain regions, which probably do not altogether include more than one-fourth of the area of the lands, though shocks of a less degree of violence appear to be common to every part of the surface of the continents. The regions of recurrent shocks of considerable violence are so irregularly distributed that they cannot be adequately noted in this brief essay. They include, in Europe, Iceland, Portugal, Spain, and Southern Italy; the region of the Lower Danube, and some of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. In Asia, the larger part of Asia Minor, several limited areas in Hindostan, the greater part of the eastern littoral region of Asia, and the islands of the Japanese and Malayan Archipelagoes are subjected to destructive shocks.

In Africa there is, save in Egypt, little architecture to suffer from earthquake disturbance, and even little history to record it. Egypt seems to have been, on the whole, singularly exempt from great earthquakes, while the western portion of the Mediterranean face of the continent shares the disturbances from which the Spanish peninsula has repeatedly suffered. The vast Australian and Polynesian district of the Pacific affords a number of regions of great earthquake activity, of which New Zealand is the only one where we have anything like good observations for even a few score years. It may be said, however, that the greater part of this vast area seems to be more ex-



Pinnacle Rock at Cumberland Gap
Likely to be overturned by a violent earthquake.



Spring Hole

Formed during the Charleston earthquakes of 1886. Type of fissure springs formed by earthquakes when the soil is very deep.

empt from these indications of activity in the crust than any other equally extensive part of the earth's surface.

We come now to the twin continents, North and South America. The obvious resemblances in the physical configuration of these continents lead us to expect a likeness in their conditions of stability. This resemblance in a certain measure exists. The western shore of both of these continents, the seaward face of the great Cordilleran range of mountains, is the seat of the most frequent and, on the whole, the most energetic disturbances which occur within their limits, while the eastern shore of each is comparatively little assailed by shocks. The northern, or Venezuelan, district of South America, which is apparently the seat of an active mountain growth, of which there is no parallel in the northern continent, is a district of recurrent shocks of great violence, such as have never been observed in high latitudes on our own continent. On the other hand, the region from the mouth of the Amazon to the La Plata River, which corresponds to our sea-board Atlantic States and the provinces of Canada, enjoys an immunity from disturbances probably not exceeded by any other equally extensive area occupied by the Aryan race, while the corresponding region in North America is much less fortunate.

It is worth our while to look more closely to the seismic history of our own continent than we have been able to do in the case of other lands, not alone because of our momentary personal interest, but because it is the future dwelling-place of our race and the home of the type of civilization which that race is developing.

There can be no question that where a people is exposed to recurrent and overwhelming danger, such as menace the inhabitants of Peru, Venezuela, or Calabria, a danger which as yet is not foretold by science or effectively guarded against by art, the conditions will tell upon its character. "To the firm ground of nature trusts the hand that builds for aye," is true in a real as well as in a

metaphoric sense. This trust in a stable earth is a necessary element in much that is noblest and most aspiring in the life of men. Expose a people to constant devastations from an overwhelming force, whether it be in the form of an human enemy or a natural agent, and their state of mind becomes unfavorable for the maintenance of a high civilization. The best conditions of the state can only be secured when the laborer toils with the assurance that his work will endure long after his own brief life is over.

Earthquake shocks may, for convenience, be divided, according to the violence of the disturbance, into the following classes:

First, the shocks of extreme intensity, in which the most perfectly constructed masonry is destroyed; semidetached masses of stones along the faces of cliffs thrown down, and the soil-covering of the earth shaken as in a sieve. Of this group the greater earthquakes of Peru and that of New Madrid, Mo., may serve as examples.

Second, shocks of great intensity, in which all but the strongest edifices are overthrown, frail pinnacles of rock overturned, and the soil frequently rent by fissures. In this group the late earthquake at Charleston may find a place, though it probably belongs in the next lower division.

Third, shocks of moderate intensity, when the weaker buildings alone are seriously damaged, and the natural features of the surface not much affected. In this group we may fairly place the Massachusetts earthquake of 1755, and probably that of Charleston in 1886.

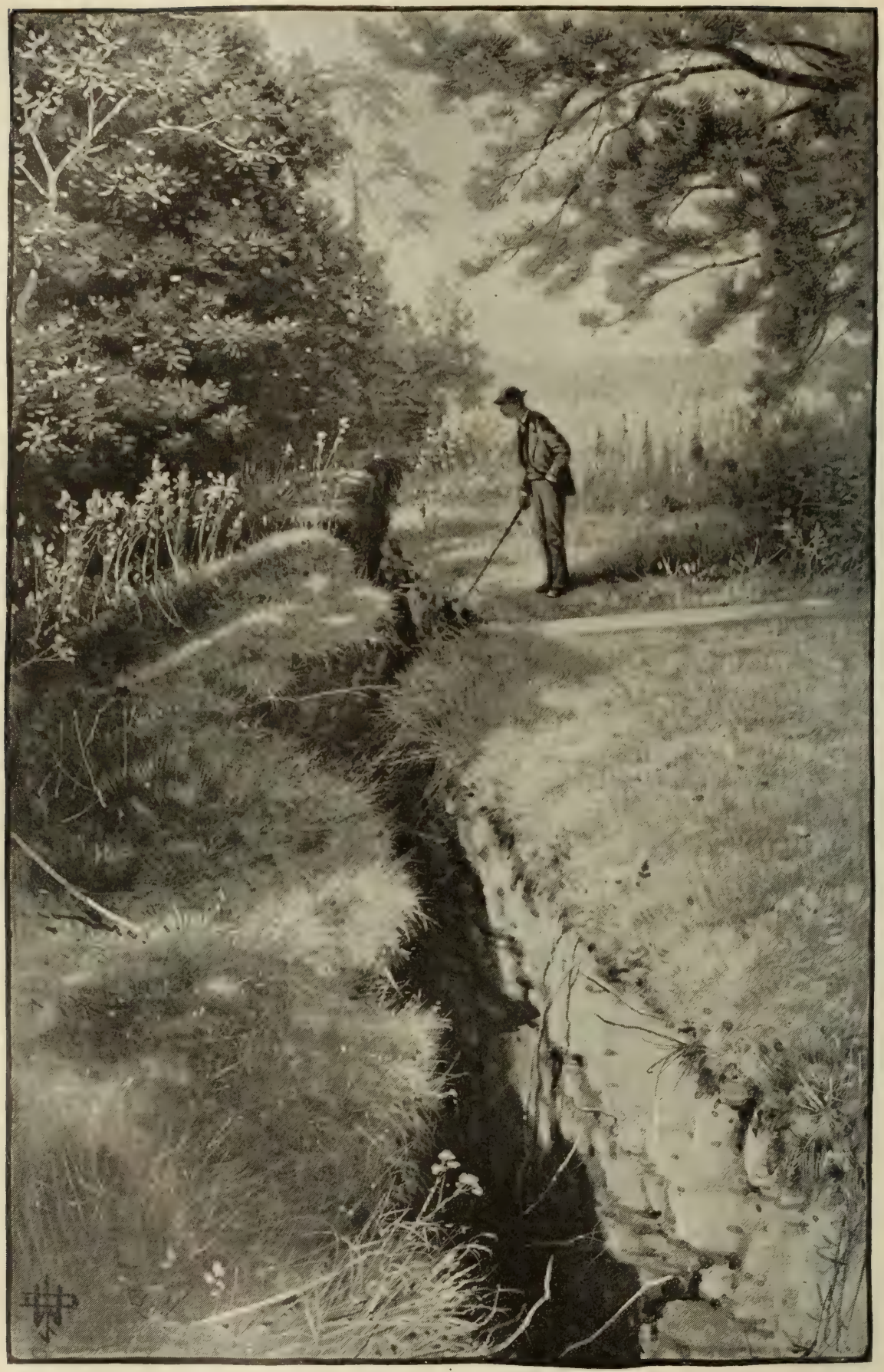
Fourth, shocks distinctly perceptible to the senses, but of slight effect even on weak architecture and without distinct influence upon the natural features of the earth's surface.

It should be understood that these divisions are merely for convenience of description—in fact earthquakes form a continuous series, grading from the slightest to the most violent shocks.

In endeavoring to determine the degree to which the different parts of North America have been subjected to devastating earthquake shocks, or to those which would prove disastrous in a country occupied by a complicated society, we find ourselves met with the difficulty which arises from the brevity of our historic records, concerning the greater part of this continent. It is true that in Mexico, and the peninsula dis-



"Navaho Church" Pinnacled Rocks
Likely to be overturned by a succession of earthquakes of the second order of violence.



Crack in the Ground,
Produced by the Charleston Earthquake of 1886.

trict to the southward, we have a record which comprises nearly five hundred years ; but of the rest of the continent our longest records are only of about half that duration, and these concern only a little strip of country along the Atlantic coast of the continent; for the remainder the information is for a brief term of a single century. It has occurred to the present writer that it may be possible to supplement this extremely imperfect historical record by an examination of the very numerous poised blocks as well as the detached and frail columns of stone which abound in many districts, natural monuments which would be overturned by a succession of great earthquakes as easily as a Gothic steeple or other frail work of human architecture. Although little has been done with this method of investigation, it will be possible to make some use of it in extending an inquiry which, if it rested on human testimony alone, would be extremely imperfect and unsatisfactory.

These natural indices of a quiet earth have been formed in two different ways, viz.: in the glaciated districts, which practically comprise the northern half of the continent, including all of New England, New York, a great part of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and the northern tier of the Western States and Territories, to the Pacific, as well as all the vast territory to the northward of the United States, we often find perched boulders, or erratics, left upon the surface at the melting of the glacial sheet. These blocks not infrequently were dropped in positions from which a great earthquake shock would easily dislodge them ; occasionally we find a large block which, when the ice melted away, came to be lodged on supporting stones, or on the summit of a rocky hill, in a very insecure position. Yet more often we find a spheroidal block, say two or three feet in diameter, perched on a larger boulder. In great part these poised stones have been overturned by snow-slides and falling trees ; those which escaped these mischances have often fallen a prey to boys who take a natural delight in assisting gravitation. In New England and other glaciated districts, the present writer has observed many hundreds of such natural indications of immunity from earthquakes. The other class of these indicators is that of columns or other unstable masses of rock which have been preserved, while the surrounding rock has been worn away, either by the action of rain and streams, or, more rarely, by the beating of the ocean waves when the sea was higher than it is at present. All these pinnacled rocks date from times which, in a historic sense, are very ancient, perhaps hundreds of times as remote as the first written records of this continent. The most of these pillared stones having a height of twenty feet, may be safely reckoned as of an age of at least twenty thousand years, and thus give us evidence of long-continued immunity from shocks of the first or second order in the districts in which they are found.

It is to be noted that many of the pinnacled rocks, such as are figured in these pages, are much more substantial than they seem, and that they may on that account survive the assault of a single shock of considerable violence, just as detached chimneys withstood the late Charleston shock with little injury. But it seems certain that these frail and time-worn columns, such as those figured from the gorge of the Kentucky River or from Cumberland Gap, could not have endured the frequent and violent movements to which they would have been subjected if they occupied a region liable to great earthquakes.

It is true that in those regions where these pinnacles stand as witnesses of a quiet earth, the long dormant movements of the nether world may at any time be awakened. But it is clear that where a region has enjoyed an immunity from violent earthquake shocks during a period of twenty thousand years or more, we may safely trust it for another millennium. At any rate, the natural evidence, despite its occasional obscurity, deserves to be taken into account along with the historic record of the earthquakes of any country.

Proceeding in this way, by combining the natural and the historic evidence, we find that this continent is as diverse as any other of the great land masses in the distribution of the earthquakes of dangerous intensity. Leaving out the districts of Central America and Mexico,

where the distribution of shocks is extremely complicated, and where they are not likely to be a matter of practical importance to our English race, we may advantageously consider, first, the Atlantic sea-board region ; then, in succession, the Mississippi Valley and the great lakes basin, the Rocky Mountain district ; and, lastly, the border region of the Pacific.

For our purpose it is necessary to divide the Atlantic sea-board region of North America into a number of districts : First of these is the country north of the St. Lawrence, a district doomed to sterility, where earthquakes might well be allowed to rage, but which appears to be exempt from such disturbances. In the southern part of this region, on the Mingan shore of Labrador, there are many slender columns of rock which attest a long-continued exemption from earthquake shocks.

Next we have the maritime provinces of Canada, which, by the historical as well as the natural evidence, appear long to have enjoyed an equal freedom from severe shocks. Still farther south we have the New England district, extending from the Bay of Fundy to the Hudson. This region, from the natural evidence, appears to have been pretty generally exempt from severe shocks ; this evidence is clearest on the coast of Maine, where there are numerous poised boulders and, on Mount Desert, occasional columnar masses, detached by the action of the sea, where many thousand years ago it stood at higher levels than it does at present. The other parts of New England afford frequent poised blocks, which lead us to the conclusion that the whole of this district has, since the glacial time, escaped severe earthquakes, though the evidence on this point is less conclusive than in the region along the shore to the northward.

It is to be noted, however, that since the settlement of this New England country there have been several shocks of an alarming nature, which have principally affected the State of Massachusetts. That of 1727 and several following years was one of the most peculiar disturbances which have ever been recorded. The first movements of this long-continued series of shocks disturbed a tolerably large area ; but in a short time the shocks became confined to the region near the old town of Newbury, Mass., where, from 1727 to 1740, each shock, though the motion was slight, was accompanied by loud and terrifying sounds proceeding from the depths of the earth. We have the story of this strange convulsion from the journal of the Rev. Matthias Plant, the pastor of the Puritan church at Newbury. Although he viewed the matter rationally, many people believed that the tumult was caused by the devil at work in his nether realm.

In 1755, almost coincidently with the great Lisbon earthquake, Central New England was visited by a disturbance of considerable violence, one which, though a single shock, was probably nearly, if not quite, as violent as any of the several movements which have recently occurred in South Carolina. This disturbance, though not hurtful to life or limb, did a good deal of minor damage to the buildings of Boston and vicinity ; a good part of the chimneys were overturned, and wherever a heavy weight was supported on a tall, frail base the effects were considerable. John Winthrop, then professor of physics and astronomy in Harvard College, one of the few eminent American men of science of the eighteenth century, states that the bricks from the chimney of his house, in Cambridge, the top of which was thirty-two feet from the ground, were thrown to a point thirty feet from the base of the structure. If we may trust this observation, it is clear that the shock, though not of great violence, was of sufficient force to bring havoc to many flimsy structures of the present day. Since 1755 there has been no earthquake in this district, which can be termed menacing in its violence, though movements of slight importance have been numerous.

We may reasonably conclude that while the New England district has probably long been exempt from disturbances of great severity, the Massachusetts district appears to be liable to shocks of a violence sufficient to wreck buildings which are not well fitted to sustain such assaults.

From the Hudson southward to the

James River, and westward to the meridian of Cincinnati, we have a region which, from the natural as well as the historic evidence, we may consider as far free from earthquake action of a dangerous sort as any part of the United States. In this region frail pinnacled rocks and those remnants of old caves, the so-called *natural bridges*, themselves often very frail, abound, and afford good evidence that earthquakes of great force, those which we have classed as of the first and second order, have for many thousand years been wanting in this district. Moreover, the historic evidence goes to show that for two centuries or so there have been no disturbances of importance in this region.

South of the James River we enter upon the wide lowlands of the Atlantic shore. In this region, owing to the low nature of the topography, there can be none of the natural shock-indicators which we have sought to use in exploring the past history of earthquakes. Parts of this region have been twice shaken with considerable violence—first in the earthquake of 1811, which mainly affected a small area on the borders of the Mississippi, but propagated its waves to this part of the Atlantic sea-board; and again in the late Charleston earthquake. That of Charleston, though in violence not to be compared with the greater shocks of South America, Jamaica, or Central America, was, next to that of 1811, the most violent which within the historic period has ever affected any part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Still it probably should be classed as of the third order in violence. If the edifices of Charleston had been built according to the rules which should guide architects who intend to guard against such calamities, it seems certain that the disastrous consequences of that shock would have been avoided.

The sea-board section of the Gulf States, like that of the Carolinian region, affords us no satisfactory geological evidence as to its earthquake history. But the mountainous region of the southern Appalachians, which is not far removed from this district, abounds in spire-shaped rocks which are delicately poised on their bases and appear to show that great shocks have long been unknown in those uplands. They especially abound in the valleys in which flow the upper tributaries of the Tennessee River. The greater part of the Mississippi Valley, as far as the natural and historic evidence goes to show, appears to be the seat of but slight disturbances; but in the central portion of that area, from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers southward, in a region where the natural indices of the earth's stability are wanting, we have the seat of the greatest disturbance that has been recorded on any part of this continent north of the district of the isthmus.

The shocks of 1811–13 are, by their violence and continuity, to be ranked among the first score of recorded earthquakes. Save perhaps that which, in 1819, disturbed the delta of the Indus, in Western Hindostan, the Mississippi earthquake of 1811 directly produced more extensive and permanent local geographical changes than any other of which we have an account; so violent and continuous were the shakings that the alluvial land in the neighborhood of New Madrid was lowered below its previous level, and into the depressed region the stream of the Mississippi poured in such violence that for a time its lower waters, for a considerable part of their course, turned backward toward their source. Although the colonizing of the district had just begun, the area of country already cleared by settlers which was converted into morasses by the shock was so great that the Government was compelled to furnish some hundreds of thousand acres of new lands on higher ground to those whose dwelling-places had been made uninhabitable. It seems likely that an area of not less than five thousand square miles was, on the average, though irregularly, lowered to the depth of ten feet below its original level. The energy of these shocks was so great that the low, strongly built cabins of the frontiermen were wrecked, the forest-trees were beaten against each other, and their branches interlocked as they swung to and fro. The irregular movements of the ground led to the formation of numerous great crevices, from which turbid waters were thrown up to a considerable height. To protect

themselves from being engulfed in these fissures, the people felled trees so that they lay on the ground at right angles to the general trend of the fissures, and built places of refuge on the broad foundations which they thus secured. There can be no question that a disturbance of this magnitude would, in the present condition of the region where it occurred, cause greater destruction than did that which recently occurred at Charleston, S. C.

These two series of shocks, that of 1811 and 1886, have a close general relation to each other. So alike are they, indeed, as to suggest that the great series of repeated shocks, gradually diminishing in intensity, may be the type of disturbance characteristic of the low-land districts of the southern part of this continent. The New Madrid earthquake of 1811 was, however, by far the more extended phenomenon; the shocks were more frequent and of much greater violence, and the period during which they recurred was far longer than in the Carolinian disturbances.

North of the Ohio and Missouri Rivers we have no historic record of decided seismic disturbances. In Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois the natural evidence is obscure, there being few detached columns of rock which could serve as indices of the past condition of the country. In the district about the upper great lakes the natural evidence coincides with the historic record in showing that great disturbances have not occurred in that section. Of the region of the great plains, including Texas, there is no information of much value, though in an indecisive way the topographic evidence is in favor of the conclusion that it has not been seriously shaken for a considerable period.

The topography of the central and eastern section of the Rocky Mountains gives fairly clear evidence that the surface of that region has been, as a whole, tolerably exempt from great shocks. The light rainfall of that part of the continent causes the erosion which produces pinnacled rocks and steep-walled cañons to take place in a much less rapid manner than in the Appalachians, yet parts of this region abound in such pinnacles, which are evidently very ancient, though often extremely susceptible to strong shocks.

The western coast-line region of the Cordilleras district, from Northern California southward to the Mexican line, is more or less subjected to earthquakes of considerable energy, as is shown by historic records. One, in 1812, destroyed a church in Los Angeles, Cal., killing a score or more people. Together with the late Charleston earthquake, this shock is entitled to a peculiar place in our history; these two shocks being the only earthquakes which have caused any loss of life in this country. There have been several considerable shocks in the region about San Francisco, of which that in October, 1868, caused the overthrow of many frail buildings, and led to precautions in the construction of important edifices which seem likely to ensure them from serious accidents.

The vast district of the North American Cordilleras contains so many separate centres of action of the mountain-building and volcanic forces, which have evidently been, in some cases, active in very recent times, that it will not do to extend the conclusions obtained from poised and pinnacled rocks very far from the places where these features occur. It may well be the case that many limited areas in this field are at present liable to shocks of a severe nature.

This brief and unsatisfactory review of the seismology of North America clearly indicates that while the region of the United States and, we may say, of the habitable part of the continent north of Mexico, has many districts which are subjected to earthquake shocks of moderate intensity, by far the greater part of its surface shows, within the narrow limits of historic records, no evidence of great seismic dangers, and indicates by its topographical features that it has long been preserved from the action of very violent shocks. The only region which we can say has ever been exposed to shocks of anything like the first magnitude is a district probably including an area of not exceeding twenty thousand square miles, with its centre about fifty miles below the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers. Shocks of the second order are almost

equally rare ; those of California in 1812 and 1868 may have been of this degree of force, but the evidence is too incomplete for accurate determination. Those of the lesser order, but still of a degree calculated to be destructive to weak architecture, are more common ; that of 1755 in New England, several on the Pacific coast, and that of Charleston, S. C., may be placed in this category.

Limiting ourselves to historic evidence alone, we may consider that shocks of the third degree of violence are likely to happen in Central New England, the Pacific coast south of Oregon, and in the southern lowlands of the United States, and are probably to be expected in other areas. The natural evidence, though it clearly indicates that the more violent shocks have not been common in the larger part of our territory, does not show that these minor, but still possibly devastating shocks, were wanting.

Although there are no natural monuments in the lowland region of the Mississippi which serve us as proof as to the violence of the seismic power in pre-historic times, there seems to be some evidence to show that the great disturbance of 1811 was exceptional in its nature and not a frequently recurrent phenomenon in the region where it took place. The remarkable settlement of the soil which was the most conspicuous feature among the effects of this shock was probably due to the fact that the alluvial deposits covering the country in which it occurred were, from the circumstances of their formation, very open structured, and became condensed by the shaking to which they were subjected, just as any other loose earth compacts when frequently jarred. If this were the case, and there are many facts to prove it which cannot be discussed here, then we may presume that ages of comparative quiet had gone by during which this unconsolidated alluvial matter was forming, and that ages may again elapse before a similar accident recurs in that region.

We should note the fact that over the surface of the world in general the great earthquakes do not often sporadically occur, though there are some cases of considerable disturbances which have not been repeated, even after many centuries. Thus the shock which in the year 1185 overthrew the cathedral at Lincoln in England, that which in 1208 in good part destroyed the cathedral at Wells, and that which in 1510 destroyed the town of Nordlingen in Bavaria, are the only historic shocks of great force which have affected the regions in which these accidents occurred. It may, perhaps, reasonably be hoped, though it cannot fairly be reckoned, that the shocks of New Madrid and Charleston were in the nature of such isolated disturbances.

It is satisfactory to find that, within the area of the United States, two centuries of historic record and much natural evidence go to show that great earthquakes are exceptional, but this should not blind us to the fact that large areas are already known to have suffered from movements which may bring widespread destruction, where the builder takes no account of any other disturber of stability save gravitation. It is not likely that we as yet know, by experience, the full extent of country which is subject to this order of shocks ; our historic perspective is very short, and the natural evidence does not give us any assurance concerning disturbances of this lesser order. It is clear that we cannot, in this country, reckon on an earth as stable as that of the northern region of Europe, where our race was bred and our building system developed. It is equally clear that the mode of construction should be adapted to the new needs which the less firm ground of this country imposes on us.

As long as the building material most commonly in use was timber, and the masonry structures of a low and substantial nature, they were fairly fitted to afford the resistance required to withstand the shocks which could be expected to come upon them. But the combination of ambition and economy which is filling the land with lofty and flimsy structures invites calamity on the least disturbance of the earth. The shock of 1755, which did little more than stir the fears, shake down the chimney-tops of the old town of Boston, and afford a text for many interesting sermons, would be extremely disastrous to the higher and weaker structures of today.

The prescriptions which the architect has to follow in preparing his buildings to resist the strains of a moderate earthquake are simple, and do not require any great increase in the cost of construction. It is well to understand that the actual movement of the ground, even in violent shocks, is slight. In those which we have termed of the first order it is doubtful if the movement ever amounts to a foot in amplitude, while the shocks which we may anticipate in this country, such as have recently occurred in Charleston for instance, probably swing the earth to and fro within the space of an inch. The destruction is done in part by the suddenness of the to-and-fro motion, which breaks the foundation from the superstructure, but in larger measure by the pendulum-like vibration which is set up in the building. This pendulum movement may cause an oscillation of one inch at the foundations to be several feet in a sixth floor, or, say one hundred feet above the ground. The rending effect of this pendulum-like swinging, especially in weak masonry, may easily be imagined.

Many well-considered directions for the protection of buildings from earthquake shocks have been given: of these the best may be found in the excellent, though imperfectly phrased, work on earthquakes by Professor John Milne, of Tokio University, Japan.* From these directions we extract the following, which seem applicable to our conditions:

1. "So arrange the openings in a wall that for horizontal stresses the wall shall be of equal strength for all sections at right angles."

2. "Place lintels over flat arches of brick or stone."

3. "Let all portions of a building have their natural periods of vibration nearly equal."

4. "Avoid heavy topped roofs and chimneys."

5. "In brick or stone work use good cement."

6. "Let archways curve into their abutments."

7. "Let roofs have a low pitch, and their tiles, especially upon the ridges, be well secured."

It is also important where the prevailing direction of motion of the shocks is known to have the blank walls of the house placed so as to be parallel to the course of the shocks. It is also worthy of note that generally hill-tops are more shaken than the ground at the base, for the same general reason that the upper part of a house swings more during a shock than the basement. Last of all, the higher the edifice the more risk of disastrous oscillation and the more need of binding its parts firmly together.

Besides the immediate effect of earthquakes on the surface of the land there are certain secondary consequences, of importance to man, arising from the action of the sea when considerable shocks originate beneath its floor. When a strong disturbance is produced beneath the sea-floor it is propagated for a great distance through the water in exactly the same way as it is through rock. When a ship is near above the point where the earthquake occurs her people feel a sensation as if the vessel had run upon a rock. The vessel may be dismasted or her seams opened by the blow. There are many stories extant which recount the narrow escape of vessels from destruction by these submarine earthquakes, and it seems most probable that many good ships which have disappeared in the deep have been overwhelmed by such calamities.

The most important results of great earthquakes beneath the sea are the broad waves which they produce; waves which may run for thousands of miles before they break upon the shore. We may fairly represent the formation of these waves by a simple experiment. Taking a flat-bottomed, wide pan, of any sheet metal, partly filled with water, let us strike a sharp, upward blow upon its base. We see that the water rises in the centre and rolls off in a broad circular wave toward the margin. In the seas this wave may have a diameter of some scores of miles, though its height probably never exceeds a few feet. It is so wide and low that as long as it is in deep water it may slip unnoticed beneath a ship; but when the front edge of the wave comes into the shallows

* Earthquakes and other Earth Movements. By John Milne. (International Science Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

near the shore, its advance is somewhat retarded by the friction of the bottom, while the part which is farther out to sea retains its swift motion. The wave is thus crowded into a less space, and so becomes constantly higher until, when it rushes on the shore, it may have attained a height of fifty feet or more. These waves are, as may be imagined, exceedingly destructive: on the western coast of South America, and elsewhere, they constitute one of the most fearful incidents of great earthquake shocks.

It is a matter for congratulation that the coasts of the United States appear to be exempt from disasters of this nature. Slight movements of the sea, produced in the manner above described, occasionally visit the Pacific shores; but they appear to be derived from shocks which have taken place at great distances from that coast-line. The Atlantic shore of the United States, and indeed the whole shore-line of that ocean north of the Antilles and of Portugal, appear to be free from this danger. The present writer has observed along the rocky portion of the Atlantic shore, from New York to Nova Scotia, a great number of delicately poised blocks, resting at a height a little above the present level of the surf, which clearly indicate that, for a very long period in the past, this coast has been free from such violent incursions of the sea. Similar and even more conclusive evidence, to show the exemption of this shore from these violent invasions of the sea, is afforded by the delicately moulded surfaces of glacial debris which are found just above high water along the Atlantic coast, from New Jersey northward. These curiously combined ridges and pits, termed by geologists, *Kames*, are as frail as footprints on the sand. They could not have survived a single flooding by such resistless waves. Thus the natural as well as the historic evidence points to the conclusion that the North Atlantic sea-bed is not at present the seat of violent earthquakes.

We may sum up the foregoing considerations as follows: The continent of North America north of Mexico seems, from historic as well as natural evidence, to be in the main free from any considerable danger of earthquakes which are necessarily destructive to architecture. Nevertheless, a large part of its surface appears to be liable to shocks, which though slight may be very destructive to life and property, if we persist in our present flimsy methods of architectural construction. Good fortune has given us a tolerably safe abiding-place for our race in this country. We can almost everywhere safely put our trust in it, provided we are willing to take some care as to methods of constructing buildings.

When we consider the magnitude of the work done by the subterranean forces, we are impressed with the slight nature of the disturbance by which their activity is manifested to us. It is only in a limited portion of the earth's surface where these disturbances are a serious menace to man. The damage they cause to human life is far less than that brought about by war or preventable disease; and the injury to edifices, though appalling by its suddenness, is on the whole less detrimental than that arising from bad methods of construction.



AUNT FOUNTAIN'S PRISONER.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

It is curious how the smallest incident, the most unimportant circumstance, will recall old friends and old associations. An old gentleman, who is noted far and near for his prodigious memory of dates and events, once told me that his memory, so astonishing to his friends and acquaintances, consisted not so much in remembering names, and dates, and facts, as in associating each of these with some special group of facts and events; so that he always had at command a series of associations to which he could refer instantly and confidently. This is an explanation of the system of employing facts, but not of the method by which they are accumulated and stored away.

I was reminded of this some years ago by a paragraph in one of the county newspapers that sometimes come under my observation. It was a very commonplace paragraph; indeed, it was in the nature of an advertisement—an announcement of the fact that orders for "gilt-edged butter" from the Jersey farm on the Tomlinson Place should be left at the drug-store in Rockville, where the first that came would be the first served. This business-like notice was signed by Ferris Trunion. The name was not only peculiar, but new to me; but this was of no importance at all. The fact that struck me was the bald and bold announcement that the Tomlinson Place was the site and centre of trading and other commercial transactions in butter. I can only imagine what effect this announcement would have had on my grandmother, who died years ago, and on some other old people I used to know. Certainly they would have been horrified; and no wonder, for when they were in their prime the Tomlinson Place was the seat of all that was high, and mighty, and grand in the social world in the neighborhood of Rockville. I remember that everybody stood in awe of the Tomlinsons. Just why this was so, I never could make out. They were very rich; the Place embraced several thousand acres; but if the impressions made on me when a child are worth anything, they were extremely simple in their ways. Though no doubt they could be formal and conventional enough when occasion required.

I have no distinct recollection of Judge Addison Tomlinson, except that he was a very tall old gentleman, much older than his wife, who went about the streets of Rockville carrying a tremendous gold-headed cane carved in a curious manner. In those days I knew more of Mrs. Tomlinson than I did of the judge, mainly because I heard a great deal more about her. Some of the women called her Mrs. Judge Tomlinson; but my grandmother never called her anything else but Harriet Bledsoe, which was her maiden name. It was a name, too, that seemed to suit her, so that when you once heard her called Harriet Bledsoe you never forgot it afterward. I do not know now, any more than I did when a child, why this particular name should fit her so exactly; but, as I have often been told, a lack of knowledge does not alter facts.

I think my grandmother used to go to church to see what kind of clothes Harriet Bledsoe wore; for I have often heard her say, after the sermon was over, that Harriet's bonnet, or Harriet's dress, was perfectly charming. Certainly Mrs. Tomlinson was always dressed in the height of fashion, though it was a very simple fashion when compared with the flounces and furbelows of her neighbors. I remember this distinctly, that she seemed to be perfectly cool the hottest Sunday in summer, and comfortably warm the coldest Sunday in winter; and I am convinced that this impression, made on the mind of a child, must bear some definite relation to Mrs. Tomlinson's good taste.

Certainly my grandmother was never tired of telling me that Harriet Bledsoe was blessed with exceptionally good taste and fine manners, and I remember

that she told me often how she wished I was a girl, so that I might one day be in a position to take advantage of the opportunities I had had of profiting by Harriet Bledsoe's example. I think there was some sort of attachment between my grandmother and Mrs. Tomlinson, formed when they were at school together, though my grandmother was much the older of the two. But there was no intimacy. The gulf that money sometimes makes between those who have it and those who lack it lay between them. Though I think my grandmother was more sensitive about crossing this gulf than Mrs. Tomlinson.

I was never in the Tomlinson house but once when a child. Whether it was because it was two or three miles away from Rockville, or whether it was because I stood in awe of my grandmother's Harriet Bledsoe, I do not know. But I have a very vivid recollection of the only time I went there as a boy. One of my playmates, a rough-and-tumble little fellow, was sent by his mother, a poor, sick woman, to ask Mrs. Tomlinson for some preserves. I think this woman and her little boy were in some way related to the Tomlinsons. The richest and most powerful people, I have heard it said, are not so rich and powerful but they are pestered by poor kin, and the Tomlinsons were no exception to the rule.

I went with this little boy I spoke of, and I was afraid afterward that I was in some way responsible for his boldness. He walked right into the presence of Mrs. Tomlinson, and, without waiting to return the lady's salutation, he said in a loud voice:

"Aunt Harriet, ma says send her some of your nicest preserves."

"*Aunt Harriet,* indeed!" she exclaimed, and then she gave him a look that was cold enough to freeze him, and hard enough to send him through the floor.

I think she relented a little, for she went to one of the windows, bigger than any door you see nowadays, and looked out over the blooming orchard; and then after awhile she came back to us, and was very gracious. She patted me on the head, and I must have shrunk from her touch, for she laughed and said she never bit nice little boys. Then she asked me my name; and when I told her, she said my grandmother was the dearest woman in the world. Moreover, she told my companion that it would spoil preserves to carry them about in a tin bucket, and then she fetched a big basket and had it filled with preserves, and jelly, and cake. There were some ginger-preserves among the rest, and I remember that I appreciated them very highly; the more so, since my companion had a theory of his own that ginger-preserves and fruit-cake were not good for sick people.

I remember, too, that Mrs. Tomlinson had a little daughter about my own age. She had long yellow hair and very black eyes. She rode around in the Tomlinson carriage a great deal, and everybody said she was remarkably pretty, with a style and a spirit all her own. The negroes used to say that she was as affectionate as she was wilful, which was saying a good deal. It was characteristic of Harriet Bledsoe, my grandmother said, that her little girl should be named Lady.

I heard a great many of the facts I have stated from old Aunt Fountain, one of the Tomlinson negroes, who, for some reason or other, was permitted to sell ginger-cakes and persimmon-beer under the wide-spreading China trees in Rockville on public days and during court-week. There was a theory among certain envious people in Rockville—there are envious people everywhere—that the Tomlinsons, notwithstanding the extent of their landed estate and the number of their negroes, were sometimes short of ready cash, and it was hinted that they pocketed the proceeds of Aunt Fountain's persimmon-beer and ginger-cakes. Undoubtedly such stories as these were the outcome of pure envy. When my grandmother heard such gossip as this, she sighed and said that people who would talk about Harriet Bledsoe in that way would talk about anybody under the sun. My own opinion is, that Aunt Fountain got the money and kept it; otherwise she would not have been so fond of her master and mistress, nor so proud of the family and its position. I spent many an hour near Aunt Fountain's cake and beer-stand, for I liked to hear her talk. Be-

sides, she had a very funny name, and I thought there was always a probability that she would explain how she got it. But she never did.

I had forgotten all about the Tomlinsons until the advertisement I have mentioned was accidentally brought to my notice, whereupon memory suddenly became wonderfully active. I am keenly alive to the happier results of the war, and I hope I appreciate at their full value the emancipation of both whites and blacks from the deadly effects of negro slavery, and the wonderful development of our material resources that the war has rendered possible; but I must confess it was with a feeling of regret I learned that the Tomlinson Place had been turned into a dairy-farm. Moreover, the name of Ferris Trunion had a foreign and an unfamiliar sound. His bluntly worded advertisement appeared to come from the mind of a man who would not hesitate to sweep away both romance and tradition if they happened to stand in the way of a profitable bargain.

I was therefore much gratified, some time after reading Trunion's advertisement, to receive a note from a friend who deals in real-estate, telling me that some land near the Tomlinson Place had been placed in his hands for sale, and asking me to go to Rockville to see if the land and the situation were all they were described to be. I lost no time in undertaking this part of the business, for I was anxious to see how the old place looked in the hands of strangers, and unsympathetic strangers at that.

It is not far from Atlanta to Rockville —a day and a night—and the journey is not fatiguing; so that a few hours after receiving my friend's request I was sitting in the veranda of the Rockville Hotel, observing, with some degree of wonder, the vast changes that had taken place—the most of them for the better. There were new faces and new enterprises all around me, and there was a bustle about the town that must have caused queer sensations in the minds of the few old citizens who still gathered at the post-office for the purpose of carrying on ancient political controversies with each other.

Among the few familiar figures that attracted my attention was that of Aunt Fountain. The old China tree in the shade of which she used to sit had been blasted by lightning or fire; but she still had her stand there, and she was keeping the flies and dust away with the same old turkey-tail fan. I could see no change. If her hair was grayer, it was covered and concealed from view by the snow-white handkerchief tied around her head. From my place I could hear her humming a tune—the tune I had heard her sing in precisely the same way years ago. I heard her scolding a little boy. The gesture, the voice, the words were the same she had employed in trying to convince me that my room was much better than my company, especially in the neighborhood of her cake-stand. To see and hear her thus gave me a peculiar feeling of homesickness. I approached and saluted her. She bowed with old-fashioned politeness, but without looking up.

"De biggest uns, dee er ten cent," she said, pointing to her cakes; "en de littlest, dee er fi' cent. I make um all myse'f, suh. En de beer in dat jug—dat beer got body, suh."

"I have eaten many a one of your cakes, Aunt Fountain," said I, "and drank many a glass of your beer; but you have forgotten me."

"My eye weak, suh, but dee ain' weak nuff fer dat." She shaded her eyes with her fan, and looked at me. Then she rose briskly from her chair. "De Lord he'p my soul!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "W'y, I know you w'en you little boy. W'at make I ain' know you w'en you big man? My eye weak, suh, but dee ain' weak nuff fer dat. Well, suh, you mus' eat some my ginger-cake. De Lord know you has make way wid um w'en you wuz little boy."

The invitation was accepted, but somehow the ginger-cakes had lost their old-time relish; in me the taste and spirit of youth were lacking.

We talked of old times and old friends, and I told Aunt Fountain that I had come to Rockville for the purpose of visiting in the neighborhood of the Tomlinson Place.

"Den I gwine wid you, suh," she cried, shaking her head vigorously. "I gwine wid you." And go she did.

"I bin layin' off ter go see my young mistiss dis long time," said Aunt Fountain, the next day, after we had started. "I glad I gwine deer in style. De niggers won' know me skacely, ridin' in de buggy dis away."

"Your young mistress?" I inquired.

"Yes, suh. You know Miss Lady w'en she little gal. She grown oman now."

"Well, who is this Trunion I have heard of?"

"He monst'ous nice w'ite man, suh. He married my young mistiss. He monst'ous nice w'ite man."

"But who is he? Where did he come from?" Aunt Fountain chuckled convulsively as I asked these questions.

"We-all des pick 'im up, suh. Yes, suh; we-all des pick 'im up. Ain' you year talk 'bout dat, suh? I dunner whar you bin at ef you ain' never is year talk 'bout dat. He de fus' w'ite man w'at I ever pick up, suh. Yes, suh; de ve'y fus' one."

"I don't understand you," said I; "tell me about it."

At this Aunt Fountain laughed long and loudly. She evidently enjoyed my ignorance keenly.

"De Lord knows I oughtn' be laughin' like dis. I ain' laugh so hearty sence I wuz little gal mos', en dat wuz de time w'en Marse Rowan Tomlinson come 'long en ax me my name. I tell 'im, I did, 'I'm name Flew Ellen, suh.' Marse Rowan he deaf ez any dead hoss. He 'low, 'Hey?' I say, 'I'm name Flew Ellen, suh.' Marse Rowan say, 'Fountain! Huh! he quare name.' I holler en laugh, en w'en de folks ax me w'at I hollerin' 'bout, I tell um dat Marse Rowan say I'm name Fountain. Well, suh, fum dat day down ter dis, stedder Flew Ellen, I'm bin name Fountain. I laugh hearty den en my name got change, en I feard ef I laugh now de hoss'll run away en turn de buggy upperside down right spang on top er me."

"But about this Mr. Trunion?" said I.

"Name er de Lord!" exclaimed Aunt Fountain, "ain' you never is bin year 'bout dat? You bin mighty fur ways, suh, kaze we all bin knowin' 'bout it fum de jump."

"No doubt. Now tell me about it."

Aunt Fountain shook her head and her face assumed a serious expression.

"I dunno 'bout dat, suh. I year tell dat niggers ain' got no business fer go talkin' 'bout fambly doin's. Yit dar wuz yo' gran'mammy. My mistiss sot lots by her, en you been bornded right yer 'long wid um. I don't speck it'll be gwine so mighty fur out'n de fambly ef I tell you 'bout it."

I made no attempt to coax Aunt Fountain to tell me about Trunion, for I knew it would be difficult to bribe her not to talk about him. She waited awhile, evidently to tease my curiosity; but as I betrayed none, and even made an effort to talk about something else, she began:

"Well, suh, you ax me 'bout Marse Fess Trunion. I know you bleeze ter like dat man. He ain' b'long ter we-all folks, no furder dan he my young mistiss ole man, but dee ain' no finer w'ite man dan him. No, suh; dee ain'. I tell you dat p'intedly. De niggers, dee say he mighty close en pinchin', but deze is mighty pinchin' times—you know dat yo'se'f, suh. Ef a man don't fa'rly fling 'way he money, dem Tomlinson niggers, dee'll say he mighty pinchin'. I hatter be pinchin' myse'f, suh, kaze I know time I sell my ginger-cakes dat ef I don't grip onter de money, dee won' be none lef' fer buy flour en 'lasses fer make mo'. It de Lord's trufe, suh, kaze I done had trouble dat way many's de time. I say dis 'bout Marse Fess Trunion, ef he ain' got de blood, he got de breedin'. Ef he ain' good ez de Tomlinsons, he lots better dan some folks w'at I know."

I gathered from all this that Trunion was a foreigner of some kind, but I found out my mistake later.

"I pick dat man up myse'f, en I knows 'im'most good ez ef he wuz one er we-all."

"What do you mean when you say 'you picked him up?'" I asked, unable to restrain my impatience.

"Well, suh, de fus' time I see Marse Fess Trunion wuz terreckerly atter de Sherman army come 'long. Dem wuz hot times, suh, col' ez de wedder wuz. Dee wuz in about er million un um look like ter me, en dee des ravage de face er de yeth. Dee tuck all de hosses, en all de cows, en all de chickens. Yes, suh; dee cert'n'y did. Man come 'long, en 'low, 'Aunty, you free now,' en den he tuck all my ginger-cakes w'at I bin bak-

in' 'g'inst Chris'mus'; en den I say, 'Ef I wuz free ez you is, suh, I'd fling you down en take dem ginger-cakes 'way fum you.' Yes, suh. I tole 'im dat. It make me mad fer see de way dat man walk off wid my ginger-cakes.

"I got so mad, suh, dat I foller 'long atter 'im little ways; but dat ain' do no good, kaze he come ter whar dee wuz some yuther men, en dee 'vide up dem cakes till dee want no cake lef'. Den I struck 'cross de plan'ation, en walked 'bout in de drizzlin' rain tell I cool off my madness, suh, kaze de flour dat went in dem cakes cos' me mos' a hunderd dollars in good Confedrick money. Yes, suh; it did dat. En I work for dat money mighty hard.

"Well, suh, I ain' walk fur 'fo' it seem like I year some un talkin'. I stop, I did, en lissen, en still I year um. I ain' see nobody, suh, but still I year um. I walk fus' dis away en den dat away, en den I walk 'roun' en 'roun', en den it pop in my min' 'bout de big gully. It ain' dar now, suh, but in dem days we call it de big gully, kaze it wuz wide en deep. Well, suh, 'fo' I git dar I see hoss-tracks, en dee led right up ter de brink. I look in, I did, en down dar dee wuz a man en a hoss. Yes, suh; dee wuz bofe down dar. De man wuz layin' out flat on he back, en de hoss he wuz layin' sorter up en down de gully en right on top er one er de man legs, en eve'y time de hoss'd scramble en try fer git up de man 'ud talk at 'im. I know dat hoss mus' des a nata'lly groun' dat man legs in de yeth, suh. Yes, suh. It make my flesh crawl w'en I look at um. Yit de man ain' talk like he mad. No, suh, he ain'; en it make me feel like somebody done gone en hit me on de funny-bone w'en I year 'im talkin' dat away. Eve'y time de hoss scuffle, de man he 'low, 'Hol' up, ole fel, you er mashin' all de shape out'n me.' Dat w'at he say, suh. En den he 'low, 'Ef you know how you hurtin', ole fel, I des know you'd be still.' Yes, suh. Dem he ve'y words.

"All dis time de rain wuz a-siftin' down. It fall mighty saft, but 'twuz monst'ous wet, suh. Bimeby I crope up nigher de aidge, en w'en de man see me he holler out, 'Hol' on, aunty; don't you fall down yer!'

"I ax 'im, I say, 'Marster, is you hurted much?' Kaze time I look at 'im I know he ain' de villyun w'at make off wid my ginger-cakes. Den he 'low, 'I speck I hurt purty bad, aunty, en de wuss un it is dat my hoss keep hurtin' me mo'.'

"Den nex' time de hoss move it errortate me so, suh, dat I holler 'at 'im loud ez I ken, 'Wo dar, you scan'lous villyun! Wo!' Well, suh, I speck dat hoss mus' a-bin use'n ter niggers, kaze time I holler at 'im he lay right still, suh. I slid down dat bank, en I kotch holter dat bridle——I don't look like I'm mighty strong, does I, suh?" said Aunt Fountain, pausing suddenly in her narrative to ask the question.

"Well, no," said I, humoring her as much as possible. "You don't seem to be as strong as some people I've seen."

"Dat's it, suh!" she exclaimed. "Dat w'at worry me. I slid down dat bank, en I kotch dat hoss by de bridle. De man say, 'Watch out dar, aunty! don't let he foot hit you. Dee one cripple too much now.' I ain' pay no' 'tention, suh. I des grab de bridle, en I slew dat hoss head roun', en I fa'rly lif' 'im on he foots. Yes, suh, I des lif' 'im on he foots. Den I led 'im down de gully en turnt 'im a-loose, en you ain' never see no hoss supjued like dat hoss wuz, suh. Den I went back whar de man layin', en ax 'im ef he feel better, en he 'low dat he feel like he got a big load lif' offen he min', en den, mos' time he say dat, suh, he faint dead away. Yes, suh. He des faint dead away. I ain' never is see no man like dat, w'at kin be jokin' one minnit en den de nex' be dead, ez you may say. But dat's Marse Fess Trunion, suh. Dat's him up en down.

"Well, suh, I stan' dar, I did, en I ain' know w'at in de name er de Lord I gwine do. I wuz des ez wringin' wet ez if I'd a-bin baptize in de water; en de man he wuz mo' wetter dan w'at I wuz, en goodness knows how long he bin layin' dar. I run back ter de big-'ouse, suh, mighty nigh a mile, en I done my level bes' fer fin' some er de niggers en git um fer go wid me back dar en git de man. But I ain' fin' none un um, suh. Dem w'at ain' gone wid de Sherman army, dee done hide out. Den I went

in de big-'ouse, suh, en tell Mistiss 'bout de man down dar in de gully, en how he done hurted so bad he ain' kin walk. Den Mistiss—I speck you done fergit Mistiss, suh—Mistiss, she draw herse'f up en ax w'at business dat man er any yuther man got on her plan'ation. I say, 'Yassum, dat so; but he done dar, en ef he stay dar he gwine die dar.' Yes, suh; dat w'at I say. I des put it at mistiss right pine-blank.

"Den my young mistiss—dat's Miss Lady, suh—she say dat dough she spize um all dez bad ez she kin, dat man mus' be brung way from dar. Kaze, she say, she don't keer how yuther folks go on, de Tomlinsons is bleeze to do like Christun people. Yes, suh. She say dem ve'y words. Den Mistiss, she 'low dat de man kin be brung up en put in de corn-crib, but Miss Lady, she say no, he mus' be brung en put right dar in de big-'ouse in one er de up-sta'rs rooms, kaze maybe some er dem State er Georgy boys mought be hurted up dar in de Norf, en want some place fer stay at. Yes, suh. Dat des de way she talk. Den Mistiss, she ain' say nothin,' yit she hol' her head mighty high.

"Well, suh, I went back out in de yard, en den I went 'cross ter de nigger-quarter, en I ain' gone fur tell I year my ole man prayin' in dar some'r's. I know 'im by he v'ice, suh, en he wuz prayin' des like it wuz camp-meetin' time. I hunt 'roun' fer 'im, suh, en bimeby I fin' 'im squattin' down behime de do'. I grab 'im, I did, en I shuck 'im, en I 'low, 'Git up fum yer, you nasty, stinkin' ole villyun, you!' Yes, suh; I wuz mad. I say, 'W'at you doin' squattin' down on de flo'? Git up fum dar en come go 'long wid me!' I hatter laugh, suh, kaze w'en I shuck my old man by de shoulder, en holler at 'im, he put up he two han', suh, en squall out, 'Oh, pray, marster! Don't kill me dis time, en I ain' never gwine do it no mo'!'

"Atter he 'come pacify, suh, den I tell him 'bout de man down dar in de gully, en yit we ain' know w'at ter do. My ole man done hide out some er de mules en hosses down in de swamp, en he feard ter go atter um, suh, kaze he skeerd de Sherman army would come marchin' back en fine um, en he 'low dat he mos' know dee er comin' back atter dat man down dar. Yes, suh. He de skeerdest nigger w'at I ever see, ef I do say it myse'f. Yit, bimeby he put out atter one er de hosses, en he brung 'im back; en we hitch 'im up in de spring-waggin, en atter dat man we went. Yes, suh; we did dat. En w'en we git dar, dat ar man wuz plum ravin' deestracted. He wuz laughin' en talkin' wid hese'f, en gwine on, tell it make yo' blood run col' fer lissen at 'im. Yes, suh.

"Me en my ole man, we pick 'im up des like he wuz baby. I come mighty nigh droppin' 'im, suh, kaze one time, wiles we kyarn 'im up de bank, I year de bones in he leg rasp up 'g'inst one er n'er. Yes, suh. It make me blin' sick, suh. We kyard 'im home en put 'im up st'ars, en dar he stayed fer many's de long day."

"Where was Judge Tomlinson?" I asked. At this Aunt Fountain grew more serious than ever—a seriousness that was expressed by an increased particularity and emphasis in both speech and manner.

"You axin' 'bout Marster? Well, suh, he wuz dar. He wuz cert'n'y dar wid Mistiss en Miss Lady, suh, but look like he ain' take no intruss in w'at gwine on. *Some* folks 'low, suh, dat he ain' right in he head, but dee ain' know 'im—dee ain' know 'im, suh, like we-all. Endurin' er de war, suh, he wuz strucken wid de polzy, en den w'en he git well, he ain' take no intruss in w'at gwine on. Dey'd be long days, suh, w'en he ain' take no notice er nobody ner nuttin' but Miss Lady. He des had dem spells; en den, ag'in, he'd set out on de peazzer en sing by hese'f, en it make me feel so lonesome dat I bleeze ter cry. Yes, suh; it's de Lord's trufe.

"Well, suh, dat man w'at I fin' out dar in de gully wuz Mars Fess Trunion. Yes, suh; de ve'y same man. Dee ain' no tellin' w'at dat po' creetur gone thoo wid. He had fever, he had pneumony, en he had dat broke leg. En all 'long wid dat dee want skacely no time w'en he want laughin' en jokin'. Our w'ite folks, dee des spized 'im kase he bin wid Sherman army. Dee say he wuz Yankee; but I tell um, suh, dat ef Yankee look dat away dee wuz cert'n'y mighty like we-all. Mistiss, she ain'

never go 'bout 'im wiles he sick; en Miss Lady, she keep mighty shy, en she tu'n up her nose eve'y time she year 'im laugh. Oh, yes, suh. Dee cert'n'y spize de Yankees endurin' er dem times. Dee hated um rank, suh. I tell um, I say, 'You-all des wait. Dee ain' no nicer man dan w'at he is, en you-all des wait tell you know 'im.' *Shoo!* I des might ez well talk ter de win', suh—dee hate de Yankees dat rank.

"By de time dat man git so he kin creep 'bout on crutches, he look mos' good ez he do now. He wuz dat full er life, suh, dat he bleeze ter go down-sta'rs, en down he went. Well, suh, he wuz mighty lucky dat day. Kaze ef he'd a run up wid Mistiss en Miss Lady by hese'f, dee'd er done sumpn' ner fer ter make 'im feel bad. Dee cert'n'y would, suh. But dee wuz walkin' 'roun' in de yard, en he come out on de peazzer whar Marster wuz sunnin' hese'f en singin'. I wouldn' b'lieve it, suh, ef I ain' see it wid my two eyes; but Marster got up out'n he cheer, en straighten hese'f en shuck han's wid Mars Fess, en look like he know all 'bout it. Dee sot dar, suh, en talk en laugh, en laugh en talk, tell bimeby I 'gun ter git skeerd on de accounts er bofe un um. Dee talk 'bout de war, en dee talk 'bout de Yankees, en dee talk politics right straight 'long des like Marster done 'fo' he bin strucken wid de polzy. En he talk sense, suh. He cert'n'y did. Bimeby Mistiss en Miss Lady come back fum dee walk, en dee look like dee gwine drap w'en dee see w'at gwine on. Dem two mens wuz so busy talkin', suh, dat dee ain' see de wimmen folks, en dee des keep right on wid dee argafyin'. Mistiss en Miss Lady, dee ain' know w'at ter make er all dis, en dee stan' dar lookin' fus' at Marster en den at one er n'er. Bimeby dee went up de steps en start to go by, but Marster he riz up en stop um. Yes, suh. He riz right up en stop um, en right den en dar, suh, he make um interjuced ter one an'er. He stan' up en he say, 'Mr. Trunion, dis my wife; Mr. Trunion, dis my daughter.'

"Well, suh, I wuz stannin' back in de big hall, en w'en I see Marster gwine on dat away my knees come mighty nigh failin' me, suh. Dis de fus' time w'at he reckermember anybody name, an de fus' time he do like he useter, sence he bin sick wid de polzy. Mistiss en Miss Lady, dee come 'long in atter w'ile, en dee look like dee skeerd. Well, suh, I des fa'rly preach at um. Yes, suh; I did dat. I say, 'You see dat? You see how Marster doin'? Ef de han' er de Lord ain' in dat, den he han' ain' bin in nuttin' on de top side er dis yeth.' I say, 'You see how you bin cuttin' up 'roun' dat sick w'ite man wid yo' biggity capers, en yit de Lord retch down en make Marster soun' en well time de yuther w'ite man tetch 'im. Well, suh, dey wuz dat worked up dat dey sot down en cried. Yes, suh; dey did dat. Dey cried. En I ain' tellin' you no lie, suh, I stood dar en cried wid um. Let 'lone dat, I des fa'rly boohooed. Yes, suh; dat's me. W'en I git ter cryin', sho' nuff, I bleeze ter boohoo.

"Fum dat on, Marster do like hese'f en talk like hese'f. It look like he bin sleep long time, suh, en de sleep done 'im good. All he sense come back; en you know, suh, de Tomlinsons, w'en dey at deese'f, got much sense ez dee want en some fer give way. Mistiss and Miss Lady, dee wuz mighty proud 'bout Marster, suh, but dee ain' fergit dat de yuther man wuz Yankee, en dee hol' deese'f monst'ous stiff. He notice dat hese'f, en he want ter go 'way, but Marster, he 'fuse ter lissen at 'im right pine-blank, suh. He say de dead Tomlinsons would in about turn over in dee graves ef dee know he sont a cripple man 'way from he 'ouse. Den he want ter pay he board, but Marster ain' lissen ter dat, en needer is Mistiss; en dis mighty funny, too, kaze right dat minnit dee want a half er dollar er good money in dee whole fambly, ceppin' some silver w'at I work fer en w'at I hide in er chink er my chimbly. No, suh. Dee want er half er dollar in de whole fambly, suh. En yit dee won't take de greenbacks w'at dat man offer um.

"By dat time, suh, de war wuz done done, en dee wuz tough times. Dee cert'n'y wuz, suh. De railroads wuz all broke up, en eve'ything look like it gwine helter-skelter right straight ter de Ole Boy. Dey want no law, suh, en dey want no nuttin'; en ef it hadn't er bin fer me en my ole man I speck de Tomlinsons, proud ez dee wuz, would er

bin mightily pincht fer fin' bread en meat. But dee ain' never want fer it yit, suh, kaze w'en me en my ole man git whar we can't move no furder, Marse Fess Trunion, he tuck holt er de place en he fetcht it right side up terreckerly. He say ter me dat he gwine pay he board dat away, suh, but he ain' say it whar de Tomlinsons kin year 'im, kaze den dee'd a-bin a fuss, suh. But he kotch holt, en me, en him, en my ole man, we des he't eve'ything hot. Mo' speshually Marse Fess Trunion, suh. You ain' know 'im, suh, but dat ar w'ite man, he got mo' ways ter work, en mo' short cuts ter de ways, suh, dan any w'ite man w'at I ever see, en I done see lots un um. It got so, suh, dat me en my ole man ain' have ter draw no mo' rashuns fum de F'eedman Bureau; but dee wuz one spell, suh, w'en wuss rashuns dan dem wuz on de Tomlinson table.

"Well, suh, dat w'ite man, he work en he scuffle; he hire niggers, and he turn um off; he plan, en he projick; en 'tain' so mighty long, suh, 'fo' he got eve'ything gwine straight. How he done it I'll never tell you, suh; but do it he did. He put he own money in dar, suh, kaze dee wuz two times dat I knows un w'en he git money out'n de pos'-office, en I see 'im pay it out ter de niggers, suh. En all dat time he look like he de happies' w'ite man on top er de groun', suh. Yes, suh. En w'en he at de 'ouse Marster stuck right by 'im, en ef he bin he own son he couldn't pay him mo' 'tention. Dee wuz times, suh, w'en it seem like ter me dat Marse Fess Trunion wuz a-cuttin' he eye at Miss Lady, en den I 'low ter myse'f, 'Shoo, man! you mighty nice en all dat, but you Yankee, en you nee'nter be a-drappin' yo' wing 'roun' Miss Lady, kaze she too high-strung fer dat.'

"It look like he see it de same way I do, suh, kaze atter he git eve'ything straight he say he gwine home. Marster look like he feel mighty bad, but Mistiss en Miss Lady, dee ain' say nuttin' 'tall. Den, atter w'ile, suh, Marse Fess Trunion fix up, en off he put. Yes, suh. He went off whar he come fum, en I speck he folks wuz mighty glad ter see 'im atter so long, kaze ef dee ever wuz a plum nice man it wuz dat man. He want no great big man, suh, en he ain' make much fuss, yit he lef' a mighty big hole at de Tomlinson Place w'en he pulled out fum dar. Yes, suh; he did dat. It look like it lonesome all over de plan'ation. Marster, he 'gun ter git droopy, but eve'y time de dinner-bell ring he go ter de foot er de sta'rs en call out, 'Come on, Trunion!' Yes, suh. He holler dat out eve'y day, en den, wiles he be talkin', he'd stop en look roun' en say, 'Whar Trunion?' It ain' make no diffunce who he talkin' wid, suh, he'd des stop right still en ax, 'Whar Trunion?' Den de niggers, dee got slack, en eve'ything 'gun ter go een'-ways. One day I run up on Miss Lady settin' down cryin', en I ax her w'at de name er goodness de matter, en she say nuff de matter. Den I say she better go ask her pappy whar Trunion, en den she git red in de face, en 'low I better go 'ten' ter my business; en den I tell her dat ef somebody ain' tell us whar Trunion is, en dat mighty quick, dee won't be no business on dat place fer 'ten' ter. Yes, suh. I tol' her dat right p'intedly, suh.

"Well, suh, one day Marse Fess Trunion come a-drivin' up in a shiny double-buggy, en he look like he des step right out'n a ban'-box; en ef ever I wuz glad ter see anybody, I wuz glad ter see dat man. Marster wuz glad; en dis time, suh, Miss Lady wuz glad, en she show it right plain; but Mistiss, she still sniff de a'r en hol' her head high. 'Twant long, suh, 'fo' we all knowd dat Marse Fess wuz gwine marry Miss Lady. I ain' know how dee fix it, kaze Mistiss never is come right out en say she 'greeable 'bout it, but Miss Lady wuz a Bledsoe, too, en a Tomlinson ter boot, en I ain' never see nobody w'at impatient nuff fer ter stan' out 'g'inst dat gal. It ain' all happen, suh, quick ez I tell it, but it happen; en but fer dat, I dunno w'at in de name er goodness would er 'come er dis place."

A few hours later, as I sat with Trunion on the veranda of his house, he verified Aunt Fountain's story, but not until after he was convinced that I was familiar with the history of the family. There was much in that history he could afford to be proud of, modern though he

was. A man who believes in the results of blood in cattle is not likely to ignore the possibility of similar results in human beings; and I think he regarded the matter in some such practical light. He was a man, it seemed, who was disposed to look lightly on trouble once it was over with, and I found he was not so much impressed with his struggle against the positive scorn and contempt of Mrs. Tomlinson—a struggle that was infinitely more important and protracted than Aunt Fountain had described it to be—as he was with his conflict with Bermuda grass. He told me laughingly of some of his troubles with his hot-headed neighbors in the early days after the war, but nothing of this sort seemed to be as important as his difficulties with Bermuda grass. Here the practical and progressive man showed himself; for I have a very vivid recollection of the desperate attempts of the farmers of that region to uproot and destroy this particular variety.

As for Trunion, he conquered it by cultivating it, for the benefit of himself and his neighbors, and I suspect that this is the way he conquered his other opponents. It was a great victory over the grass at any rate. I walked with him over the Place, and the picture of it all is still framed in my mind—the wonderful hedges of Cherokee roses, and the fragrant and fertile stretches of green Bermuda through which beautiful fawn-colored cattle were leisurely making their way. He had a theory that this was the only grass in the world fit for the dainty Jersey cow to eat.

There were comforts and conveniences on the Tomlinson Place not dreamed of in the old days, and I think there was substantial happiness there, too. Trunion himself was a wholesome man, a man full of honest affection, hearty laughter, and hard work—a breezy, companionable, energetic man. There was something boyish, unaffected, and winsome in his manners, and I can easily understand why Judge Addison Tomlinson, in his old age, insisted on astonishing his family and his guests by exclaiming "Where's Trunion?" Certainly he was a man to think about and inquire after.

I have rarely seen a livelier woman than his wife, and I think her happiness helped to make her so. She had inherited a certain degree of cold stateliness from her ancestors, but her experience after the war and Trunion's unaffected ways had acted as powerful correctives, and there was nothing in the shape of indifference or haughtiness to mar her singular beauty.

As for Mrs. Tomlinson—the habit is still strong in me to call her Harriet Bledsoe—I think that in her secret soul she had an ineradicable contempt for Trunion's extraordinary business energy. I think his "push and vim," as the phrase goes, shocked her sense of propriety to a far greater extent than she would have been willing to admit. But she had little time to think of these matters; for she had taken possession of her grandson, Master Addison Tomlinson Trunion, and was absorbed in his wild and boisterous ways, as grandmothers will be. This boy, a brave and manly little fellow, had Trunion's temper, but he had inherited the Tomlinson air. It became him well, too, and I think Trunion was proud of it.

"I am glad," said I, in parting, "that I have seen Aunt Fountain's Prisoner."

"Ah!" said he, looking at his wife, who smiled and blushed, "that was during the war. Since then I have been a Prisoner of Peace."

I do not know what industrial theories Trunion has impressed on his neighborhood by this time, but he gave me a practical illustration of the fact that one may be a Yankee and a Southerner too, simply by being a large-hearted, whole-souled American.

REMINISCENCES OF

THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, Ex-Minister to France.

THE COMMUNE.

IT was not until Thursday evening, March 2d, 1871, that the details for the evacuation of Paris were regulated by the French and German military authorities. It was agreed that the evacuation should commence the next (Friday) morning at eight o'clock and terminate at eleven.

There was much disappointment felt in Paris at the delay which had taken place in respect to the official notice of the ratification of the treaty by the National Assembly. It had been supposed that the German troops would leave in the course of the afternoon of March 2d. They did not leave, however, and there seemed to be a larger number of them in the city then than at any time the day before. Nevertheless, everything continued to be perfectly quiet. The Champs Elysées, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde, had been guarded by German soldiers, and in the afternoon I saw great numbers of French people on the Avenue mingling with them. The shops and restaurants in many parts of the city remained closed, but in other parts, more remote from the portion occupied by the Germans, everything was going on as usual. In driving out through the Boulevard du Temple to the Bastille, and returning by the Rue St. Antoine and the Rue de Rivoli as far as the Hôtel de Ville, I found the stores all open, the omnibuses and carriages in the street as usual, and the streets filled with people. No one, in such a part of the city, would have supposed that the hated enemy of France held the town by military occupation. The day was remarkably pleasant. In all parts of the city where I went, in which circulation had not been interdicted by the military authorities, I found the streets crowded, but there was no unusual excitement anywhere.

The German troops commenced moving out at the appointed time on the next morning, marching up the Champs Elysées and passing under the Arc de Triomphe with great cheering. At eleven o'clock precisely the last German soldier passed through the Porte Maillot, and Paris breathed free. During the occupation there had been undoubtedly a good deal of suppressed excitement in some quarters, but there had been no serious disturbance anywhere. Indeed, everything had passed off much better than could have been anticipated. No sooner were the troops fairly on their way out of the city than the closed stores, cafés, restaurants, and hotels threw open their doors ; the Avenue of the Champs Elysées was swept and sprinkled, and the magnificent fountains in the Place de la Concorde began to play. At three o'clock in the afternoon (the day was splendid) all the invested parts of the city, which had for two days been, as it were, under a funeral pall, presented a most gay and cheerful aspect, and the people looked far happier than I had seen them for so many long months.

It was an extraordinary state of things which existed from the time the armistice was signed. There was great discontent among all the lower classes, and the immense force of the National Guard was insubordinate and lawless. The Government of the National Defence had been indorsed by a *plebiscite* of the people of Paris on the 1st of November, by a majority of nearly five hundred thousand votes, and for a time they tried to stem the tide, by always answering that they had bread enough



Gustave Flourens (from a photograph).

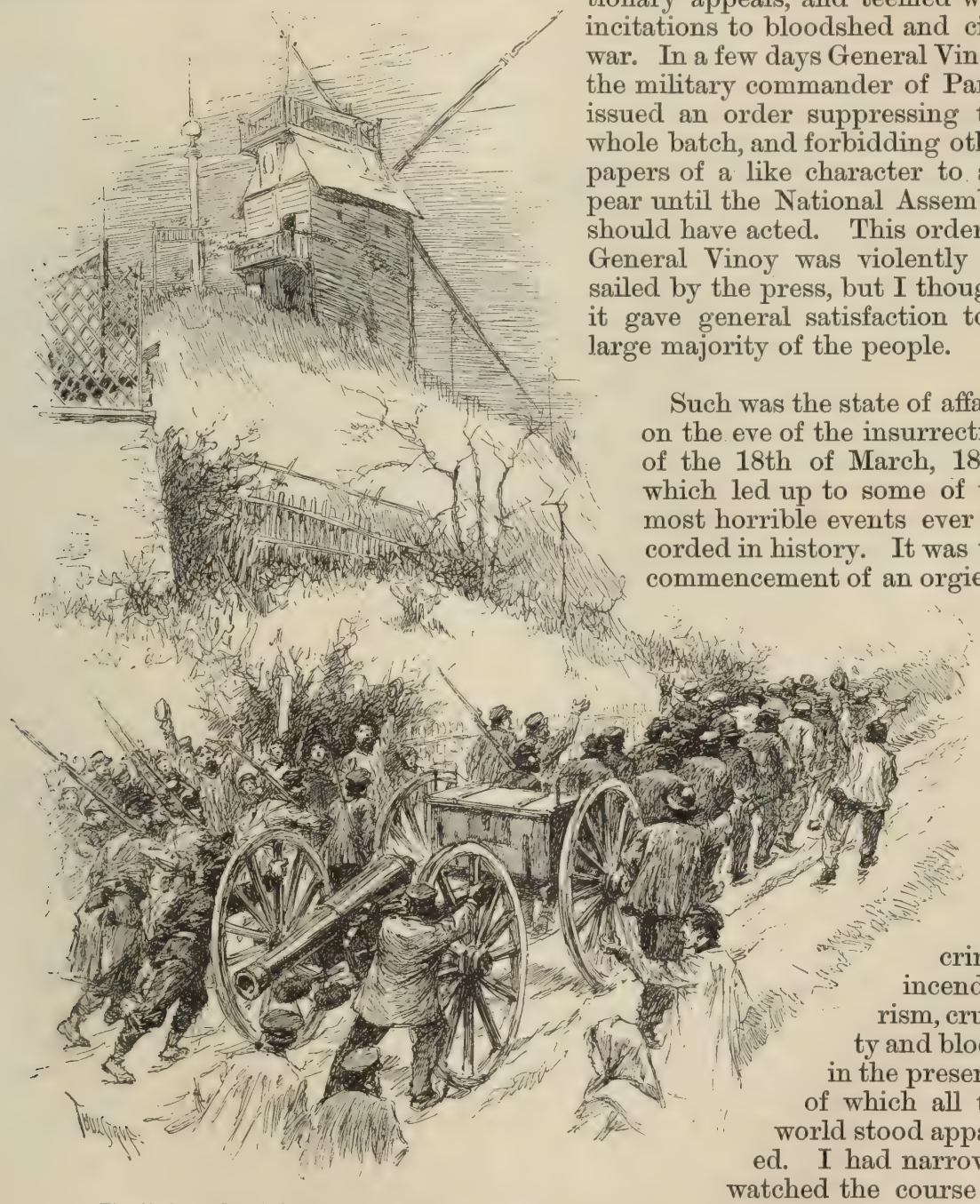
and to spare. But when that bread gave out and the rationing had to be resorted to, the public became violently agitated. Trochu was everywhere denounced for his lamentable failures in accomplishing military success, and for his general incapacity as the governor of Paris. He had sworn before the public that he would never capitulate. But that could not save him, and the Government of the National Defence decided to remove him as commander of the army of Paris and suppress his title and functions as governor of Paris. As a little sop to him, they declared that he should retain the presidency of the government. All power and authority of the Government of the National Defence seemed to be drifting away, and there was nothing to resist the current.

Among the most dangerous, active, and, it might be said, the most accomplished of the agitators and revolutionists was a young scholar by the name of Gustave Flourens. He had been arrested by the government for his participation in the affair of the 31st of October, and for other insurrectionary acts, and incarcerated in the prison of Mazas. On the 21st of January, 1871, a band of the insurrectionary National Guard broke into the prison and delivered Flourens and several other prisoners. His release was the forerunner of a very serious affair which took place at the Hôtel de Ville on the morning of the 22d of January. On every hand there was now disorder and incitation to violence, and on the 28th of January there appeared the germ of what became the Commune of Paris, which was the formation of what was called the *comité* of the National Guard—soon after moulded into a vast instrument that undertook to break down the government and to set up its own authority in Paris and in France.

At this time there was naturally the most intense excitement in the city. The proceedings of the National Assembly at Bordeaux attracted universal attention, and its election of M. Thiers as chief of the Executive power was well received by all the better classes. At the earliest moment possible after the organization of the Assembly the Government of the National Defence deposed its power into the Assembly's hands, but agreed to exercise its functions until another government could be established. Though Bordeaux was one of the first cities of France, it afforded very inadequate accommodations for the new legislative body, and for the vast numbers of people who congregated there. It was not strange, therefore, that as soon as the Assembly got through with the work which required immediate attention, it resolved to remove its sittings to Versailles. The question of this removal excited a good deal of feeling and discussion. The committee to which the question was referred made unanimous report in favor of removing the Assembly to Fontainebleau. Single-handed and alone, M. Thiers attacked the conclusions of the committee, and induced the Assembly to meet at Versailles about the middle of March, where it would sit, while the real seat of government would be at Paris. It was understood that M. Thiers would occupy the splendid hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that he would hold his

official receptions there. The Council of Ministers, however, was to hold its meetings at Versailles.

While everything at this time was in chaos and uncertainty so far as the government of the country was concerned, it was quite evident that the tendency of the people was to continue the republic as the only form of government which could be sustained in France. Yet it was very unsafe to make predictions as to what might happen later. After the siege was raised some half-dozen very violent newspapers had been established, which were daily filled with the most revolutionary appeals, and teemed with incitations to bloodshed and civil war. In a few days General Vinoy, the military commander of Paris, issued an order suppressing the whole batch, and forbidding other papers of a like character to appear until the National Assembly should have acted. This order of General Vinoy was violently assailed by the press, but I thought it gave general satisfaction to a large majority of the people.



The National Guard Carrying Cannon to Montmartre.

Such was the state of affairs on the eve of the insurrection of the 18th of March, 1871, which led up to some of the most horrible events ever recorded in history. It was the commencement of an orgie of crime, incendiarism, cruelty and blood, in the presence of which all the world stood appalled. I had narrowly watched the course of events, and had, to some extent, foreseen the storm which was so soon to break upon Paris. On March 17th I had written a long account to my Government in respect to the state of things which existed in the city at that time, and had mentioned the fact that the National Guard had seized arms and ammunition, fortified themselves on the Butte Montmartre, and set up an insurrectionary government in opposition to the regular government. But

I had no idea that such startling events were to be so soon precipitated upon us.

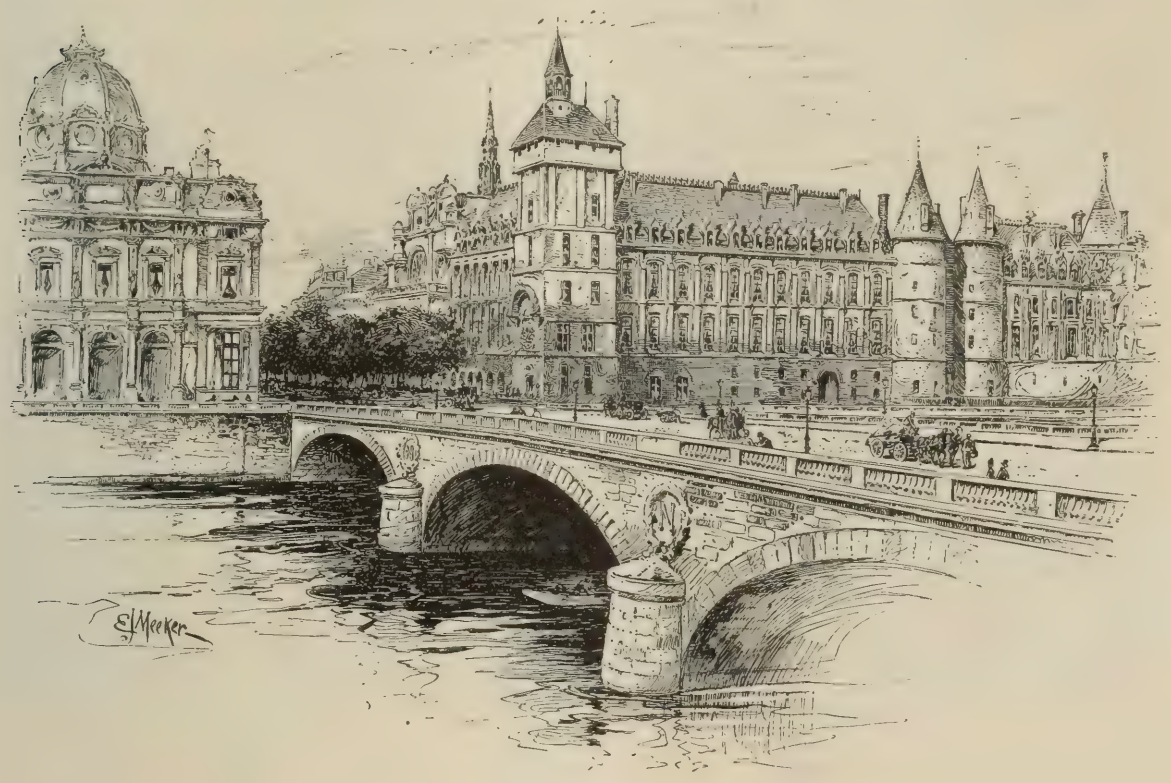
I shall describe briefly how the knowledge of them first reached me, and then return to the events themselves in more detail.

My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, who had remained in Paris throughout the whole siege, and from whom I had received so much hospitality, had a country-seat in the little village called Petit Val, some ten or fifteen miles from Paris. The Germans had been in possession of their house during the siege. Mrs. Moulton and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles J. Moulton, had invited me to go there with them on the 18th. On the morning of that day I received a despatch from Count Bismarck to be immediately delivered to M. Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs. On going to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at nine o'clock, to deliver my despatch, I found an unusual excitement. M. Thiers and all the members of the Cabinet were there, and also a large number of military men. I was not apprised of the gravity of the situation which had brought all these people together at that comparatively early hour in the morning. Taking a carriage at Mr. Moulton's, we started a little before noon on our trip. Everything was then comparatively quiet in Paris. There was no excitement in the streets, and there appeared to be nothing unusual going on, except at the Foreign Office. Just as we were starting, Mr. Moulton said there were rumors flying about that there had been a collision between the regular troops and certain insurrectionary forces at Butte Montmartre, and that two generals had been killed. As the city was always full of rumors, frequently of the most absurd and ridiculous character, which almost invariably turned out to be false, I paid no particular attention to them. And so we started on our little journey.

We remained at Petit Val nearly all day, and left at quite a late hour on our return home. We came into Paris about six o'clock in the evening by way of the Bastille. To my surprise I found the circulation of carriages interdicted on the principal streets, and I was obliged to turn into the by-streets. I soon found my way impeded by the barricades which had been improvised everywhere by the insurrectionary National Guard. After showing my card to the various commandants, I was enabled to go through the obstructed quarters. While I saw so many evidences of great public commotion, I had no adequate conception of how serious matters were until the next morning, when Mr. Riggs came to my house to give me information of what had happened the day before. This was Sunday morning. I immediately started for my legation, and found the city full of the most fearful rumors. It seemed that the government had made an attempt on the morning of Saturday, the 18th, to dislodge the insurgents from the Butte Montmartre and to get possession of the cannon there, which had been placed in position on Friday. The troops of the line fraternized with the National Guard, put their muskets *crosse en air*, and refused to fire upon them. All was lost from that moment, though the government did not appear to realize it. Various feeble demonstrations were made during the day to vindicate public authority, but they amounted to nothing. All day long, whenever the troops of the line and the National Guard came within reach of each other they reversed their muskets in token of peace.

Reaching my legation, I realized the serious character of the situation and at once took a carriage and started for the Foreign Office to find out what had really happened. There were a good many National Guards wandering about and Paris had a sinister appearance. A gentleman who had got into my carriage to go to the Foreign Office with me did not very much like the look of things, and as we were crossing one of the bridges over the Seine which led to the Foreign Office, at a slow pace, I found that he had quietly slipped out of the carriage, leaving me alone. I proceeded, however, on my mission. I drove into the court, and went into the building by the usual entrance. Entering the antechamber, I found therein the old messenger whose business it was to receive people and to take in their cards to the Minister. On addressing him, how great was my sur-

prise when he told me that M. Jules Favre and the whole government had left Paris for Versailles at half-past nine the night before. He said that matters had been hastened by a battalion of the National Guard, which passed the Quai d'Orsay, in front of the Foreign Office, at four o'clock in the afternoon, uttering menacing cries. Leaving the magnificent palace, then utterly deserted, I went on to the Boulevard and to the Washington Club, and found that the news of the shooting of General Clement Thomas and Lecomte by the insurgent troops the day before was confirmed. Before I reached the legation I found out that the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry of Justice, as well as the Prefecture of Police, and the Hôtel de Ville, were all occupied by the insurgents. The regular government of France, constituted by the will of the people, as expressed through the National Assembly at Bordeaux, having been driven from Paris by the insurrectionary movement, had established itself at Versailles. That being the case, there was no longer a government at Paris with which I could hold any diplomatic relations ; and it was the same with all the diplomatic corps. It therefore became necessary to follow the government to Versailles. I was obliged to leave, like the others of my colleagues, and I immediately sent my secretary to Versailles to secure a place for the legation. But the city was full, and he was only enabled to hire a small room in a side street. For the first time since the foundation of our Government was the Minister of the United States obliged to write his official despatches from any place in France other than the city of Paris. But, as I informed my Government, while my official residence and the legation would be technically at Versailles, I should go into Paris every day and occupy the actual legation, in which there had been no change whatever.



The Palace of Justice.

I shall now come to a fuller description of the insurrection itself which had so suddenly brought about these extraordinary results.

When M. Thiers and his Ministers came into Paris after the siege to take the reins of the government, there were two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of the National Guard fully armed and equipped and drawing their regular pay



Fortified Camp of the Insurrectionary National Guard on the Butte Montmartre.

and rations. This force showed itself hostile to the government, and was unwilling to come under its supreme will. Unfortunately, the authorities not only did not at once disarm this National Guard, at whatever cost, but it took no resolute steps in that direction, and the spirit of insubordination grew by what it fed on. This weakness encouraged all the elements of discontent, and some of the National Guard defied all authority. The time coming when it was absolutely necessary that the government should try titles with the insurgents, it was found that the whole force had been tinctured with the revolutionary and insurrectionary spirit, and that no reliance could be placed upon it.

The new power of the "Central Committee of the National Guard," which was then formed, held its sitting in secret, and it was soon seen that its decisions became insurrectionary acts which overthrew all constituted authority. It was in vain that M. Ernest Picard, Minister of the Interior, issued his proclamation pointing out the lawless and insurrectionary acts of the central committee and appealing to all good citizens to aid in stifling in the germ such culpable manifestations. But the insurrectionists laughed at all these proclamations and appeals, holding, as it were, possession of Paris, and backed up by such a vast military force. The Butte Montmartre soon became a veritable camp of the insurrectionists. Guards were mounted regularly day and night, and like old campaigners were relieved at regular intervals. There were drummers and trumpeters. The officers, with broad red belts, high boots, and long swords, paraded with cigars in their mouths, and seemed almost overpowered with the importance of the high mission which had devolved upon them. The regular government was evidently afraid to confront the threatening state

of things which had arrived; and this further weakness being disclosed, it was natural that the insurrectionists should take more and more courage and commence massing more and more cannon from different parts of the city.

On the 17th of March the government issued a stirring proclamation, which was followed by another proclamation the succeeding day. The commencement of the insurrection of the 18th of March was signalized by an act of brutality and madness almost without parallel. General Lecomte was charged with the command of a force destined to recapture the Butte Montmartre and take away the guns of the insurrectionary National Guard. This force, however, proved treacherous, insubordinate and disloyal, and after seizing the guns, they gave them up, and fraternized with the other side. General Lecomte himself was made a prisoner. Another force was sent to release him, but without making any serious effort to that end, this second force also quickly fraternized with the insurgents, and were soon found drinking with them in the wine-shops. It was a strange sight, to see the women and children all coming into the streets, taking part with the insurrectionary forces, and howling like a pack of wolves. There was a report that General Vinoy, who had gone into the vicinity, and who was on horseback, was surrounded by a mob of women who pelted him with stones and, as the deepest mark of insult, threw at him a cap. After Lecomte had been arrested, he was taken to the Château Rouge and held as a prisoner.



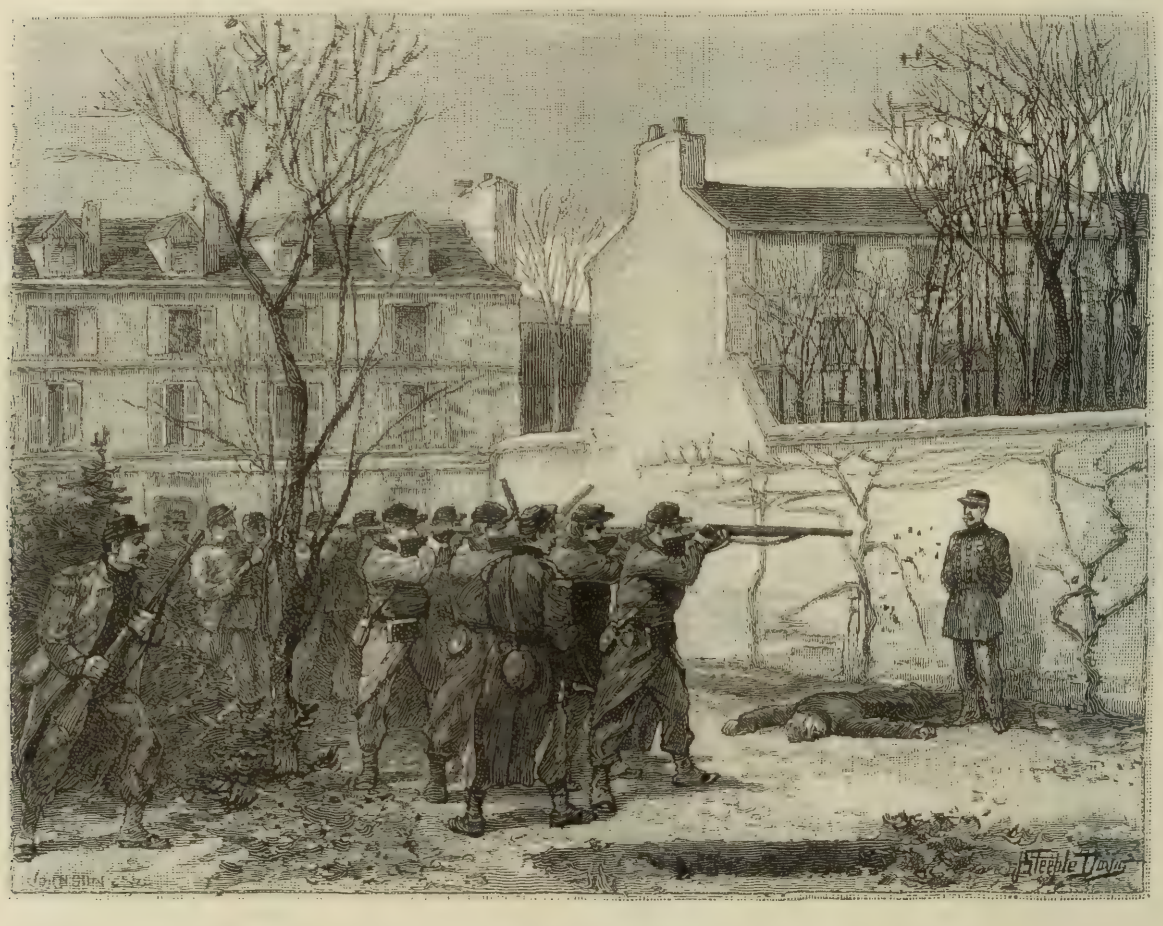
General Lecomte (from a photograph).



General Clement Thomas (from a photograph).

Among the men who returned to Paris after the fall of the Empire was Clement Thomas. After eighteen years of exile, he had come back to France to offer his sword to his country. He had been a life-long republican, a true patriot, and a serious and able man. He was sent out of France after the *coup d'etat* of the 2d of December, 1851, by the order of one of those terrible "mixed commissions" of Bonapartists, which drove out of France so many of its ablest, most distinguished and patriotic men. The mem-

ory of these commissions will remain forever to dishonor the second empire. At the breaking out of the insurrection of the 18th of March, General Thomas, having learned that one of his old aides had been arrested by the insurgents, started off in citizen's clothes to go to Montmartre to look after him.



The Shooting of Thomas and Lecomte (from photographs of sketches made at the time).

Reaching the Place Pigalle, a National Guard recognized him, from his long, white beard, and went up to him and said, "Are you not General Thomas?" The general answered, "Whatever be my name, I have always done my duty." "You are a wretch and a traitor!" cried the National Guard, and seizing him by the collar, took him to the Château Rouge, where General Lecomte had previously been imprisoned. In the course of that day, the 18th of March, a force of about one hundred National Guards went to their prison and escorted them to the top of Montmartre, where they stopped before an apartment-house, No. 6 Rue des Rosiers. After the troubles were over, I had the curiosity to visit the place. It was a good-looking house for that part of the city, and there was a large garden in front. In a small room in the house, on the first floor, which I entered, a mock tribunal, or a burlesque court-martial, assembled, which, without form or ceremony, and without a hearing, decided, *séance tenante*, that the two generals should be immediately executed. Accordingly, a platoon of the assassin National Guard was at once called and the two men were taken into the garden, and Clement Thomas was ordered to take his place against the wall. The order was given, the report of muskets rent the air, and General Thomas fell with his face to the earth. "It is your turn now," said one of the assassins to General Lecomte. Standing near by, the general advanced, and, stepping over the body of General Clement Thomas, took his place with his back to the wall. The order "Fire!" was given, and General Le-

comte fell dead beside the body of General Thomas.

The people of Paris looked with great interest for the appearance of the *Journal Officiel* on Sunday morning, the



Lieutenant La Grange (said to have ordered the shooting of Thomas).

19th. It was issued, as usual, by the government. It published a proclamation to the National Guard and commented editorially on the insurrectionary and criminal proceedings of the day before, and denounced the assassination of General Lecomte and General Clement Thomas. "That frightful crime," said the editorial, "accomplished under the eyes of the central committee, gave the measure of horrors with which Paris would be menaced if the savage agitators, who troubled the city and dishonored France, should triumph."

The appearance of the *Journal Officiel* on Sunday, with its proclamations and denunciations, suggested to the central committee how important it was that the insurrectionists should control this organ of the government. Accordingly, on the morning of that day, a squad of the National Guard broke into the printing-office of the paper. As soon as the number of the 19th of March had been made up, printed, and sent out, the employés and all connected with the office escaped to Versailles to join the government and the National Assembly. The invaders then took possession of the printing-presses and the official and non-official articles which had been set up in type and remained in the composing-rooms. From that time the office and the control of the *Journal Officiel* was in the hands of the insurrectionists, who issued the paper in regular form. The name was not changed, and in typographical appearance it was precisely the same as it had previously been, but its proclamations and editorials were issued as coming from the *Fédération Républicaine de la Garde Nationale*, and it was the organ of the central committee.

On the same day, Sunday, the 19th, the central committee of the National Guard issued a proclamation. "Citizens!" said the proclamation, "The people of Paris have taken off the yoke endeavored to be imposed upon them; the inhabitants of Montmartre and Belleville have taken their guns and intend to keep them. Tranquil in our strength, we have waited without fear, as without provocation, the shameless madmen who menaced the republic. This time our brothers of the army will not raise their hands against the holy Ark of Liberty. Thanks for all; let Paris and France unite to build a republic and accept with acclaim the only government that will close forever the floodgates of invasion and civil war. The

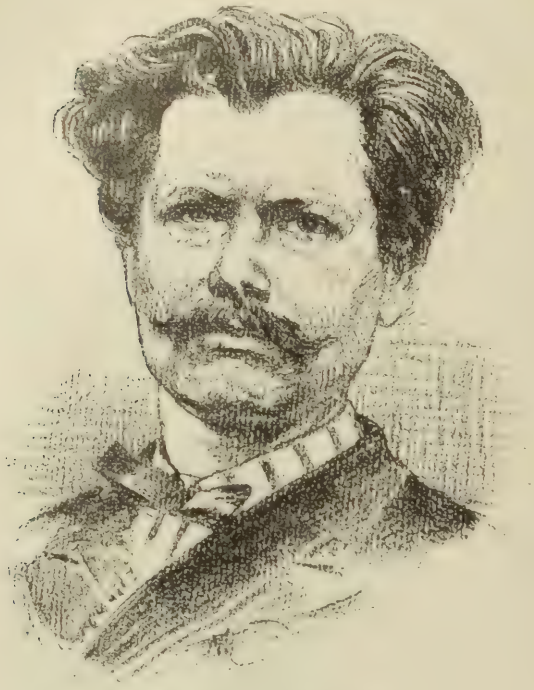


Assi (from a photograph).

state of siege is raised, the people of Paris are convoked in its sections to elect the Commune. The safety of all citizens is assured by the body of the National Guard."

This proclamation was given at the Hôtel de Ville, which the insurrection-

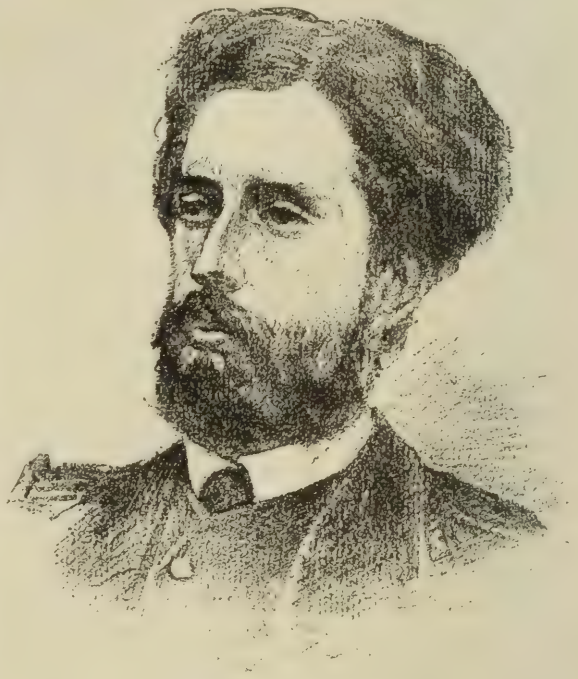
ists had taken possession of. This central committee was composed of men



Lullier (from a photograph).

who were utterly unknown. They had emerged from total obscurity, and people asked with astonishment and stupor how it was possible that such men could possess themselves of such powers. Assi had been a prominent member of the International Society and had a deplorable notoriety, but he virtually became the first head of the "Commune." But he was overtaken by a fate which so often happens in time of revolution, insurrection, and public disorders. He was a man of action and had some ability. According to my recollection, he had headed a great strike at the mines of Creuzot and thereby acquired a certain reputation. In his position as chairman of the central committee he was one of the most violent and reckless. But in the end he was not able to keep up with the procession, and being accused of reaction, he was imprisoned by the Commune for lack of revolutionary energy, and, finally, when placed at liberty, he was relegated to a subordinate position. I do not remember ever having seen but two of the members of this central committee—Jourde, who afterward became the delegate of the Commune to the Ministry of Finance, and Charles Lullier.

On Tuesday, the 21st, Paris was in full revolt and under the absolute control of a body of usurpers upheld by a vast military force. The government of the country had fled. The Chief of the Executive Power, M. Thiers, all the Ministers, and most of their attachés and employés had fled. There was not a shadow of a legal and responsible city or national government, and it was a state of things that I can but look back upon now as being full of the greatest peril which ever impended over a people. And yet how strange! The great mass of the Parisians sat quietly down under that condition of matters. In the afternoon of that day I took a long drive through the most important quarters of Paris and through many important business streets. The stores were all open, the omnibuses were all running, the streets were full of people, and no one would have imagined, from what was seen on all sides, that we were in a city of two millions of people practically without any government whatever. There was a considerable demonstration, in the afternoon, by persons calling themselves "friends of order."

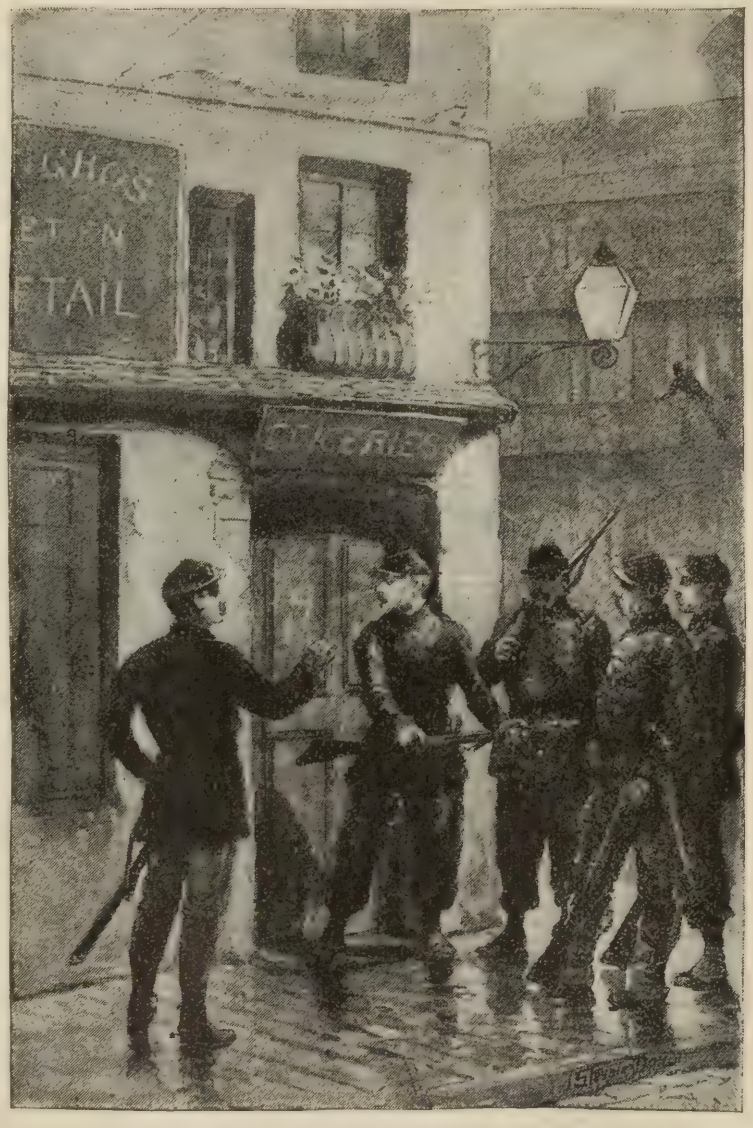


Jourde (from a photograph).

They were men of property and character who went entirely unarmed. The effect of that demonstration was to inspire some confidence among the or-

derly people of the city, but at the same time it served to exasperate the insurgents. As its effect seemed on the whole good, however, it was determined to repeat it on the next day, Wednesday, the 22d.

On that day I went to Versailles to make final arrangements for changing my official residence to that place. While there, in the afternoon, news came that there had been a shocking occurrence in the Rue de la Paix. It was bad enough at the best, but with the exaggerations which surrounded the intelligence it seemed absolutely terrible. Returning to the city late in the day, I found the excitement intense, and no one knew what was to take place, or what would come next. This demonstration of the "friends of order" had been a much larger one than that of the day before, and composed of thousands of the best citizens of Paris. They had rendezvoused at a certain point, and, without arms, formed themselves into squads and marched to the Rue de la Paix. In the procession there were many members of the National Guard, but they were mostly civilians, many of them carrying ordinary walking-sticks and in some cases umbrellas. The insurrectionary National Guard had possession of the Place Vendôme, at the foot of the Rue de la Paix. This demonstration was purely one of peace, by unarmed and patriotic men without any idea of violence, and made for the purpose of demonstrating that there was a law-and-order sentiment still existing in Paris. Proceeding down the Rue de la Paix in an orderly manner, toward the Place Vendôme, they were fired upon by the National Guard, and many were killed outright and a still larger number seriously wounded. Many prominent citizens of Paris were killed, among them Otto Hottinger, Regent of the Bank of France and a member of the great banking-house of Hottinger & Co. One American was killed, who, it turned out, was a young man from St. Louis who had come over to fight for the French in the war with Germany, and who had been in our service during the rebellion; and after all it was his fate to be shot down by the National Guard of Paris.



A Domiciliary Visit.

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the condition of things as they were in Paris, for two or three days after the massacre in the Rue de la Paix. Some portions of the city were quiet and orderly, but in other portions nothing was seen but "grim-visaged war," barricades, regiments marching and countermarching, the beating of the rappel, the mounting guard, the display of cannon and mitrailleuses, and

the interdiction of circulation in the streets. Numerous arrests were being made, mock trials were instituted, and executions were taking place. This condition of affairs was illustrated with sanguinary *naïveté* in a military report made on the 21st of March by the "General" commanding the National Guard at Montmartre, who had formerly been a dealer in cooking-utensils. He says, in the first place, that there is "nothing new; night calm and without incident." He then goes on to say that at five minutes after ten two sergeants were brought in by the *franc-tireurs* and immediately shot. He continued: "At twenty minutes after midnight, a guardian of the peace, accused of having a revolver, is shot." He closes his report of that calm night "without incident" by saying that the gendarme brought in by the guards of the twenty-eighth battalion at seven o'clock, is shot. Thus it was seen that in one night, in only one of the arrondissements, four officers of the law were deliberately murdered.

It was but a short time before the insurrectionists at the Hôtel de Ville commenced making requisitions, and issued a proclamation saying, that in case a requisition was not complied with, the "citizens" charged with the commission should have authority to call on the National Guard of the quarter for assistance. It was not a week after the 18th of March, the day of the breaking out of the insurrection, before the disorganization of Paris had become complete. There was no power to be applied to for the protection of life, liberty, or property. Anarchy, assassination, and massacre held high carnival, and whispers were heard everywhere of a "law of the suspect," of the drawing up of lists of proscriptions, and of domiciliary visits.

On the 24th of March the central committee had delegated the military power of Paris to three men—Brunel, Eudes, and Duval—to have the title of "General," and to act in concert until the arrival of General Garibaldi, who had been proclaimed as General-in-Chief. The new generals issued their proclamation, and further proclamations were issued by the central committee, which appeared in the *Journal Officiel* on the 25th of March. One of these proclamations definitely fixed Saturday, the 26th of March, for the municipal election to elect members of what was called an *Assemblée Communale.*

This election was called without the least pretence of authority by the *Comité Central,* in the hope of strengthening itself in its position by a pretended indorsement of the people of Paris. It had attempted to get the National Assembly to accede to the election. Many of the deputies of Paris in the Assembly united with many of the mayors of Paris to sustain it, but the great mass of the serious people, who justly appreciated what consequences would grow out of such a revolutionary action, were utterly opposed to having anything to do with such an election. The National Assembly repudiated it, but it was held all the same, and the day was one of fête. Being without a shadow of legality, the whole thing was a perfect farce. The whole vote not being sufficient under the law of the land to elect, the National Guard committee dispensed with that formality, and the result was that an *Assemblée Communale* was declared elected, which in no manner represented the people. Such was the smallness of the vote at the election, that it carried no moral force with it. Out of five hundred and fifty thousand voters, there were no more than a hundred and sixty-eight thousand votes cast. It was estimated that sixty thousand of such votes were given by men not in sympathy with the Commune movement, and if this were so, the central committee at the Hôtel de Ville was only backed by a little more than one-fifth of the whole number. Notwithstanding that, the insurgents claimed that they had been indorsed by the people of Paris, and the members elected were not slow to organize and to assume every power to rule and control the city. Great efforts were made by the insurgents of Paris to associate with themselves the revolutionary elements in other parts of France. The cry was raised that the National Assembly should be dissolved and that its members should be placed in accusation, where they should be "struck without pity." It was claimed that the Assembly was

monarchical and reactionary, and that it intended to overthrow the republic.

In all this time the position of M. Thiers, the Chief of the Executive Power at Versailles, was most embarrassing. He did not propose to strike until he was prepared for it, and there was great impatience and he was subject to much



Skirmish with Government Troops at the Bridge of Neuilly.

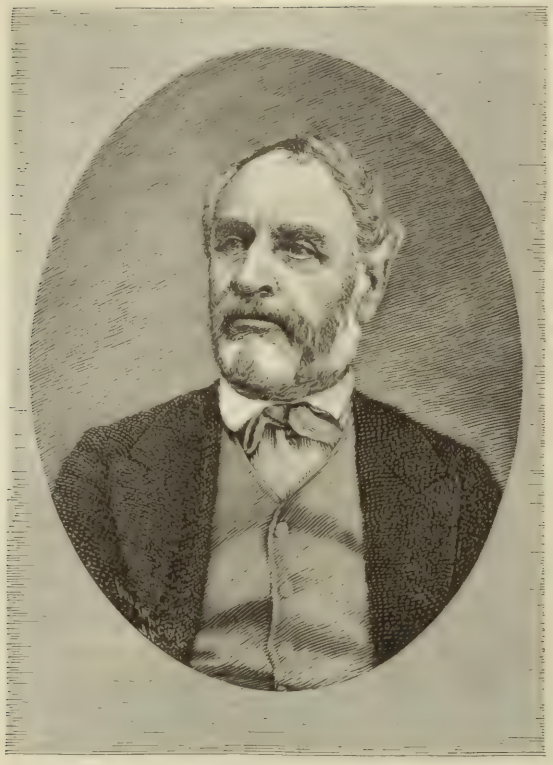
denunciation; but he was calm under every provocation, and made most earnest appeals to the members of the National Assembly to be patient and to be silent. He denied, in the most emphatic terms, that the government intended to overthrow the republic. He said, "We have formed the republic and we will serve the republic;" and further declared that "our mission is to reorganize the country and bring back peace, activity, labor, and prosperity, if it be possible, and then to leave to France entire liberty as to the choice of its destinies."

And now it was, in the last days of March, that the hopes of so many of the best people of Paris almost died within them. The mail service had all been stopped, all the employés of the Post Office Department having been removed from Paris. Neither was there any telegraphic service, and it was very difficult either to get to Paris or to get out of it. Domiciliary visits had already commenced, and some of the worst of the Jacobin papers had demanded that the government of the Hôtel de Ville should inaugurate a "policy of suspicion," and that a committee of public safety should be created. The red flag had replaced the tri-color at the Hôtel de Ville, the Palace of Justice, and the Tribunal of Commerce. And the spirit of insurrection and revolution seemed to be spreading over all France.

Entry in my diary:

"Paris, Friday, March 31st, 1871.

"Was at the legation all day yesterday and very busy. The Commune is looming up and 'means business.' Everything has a more sinister look. Before I left my house this morning I had heard that all the trains were stopped and the gates closed. I have sent out to see what the real situation is, and to get a pass, for I must go to Versailles

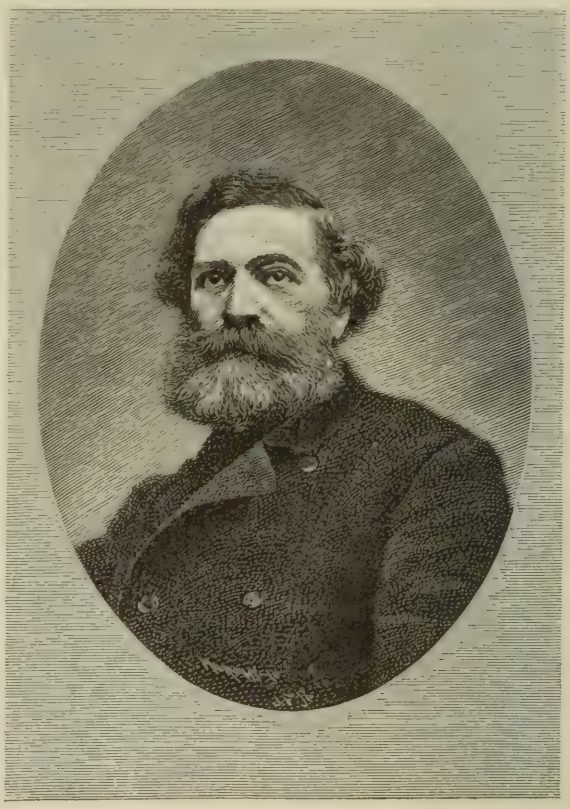


Delescluze.

to-day. The Post Office is 'burst up;' the Commune seized the whole concern, and all the employés have left. Everything now will have to go to Versailles to be mailed. There never was such a 'hell upon earth' as this very Paris. I don't know how soon I shall be obliged to take my family away. The Americans begin to be alarmed, and if the gates continue closed that alarm will increase to a regular panic. 'How long, oh, how long!'"

During this time many of the churches were open and service was held. There were funerals and weddings, but more of the former than of the latter. We would occasionally see a wedding-party on its way to the Mairie to a marriage. If you would peep into the first carriage you would see the prospective bride, young and pretty, as all brides are supposed to be, and generally, under these circumstances, in tears. In the second carriage you would find the prospective bridegroom looking distracted and anxious, for he was not certain as to what the condition of things might be at the Mairie.

The *Comité Central* had made a great parade by the surrender of its mandate of authority—such as it was—after the communal assembly should be elected. But this in reality was all pretence, and the controlling members of the committee never intended that the power should so far go out of their hands but that they would be enabled to control it in the communal assembly. The central committee was composed of thirty-seven members, and twenty out of the number managed to be elected as members of the Commune. The Commune, thus elected, was almost entirely composed of unknown and utterly obscure men, with but few exceptions. Those exceptions were men who had made themselves notorious, such as Felix Pyat, Delescluze, Blanqui, Flourens, and Gambon. This new and bogus city government was composed of one hundred and six members. It sat in one of the magnificent halls of the Hôtel de Ville, which had been occupied for municipal purposes previously by the city government of Paris. It is difficult to conceive what was the sensation of those wretched creatures, who found themselves the depository of an insurrectionary and lawless



Felix Pyat.

power which was to end in lighting up Paris in flames and the commission of every crime which the imagination could conceive of. When the end came they had all retired but fifty. Some went out in disgust with their associates; others from a feeling of horror aroused by the murders and outrages constantly taking place, but the greater part of them were influenced by motives of prudence. They had sense enough to know that they were in an adventure which could but end in disaster and disgrace, and most likely in a merited punishment.

The members of the Commune were installed at the Hôtel de Ville on Tuesday afternoon, March 28, 1871. It was an immense popular demonstration. All the vast military force of the National Guard was invited to be present. At about four o'clock it began to arrive from every direction, drums beating and flags flying. Upon a platform in front of the Hôtel de Ville there was placed a large square table, which was surrounded by some members of the *Comité Central*, in citizens' dress, and many officers of the National Guard; all were distinguished by red scarfs. The proceedings were opened by a display of flags on every side and by repeated salvos of artillery, followed by great applause and cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" "*Vive la République!*" etc. Continuing to arrive, the National Guard completely packed the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. At a designated moment the soldiers placed their caps upon the points of their bayonets and raised their muskets in the air. Gabriel Renvier, who had been president of the *Comité Central*, opened the proceedings, and read the vast multitude a list of the names of the members elected to the Commune. Two other members of this committee then stepped forward and made brief speeches, which were received with loud cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" There were a great number of military bands which had been placed at the foot of the balcony, and whenever opportunity occurred they would strike up the "*Marseillaise*," the "*Chant du Départ*," and other revolutionary airs, when the entire assemblage would join in the chorus. Renvier having made his proclamation of the Commune, all the battalions which had been massed upon the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville defiled before the balcony to the cry of "*Vive la Commune!*" Few scenes have ever been enacted which were more extraordinary and exciting. More than one hundred thousand persons were present at the ceremony. All the windows of the neighboring houses were filled with spectators, the barricades were covered with people, and the gamins perched themselves in all the trees of the Avenue Victoria.

The Commune having been proclaimed in this manner, it met for the first time on the evening of that day in the Hall of the Municipality of the Hôtel de Ville. It had always been preached in Paris, by all people of liberal sentiments, and by all the journals, even of every shade of opinion, which were opposed to the *régime* of the empire, that the sittings of all representative bodies should be public, or at least that there should be a full publication in the Journal of their proceedings. It was, therefore, with almost universal astonishment that the people of Paris who had taken such great interest in the insurrection, found that the sessions of the Commune would be held in secret. Although there was talk outside of there having been great dissensions in the body, no one really knew what had actually taken place. A new journal had been established, called *La nouvelle République*, which was to become a semi-official organ of the Commune. This confirmed the report that the sittings of that body would not be public, and also intimated that there would not be a public report of its sittings, but only a daily publication of its decrees.

The government of the Commune seemed to be fairly installed. There was no *Journal Officiel de la France*, but it appeared as the *Journal Officiel de la Commune de Paris*. That change lasted, however, for only one day. It made the official announcement that the central committee had remitted its powers to the Commune of Paris, and published an address to the inhabitants of the city. It claimed, as I had supposed it would, that the vote of the 26th



The Burning of the Guillotine before the Statue of Voltaire.

of March sanctioned the insurrection of the 18th of March. It denounced the government at Versailles as criminal, and then proclaimed the work it was about to undertake. Already it had commenced issuing its decrees, the first of which abolished the conscription and declared that no military forces, other than the National Guard, should be created or introduced into Paris; and, further, that all able-bodied citizens should be enrolled for service in the National Guard. Impressment was soon resorted to, and here is a case of which I had personal knowledge. There was a reputable man, who had a large family, who kept a little store near my legation. He in no manner mixed in affairs, but remained at home quietly attending to his business. One day he was seized by a squad of the brigand National Guard, forcibly taken to headquarters, soldier's clothes put on him, put into the front rank, and marched out to fight against the government troops. In a few hours his dead body was brought back to his family.

There was also published a decree exempting tenants from the payment of rent for the previous nine months, and if, perchance, any rent had been paid during that period, it was to be applied as a credit on future payments. All leases were cancelled at the will of the tenant for the period of six months from the date of the decree. Notices to quit were extended on demand of the tenant for the period of three months.

The "Journal of the Commune" of March 30th contained an announcement of the organization of the committees of the Commune, ten in number, and gave the names of the members of those committees. There was one on Foreign Affairs, of which the notorious Delescluze was the chairman. There was also an ominous committee of "public safety," and then there were committees of justice, of military affairs, of finance, of subsistence, and also the one that was termed the *Commission Executive*. The Paris Journal of that day stated that "General" Cluseret was a member of a committee that would have jurisdiction of all accusations of treason against the republic. The *Journal Officiel*, as the organ of the Commune, at a later date recommended all persons to murder the Duc d'Aumale and other princes, merely because they belonged to families connected with royalty. In the extraordinary state of things then existing, this incitation to murder did not seem to excite any very great degree of horror, for the people were beginning to look upon all such provocations to violence as matters simply incident to the times.

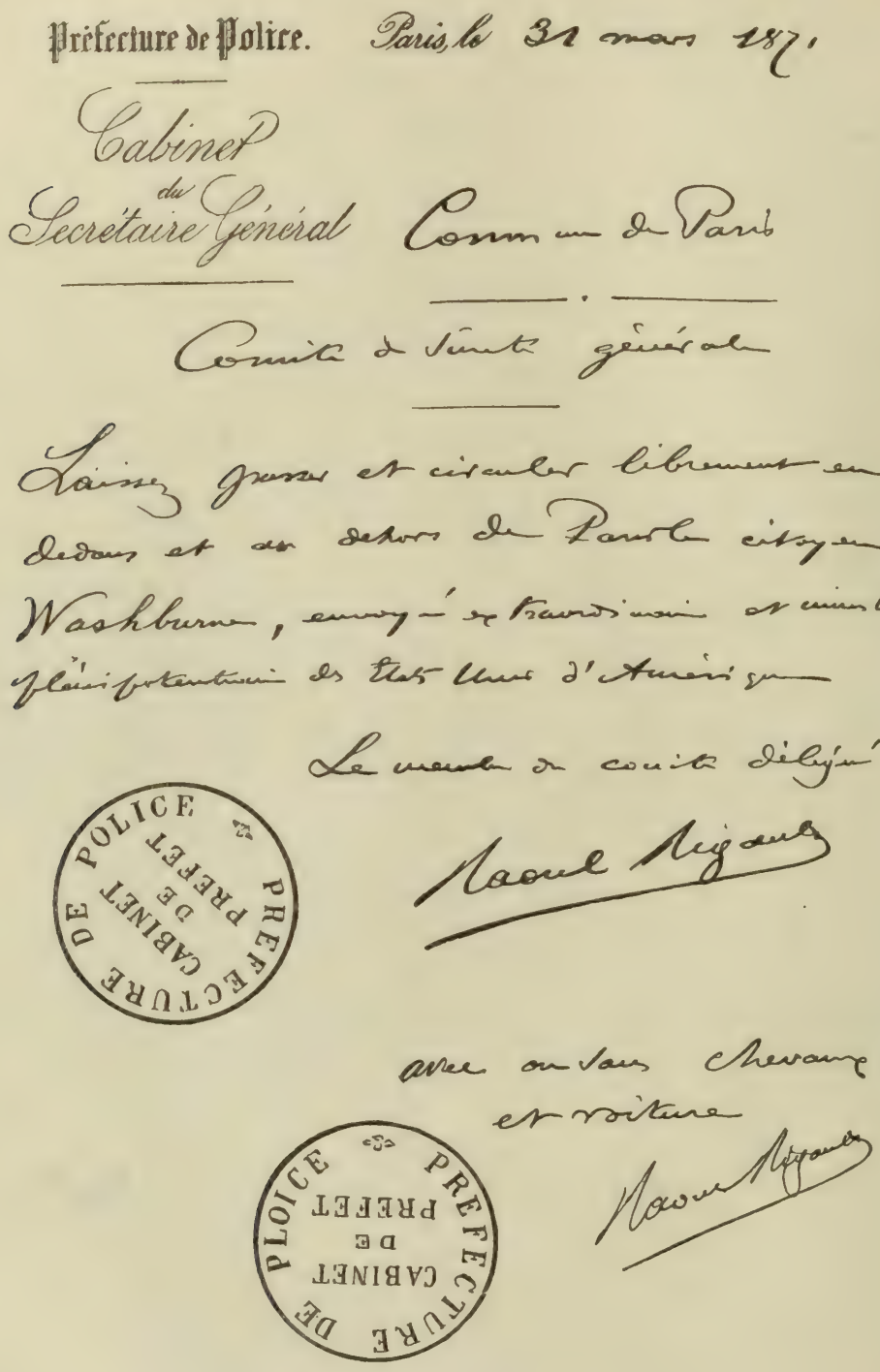
After the organization of the communal assembly and its installation at the Hôtel de Ville, that body might be said to be complete master of Paris, as there was no force to oppose it. There did not seem to be any further necessity for barricades, and they began slowly to disappear. The insurgents lost no time in taking possession of all the public places and public institutions. The General Post Office of Paris had fallen, and a member of the Commune had taken possession of that bureau. I did not intrust any more mail matter to the Paris Post Office, and all my letters were received and sent out at Versailles, or by the despatch-bag. Matters grew worse from day to day. A placard was soon put up in the quarter of Montmartre, informing the public that certain commissioners had been named to receive the denunciation of citizens suspected to be in complicity with the government at Versailles. That seemed to be the forerunner of a system of denunciations, the effect of which would be to fill all the prisons of Paris. I sent my private secretary, Mr. McKean, to the Prefecture on the 30th, and he found an enormous crowd of well-dressed people there, all of whom were looking for friends who had been arrested and taken away. On the 31st of March all the employés of the government in Paris left for Versailles and carried away all that was most necessary for them. On that day all the bureaus of the government in the various parts of the city were closed.

Entry in my diary:

"PARIS, Sunday, 1 P.M.,
"April 2d.

"Came in from Versailles last night, entering the city by the gate, at the Point du Jour, without any interruption. Leaving my home to come to the legation at half-past ten o'clock this morning, I

had not proceeded far when I heard the discharge of cannon, mitrailleuses, and musketry. Soon reports became more and more distinct, and it was quite evident that fighting was going on in the vicinity of the bridge of Neuilly, about


Préfecture de Police. Paris, le 31 mars 187.

Cabinet du Secrétaire Général

Commune de Paris

Comité de Sûreté générale

Laissez passer et circuler librement en dedans et au dehors de Paris citoyen Washburne, envoyé extraordinaire et ministre plénipotentiaire des États Unis d'Amérique

Le membre du comité délégué

Raoul Rigault

PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE CABINET DU PRÉFET

avec un cheval et voiture

Raoul Rigault

PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE CABINET DU PRÉFET

Pass furnished to Mr. Washburne by the authorities of the Commune.

one mile and a half from the legation. A gentleman who has just come in from that vicinity says it is undoubtedly an engagement with some insurgent troops, who went out of the city last night in the direction of Versailles to meet the government forces. He was a good way to the front and several shells burst near him. Finding themselves opposed, the insurgents beat a hasty retreat, and came into town pell-mell by the gate of Maillot; and to be entirely safe they drew up the bridge and closed the gate after them.

"All acknowledged that they had been badly handled, some attributing their disasters to one cause and some to another. Some said they were sent off without ammunition, and that they were therefore unable to return fire. Others declared that they were assured they would meet no opposition from the government troops, but, on the contrary, would be received with open arms. Instead thereof they were welcomed 'with bloody hands to hospitable graves.' One thing, however, is quite certain, the insurgents have met with a repulse which may possibly lead to important results. I went to the Champs Elysées at half-past twelve and found a regiment of the insurgent National Guard had advanced upon the avenue and halted near the Arc de Triomphe. On the other side of the Arc there was an immense crowd of people and National Guards, all looking in the direction where the firing had been going on within half an hour. While standing there, some excitement was created by a few artillery-men dashing along with a piece of six, and although they were yelling and brandishing their swords they failed to obtain anything but a feeble acclamation as they passed by the crowd, and a regiment of soldiers. The most distinct recognition that I heard was from an enthusiastic little Frenchman at my side, who cried out, '*Vive l'artillerie terrible!*'"

The 3d of April was a day of great excitement in Paris. The National Guards were roaming around everywhere, singly, in squads, in companies and regiments. In the afternoon a body of several hundred women formed at the Place de la Concorde and took up their line of march to Versailles, in poor imitation of those who marched upon the same place in the time of Louis the Sixteenth. They paraded up the Champs Elysées and through the Avenue Montaigne. A portion of them passed over the Pont de l'Alma, while the others took the route by the Point du Jour. Many of them wore the "*bonnet rouge*," and all were singing the Marseillaise. Whenever they met an omnibus they stopped it, caused the passengers to get out, and took possession themselves. One old woman, sixty years of age, mounted on the top of an omnibus, displayed the red flag and gave the word of command. How far they got and what became of them I did not know.

The greatest quiet prevailed throughout the 4th; but on the 5th I made this entry in my journal:

"All last night the cannon thundered on the site of Vanves and Issy forts. It was a regular artillery duel between these forts and the Versailles batteries. 'Nobody hurt,' as far as heard from. An American physician went out into the neighborhood of Issy with the ambulance carriage and got right under the fire. The ambulance party saw no wounded. The papers of this morning gave no account of the fighting; indeed, we shall not be likely to get at the truth in regard to operations, as the Commune will suppress every paper that tells the truth."

There was a curious proceeding on the 7th of April. The communards had conceived a great hatred for the guillotine (and for a good reason). It was denominated "an infamous instrument of monarchical domination," and the Commune, therefore, in order to emphasize its hatred for that instrument, decreed that one should be set up and burned before the statue of Voltaire in the Eleventh arrondissement, and this was made the occasion of a great ceremony. The guillotine was brought out and surrounded with huge pieces of wood and other combustible material. The order was given to burn this guillotine "for the purification of the arrondissement and for the preservation of the new liberty." This piece of foolery and absurdity attracted great attention. A vast crowd assembled to witness the spectacle, which was honored by the presence of a battalion of the National Guard. There was a large crowd of men, women, and children, who were very brave and shook their fists at the instrument which inspired in them so much hatred. At the proper time the fire was communicated and huge flames broke forth; and soon there was nothing but a heap of glowing ashes which the crowd looked upon with joy and sent up many huzzas.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER X.

THE FISHING PARTY.

The young people were arranging, as Lemuel slunk past them in the dark, a fishing party for the following day. The proposal had been Isabel's—she had a fertile mind for pleasure-planning—and Annie and Seth were delighted with it. They would take a basket of food, and make the tea over a fire in the woods, and the two women could take turns in playing at fishing with a little rod which Seth had made for himself as a boy. It would be an ideal way of bidding good-by to Seth, said his pretty sister-in-law, and Annie, feeling more deeply both the significance of saying good-by and the charm of having a whole day to herself along the river, and in his company, had assented eagerly.

As for Seth, this sudden accession of feminine interest in, and concern for, him was extremely pleasant and grateful. The very suggestion of the trip, in his honor, was like a sweet taken in advance from the honeyed future which he was so soon to realize. Long that night, after he had walked over to the Warren gate with Annie, and returned to the unlathed attic where Milton lay already snoring, he thought fondly of the morrow's treat.

The morning came, warm but overcast, with a soft tendency of air from the west. "It couldn't have been better if it had been made to order," Seth said enthusiastically, when Isabel made her appearance before breakfast. "It will be good fishing and good walking, not too hot and not wet."

Albert smiled a trifle satirically when the project was unfolded to him—with that conceited tolerance which people who don't fish always extend to those who do. "You'll probably get wet and have the toothache," he said to his wife, but offered no objection.

The lunch was packed, the poles were ready, the bait-can stood outside the shed door, breakfast was a thing of the past, and Isabel sat with her sun-hat and parasol—but Annie did not come. Seth fidgeted and fumed as a half-hour went by, then the hour itself. It was so unlike Annie to be late. He made an errand to the hay-barn, to render the waiting less tedious, and it was there that Milton found him, rummaging among some old harness for a strap.

"Annie's come over," said Milton, "I heerd her say somethin' 'baout not goin' fishin', after all. Looks 'sif she'd be'n cryin' tew. I tole 'em I'd fetch yeh."

Seth came out into the light, slapping the dust off his hands. "What's that you say? Why isn't she going?"

"I dunnao nothin' more'n I've told yeh. Ask her yerself. I s'pose she's be'n cryin' at the thought of yer goin'. That'll be the eend o' ev'rythin' atwixt you two, won't it?"

"Oh, do mind your own business, Milton!" Seth said, and hurried across the barnyard to where the two young women stood, on the doorstep. "Why aren't you going, Annie? What's the matter?" he called out as he approached.

Poor Annie looked the picture of despair. Her face bore the marks of recent tears, and she hung her head in silence. Isabel answered for her.

"Going? Of course she is going. It would be ridiculous not to go, now that everything's arranged. Get the things together, Seth, and let us make a start."

"But Milton said she wasn't going," persisted Seth.

"Dear, dear, how downright you are! Don't I tell you that she *is* going, that there is nothing the matter, that we are waiting for you?" And there was nothing more to be said.

The sun came out before the trio had gone far, but not before they had begun to forget the cloud at the start. The grass in the pastures was not quite dry yet, but wet feet were a part of the fun of the thing, Isabel said gayly. The

meadow larks careered in the air about them, and the bobolinks, swinging on the thistle-tops, burst into chorus from every side as the sunlight spread over the hill-side. There were robins, too, in the juniper-trees beyond the white-flowering buckwheat patch, Seth pointed out, too greedy to wait till the green berries ripened. A flock of crows rose from the buckwheat as they passed, and who could help smiling at Isabel's citified imitation of their strident hawing? They came upon some strawberries, half hidden in the tall grass beside the rail-topped wall, and Isabel would gather them in her handkerchief, to serve as dessert in their coming *al fresco* dinner, and Annie helped her, smiling in spite of herself at the city lady's extravagant raptures.

When they stopped to rest, in the fresh-scented shadow of the woods, and sat on a log along the path, two wee chipmunks came out from the brake opposite and began a chirping altercation, so comical in its suggestions of human wrangling that they all laughed outright. The sound scared away the tiny rodents in a twinkling, and it banished as swiftly the restraint under which the excursion had begun.

From that moment it was all gayety, jesting, enjoyment. Isabel was the life of the party; she said the drollest things, passed the quaintest comments, revealed such an inexhaustible store of spirits that she lifted her companions fairly out of their serious selves. Seth found himself talking easily, freely, and even Annie now and again made little jokes, at which they all laughed merrily.

The fisherman's judgment as to the day was honored in full measure. The fish had never bitten more sharply, the eddies had never carried the line better. It seemed so easy to let the line wander back and forth between the two currents, to tell when the bait was grabbed underneath, and to haul out the plunging, flapping beauty, that Isabel was all eagerness to try it, and Seth rigged the little pole for her, baited the hook self-sacrificingly with his biggest worm, which he had thought of in connection with a certain sapient father of all pike farther up the river, and showed her where and how to cast the line.

Alas, it was not so simple, after all, this catching of fish.

First she lost a hook on a root; then it seemed to her that ages passed in which nothing whatever happened, and this was followed by the discovery that her hook had been entirely stripped of bait without her suspecting it. At last there came a bite, a deep, determined tug, which she answered with a hysterical pull, hurling through the air and into the thistles far back of her a wretched little bull-head, which they were unable to find for a long time, and which miserably stung her thumb with its fin when she finally did find it.

After this exploit Annie must try, and she promptly twitched her line into the tree overhead. And so the day went forward, with light-hearted laughter and merriment, with the perfect happiness which the sunshine and color and perfume of June can bring alone to the young.

They grew a trifle more serious at dinner-time. It was in the narrow defile where the great jam of logs was, and where the river went down, black and deep, under the rotting wood with a vicious gurgle. Just above the jam there was a mound, velvety now with new grass, and comfortably shaded—a notable spot for dinner and a long rest, and there the girls could watch to much advantage Seth's fishing from the logs, of which great things were prophesied. Here, then, the cloth was spread on the grass, the water put on over a fire lighted back of the mound, and the contents of the basket laid in prandial array. It was, in truth, a meagre dinner, but were appetites ever keener or less critical?

Once during the forenoon, when allusion was made to Seth's coming departure, Isabel had commanded that nothing be said on that subject all day long. "Let us not think of it at all," she had said, "but just enjoy the hours as if they would never end. That is the only secret of happiness." But now she herself traversed the forbidden line.

"How strange it will all seem to you, Seth," she mused, as she poured out the tea. "As the time draws near, don't you almost dread it?"

"What I've been thinking most about to-day is your coming to the farm to

live. It can't be that you are altogether pleased—after what I've heard you say?"

"Oh, yes, why not?" said Isabel. "My case is very different from yours. I shall be just as idle as I like. I shall have horses, you know, and a big conservatory, and a piano, and all that. We shall have lots of people here all summer long—just think what fishing parties we can make up!—and whenever it gets stupid we can run down to New York. Oh, I've got quite beyond the reconciled stage now. I am almost enthusiastic over it. When you come back in a year's time, you won't know the place. It will have been transformed into a centre of fashion and social display. I may get to have a veritable salon, you know, the envy and despair of all Dearborn County. Fancy Elhanan Pratt and Sile Thomas in evening dress, with patent-leather pumps and black stockings, scowling at Leander Crump, with a crushed hat under his arm, whom they suspect of watering his milk! Oh, we shall be gay, I assure you!"

Seth looked at her attentively, puzzled to know how much of this was badinage, how much sincerity. She smiled archly at him—what a remarkably winning smile she had!—and continued:

"Then Annie will be company for me, too. I mean to bring her out, you know, and make her a leader of society. In a year's time, when you come back, and I introduce you to her, you won't be able to credit your senses, her air will be so *distingué*, and her tastes so fastidious."

She ceased her gay chatter abruptly, for Annie had turned away and they could see that her eyes were filling with tears.

Seth bethought him of those earlier tears, the signs of which had been so obvious when they started, and it was natural enough to connect the two.

"Something *has* happened, Annie," he said. "Can't you tell us what it is?"

And then he bit his tongue at having made the speech, for Annie turned a beseeching look at him, then at Isabel, and burst into sobs.

"Isn't it reason enough that you are going away?" said Isabel. "What more could you ask?"

"No, it isn't that alone," protested Annie through her tears. Her pride would not brook the assumption. "There is something else; I can hardly tell you—but—but—my grandmother has suddenly taken a great dislike to Seth; if she knew where I was she would be very angry; I never deceived her, even indirectly, before, but I couldn't bear not to come after I got to the house, and if I've done wrong——"

"Now, now dear," cooed Isabel, leaning over to take Annie's hands, "what nonsense to talk of wrong; come now, dry your eyes, and smile at us, like a good girl. You are nervous and tired out with the task of tending your grandmother—that's all—and this day in the woods will do you a world of good. Don't let us have even the least little bit of unhappiness in it."

Seth watched his sister-in-law caress and coax away Annie's passing fit of gloom, with deep enjoyment. The tenderness and beauty of the process were a revelation to him; it was an attribute of womanhood the existence of which he had scarcely suspected heretofore, in his untutored bucolic state. Annie seemed to forget her grief quickly enough, and became cheerful again; in quaint docility she smiled through her tears at Isabel's command, and the latter was well within the truth when she cried:

"There! You have never looked prettier in your life!"

Seth nodded acquiescence, and returned the smile. But somehow this grief of Annie's had bored him, and he felt rather than thought that his country cousin, even in this radiant moment, was of slight interest compared with the city sister-in-law, who not only knew enough not to cry herself, but could so sweetly charm away tears from others.

Seth tested all the joints of his pole, and changed the hook and baited it with studious care, before he climbed out on the jam. Gingerly feeling his way from log to log, he got at last upon the wet mossy birch which projected like a ledge at the bottom of the pile. The women watched his progress from the mound, and gave a little concerted shout of triumph when, at the very first cast of his line into the froth of the dark

eddy, it was caught and dragged swiftly across the stream, and a handsome pike a moment later paid the penalty.

"That's by far the biggest yet, isn't it?" Annie asked.

"Wait, there are bigger yet. Watch this!"

The line, thrown in again, had been sharply jerked, and was now being drawn up stream under the logs. Seth moved down to the end of the birch, stooping under the jutting heap of logs above, to be able to play the pole sidewise and save the fish. It was a difficult position to stand in; he held the rod far forward with one hand, and grasped a bough above for support as he leaned out over the stream.

The thing snapped—exactly how it was no one knew—a log released from its bondage shifted position, a dozen others rolled over it rumbling, and the women held their breath affrighted as they saw, without moving, the whole top of the jam tremble, lift a jagged end or two, and then collapse with a hollow noise. As they found voice to scream, the water was covered with floating *débris*, and the air filled with a musty fungus-like smell.

There was no sign of Seth.

The roar of the falling timber had scarcely died away before Annie had left the mound, had torn her way through the alders at the bottom, and stood panting on the wet, slimy rocks at the edge of the stream. She hardly heard the frightened warning which Isabel, pale and half-fainting, called out to her:

"Keep away from the water, Annie! You'll surely be drowned!"

She was painfully intent upon another thing, upon the search for some indication of her cousin. The logs were moving but slowly in the current, and were heaped so irregularly that no clear survey of the whole surface could be had. There seemed an eternity of suffering in every second which she spent thus, scanning the scene. Could the crush of logs have killed him? Even if he had escaped that, would he not be drowned by this time? The grinding of the logs against each other, the swash of the water at her feet, Isabel's faint moaning on the mound above, seemed to her dazed terror a sort of death dirge.

Oh, joy! She caught sight of something in cloth between two great tree-trunks, drenched, covered with the red grime of rotten wood, motionless; but it was Seth. His face she could not see, nor whether it was under water or not. She walked boldly into the stream—knee-deep at the outset, and the slippery rocks shelving off swiftly into unknown brown-black depths—but there was no hesitation. A half-dozen steps and she disappeared suddenly beneath the water. Isabel wrung her hands in despair, too deep now to find a voice; but Annie had only slipped on the treacherous slates, and found her footing again. The water came to her shoulders now, and was growing deeper steadily.

With a strength born of desperation she clambered up on the birch which floated nearest her, and pulled herself along its length, swaying as it rolled in the current under her weight, but managing to keep on top. It was nothing short of miraculous to Isabel's eyes, the manner in which she balanced herself, clambered from log to log, overcame all the obstacles which lay between her and the inanimate form at the other side. The distance was not great, and a swimmer would have made nothing of the feat, but for a girl encumbered with heavy wet skirts, and in deep water for the first time, it was a real achievement.

At last she reached Seth—her progress had covered three minutes, and seemed to her hours long—and, throwing herself across both logs, with a final effort lifted his head upon her shoulder.

"He is alive!" she said to Isabel, feebly now, but with a great sigh of relief.

The city woman ran down at this, all exultation. At Annie's suggestion she tied their two shawls together, fastened one end to a pole, and managed to fling the other over to the rescuer; it was easy work after that to draw the logs to the bank, and then Annie, standing knee-deep again in the water, made shift to get the heavy dead-weight safe on land. The two women tugged their burden through the alders, and up to the place where the dinner dishes still

lay, with scarcely a word. Then exhausted, excited, overjoyed, Isabel threw herself in Annie's arms and they both found relief in tears.

Seth had been struck on the head and stunned by the first falling log; how much he had been in the water, or how near he had been to drowning could not be discovered.

He presently opened his eyes, and a smile came almost instantaneously to his face as he realized that his head was resting in Isabel's lap, that he was muffled up in her shawl, and that she was looking down upon him anxiously, tenderly. A second sufficed to bring the whole thing to his mind, or at least the fact that he had gone under with the logs and by some agency had been landed here safe and comfortable, if not dry—and to bring also the instinctive idea that it would be the intelligent part to lie still, and be petted and sympathized with.

Isabel scarcely returned his smile. She had not recovered from her fright.

"Oh, Seth," she asked earnestly, "are you hurt? Do you feel any pain?"

"Not a bit," he replied; "only dizzy like. By George! How they did come down though. I must have had a pretty narrow squeak of it. Funny—I don't remember coming out at all."

She smiled now. "I should think not. You lay perfectly senseless way out there among the logs. We fished you out, and dragged you up here. I feel like a heroine in a Crusader's romance, really!"

It entered Seth's mind to say something nice in reply, that she looked like one, or that they were not equal in those benighted ages to producing such women, or something of that sort; but his tongue did not seem to frame the words easily, and as he looked up at her he grew shy once again, and felt himself flushing under her smile, and only said vacuously, "Mighty lucky I wasn't alone, isn't it?"

Annie appeared on the scene now, her clothes steaming from the heat of the fire, over which she had endeavored to dry them, and her teeth displaying a spasmodic tendency to knock together between sentences. She, too, was full of solicitude as to Seth's condition, and to satisfy this he reluctantly sat up, stretched his arms out, felt of the bump on his forehead, beat his chest, and finally stood erect.

"I'm all right, you see," he said, "only, bo-o-o, I'm cold," and he made for the fire, upon which Annie had heaped brushwood, which crackled and snapped now, giving forth a furious heat.

They stood about the fire for a considerable time. Isabel was opposite Seth, rather ostentatiously drying sundry damp places in her dress which had come in contact with the rescued man's dripping hair and clothes. He was so interested in watching her, and in thinking—half-regretfully, half-jubilantly—that she had been put to this discomfort in saving his life, that he failed to notice how completely drenched his cousin had been. The conversation turned entirely, of course, upon the recent great event, but it was desultory and broken by long intervals of silence, and, somehow, Seth did not get any clear idea of how he was saved, much less of the parts the two women had respectively played in the rescue.

It would be unfair to say that Isabel purposely misrepresented anything; it is nearer the truth to describe her as confounding her own anxiety with her companion's action. At all events, the narrative to be gleaned from her scattering descriptions and exclamations had the effect of creating in Seth's mind the impression that he could never be sufficiently grateful to his sister-in-law.

As for Annie, the whole momentous episode had come so swiftly, had been so imperative, so exhaustive in its demands of all her faculties, and then had so suddenly dwindled to the unromantic conditions of drying wet clothes at a brush fire, that her thoughts upon it were extremely confused. She scarcely took part in the conversation. Perhaps she felt vaguely that her own share in the thing was not made to stand forth with all the prominence it deserved, but she took it for granted that, in his first waking moments, while he was alone with Isabel, Seth had been told the central fact of her going into the water for him, and, if he was not effusively

grateful, why—it was not Seth's way to be demonstrative. Besides, she said to herself, she did not want to be thanked.

Still, late that night, long hours after Seth had said good-night to her at the Warren gate, and she had almost guiltily stolen up to her room without braving her grandmother's questions, Annie could not go to sleep for thinking:

"He might at least have *looked* some thanks, even if he did not speak them."

Three days later, Seth departed for the city. It was not a particularly impressive ceremony, this leave-taking, not half so much as he had imagined it would be.

He had risen early, dressed himself in one of the two new, ready-made, cheap suits Albert had bought for him at Thessaly, and packed all his possessions in the carpet satchel which had been in the family he knew not how long, and still found, when he descended the stairs, that he was the first down. It was a dark, rainy morning, and the living room looked unspeakably desolate, and felt disagreeably cold. He sat for a long time by a window pondering the last copy of John's *Banner*, and trying to thus prepare his mind for that immense ordeal of daily newspaper work, that struggle of unknown, titanic proportions, now close before him.

Alvira at last came in to lay the breakfast table.

"Hello, you up already?" was all she said; but he felt she was eyeing him furtively, as if even thus soon he was a stranger in the house of his birth.

Aunt Sabrina next appeared. "There! I knew it'd rain," she exclaimed. "I told Alviry so last night. When th' cords on th' curtains git limp, yeh can't fool me 'baout it's not rainin'. 'N' Seth, I hope you'll go to Church regular, whatever else you dew. 'N' ef yeh could take a class in th' Sunday-schewl, it'd go a long ways tow'rd keepin' yeh aout o' temptation. Will yeh go to th' Baptist Church, think? Th' Fairchilds 'v' allus be'n Baptists."

The breakfast passed in constrained silence, save for Albert, who delivered a monologue on the evils of city life, and the political and ethical debauchery of the press, to which Seth tried dutifully to pay attention—thinking all the while how to say good-by to Isabel, how to invest his words with a fervor the others would not suspect.

When the time came, all this planning proved of no avail. He found himself shaking hands as perfunctorily with her as with her husband, and his father and aunt. Only the latter kissed him, and she did it with awkward formality.

Then he climbed into the buggy, where Milton and the carpet-bag were already installed, and, answering in kind a chorus of "Good-byes," drove out into the rain—and the World!

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE WORLD.

SETH'S first impressions of the World, gathered when he found himself and his valise alone on the sidewalk of one of Tecumseh's chief streets, were distinctly gloomy.

Other passengers who had left the train here, and in whose throng he had been borne along thus far, started off briskly in various directions once they reached the busy thoroughfare, elbowing their way through the horde of clamorous hotel-porters much as one might push through a clump of obstructing bushes. He had firmly fixed in his mind the cardinal rule of travelling countrymen, that these shouting runners were brigands intent upon robbing him, and he was clear in his resolution to give them no hold upon him, not even by so much as a civil expression of countenance. He said "No, thank you!" sternly to at least a dozen solicitations, so it seemed to him, and walked away steadily, fearful that their practised eyes had detected in him an utter stranger, and intent only upon proving to them that he knew where he was going. When at last it seemed likely that they were no longer watching him, he stopped, put his bag down in a door-way, and looked about.

It was half-past six of a summer afternoon (for a failure to make connections had prolonged the sixty-mile journey over eight hours), and the sun, still

high, beat down the whole length of the street with an oppressive glare and heat. The buildings on both sides, as far as eye could reach, were of brick, flat-topped, irregular in height, and covered with flaring signs. There was no tree, nor any green thing, in sight.

Past him, in a ceaseless stream, and all in one direction, moved a swarm of humanity—laborers and artisans with dinner-pails, sprucely dressed narrow-chested clerks and book-keepers, and bold-faced factory girls in dowdy clothes and boots run down at the heels—a bewildering, chattering procession. No one of all this throng glanced at him, or paid the slightest attention to him, until one merry girl, spying his forlorn visage, grinned and called out with a humorous drawl, "Hop-pick—ers!" and then danced off with her laughing companions, one of whom said, "Aw, come off! You're rushin' the season. Hops ain't ripe yet."

Seth felt deeply humiliated at this. He had been vaguely musing upon the general impudence of his coming to this strange city to teach its people daily on all subjects, from government down, while he did not even know how to gracefully get his bag off the street. This incident added the element of wounded self-pride to his discomfort—for even casual passers-by were evidently able to tell by his appearance that he was a farmer. Strange! neither Albert nor John had told him anything calculated to serve him in this dilemma. They had warned him plentifully as to what not to do. Indeed his head was full of negative information, of pit-falls to avoid, temptations to guard against. But on the affirmative side it was all a blank. John had, it was true, advised him to get board with some quiet family, but if there were any representatives of such quiet families in the crowd surging past, how was he to know them?

While he tormented himself with this perplexing problem, two clerks came out of the store next to which he stood, to pull up the awning and prepare for night. A tall young man, with his hands deep in his trousers' pockets, and a flat straw hat much on one side of his head, sauntered across the street to them, and was greeted familiarly.

"Well, Tom," shouted one of these clerks, "you just everlastingly gave it to that snide show to-night. *Wasn't* it a scorcher, though?"

The young man with the straw hat put on a satisfied smile. "That's the only way to do it," he said lightly. "The sooner these fakirs understand that they can't play Tecumseh people for chumps, the better. If the *Chronicle* keeps on pounding 'em, they'll begin to give us a wide berth. Their advance agent thought he could fix me by opening a pint bottle of champagne. That may work in Hornellsville, but when he gets to-night's *Chronicle* I fancy he'll twig that it doesn't go down here."

"Oh, by the way, Tom," said the other clerk, in a low tone of voice, "my sister's engaged to Billy Peters. I don't know that she wants to have it given away, that is, names, and everything, but you might kind o' hint at it. It would please the old folks, I think—you know father's taken the *Chronicle* for the last twenty years."

"I know," said Tom, producing an old envelope from a side pocket, and making some dashes on it with a pencil —"the regulation gag: 'It is rumored that a rising young hat-dealer will shortly lead to the altar one of the bright, particular social stars of Brewery Street,' eh? Something like that?"

"Yes, that's it. You know how to fix it so that everybody'll know who is meant. Be around at Menzel's to-night?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll look in. The beer's been fearfully flat there, though, this last carload. So long, boys!"—and Tom moved down the street while the clerks re-entered the store.

Seth followed him eagerly, and touched him on the shoulder, saying:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I heard you mention the *Chronicle* just now. I would be much obliged if you could tell me where the office is."

The young man turned, looked Seth over, and said, affably enough:

"Certainly. But you'll find it shut up. The book-keeper's gone home." Then he added, as by a happy afterthought: "If you want to pay a weekly subscription, though, I can take it, just as well as not."

"No," answered Seth, "I've come to work on the *Chronicle*."

"Oh—printer? I guess some of the fellows are there still, throwing in their cases. If you like, I'll show you."

Seth replied, with some embarrassment: "No, I'm not a printer. I've come to be—to be—an editor."

Tom's manner changed in a twinkling from civility to extreme cordiality.

"Oh—ho! you're the new man from Thessaly, eh? Jack Fairchild's brother! By Jove! How *are* you, anyway? When did you get in? Where are you stopping?"

"I'm not stopping anywhere, unless it be this stairway here," Seth replied, pointing to his carpet-bag with a smile, for his companion's cheerfulness was infectious. "I came in half an hour ago, and I scarcely knew where to go, or what to do first. I gather that you are connected with the *Chronicle*."

"Well, I should remark!" said Tom, taking the bag up as he spoke. "Come along. We'll have some supper down at Bismarck's, and leave your grip there for the evening. We can call for it on our way home. You'll stop with me to-night, you know. It ain't a particularly fly place, but we'll manage all right, I guess. And how's Jack?"

In the delight of finding so genial a colleague, one, too, who had known and worked with his brother, Seth's heart rose, as they walked down the street again. He had been more than a little dismayed at the prospect of meeting those unknown writers whose genius radiated in the columns of the *Chronicle*, and in whose company he was henceforth to labor. Especially had he been nervous lest he should not speak with sufficient correctness, and should shock their fastidious ears with idioms insensibly acquired in the back-country. It was a great relief to find that this gentleman was so easy in his conversation, not to say colloquial.

They stopped presently at a broad open door, flanked by wide windows, in which were displayed a variety of bright-tinted play-bills, and two huge pictures of a goat confidently butting a small barrel. There was a steep pile of these little, dark-colored barrels on the sidewalk at the curb, from which came a curious smell of resin. As they entered, Seth discovered that this odor belonged to the whole place.

The interior was dark, and, to the country youth's eyes, unexpectedly vast. The floor was sprinkled with gray sand. An infinitude of small, circular oak tables, each surrounded with chairs, stretched out in every direction into the distant gloom. Away at the farther end of the place, somebody was banging furiously on a piano. In the middle distance, three elderly men sat smoking long pipes and playing dominoes, silently, save for the sharp clatter of the pieces. Nearer, three other men, seated about a table, were all roaring in German at the top of their lungs, pounding with their glasses on the resounding wood, and making the most excited and menacing gestures. While Seth stared at them, expecting momentarily to see the altercation develop into blows, he felt himself clutched by the arm, and heard Tom say:

"Bismarck, this is Mr. Fairchild, a new *Chronicle* man. You must use him as well as you do me."

Seth turned and found himself shaking hands with an old German, monstrous in girth, and at once fierce and comical in aspect, with short, upright gray hair, a huge yellowish-white mustache, and little piggish blue eyes nearly hidden from view by the wave of fat which rendered his great purple face as featureless as the bottom of a platter.

"Who effer vas Misder Vott's frent, den you bed he owens dis whole houwus," this stout gentleman wheezed out, smiling warmly, and releasing Seth's hand to indicate, with a sweeping gesture of his pudgy paw, the extent of Seth's new and figurative possessions.

On the invitation of the host they all took seats, and a lean, wolfish-faced young man named "Owgoost," who shuffled along pushing his big slippers on the floor, brought three tall, foaming glasses of dark-brown beer. Seth did not care for beer, and had always, in a general way, avoided saloons and drink, but of course, under these circumstances, it would be ridiculous not to do as the others did. The beverage was bitter, but not unpleasant, and with an effort he drank it half down at a time, as

he saw his companions do. Then he looked about, while they discussed the merits of this new "bock," Tom speaking with an air of great authority, and pronouncing it better than the last, but a bit too cold.

The piano was still jangling, and the dominoes were being rattled around for a new game. The three noisy old men had grown, if possible, more violent and boisterous than ever. One of them now sprang to his feet, lifted his right hand dramatically toward the dusky ceiling, and bellowed forth sonorously something which Seth thought must be at least a challenge to immediate combat, while the others hammered their glasses vehemently, and fairly shrieked dissent.

"I'm afraid those men are going to fight," he said.

"Fight? Nonsense! They're rather quieter than usual," remarked Tom. "What are they chewing on to-night, Bismarck—the Sigel racket?"

"Yes," said their host, listening indifferently. "Dot's Sigel." Then, addressing Seth, he explained: "Somedimes it's Sigel, unt somedimes the reffolution uff forty-eighd, unt den somedimes der k-vestion of we haf a vood bafement by Main streed. It all makes no differunce to dem, vicheffer ding dey shdards mit, dey git yust so much oxcited. Dot rooster you see standing up mit der spegtacles, dot Henery Beckstein, he's a tailor; he sits mid his legs tvisted all day, den when night comes he neets some exercises. Efery night for tweluf years he comes here, unt has his liddle dalk, und de udders, dey alvays pitches into him. He likes dot better as his dinner. De vurst is, dey all don't know vat dey talk aboud. I bleef, so help me Gott, no one of 'em ever laid eyes by Sigel, unt dey all svear he was deir dearest frent. Now—hear dot! Dot Beckstein say uff he didn't shleep mid him four years in his dent, in de same bet! How was dot for lies, huh?"

The host, pained and mortified at this mendacity, left his seat and waddled over to the disputants, shouting as he went, and joined the conversation so earnestly that his little eyes seemed bursting from his beet-red face.

"Great old man, that," said Tom, pounding with his glass for the waiter; "there's no flies on *him!* I named him Bismarck three or four years ago—everybody calls him that now—and it tickled him so, there's nothing here too good for me. You like cheese, don't you?"

"Well, yes, I eat cheese sometimes."

Seth never *had* eaten this kind of cheese which Owgoost presently slapped down before them, along with a mustard cup, a long, bulging roll of black bread, and more beer. It was pale and hard and strong of scent, was cut in thick slabs, and was to be eaten, he judged from Tom's procedure, under a heavy top-dressing of the brown mustard. He liked it, though, and was interested to find how well beer went with it, or it went with beer. Then they had each a little pickled lamb's-tongue, pink and toothsome, to be eaten with plenty of salt, and it was quite remarkable how ideally beer seemed to go with this, too. In all, three large glasses went.

Tom was a delightful companion. It was simply charming to hear him talk, as he did almost continuously, describing the round of life in Tecumseh, relating gay little anecdotes of personal experience, and commenting trenchantly on various men as they came in. To some of these he introduced Seth. They seemed extremely affable young people, and some of them who took seats near by invited Tom and him with much fervor, and still greater frequency, to have their glasses filled up. The former accepted these proffers very freely, but the beer did not taste as good to Seth as it had during supper, and he kept to his one glass—the fourth—sipping at it from time to time. Tom was so urgent about it, though, that he did take a cigar, a dark, able-bodied cigar which annoyed him by burning up on one side.

The beer-hall presented a brilliant appearance now, with all the lights flaming, with most of the chairs filled by merry young men, with three or four white-jacketed waiters flitting about, bearing high in air both hands full of foaming glasses—a fine contrast to the dingy, bare interior of the twilight, with only the solitary Owgoost. Above the ceaseless hum of conversation and laughter rose, at intervals, the strains

of lively music from the far-off piano, reinforced now by a harp and a flute.

After a time cards were proposed, and Tom made one of a quartette who ranged themselves at the table. Seth could not play, and so moved his chair back, to watch the game. His cigar burned badly and he relighted it. Then it tasted bitter, and, after some hesitation, he threw it away. The game, called seven-up, was one he had never seen before; the ten-spots were invested with a fictitious value which puzzled him. Tom, over whose shoulder he watched, had three of these tens, and silently indicated to Seth that they were of especial interest. Seth fixed his eyes upon them, to see how they were to be managed. They were very curious ten-spots, being made of beer-glasses running over with lambs'-tongues, with lambs chasing them to rescue their lamented members, and burly "Bismarck" striving in vain to secure order. General Sigel came to help him, and Tom dealt him a terrific blow. Here *was* a fight at last, and John Fairchild stood by, rapidly taking notes. Then it came bedtime, and—Seth was being shaken into sensibility by Tom, who said, between fits of chuckling:

"Wake up, old boy! Wake up!"

Another great change had taken place in the beer-hall—the lights were out, the music had ceased, the crowd was gone. A solitary gas-jet flickered from the chandelier over the table; the game was ended, and the players were standing ready to depart, and laughing. Fat Bismarck stood behind him, in the half-shadow, looking very sleepy, and he seemed to be grinning too.

Seth saw all this first. Then he discovered that he held his collar and necktie in his hand, and that his coat and waistcoat were on the table. He dimly began to understand that he had been asleep, and that, in the operation of his dream, he had commenced undressing. Everybody was laughing at him, his friend Tom, who now was helping him on with his coat, most heartily of all.

"I declare," Seth said, "I must have fallen asleep. I had no idea—I suppose I was dreaming of getting ready for bed."

"Oh, dots all right, dots all right," said Bismarck, heartily. "Ve don'd mind it a bit. You vas only dired owut."

"Yes, that's it," said Tom, "he's had a hard day of it, travelling all the way from Thessaly. Are you ready? We'll get the bag, and trot along home. Good-night, boys!"

Seth responded to the chorus of answering "good-nights," and the twain started out. Tom not only carried the bag, but took his companion's arm—much to Seth's satisfaction, for he felt very tired, and it seemed unusually difficult for him to shake off his sleepiness. Tom was more talkative than ever, and he seemed to be saying extremely clever things, but Seth somehow did not follow their meaning, and he could think of nothing to say in reply. They were in a dark side street now.

"Ah, I thought he'd be open!" said Tom, abruptly, stopping before a place, through the closed shutters of which long horizontal threads of light gleamed. "Let's go in and have a night-cap. It'll set you straight in a minute."

The curious reluctance to speak, of which Seth had felt vaguely conscious all along, now prompted acquiescence as the easiest course, and he followed Tom into a small, low room, thick with cigar-smoke and the odor of kerosene, where four or five men, with their hats tilted over their eyes, were playing cards: there was a pile of money in the centre of the table, to which each in turn seemed to be adding from a smaller heap before him. They were so much engrossed in the game that they only nodded at Tom, and Seth felt relieved at escaping the ordeal of being introduced to them. At Tom's suggestion he took a little glass of brandy—"to do their duty by the national debt"—whatever that meant. It was burning, nauseous stuff, which brought the tears to his eyes, but it made him feel better.

It especially enabled him to talk, which he proceeded to do now with a fluency that surprised him. Tom was evidently much impressed by his remarks, saying little, it is true, but gripping his arm more closely. Thus they walked to Tom's lodgings—a tall, dark, brick house opposite a long line of coal-sheds. The hall was so dark that Seth, in trying to

follow his guide, stumbled over an umbrella-rack, and fell to the floor. Tom assisted him to rise, with a paternal "Steady now, steady; that's it, lean on me," and so helped him up the two flights of steep, narrow stairs. In all the world, it seemed to Seth, he could not have met a more amiable or congenial friend than Tom, and he told him so, as they climbed the stairs, affectionately leaning upon his arm, and making his phrases as ornate in diction and warm in tone as he could.

"Here we are," said Tom, opening a door and lighting a lamp which revealed a small, scantily furnished room, in extreme disorder. "Make yourself at home, my boy. Smoke a pipe before you go to bed?"

"Oh, mercy, no. I think—do you know I feel a little dizzy."

"Oh, you'll be all right in the morning. Just undress and pile into bed. I'll smoke a pipe first."

Half an hour after Seth's first day in the World had closed in heavy slumber, Tom looked at him before blowing out the light, and smiled to himself:

"He *is* about as fresh as they make 'em."

CHAPTER XII.

THE SANCTUM.

The young men dressed next morning in almost complete silence. Tom was still sleepy, and seemed much less jovial and attractive than he had been the previous evening; Seth, accustomed to far earlier rising, was acutely awake, but his head ached wearily and there was a dreadful dryness in his mouth and throat. They went through the forms of breakfast in the basement, too, without much conversation. Seth was ashamed of the number of cups of coffee he drank, and carried away only confused recollections of having been introduced to a middle-aged woman in black who sat at the head of the table, and of having perfunctorily answered sundry questions about business in Dearborn County, put by a man who sat next to him.

They were well on their way to the office before Tom's silent mood wore away.

"You must brace up!" he said. "Don't let Workman know that we were out together last night. He's a regular crank about beer—that is, when anybody but himself drinks it. What's the matter? You look as melancholy as a man going to be hanged."

"I suppose I'm nervous about the thing. It's all going to be so new and strange at the start."

"Oh, that'll be all right. You'll get the hang of it fast enough. They are rather decent fellows to work with upstairs, all but Samboye. He'll try to sit on you from the start, but if you hold your own with him you'll get along with the rest."

"Samboye — he's the editor, isn't he?"

"Yes. You don't know any of them, I suppose?"

"Not even by name."

"Well, after Workman, who's very rightly named, and who runs the thing, there's Samboye, who kootoos to Workman and bullies all the rest. He puts on more airs than a mowing-machine agent at a State fair. He makes *every*body tired. Next to him comes Tyler—Tony Tyler—you'll like him; that is, if he takes a fancy to you. He knows about eighteen hundred times as much as Samboye does, only somehow he hasn't the faculty of putting it on paper. Too much whiskey. Then there's Dent—he's a Young Man Christian; plays duets on the piano with his sister, you know, and all that sort of thing—but he's away now on his vacation. And then Billy Murtagh—he's a rattling good fellow if you don't let him borrow money of you. He does part of the telegraph and news. Those are the only fellows upstairs."

"But where do you come in?"

"Me? Oh, I'm the City Editor. I and my gang are downstairs. I made a strike to have you down with me, and put you on police court, but Workman wouldn't have it. It's all poppycock, for they've got more men upstairs now than they know what to do with. However, if Workman thinks the people want to read editorials on the condition of Macedonia more than they do local news,

he can go ahead. It's none of my funeral."

"Do you know what special work I am to do?"

"From all I hear, it would be easier to tell what you're not to do. Everyone of them has got a scheme for unloading something on you. First, you're to do a lot of Dent's work, like the proofs and 'Agricultural' and 'Religious'; then Murtagh wants to put 'State News' on you, and Tyler tells me you've got to do the weekly as soon as you get your hand in, and 'Art, Music, and the Drama' is a thing that must go upstairs, now that the baseball season has begun, for I can't attend to it. But if they play it too low down on you, just you make a stout kick to Workman about it."

While Seth pondered this outlook and advice, they reached the *Chronicle* office, and presently, by a succession of dark and devious stairways, he found himself in an ancient cockloft, curiously cut up by low partitions into compartments like horse-stalls, each with a window at the end, and was introduced as "the new man" to Mr. Anthony Tyler, otherwise Tony.

This gentleman bore no outward signs of the excess of spirituous liquor, to which Tom had alluded, and was very cordial and pleasant. He was extremely dark in hair, beard, and eyes, seemed to be not more than thirty, and sat at a table piled high with books, clippings, and the like, and surrounded by great heaps of papers. Tom glanced over two or three of these latter, and then went off humming a tune lightly, and calling out to Seth, in imitation of a popular air, as he rattled downstairs, "I'll meet you when the form goes down."

Among other polite questions Tyler asked Seth where he was stopping.

"Nowhere permanently. I must find some place. I stopped last night with Mr. Votts."

"With whom?"

"With Mr. Votts, the gentleman who just left us."

"Oh, you mean Tom Watts. You've got his name wrong."

"Come to think of it, it was a German who called him that last evening, and I was misled by his pronunciation."

Mr. Tyler's face grew more serious.

"You are a stranger here. Let me give you some advice. Don't cultivate Mr. Watts's German friends. He's not a bad chap of his sort, but he drinks altogether too much beer. Who drinks beer, thinks beer, as Johnson says. Perhaps I can be of use to you in the matter of a boarding-house. Oh, here's Murtagh," he continued introducing Seth to another tall, slender young man, who had come up the stairs with an armfull of papers; "he will take you now, and give you an idea of your work." Whereupon Mr. Tyler turned again to his papers and shears, and Seth followed the new-comer to the farthest stall in the row, which was henceforth to be his own.

There came a brief quarter of an hour in the afternoon when what seemed to the novice a state of the wildest excitement reigned in the editorial room. An inky boy in a huge leather apron dashed from stall to stall shouting an interrogative "Thirty for you?" His master and patron, the foreman, also aproned from chin to knees, with shirt-sleeves rolled up to the biceps, followed with the same mysterious question, put in an injured and indignant tone. A loud, sharp discussion between this magnate and Tyler, profanely dictatorial on the one side, profanely satirical on the other, rose suddenly and filled the room with its clamor. An elderly man, bald as a billiard ball, and dressed like a clergyman, came bounding up the stairs, pulling out his watch as he advanced, and demanding fiercely the reason for this delay. There was an outburst of explanation, in which four or five voices joined, mingling personal abuse freely with their analysis of the situation. Tom Watts leaped up the stairs, four steps at a time, and hurled himself into the controversy. Seth could distinguish in this babel of exclamations such phrases as—

"You better get some india-rubber chases!" "If that fire's cut down, you might as well not go to press at all!" "If somebody would get down here in the morning, we could get our matter up in time." "I'm sick and tired of getting out telegraph for these chuckle-

headed printers to throw on the floor!" "That Mayhew matter's been standing on the galleys so long already that it's got gray-headed!" "By the Lord Harry, I'll make a rule that the next time we miss the Wyoming mail it shall be taken out of your wages!"

Here the inky boy galloped through to Seth with a proof-sheet, shouting, "You've got a minute and a half to read this in!" The bald, elderly gentleman, who seemed to be Mr. Workman, came and stood over Seth, watch in hand, scowling impatiently. Under this embarrassment the wet letters danced before his eyes, and he could find no errors, though it turned out later that he had passed "elephant" for "elopement," and ruined Watts's chief sensation. A few minutes later, the clang of the presses in the basement shook the old building, and the inky boy bustled through the room again, pitching a paper into each of the stalls. There was a moment of silence, broken only by the soft rustling of the damp sheets. Then simultaneously from the several tables rose a chorus of violent objurgation.

Seth heard the voice which he had learned was Samboye's roar out, "What dash-dashed idiot has made me say 'our martyr President Abraham Sinclair?' Stop the press!" There were other voices: "Here's two lines of markets upside down!" "Oh, I say, this is *too* bad. *Môyen age* is 'mayonaise' in my Shylock notice, and it's Mrs. McCullough instead of Mr." "I'm dashed if the paper looks as if it had been read at all. We can't have such proof-reading as this!"

While these comments were still proceeding the noise of the press suddenly ceased. The silence was terrible to Seth's guilty consciousness, for he had heard enough to know that it was his fault. Mr. Workman entered the room again, and again Samboye's deep voice was heard, repeating the awful Sinclair-Lincoln error. Seth had looked at his fresh copy of the *Chronicle*, with some vague hope that the editor was mistaken, but, alas! it was too true. Mr. Workman came over to his stall; he had put his watch back in his pocket, but his countenance was stern and unbending.

"You are Mr. Fairchild, I presume," he said.

Seth rose to his feet, blushing, and murmured, "Yes, sir."

"I understood from your brother that you were used to newspaper work."

"Well, I thought I was. I have been around the *Banner of Liberty* office a great deal, but it seems so different on a daily."

"H'm—yes. Well, I dare say you'll learn."

Luckily the press started up again here, and Mr. Workman, looking at his watch once more, went downstairs.

Seth felt most grievously depressed. Looking back, his first day had been full of mortification and failure. The use of scissors and mucilage brush was painfully unfamiliar to his clumsy fingers. The scope and intention of the various news departments he had been told to take charge of were unknown to him, and he had watched Murtagh go over the matter he submitted, striking out page after page, saying curtly, "We've had this," "This is only worth a line or two," or, "This belongs in 'County Notes,'" with a sinking heart. His duties were so mechanical and commonplace, after what he had conceived an editor's functions to be, that his ineptitude was doubly humiliating.

Then there was this dreadful proof-reading failure. Murtagh had given him the sample proof-sheet in the back of the dictionary to copy his marks from—and he had copied them with such scrupulous efforts after exactness that the printers couldn't understand them. These printers—he could see them through the windows opposite, standing pensively over their tall cases, and moving their right arms between the frames and their sticks with the monotonous regularity of an engine's piston-rod—seemed a very sarcastic and disagreeable body of men, to judge by the messages of criticism on his system of marking which the inky boy had delivered for them with such fidelity and enjoyment during the day. He had eaten nothing since the early breakfast, and felt faint and tired. The rain outside, beating dismally on the window and the tin roof beyond, added to his gloom, and the ceaseless drumming of

the presses below increased his headache.

The other men seemed to have nothing to do now save to talk, but he turned wearily to the great mound of exchanges from which Murtagh had directed him to extract "Society Jottings" and "Art, Music and the Drama," after the paper went to press.

He spent a few despairing minutes on the threshold of the task—enough to see clearly that it was beyond his strength. Society was Syriac to him, and he had never seen a play acted, beyond an occasional presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "The Octoroon," by strolling tenth-rate mummers in the tiny hall at Thessaly. How could he select matter for such departments? He wavered for a time, from a disinclination to confront men who had just condemned his work so unsparingly, but at last he got up from the table where he had been pinned all day, and went over to the farther end of the room.

There was a sort of conclave about Tyler's table. Both he and Samboye reclined in tipped-back chairs, with their feet upon it; Watts sat on the table swinging his legs, his straw hat still on the back of his head, and Murtagh was perched in the window-seat. Their conversation, which had been flowing freely, stopped as Seth approached. He had expected to be introduced to his editor, Mr. Samboye, but no one seemed to think of it, and that gentleman himself relieved him of the embarrassment by nodding, not uncourteously but with formality.

"Mr. Fairchild," he said, with impressive slowness, "in the pursuit of a high career you will be powerfully aided by keeping in recollection the fact that the sixteenth President of the United States was named Lincoln, and not Sinclair. We have a prejudice too, weak as it may seem, in favor of spelling 'interval' with a 'v' rather than an 'n.'"

Seth did not find it so difficult to address this great man as he had anticipated. He said simply that he was very sorry, but the work was utterly new to him, it was his first day; he hoped to learn soon, etc. Emboldened by the sound of his own voice, he added his doubts about being able to satisfactorily preside over such exacting columns as "Society Jottings" and "Art, Music and the Drama"—and gave reasons.

"By George!" cried Watts, "I envy you! Just fancy a man who has never seen anything but 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—and not even that with real Siberian bloodhounds. You shall begin going to-night. I'll take you to 'Muldoon's Picnic.'"

"Well, at any rate," remarked Mr. Tyler, "you can do 'Agricultural.' You must know that right down to the ground."

"Yes," assented Seth, "I think I ought to manage that. The truth is, most of the stuff the papers print for farmers is nonsense—pure rubbish."

"I suppose it is. I know that Dent—he is a New York City boy, who doesn't know clover from cabbage—once put in a paragraph about the importance of feeding chickens on rock salt, and an old farmer from Boltus came in early one morning and whaled the book-keeper out of his boots because he had followed the advice and killed all his hens. There must be some funny man out West somewhere who makes up these bad agricultural paragraphs, and of course they get copied. How can fellows like Dent, for instance, tell which are good and which are not? But they can't fool you, and that'll be an advantage. Then there's 'Religious.' You can do that easily enough, I should think."

"Yes," interposed Murtagh, "all you have to do is to lay for the Obago *Evening Mercury*. Every Saturday that has a column of 'Religious.' Alec Watson, a fellow in that office, has fifty-two of these columns, extracts from Thomas à Kempis and Wesley and Spurgeon, and that sort of thing, which have been running in the *Mercury* since before the war. When New Year's comes he starts 'em going again, round and round. Nobody knows the difference. Well, their columns are longer than ours, so each week you can run about half their paragraphs—the shortest ones—and then fill in with some news notes, statistics, you know, about how many churches the Moravians have now, and that sort of thing. You can pick those up during the week anywhere."

"Then there ought to be some orig-

inality about it too," said Tom Watts. "It is just as well to sling in some items of your own, I think, such as 'There is a growing desire among the Baptists to have Bishops, like other people,' or, 'It is understood that at the coming Consistory the Pope will create seven new American Cardinals.' That last is a particularly good point. Every once in a while predict more cardinals. It doesn't hurt anybody, and it makes you solid when the thing does happen. There's nothing like original news to show the influence of journalism. One morning, after the cakes had been bad for a week —heavy, sour, or something else—I said to my landlady that I believed the fault must be in the buckwheat. She said no, she didn't think so, for the flour looked very nice indeed. I put a line in 'Local Glimpses' that day saying that unfortunately the buckwheat this year was of inferior quality, and the very next morning she apologized to me: said I was right; the buckwheat *was* bad; she had read so in the *Chronicle*. Can you imagine a nobler illustration of the power of the press?"

Seth looked attentively at the speaker, to see if he was joking, but there was no more evidence of mirth in his thin face than in the serious tone of his voice. None of the others laughed.

Mr. Samboye said some of the most remarkable things, at once humorous and highly original, and put in an elaborate frame of big, unusual words. He was a huge man in frame, with an enormous head, bushy eyebrows, heavy whiskers, a ponderous manner, a tremendous voice—in fact seemed to Seth precisely the kind of man from whom delicate wit and soft shading of phrases were not to be expected. He happened for the nonce to be in a complaisant mood, and was relaxing himself in the company of "his young men," as he liked to call his colleagues. But ordinarily he was overbearing and arbitrary, and this had rankled so deeply in their minds that they listened with apathy, unresponsive, to his choicest sallies, and Watts even combated him, with scant courtesy it seemed to Seth.

To him this monologue of the editor's was a revelation. He had never heard such brilliant talk, such a wonderful mastery of words, such delicious humor. He drank it all in eagerly, and laughed aloud at its broader points—the more heartily, perhaps, because no one else smiled. This display of appreciation bore fruit after its kind. Before Mr. Samboye went he spoke some decidedly gracious words to Seth, saying among other things:

"However harshly we may be tempted by momentary stress of emotion to speak, always remember that we unitedly feel your fresh bucolic interest in things, your virginal capacity for admiration, and your pristine flush of enthusiasm for your work to be distinct acquisitions to the paper," which Seth felt to be somewhat nonsensical, but still was grateful for.

After Mr. Samboye had gone, Tom Watts took occasion to warn him in an aside:

"Be careful how you appear to curry favor with Samboye before the other fellows. Oh, I know you didn't think of it—but don't laugh at his jokes. They'll think you're trying to climb over them, and they'll be unpleasant to you, perhaps."

(To be continued.)



THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By H. C. Bunner.

III.



T. JOHN'S PARK and Hudson Street, and all well-bred New York, for that matter, had its fill of the Dolph hospitality the next winter. It was dinner and ball and rout and merry-making of one sort or another, the season through. The great family sleighs and the little bachelor sleighs whirred and jingled up to the Dolph door surely two, and sometimes four evenings in every week, and whirred and jingled away again at intensely fashionable hours, such as plain folk used for sleeping.

They woke up Abram Van Riper, did the revellers northward bound to country houses on the riverside, and, lying deep in his feather-bed, he directed his rumbling imprecations at the panes of glass, that sparkled with frost in the mild moonlight.

> Oh, come, maidens, come o'er the blue, rolling wave,
> The lovely should still be the care of the brave—
> Trancadillo, trancadillo, trancadillo, dillo, dillo, dillo!

sang the misguided slaves of fashion, as they sped out of hearing.

"Trancadillo!" rumbled Mr. Van Riper. "I'd like to trancadillo them, consume 'em!" and then he cursed his old friend's social circle for a parcel of trumpery fools; and Mrs. Van Riper, lying by his side, sighed softly with chastened regret and hopeless aspiration.

But everybody else—everybody who was anybody—blessed the Dolphs, and the Dolphs' cellar, and their man-servant, and their maid-servant, and their roasted ox and their saddle of venison, and the distinguished stranger who was within their gates; and young Mrs. Dolph was made as welcome as she made others.

For the little girl with the great dark eyes took to all this giddiness as naturally as possible—after her quiet fashion. The dark eyes sparkled with subdued pleasure that had no mean pride in it when she sat at the head of her great mahogany table and smiled at the double row of bright faces that hemmed in the gorgeous display of the Dolph silver and china and fine linen. And it was wonderful how charming were the famous Des Anges manners, when they were softened and sweetened by so much grace and beauty.

"Who would have thought she had it in her?" said the young ladies down in St. John's Park. "You remember her, don't you, what a shy little slip of a thing she was when we were at old Dumesnil's together? Who was it used to say that she had had the life grandmothered out of her?"

"Fine little creature, that wife of Dolph's," said the young men, as they strolled about in Niblo's Garden. "Dolph wouldn't have had the road all to himself if that old dragon of a grandmother had given the girl half a chance. 'Gad, she's an old grenadier! They say that Dolph had to put her to her facings the day after he was married, and that he did it in uncommon fine style, too."

"He's a lucky devil, that Dolph," the younger ones would sigh. "Nothing to do, all the money he wants, pretty wife, and the best wine in New York! I wish my old man would cut the shop and try to get an education in wine."

Their devotion to the frivolities of fashion notwithstanding, the young Dolphs were a loving, and, in a way, a domestic couple. Of course, everybody they knew had to give them a dinner or a ball, or pay them some such social tribute, and there were a myriad calls to be received and returned; but they found time for retired communings, even for long drives in the sleigh which, many a time in young Jacob Dolph's bachelor

days, had borne the young man and a female companion—not always the same companion, either—up the Bloomingdale Road. And in the confidences of those early days young Jacob learned what his gentle little wife told him—without herself realizing the pathos of it—the story of her crushed, unchildlike youth, loveless till he came, her prince, her deliverer. Dolph understood it; he had known, of course, that she could not have been happy under the régime of Madam Des Anges; but when he heard the simple tale in all its monotonous detail, and saw spread out before him this poor young life, with its thousand little disappointments, submissions, abnegations, and undeserved punishments and needless restrictions, a generous rage glowed in his heart, and perhaps sprang once in a while to his indiscreet lips; and out of this grew a deeper and maturer tenderness than his honeymoon love for the sweet little soul that he had at first sought only for the dark eyes through which it looked out upon its joyless world.



It is unwise to speak in profane language, it is injudicious to speak disrespectfully of old age, yet the Recording Angel, if he did not see fit to let a tear fall upon the page, perchance found it convenient to be mending his pen when young Jacob Dolph once uttered certain words that made his wife cry out:

"Oh, Jacob, don't, *please* don't. She didn't mean it!"

This is only a supposition. Perhaps Madam Des Anges really had meant well. But oh, how much happier this world would be if all the people who "mean

well" and do ill would only take to meaning ill and doing well!

. . . . . .

Jacob Dolph the elder took but a doubtful part in all the festivities. The cloud that had hung dimly over him had begun to show little rifts; but the dark masses between the rifts were thicker and heavier than ever. It was the last brief convulsive struggle of the patient against the power of the anæsthetic, when the nervous hand goes up to put the cloth away from the mouth, just before the work is done and consciousness slips utterly away, and life is no more for the sufferer, though his heart beat and the breath be warm between his lips.

When he was bright he was almost like his old self, and these delusive periods came oftenest when he met some old friend, or in quiet morning hours when his daughter—so he always called her—sat at his feet in the sunny breakfast-room, and sewed and listened, or perhaps read to him from Scott's latest novel.

He may have had some faint sub-consciousness of his condition, for although he took the deepest interest in the balls and the dinners, he would never appear before his son's guests except when he was at his best and brightest. But he loved to sit, withdrawn in a corner, watching the young life that fluttered through the great rooms, smiling to himself, and gently pleased if some old crony sought him out and talked of old times—the older the times were, the better he remembered them. Indeed, he now recalled some things that he had not thought of since his far-off boyhood.

In truth, the younger Dolphs often had small heart in their festal doings. But the medical science of the day, positive, self-satisfied, and blinded by all manner of tradition, gave them, through its ministers, cruelly false hopes of the old man's ultimate recovery. Besides, they could not well order things otherwise. The extravagant hospitality of the day demanded such ceremonial, and to have abated any part of it would only have served to grieve and to alarm the object of their care.

The whole business was a constant pride and joy to old Mr. Jacob Dolph. When there was a dinner to be given, he would follow Aline as she went about the house superintending the preparations of her servants, in her flowered apron of black silk, with her bunch of keys—honest keys, those, a good four inches long, with tongues as big as a domino—jingling at her side. He would himself overlook the making ready of the wines, and give oft-repeated instructions as to the proper temperature for the port, and see that the champagne was put on ice in the huge octagonal cellaret in the dining-room corner. And when all was ready, as like as not he would kiss Aline on the forehead, and say:

"I have a headache to-night, my dear, and I think I shall take my dinner in my room."

And he would go feebly upstairs, and when old Julius, who always waited upon him, brought up his tray, he would ask:

"Is it a fine dinner, Julius? Did everybody come?"

And Julius would invariably reply, with profound African dignity:

"Mons'us gran' dinneh, seh! 'E fines' dinneh I eveh witness', seh! I have stood behin' you' chai', seh, this thutty y'ah, an' I neveh see no such a gran' dinneh, Misteh Do'ph, seh!"

"Except the dinner we gave Mr. Hamilton, in State Street, Julius," the old man would put in.

"*Ex*cep' that, seh," Julius would gravely reply: "*that* was a pol-litical dinneh, seh; an', *of* co'se, a pol-litical dinneh—" an expressive pause—"but this he' is sho'ly a mons'us fine dinneh, seh."

. . . . . .

His bodily vigor was unimpaired, however, and except that his times of entire mental clearness grew fewer and briefer as the months went on, there was little change in the old gentleman when the spring of 1829 came. He was not insane, he was not idiotic, even at the worst. It seemed to be simply a premature old age that clouded his faculties. He forgot many things, he was weakly absent-minded, often he did not recognize a familiar face, and he seemed ever more and more disinclined to think and to talk. He liked best to sit in si-



"Mons'us gran' dinneh, Seh!"

lence, seemingly unconscious of the world about him; and if he was aroused from his dreamy trance, his wandering speech would show that his last thought —and it might have entered his mind hours before, at the suggestion of some special event—was so far back in the past that it dealt with matters beyond his son's knowledge.

He was allowed to do as he pleased, for in the common affairs of daily life he seemed to be able to care for himself, and he plaintively resented anything that looked like guardianship. So he kept up his custom of walking down into the city, at least as far as St. Paul's. It was thought to be safe enough, for he was a familiar figure in the town, and had friends at every turn.

But one afternoon he did not return in time for dinner. Young Jacob was out for his afternoon ride, which that day had taken him in the direction of the good doctor's house. And when he had reached the house, he found the doctor likewise mounted for a ride. The doctor was going up to Bond Street—the Dolphs' quarter was growing fashionable already—to look at a house near Broadway that he had some thoughts of buying, for he was to be married the coming winter. So they had ridden back together, and, after a long examination of the house, young Jacob had ridden off for a gallop through the country lanes; and it was five o'clock, and dinner was on the table, when he came to his father's house and learned from tearful Aline that his father was missing.

The horse was at the stable-door when young Jacob mounted him once more and galloped off to Bond Street, where he found the doctor just ready to turn down the Bowery; and they joined forces and hurried back, and down Broadway, inquiring of the people who sat on their front stoops—it was a late spring evening, warm and fair—if they had seen old Mr. Dolph that day.

Many had seen him as he went down; but no one could remember that the old gentleman had come back over his accustomed path. At St. Paul's, the sexton thought that Mr. Dolph had prolonged his walk down the street. Further on, some boys had seen him, still going southward. The searchers stopped at one or two of the houses where he might have called; but there was no trace of him. It was long since old Jacob Dolph had made a formal call.

But at Bowling Green they were hailed by Mr, Philip Waters, who came toward them with more excitement in his mien than a young man of good society often exhibited.

"I was going for a carriage, Dolph," he said: "Your father is down there in the Battery Park, and I'm afraid—I'm afraid he's had a stroke of paralysis."

They hurried down, and found him lying on the grass, his head on the lap of a dark-skinned, ear-ringed Spanish sailor. He had been seen to fall from the bench near by, another maritime man in the crowd about him explained.

"It was only a minute or two ago," said the honest seafarer, swelled with the importance that belongs to the narrator of a tale of accident and disaster: "He was a-setting there, had been for two hours 'most, just a-staring at them houses over there, and all of a sudden, chuck forward he went, right on his face. And then a man came along that knowed him, and said he'd go for a kerridge, or I'd 'a' took him on my sloop—she's a-layin' here now, with onions from Weathersfield—and treated him well—I see he wa'n't no disrespectable character. Here, Pedro, them's the old man's folks—let 'em take him. A-setting there nigh on two hours, he was, just a-studying them houses. B'long near here?"

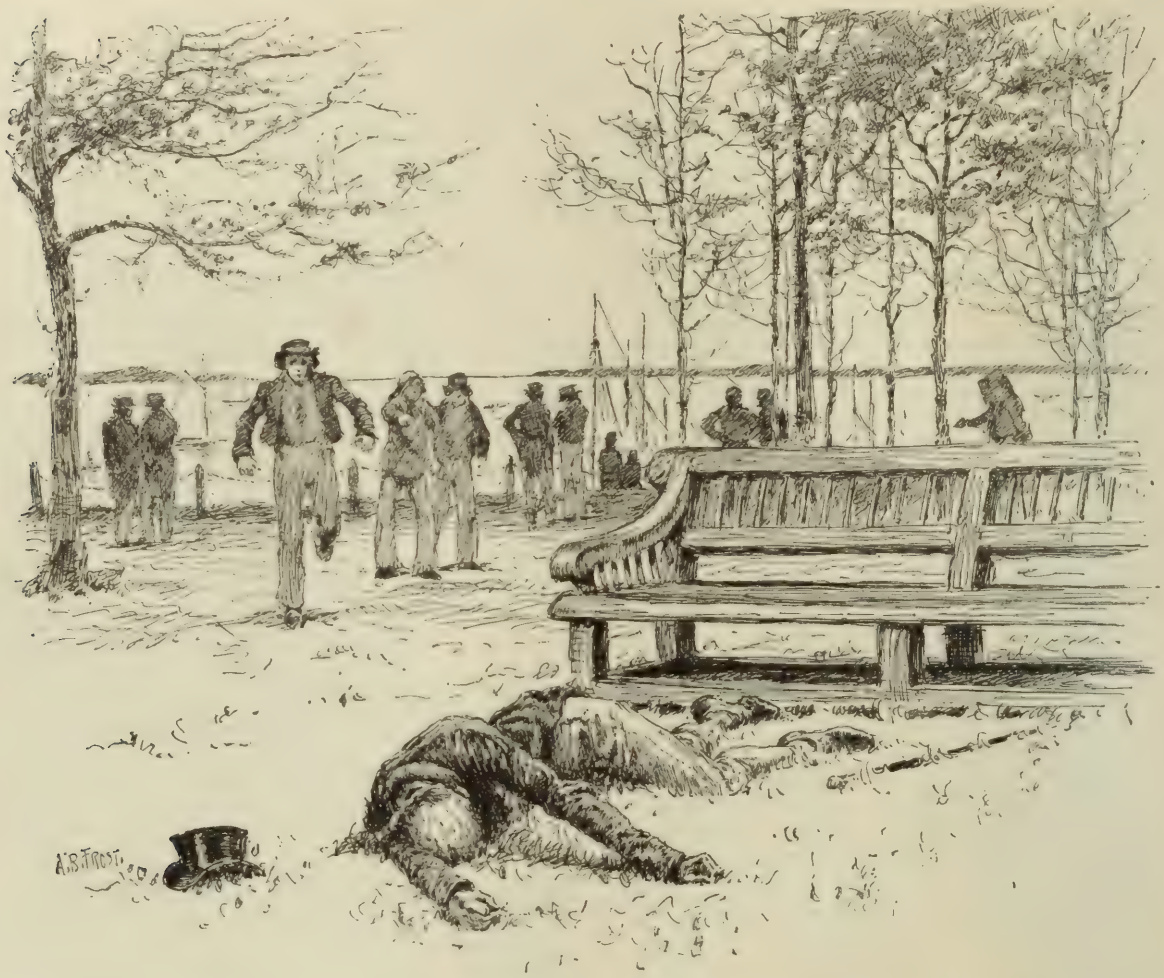
Young Jacob had no words for the Connecticut captain. Waters had arrived, with somebody's carriage, confiscated on the highway, and they gently lifted up the old gentleman and set off homeward. They were just in time, for Waters had been the earliest of the evening promenaders to reach the Battery. It was dinner hour—or supper hour for many—and the Park was given up to the lounging sailors from the riverside streets.

The doctor's face was dark.

"No, it is not paralysis," he said: "Let us proceed at once to your own home, Mr. Dolph. In view of what I am now inclined to consider his condition, I think it would be the most advisable course."

He was as precise and exact in his speech, even then, as he was later on, when years had given an innocent, genial pomposity to his delivery of his rounded sentences.

They put old Jacob Dolph to bed in the room which he had always occupied, in his married as in his widowed days. He never spoke again; that day, indeed, he hardly moved. But on the next he stirred uneasily, as though he were striving to change his position. The doctor bled him, and they shifted him as best they could, but he seemed no more comfortable. So the doctor bled him again; and even that did no good.



About sunset, Aline, who had watched over him with hardly a moment's rest, left the room for a quarter of an hour, to listen to what the doctors had to say —there were four of them in the drawing-room below. When she and her husband entered the sick-room again, the old man had moved in his bed. He was lying on his side, his face to the windows that looked southward, and he had raised himself a little on his arm. There was a troubled gaze in his eyes, as of one who strains to see something that is unaccountably missing from his sight. He turned his head a little, as though to listen. Thus gazing, with an inward and spiritual vision only, at the bay that his eyes might never again see, and listening to the waves whose cadence he should hear no more, the troubled look faded into one of inscrutable peace, and he sank back into the hollow of his son's arm and passed away.

. . . . . .

The next time that the doctor was in the house it was of a snowy night a few days after New Year's Day. It was half-past two o'clock in the morning, and Jacob Dolph—no longer Jacob Dolph the younger—had been pacing furiously up and down the long dining-room—that being the longest room in the house—when the doctor came downstairs, and

addressed him with his usual unruffled precision:

"I will request of you, Dolph, a large glass of port. I need not suggest to you that it is unnecessary to stint the measure, for the hospitality of this house is——"

"How is she, doctor? For God's sake, tell me—is she—is she——"

"The hospitality of this house is prover—," the precise doctor recommenced.

"Damn the hospitality!" cried Jacob Dolph: "I mean—oh, doctor—tell me—is anything wrong?"

"Should I request of you the cup of amity and geniality, Mr. Dolph, were there cause for anything save rejoicing in this house?" demanded the physician, with amiable severity. "I had thought that my words would have conveyed——"

"It's all over?"

"And bravely over!" And the doctor nodded his head with a dignified cheerfulness.

"And may I go to her?"

"You may, sir, after you have given me my glass of port. But remember, sir——"

Dolph turned to the sideboard, grasped a bottle and a glass, and thrust them into the doctor's hands, and started for the door.

"But remember, sir," went on the unperturbed physician, "you must not agitate or excite her. A gentle step, a tranquil tone, and a cheerful and encouraging address, brief and affectionate, will be all that is permitted."

Dolph listened in mad impatience, and was over the threshold before the doctor's peremptory call brought him back.

"What is it now?" he demanded, impatiently.

The doctor looked at him with a gaze of wonder and reproach.

"It is a male child, sir," he said.

Jacob Dolph crept up the stairs on tiptoe. As he paused for a moment in front of a door at the head, he heard the weak, spasmodic wail of another Dolph.

. . . . . .

"There's no help for it—I've got to do it," said Jacob Dolph.

It was another wintry morning, just after breakfast. The snow was on the ground, and the sleigh-bells up in Broadway sent down a faint jingling. Ten winters had come and gone, and Mr. Dolph was as comfortably stout as a man should be who is well fed and forty. He stood with his back to the fire, pulling at his whiskers, which formed what was earlier known as a Newgate collar, with his right thumb and forefinger. His left thumb was stuck in the armhole of his flowered satin waistcoat, black and shiny.

Opposite him sat a man of his own age, clean-shaven and sharp-featured. He had calm, somewhat cold, gray eyes, a deliberate, self-contained manner of speaking, and a pallid, dry complexion that suited with his thin features. His dress was plain, although it was thoroughly neat. He had no flowered satin waistcoat; but something in his bearing told you that he was a man who had no anxiety about the narrow things of the counting-room; who had no need to ask himself how much money was coming in to-morrow. And at the same time you felt that every cent of whatever might be to-morrow's dues would find its way to his hands as surely as the representative figures stood on his ledger's page. It was young Mr. Van Riper—but he, too, had lost his right to that title, not only because of his years, but because in the garret of the house in Greenwich Village, a cobweb stretched from one of the low beams to the head of old Abram Van Riper's great walking-stick, which stood in the corner where it had been placed, with other rubbish, the day after Abram Van Riper's funeral.

"I should not advise it, Dolph, if it can be helped," Mr. Van Riper observed, thoughtfully.

"It can't be helped."

"I can give you your price, of course," Van Riper went on, with deliberation; "but equally of course, it won't be anything like what the property will bring in the course of a few years."

Dolph kicked at the hearth-rug, as he answered, somewhat testily:

"I'm not making a speculation of it."

Mr. Van Riper was unmoved.

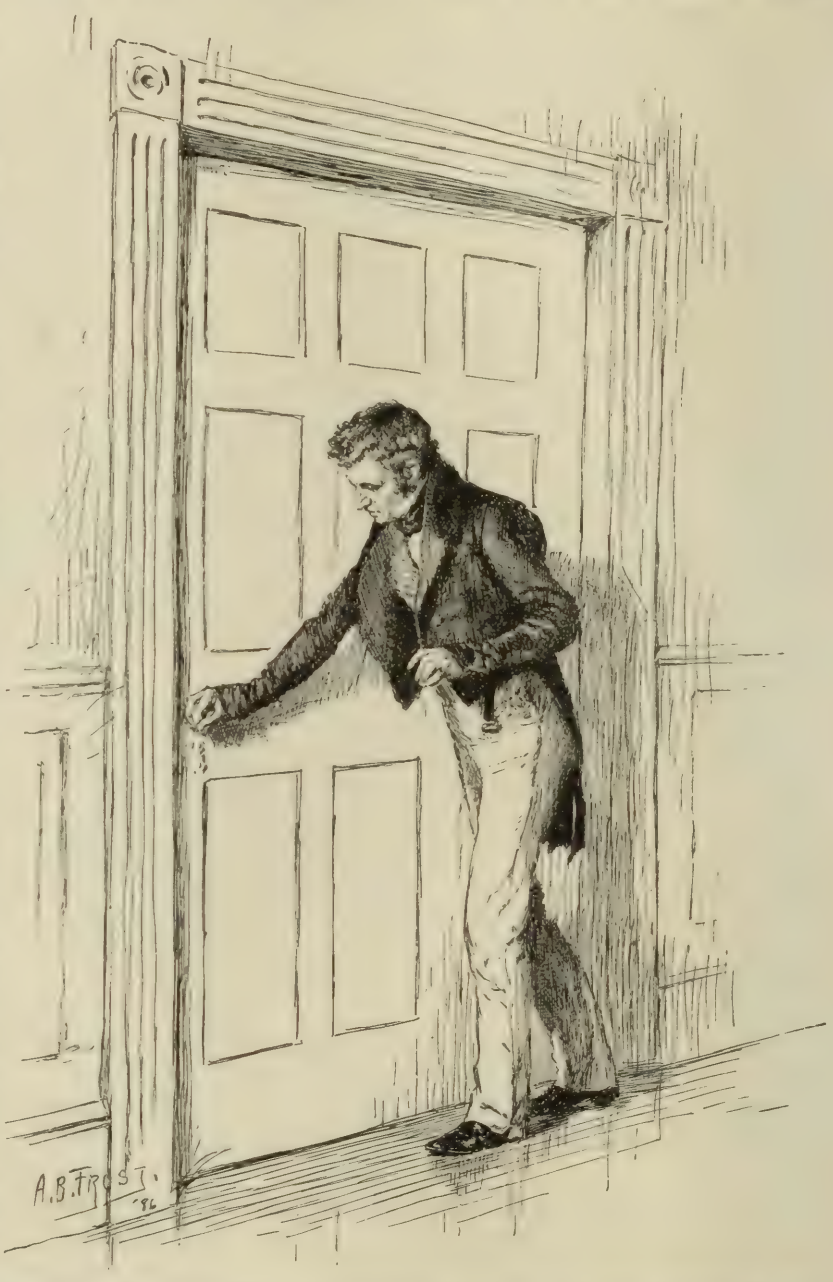
"And I'm not making a speculation of you, either," he said, calmly; "I am speaking only for your own benefit, Dolph."

Mr. Dolph put his hands in his pockets, strode to the window and back again, and then said, with an uneasy little laugh:

"I beg your pardon, Van Riper; you're quite right, of course. The fact is, I've got to do it. I must have the money, and I must have it now."

Mr. Van Riper stroked his sharp chin.

"Is it necessary to raise the money in that particular way? You are temporarily embarrassed. I don't wish to be intrusive—but why not borrow what you need, and give me a mortgage on the house?"



Ten years had given Jacob Dolph a certain floridity; but at this he blushed a hot red.

"Mortgage on the house? No, sir," he said, with emphasis.

"Well, any other security, then," was Van Riper's indifferent amendment.

Again Jacob Dolph strode to the window and back again, staring hard at the carpet, and knitting his brows.

Mr. Van Riper waited in undisturbed calm until his friend spoke once more.

"I might as well tell you the truth, Van Riper," he said, at last; "I've made a fool of myself. I've lost money, and I've got to pocket the loss. As to borrowing, I've borrowed all I ought to borrow. I *won't* mortgage the house. This sale simply represents the hole in my capital."

Something like a look of surprise came into Mr. Van Riper's wintry eyes.

"It's none of my business, of course," he observed; "but if you haven't any objection to telling me——"

"What did it? What does for everybody nowadays? Western lands and Wall Street—that's about the whole story. Oh, yes, I know—I ought to have kept out of it. But I didn't. I was nothing better than a fool at such business. I'm properly punished."

He sighed as he stood on the hearth-rug, his hands under his coat-tails, and his head hanging down. He looked as though many other thoughts were going through his mind than those which he expressed.

"I wish," he began again, "that my poor old father had brought me up to

business ways. I might have kept out of it all. College is a good thing for a man, of course; but college doesn't teach you how to buy lots in Western cities—especially when the Western cities aren't built."

"College teaches you a good many other things, though," said Van Riper, frowning slightly, as he put the tips of his long fingers together; "I wish I'd had your chance, Dolph. *My* boy shall go to Columbia, that's certain."

"*Your* boy?" queried Dolph, raising his eyebrows.

Van Riper smiled.

"Yes," he said, "my boy. You didn't know I had a boy, did you? He's nearly a year old."

This made Mr. Jacob Dolph kick at the rug once more, and scowl a little.

"I'm afraid I haven't been very neighborly, Van Riper—," he began; but the other interrupted him, smiling good-naturedly.

"You and I go different ways, Dolph," he said. "We're plain folks over in Greenwich village, and you—you're a man of fashion."

Jacob Dolph smiled—not very mirthfully. Van Riper's gaze travelled around the room, quietly curious.

"It costs money to be a man of fashion, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Dolph, "it does."

There was silence for a minute, which Van Riper broke.

"If you've got to sell, Dolph, why, it's a pity; but I'll take it. I'll see Ogden to-day, and we can finish the business whenever you wish. But, in my opinion, you'd do better to borrow."

Dolph shook his head.

"I've been quite enough of a fool," he replied.

"Well," said Mr. Van Riper, rising, "I must get to the office. You'll hear from Ogden to-morrow. I'm sorry you've got in such a snarl; but—" his lips stretched into something like a smile—"I suppose you'll know better next time. Good-day."

. . . . .

After Mr. Dolph had bowed his guest to the door, Mrs. Dolph slipped down the stairs and into the drawing-room.

"Did he take it?" she asked.

"Of course he took it," Dolph answered, bitterly, "at *that* price."

"Did he say anything," she inquired again, "about its being hard for us to—to sell it?"

"He said we had better not sell it now—that it would bring more a few years hence."

"He doesn't understand," said Mrs. Dolph.

"He *couldn't* understand," said Mr. Dolph.

Then she went over to him and kissed him.

"It's only selling the garden, after all," she said; "it isn't like selling our home."

He put his arm about her waist, and they walked into the breakfast-room, and looked out on the garden which to-morrow would be theirs no longer, and in a few months would not be a garden at all.

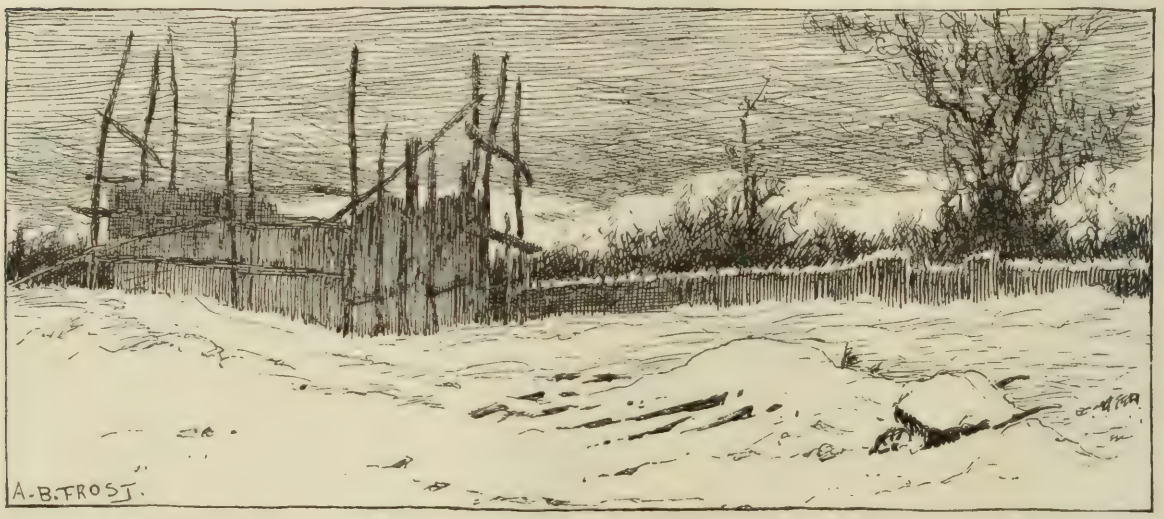
High walls hemmed it in—the walls of the houses which had grown up around them. A few stalks stood up out of the snow, the stalks of old-fashioned flowers—hollyhock, and larkspur, and Job's-tears, and the like—and the lines of the beds were defined by the tiny hedges of box, with the white snow-powder sifted into their dark, shiny green. The bare rose-bushes were there, with their spikes of thorns, and little mounds of snow showed where the glories of the poppy-bed had bloomed.

Jacob Dolph, looking out, saw the clear summer sunlight lying where the snow lay now. He saw his mother moving about the paths, cutting a flower here and a bud there. He saw himself, a little boy in brave breeches, following her about, and looking for the harmless toads, and working each one into one of the wonderful legends which he had heard from the old German gardener across the way. He saw his father, too, pacing those paths, of summer evenings, when the hollyhocks nodded their pink heads, and glancing up, from time to time, at his mother as she sat knitting at that very window. And, last of all in the line, yet first in his mind, he saw his wife tripping out in the fresh morning to smile on the flowers she loved, to linger lovingly over the beds of verbena, and to pick the little nosegay that stood by the side of the tall coffee-urn at every summer morning breakfast.

And the wife, looking out by his side, saw that splendid boy of theirs running over path and bed, glad of the flowers and the air and the freedom, full of young life and boyish sprightliness, his long hair floating behind him, the light of hope and youth in his bright face.

And to-morrow it would be Van Riper's; and very soon there would be houses there, to close up the friendly window which had seen so much, which had let so much innocent joy and gladness into the old breakfast-room; and there would be an end of flower-bordered paths and nodding hollyhocks. She put her face upon her husband's shoulder, and cried a little, though he pretended not to know it. When she lifted it, somehow she had got her eyes dry, though they were painfully bright and large.

"It isn't like selling our house," she said.



AN INTERLUDE.

By R. Armytage.

Sighing, she spoke, and leaning clasped her knees;—
"Well hast thou sung of living men and dead,
Of fair deeds done, and far lands visited.
Sing now of things more marvellous than these!
Of fruits ungathered upon wondrous trees,
Of songs unsung, of gracious words unsaid,
Of that dim shore where no man's foot may tread,
Of strangest skies, and unbeholden seas!

Full many a golden web our longings spin,
And days are fair, and sleep is over-sweet;
But passing sweet those moments rare and fleet,
When red spring sunlight, tremulous and thin,
Makes quick the pulses with tumultuous beat
For meadows never won, or wandered in."

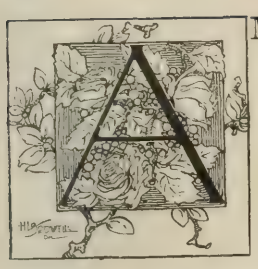


PLOUGHING AND SOWING. THE SLINGER.

Scenes from the Border of the Tapestry.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

By Edward J. Lowell.



AMONG the curiosities that are scattered through the collections and galleries of Europe, there is no single one, perhaps, so interesting to all persons who care for the past as that long piece of embroidery which is known as the "Bayeux tapestry." It will, I think, be easiest to appreciate its importance by means of a comparison. Let us suppose, then, that in the course of time the inhabitants of this continent should lose almost all the records of the late civil war; that almost every contemporary account of that great struggle should be destroyed; that a few meagre chronicles, in prose or rhyme, some of them written long after the events had occurred, and far from the scene where they happened, should be the most trustworthy sources of information concerning a contest so important to our country. And let us then suppose that in some old church library a scrap-book should be discovered, containing the pictures published by one of our weekly newspapers during the course of the war; without other letter-press, it is true, than the title of each picture, but complete from the election of Lincoln to the battles about Petersburg; from sketches drawn perhaps by an eye-witness of some of the scenes represented, and certainly by a contemporary. With what care would such pictures be studied by all who were interested in the history of their country.

A little more than eight hundred years ago a series of events took place which have influenced the condition of all men living in Great Britain and Ireland, and of all their descendants from that day to this. If William of Normandy had not conquered England, we who live in America should to-day speak a different language from that which we now speak, and be governed by different laws and customs from those which we now observe. And, moreover, there are probably few readers of this magazine some of whose direct ancestors did not fight on one side or the other in the great battle near Hastings. Of that battle, and of the events which preceded it, the Bayeux tapestry is the most interesting record, for it tells not only those great events which historians and chroniclers think worthy of their



Harold takes leave of King Edward the Confessor.

[Beginning of the Tapestry.]

trouble, but a multitude of details concerning the daily life of the two nations whose mixed descendants are Englishmen and Americans.

The term "Bayeux tapestry," although universally adopted, is not strictly correct. The object we are considering is an embroidery on linen cloth. The strip on which it is worked is two hundred and thirty feet, nine and one-third inches long, and nineteen and two-third inches wide. The linen was probably unbleached, and time and dust have brought it to the shade of brown Holland. It is divided by horizontal lines into a centre and two borders, the centre being a little more than thirteen inches wide. It is in this central part that the action of the piece takes place, over-running at times into the borders. Over the greater part of the tapestry these last are merely ornamental, being cut by diagonal lines into sections only a few inches in length, which are filled with beasts, birds, and fishes, centaurs and dragons. At times, however, little pictures from life are given, or illustrations of Æsop's fables. Men are seen ploughing and harrowing, the fowler uses his sling, the fox flatters the crow who drops her cheese into his mouth. In general the border would seem to be more uneven in merit, both as to imagination and as to execution, than the central part of the tapestry.



Harold and Guy.

In the whole composition are represented more than six hundred and twenty persons, one hundred and eighty horses, and five hundred and fifty other animals, besides ships, boats, buildings, trees, weapons, tools, and other objects. These figures are drawn and colored *flat*, without any attempt at shading, and in their spirited uncouthness remind us of the work of a clever child. The faces, hands, and legs of the human figures, when bare, are merely indicated by a line of stitches. Yet it is an instance of the durability of frail things that these faces and hands have, in many cases, retained for eight hundred years a decided expression. In the colored portions of the embroidery, where the linen ground is covered with long worsted stitches, little attempt is made to imitate the hues of nature. There is nothing improbable, it is true, in the colors of the clothing, but those of the animals are not such as are found in the common varieties. In the absence of shading and perspective, an attempt is made to supply their place by varying the color arbitrarily on the different parts of the same animal. Thus a light-blue horse may have his two legs



Aelgyva.

which are farthest from the spectator colored red, his ears green, and his mane yellow. The hoofs on his blue legs may be red, and those on his red legs green. In spite of this grotesqueness, the general effect is good ; and time, which will usually bring colors which lie near each other into harmony, however discordant

they may have been at first, has mellowed and softened the whole.

There has been some controversy as to the maker of the tapestry, and as to its exact date. It is attributed by popular tradition to Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, who is supposed to have worked it, with her ladies, to commemorate the glories of her husband. Some writers suppose it to have been made at a somewhat later date than that of her lifetime. Mr. Freeman, however, probably the best authority on the subject, assigns the work to a period little after that of the conquest, but does not attribute its manufacture to the queen. The tapestry was worked, as he thinks, for Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother to William on the mother's side. There are some reasons to suppose that English workmen were employed. Odo appears at least four times in the tapestry, and several of his vassals, otherwise almost unknown men, are represented. The tapestry itself was exhibited in the cathedral of Bayeux down to the time of the French Revolution, being stretched round the nave on certain feast days. During the eight centuries which have



The Siege of Dol.

elapsed since its completion it has escaped many dangers. The church was burned in 1106. It was pillaged by the Calvinists in 1562. In 1792 the tapestry narrowly escaped being cut up into coverings for carts for the French Revolutionary army. In 1803 it was carried to Paris and exhibited in the Musée Napoléon, to fire the French heart for a new conquest of England. On being returned to Bayeux the tapestry was wound on two cylinders or windlasses in the town-hall, and rolled from one to the other for the inspection of the curious. By this process it became somewhat frayed, especially near the ends. It was not until 1842 that the priceless relic was displayed to students and the public, under glass, in a special museum of its own. Thence it was again removed, in 1871, on the approach of the Prussian invaders. It was soon brought back, however, and stretched again in its museum, where it has been carefully copied several times.*



Harold saves the Normans from the Quicksands.

* An excellent series of colored engravings of the tapestry was published by the Society of Antiquaries, of London, in their *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. vi., in 1823; a complete series of photographs, with valuable notes, by Frank Rede Fowke (London, Arundel Society, 1875). In these photographs the reproduction is between four and a half and five inches wide. A set of colored lithographs, reduced



The Surrender of Dinan.

The design of the central portion of the tapestry is divided into scenes or compartments, the separation between them being usually made by trees or buildings. But one scene sometimes runs into another in a way to make any count uncertain. A Latin inscription, placed generally near the top of each division, tells its story in a few words. Thus the tapestry is a history of the conquest, told from the Norman side. But more valuable than the record it bears of important events is its testimony concerning the little affairs of daily life—the clothing, armor, and weapons, the food, manners, and fashions—of our ancestors.

In the first compartment King Edward the Confessor is seen, seated on a cushioned throne. His crown is on his head, his sceptre in his hand. He wears the full beard, which was then going out of fashion both in England and France. His long white hands, mentioned by William of Malmesbury, are clearly shown, as he raises a finger in admonition. Beside him stand two figures in short tunics and long hose, with mantles (a distinction of nobility) draped about them. The young men wear moustaches only, as was usual among Englishmen, the Normans being clean-shaven. These men are probably Earl Harold and a companion, taking leave of the king before their journey to France. In the next scene they ride to the sea-coast. Harold goes first, with his hawk on his hand and his dogs running before him. Although these dogs are colored blue and green, they are drawn with much life and spirit. Before sailing, Harold goes into a church, and afterward partakes of a banquet. The latter is enjoyed in a hall supported by round arches and covered by a tiled roof. Some of the guests drink from round cups, some from carved ox-horns.



William arming Harold.

When the meal is over they come down a flight of steps to the water, and, having taken off their long hose, wade out to the ship, carrying their dogs under their arms. They then step their mast and push off from the shore. The ac-

from the *Vetusta Monumenta*, and rather roughly executed, elucidated by Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., F.S.A., was published in 1856. They are about two inches wide. (London, John Russell Smith.) Articles on the tapestry are printed in the 17th and 19th volumes of the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries of London; a treatise "on the Banners of the Bayeux Tapestry, and some of the earliest heraldic charges, by Gilbert J. French," was reprinted from the Journal of the Archæological Association of Great Britain and Ireland, for July, 1857. (London, T. Richards.) Edward A. Freeman has an appendix on the tapestry in the third volume of his "History of the Norman Conquest," and there are many references to it in the history itself. The *Roman de Rou*, written by Robert Wace, about a century after the battle, has been much used in the preparation of this article. It was very carefully published by Dr. Hugo Andresen, Heilbronn, 1877. Many works on arms and armor have been consulted, and especially the fifth volume of the *Dictionnaire raisonné du Mobilier Français*, by Viollet le Duc, Paris, 1874.

tion of the men shoving with poles is well given.

The ships are long galleys, propelled by sails and by oars. The bows and sterns are high, and in many instances capped with a carved head. The sails hang from a long yard, which keeps a horizontal position, not holding one end much higher than the other, as do the lateen sails of the Lake of Geneva, or the Nile. Along the gunwale of each galley the shields of the warriors are displayed, lapping over each other to form a bulwark.

Soon land is seen from the mast-head, and presently the ship is run on a beach and an anchor set out to keep her firm. Here Harold is seized by Wido, or Guy,



Harold's Oath.

Count of Ponthieu, and taken off as a prisoner to Beaurain le Château, whence he is finally ransomed by William, Duke of Normandy. The whole incident is characteristic of the manners of the time. Whether it was by mistake or by stress of weather that Harold landed in the count's dominions we do not know. But in either case he became the lawful spoil of the lord of the land. The claim is undisputed, and William, although he is Count Guy's overlord, does not think of demanding the prisoner without ransom. The adventure has its value, moreover, in the story of the conquest of England. Harold, ransomed by William for a great price, is put under a heavy obligation to him.

The Duke of Normandy takes the English earl to Rouen, where he gives him solemn audience in a great hall surmounted by an arcade of seventeen Romanesque arches. Harold, the only Englishman present, seems to expostulate with William. The story at this point presents a mystery. The scene immediately following the interview between the duke and the earl at Rouen represents a woman, against whose face a tonsured man is laying his hand. The inscription, apparently mutilated, or intentionally left incomplete (for there are no stitch-marks), reads, in Latin, "where a clerk and Aelgyva." Mr. Fowke, in his excellent notes accompanying the photograph of the tapestry, has made a guess at the meaning of this picture, which, although incapable of proof, seems to bring it into the general course and story of the work. He surmises that Aelgyva was a noble English lady (as, indeed, is shown by her name); that she was possibly even the sister of Harold; that this lady was insulted or outraged by a member of the clergy; that this may have taken place at the Breton town of Dol; and that Harold entreated William to assist him in obtaining revenge. Thereupon we see, in the next compartment, the expedition into Brittany; the flight of the culprit, who lets himself down from the walls of Dol by a rope and escapes to Dinan; the siege and capitulation of that place. This theory, however, is contradicted by the fact, mentioned by William of Poitiers, that William's expedition to Dol was made for the purpose of raising the siege of the town, which was attacked by Conan, Duke of Brittany. Indeed, the flight of Conan from before the walls of Dol is shown in the tapestry; it is he that surrenders Dinan; and if Aelgyva's clerical lover were of the party, his affair had been lost sight of by the artist. The scandal is eight centuries old, after all, and no one but an archæologist can be expected to care much about it.

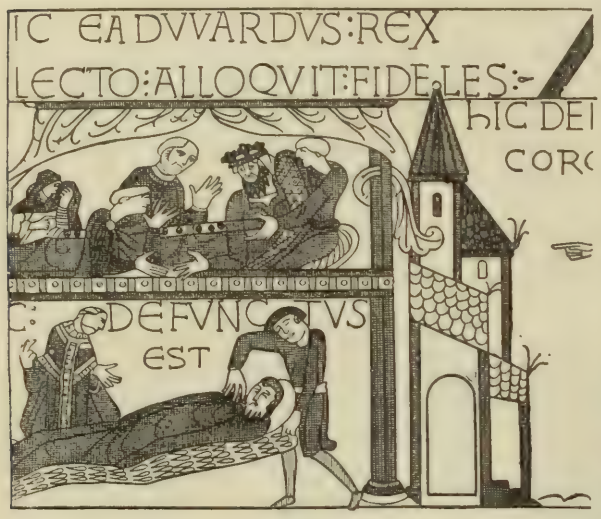
Some incidents of the Breton expedition, however, deserve notice. Passing by Mont St. Michel, the army crossed the great sandy beach which surrounds that picturesque fortress. Here the river Couesnon flows into the sea,

through dangerous quicksands. Caught among these we see the Norman army. The men carry their shields above their heads to keep them from the salt water; a horse and his rider are floundering. Harold, by his personal strength, is saving two Normans from the sands. One he carries pickapack, and the other he pulls by the wrist. Below, in the border, are eels and fishes devouring those who have been lost.



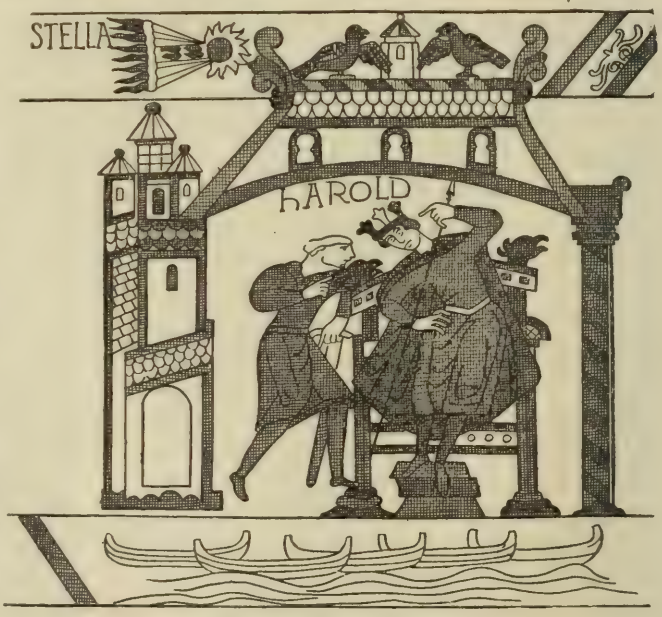
Completion of Westminster Abbey.

After chasing Conan from before Dol the Normans lay siege to Dinan. We see them on horseback and in armor advance toward the outer defences of the place. Javelins are thrown from both sides. Meanwhile two knights on foot, leaving their pennoned lances stuck in the ground, and their shields leaning against them, advance boldly to the palisade and set fire to it with torches. On the other side of the picture, Conan gives over the keys of the town. He reaches them, on a lance, from the walls to an officer (probably Duke William), who receives them in the same manner.



The Death of King Edward the Confessor.

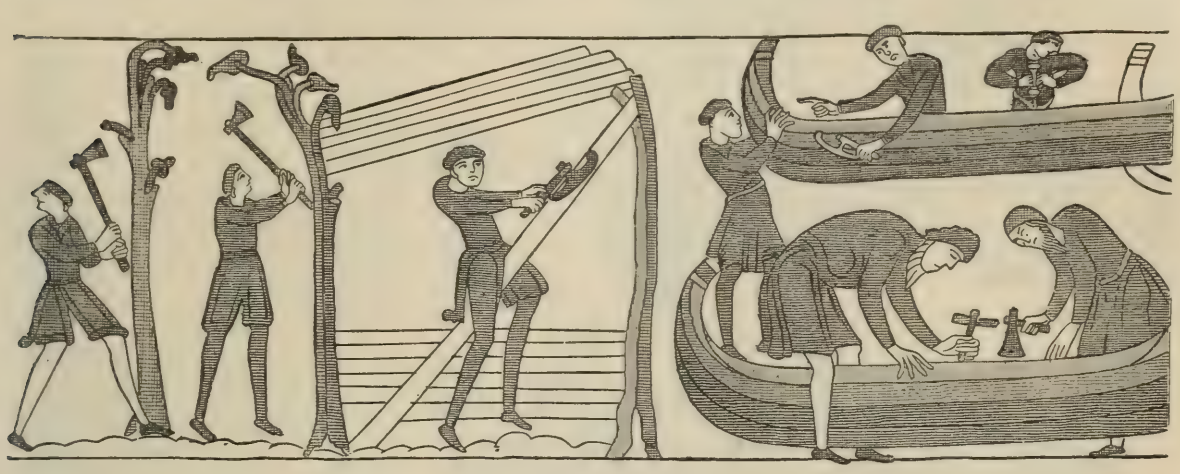
Immediately after the surrender of Dinan we have a scene with the inscription, "*Here William gave arms to Harold.*" It is probable, however, that something more than a present of the spoils of Dinan is intended. Both warriors are clad in armor. Harold holds a lance with a pennon in his left hand. William's left hand rests on Harold's helmet; his right is raised, as in earnest speech. The scene is perhaps that of conferring knighthood, a ceremony which took place, according to Wace, between the duke and the earl at Avranches. There are difficulties, however, in so considering it. Knighthood was conferred among the Normans by a ceremony on horseback. Among the Saxons it was conferred by a priest and according to a religious ritual. Here it is a layman who gives the honor, and both he and the recipient are on foot.



Bad News brought to Harold.

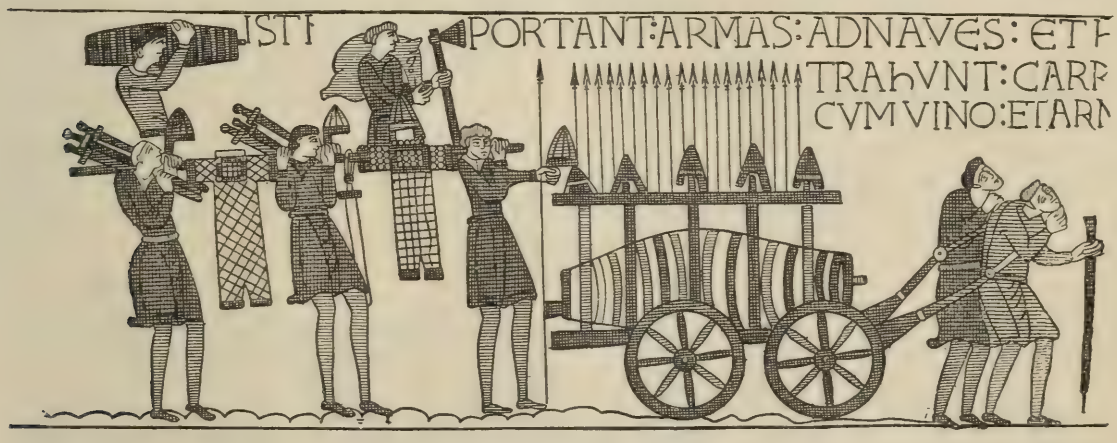
The campaign was now ended, and the Normans returned to Bayeux. It was here that, before sending Harold back to England, William exacted from him an oath. The nature and extent of the promise is not absolutely certain, but there is nothing positively to contradict the story told by a Norman poet a century later. Harold, he says, first proposed to give over the kingdom of England to William on King Edward's death, and to take to wife Ele, William's daughter. This Harold offered to swear to,

and William assembled a great council at Bayeux to hear the oath. The duke then got together all the relics he could find—the bodies of the saints—and filled



Building the Ships.

a tub with them. Over the tub was thrown a silken cloth, so that Harold neither knew nor saw what it contained. On the cloth was laid a reliquary, the best that could be had and the most precious; it was called the ox-eye. When Harold stretched his hand over

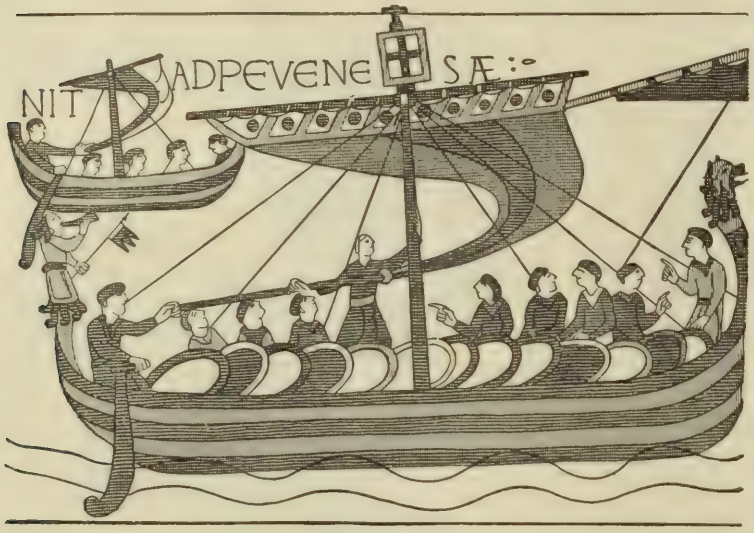


Arms and Provisions.

it, his hand trembled and his flesh crept. Then he swore and pledged himself, as was dictated to him, to marry Ele, the duke's daughter, and to give up England to the duke, to the best of his power, after Edward's death, if he himself should be alive, so help him God, and the holy relics that were there. And several of those present said, "God grant it!" When Harold had kissed the relics and had risen to his feet, the duke led him to the tub and took off the silken cloth which had covered it, and showed Harold what was within and on what relics he had sworn. Harold was indeed aghast at what he saw.

This story, with its curious primitive notion of cheating your prisoner and taking liberties with the saints, and enlisting the powers of heaven against your enemy by tempting him to offer them an unintended insult, is neither conclusively affirmed nor denied by the evidence of the tapestry. Harold stands between two altars, one apparently permanent and the other movable. The front of each is concealed by drapery, and on each stands an ornamental box, or reliquary, of elaborate architectural design, such as the bones of saints are kept in to this day. On top of one of these boxes is a projection, terminating in a ball or knob, which may well be the "ox-eye" mentioned by the old poet. Toward each Harold extends a hand. It is clearly the intention of the artist to show that the English earl

swore on many relics ; else why the two reliquaries. If the story of the pious fraud be true, it may not have suited the bishop, or his patron, to publish it, but rather to intimate that Harold swore with full knowledge of what he was doing. On the other hand, if the story were notorious, the draped altars would suggest the hidden tub. The objection afterward raised to this oath by Harold was not fraud, but duress ; he said that he was William's prisoner when he took it. Moreover, the exact nature of the oath taken is as doubtful as the story of the tubful of relics. That some solemn promise was actually made, or some solemn act of fealty performed, there can be little doubt.



The Mora.

After taking the oath Harold returns to England. We see his boat on the channel, which may here well be called "the narrow seas," for while her stern almost overhangs the coast of France her bow is within half a lance's length of England. From the terrace of a castle a watchman, shading his eyes with his hand, looks for the coming sail. Harold and a companion ride to London, and present themselves before King Edward.

As the best authorities are quite uncertain as to the exact date of the incidents hitherto narrated, it is impossible to say how long an interval of time should be supposed to have elapsed between the scene last mentioned and that which occurs next in the tapestry. We see Westminster Abbey, whose building had been the principal interest of King Edward the Confessor's later years, and whose completion he survived but a few days. The church was consecrated three days after Christmas, 1065, although Edward was too ill to be present, and on the 6th of January, 1066, the king died. He was buried the next day, in his own abbey church, the most interesting spot on English soil. The building has since his time been almost entirely renewed and rebuilt; but in its choir, in the place corresponding to that where the high altar of most cathedrals stands, is the wooden tomb of Edward, the work of a later age ; while around this cluster the monuments of kings and heroes, and above hangs the armor of an English monarch who won on French soil a battle as brilliant, if not as important, as that of Hastings.* The original building, in which the body of the Confessor was first laid, was neither small nor mean. A long nave of round arches, a central tower or lantern, an apse, and transepts (the last perhaps unfinished) are shown in the tapestry. On the roof

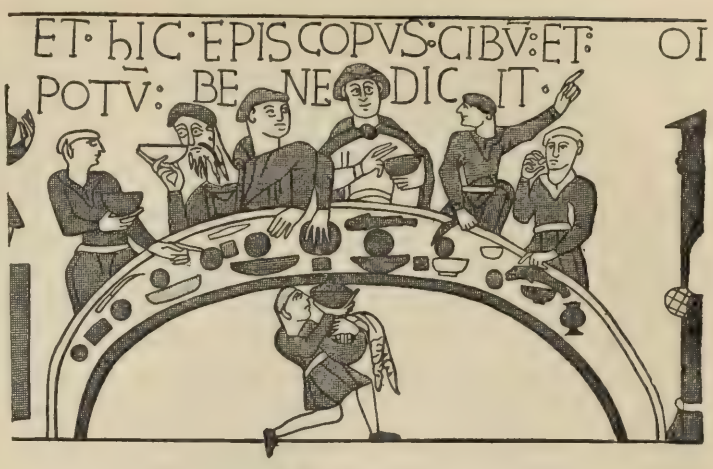


Norman Cooks.

* The saddle, helmet, and shield used by Henry V., at the battle of Agincourt, hang in the chapel of King Edward the Confessor.

a workman is setting up a weather-cock — the cock that crowed to Peter on Saint Peter's Church.

Toward this stately edifice Edward's funeral is advancing. The bier is borne by eight laymen, and a party of the clergy follows it. One carries a bishop's crook; others have books. Beside the bier two boys are carrying bells, one in each hand. The body is seen wrapped in a shroud and shaded by a canopy.



The Banquet.

The artist goes back a step and shows us the last scene in Edward's life. A contemporary chronicler has preserved the names of the group of stiffly drawn but expressive figures that cluster round the bed of the dying man. The cushion that supports his head and shoulders is in the hands of Wymarc, one of the great officers of his household. On the further side of the couch stands Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, easily recognized by his embroidered robe and his tonsure. At the king's feet sits his queen, Eadgyth, and wipes her eyes. Nearest the spectator is a kneeling figure in the cloak of a nobleman. To him the dying man appears to speak, even in this tapestry made for a Norman bishop. For this is Harold, the hero of the great tragedy, the man destined to be the last English king of England until the nation shall have conquered and absorbed its conquerors. King Edward named him as his successor, but the nomination was preceded by a prophecy of woe. Two holy monks, known to him in his youth, said the dying monarch, had lately appeared to him in a vision. The great men of the kingdom, they had told him, were not what they seemed. Earls, bishops, abbots, and men in holy orders —they were ministers of the fiend. Within a year and a day the whole land would be a prey to devils. Thus with prophecy and injunction the old king passed away.

The great council of the nation was at that time assembled at Westminster. Without delay it elected Harold to the royal office. In the tapestry two noblemen are seen offering him the crown. Edward had died childless, and there was no male descendant of the royal house living and grown to manhood.



The First Attack.

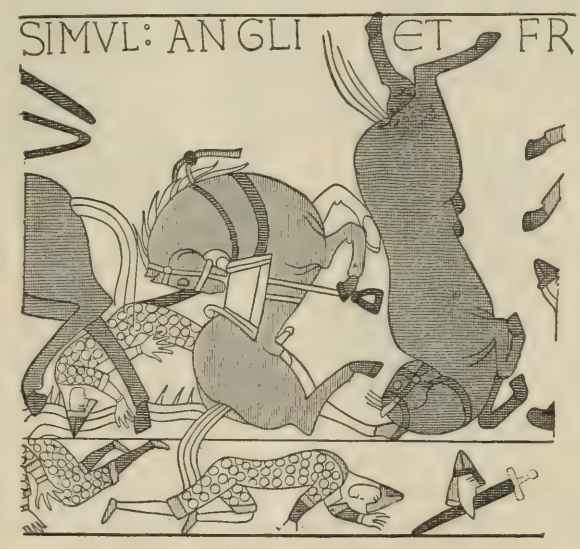
The crown, moreover, was elective; although it was usual to choose a member of the royal family, if an available member were forthcoming. Harold accepted the crown in spite of his oath to William. The considerations—that it had been taken under duress, and that he had had no right in any case to dispose of the crown of England—were reasons strong enough for his ambition. Yet the oath itself, and the tubful of relics, may well have weighed on his conscience.

In the tapestry the funeral of King Edward and the coronation of King Harold are separated by the compartments representing the death of the former king. But in reality one ceremony followed closely on the other. On the morning of the day following that of his death the body of the Confessor was laid in the tomb, in his new church; and on the same day, and perhaps in the same building, Harold was crowned king in his stead. In times like those, it would not have been safe to run the risks of an interregnum. We see Harold on his throne, with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his right hand, and an orb in his left. On one side of him are two nobles, one of whom carries the sword of state. On the other is Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury. There is some doubt whether Stigand really officiated at the coronation. His position in the church was not unquestioned, and an office performed by him might not have been considered valid. We consequently find Norman accounts, including this one, asserting that it was he who crowned Harold. The English writers, on the other hand, say that the ceremony was performed by Ealdred, the Archbishop of York. The crowd, placed in an adjoining compartment (or an antechamber), raise their hands and bend eagerly forward toward the new monarch. But another group, farther from the presence, in a vestibule or under a cloister, are turned away from the throne. They point toward the sky, where blazes a comet, most elaborately represented. From chroniclers we learn that this portent was generally supposed by contemporaries all over Western Europe to be connected with the crisis in England, and to prefigure the misfortunes of that country. Later scientific researches have established the probability that it was Halley's comet which so disturbed our ancestors. In a building, over whose roof the flaming star is shining, we see Harold again. The new king, wearing his crown, but holding a spear in his hand, listens, with bent head and troubled face, to a messenger of bad tidings. In the border below is a rough representation of boats dancing on the waves, the sight which a king of England, fearing invasion, might well see before his troubled eyes.

The realization of Harold's fears is shown in the compartments which follow: An English ship crosses the seas to Normandy. Duke William sits in his palace. He has heard the news and he prepares for war. By his side sits his half-brother Odo, the Bishop of Bayeux. A carpenter, carrying a broad-axe, receives the duke's orders. On the other side of the duke a Norman gentleman gesticulates violently, but receives little attention. We next see the workmen felling trees, shaping planks, and building boats. The tools employed are axes, broad-axes, hatchets, hammers, and a boring instrument with an elaborate but rather awkward handle. The ships are long and low, rising at the bow and stern. Indeed, this type is never departed from in the tapestry, whether for large vessels or small boats. I do not think any of the ships were decked. William's fleet, hastily constructed, was not intended for long or difficult navigation. In fact, he waited for weeks for a fair south wind before embarking his army. We see in the tapestry how the boats are launched and the arms and provisions put aboard—swords, helmets, and coats of armor, shields and spears, casks of wine, and carcasses of pork.

The principal garment worn in battle at this time by both Normans and Englishmen who were rich or powerful (for the ordinary people fought in their everyday clothes) was so shaped as to cover the arms to the elbow and the legs to the knee. It was made of leather or strong cloth, on which were sewed small plates or rings of metal. It was probably also wadded, as an additional protection. Sometimes, instead of the plates or rings, a trellis-work of leather was made and strengthened with studs. The

garment had a square opening in the breast, to enable the wearer to struggle into it, first his legs, then one arm, then the other. When he was in, a flap was buckled or buttoned across the opening. A hood, of the same material as this body garment, covered the head and shoulders. On top of the hood was placed a helmet of iron and bronze, conical or nearly so in shape, and fitting round the head like a hat. A piece of iron came down from the rim in front, protecting the nose, and partially masking the face. There was sometimes a similar piece to cover the back of the head and the nape of the neck. These helmets must have been both heavy and uncomfortable, as the whole weight rested on the head, and a perfect fit must have been difficult to obtain. William and one or two of his greatest nobles wore hose protected by plates or rings, like their coats; but most men, noble and simple, relied in battle on an elaborate arrangement of straps reaching from the knee to the ankle, and recalling that worn to-day by the peasants of the Roman Campagna. On their left arms the warriors carried almond-shaped shields, three or four feet long. For these the English sometimes substituted round or oval shields. The shield was probably made of wood, covered with leather, and having a border of metal and a projection, or boss, of metal in the widest part. The studs which held the straps by which the shield was carried also appeared on the outside. The surface, slightly curved and generally of one plain color with a border, was sometimes decorated with colored lines, a cross, or the figure of a dragon. Armorial bearings did not appear on shields until a later date.



A Part of the Battle.

The weapons in use were swords, axes, lances, darts, bows and arrows. The swords appear to have been sharp on both edges, and blunt at the point, intended to cut and not to stab; their guards were simple cross-pieces. The axe was the national weapon of the English. With it King Harold is said to have been able to strike down horse and man at one blow. It was also considered appropriate for ceremonial occasions; thus, when the crown is first presented to Harold both he and the man who presents it carry axes. It has been noticed that the blades of both these axes are turned toward the newly chosen king. I believe, however, that this is accidental. The designers of the tapestry were not given to allegory, and the attempt to attach hidden meanings to their plain pictures is fanciful. It may be noted that the axe carried in war differs entirely in shape from that used for felling trees. The former has a broad curved edge, and becomes very narrow at the back; the latter approaches our modern shape. In one of the *mêlées* of the battle of Hastings, however, a man is seen fighting with a workman's axe. It is known that some of Harold's forces were the hastily armed levies of the neighborhood of the field of battle; but as the man wielding this axe is dressed in armor, the appearance of the common axe in his hands is probably due to carelessness in the embroiderer.

The lance was used both by the Normans and the English. It was not held under the shoulder when charging, like the heavier lance of a later date, but carried free in the hand, which was often raised beside the head. When not in use it rested in the stirrup. The wood was about eight or nine feet long; the head varied in form, being oftenest leaf-shaped or barbed. The principal knights carried a pennon on their lances. The devices on these pennons are interesting as coming singularly near the beginning of the science of heraldry.

They consist of stripes and bands of various colors, and in most cases the pennon ends in three points. When any more elaborate device is attempted, it usually takes the form of a cross or of two or more circles. I think that



The English Churls.

the lance generally passed through the hem of the pennon, but this is sometimes doubtful. One of the banners pictured in the tapestry would, if we could surely recognize it, deserve peculiar attention. It is on record that Pope Alexander II. sent a consecrated banner to Duke William, and a ring containing a hair of St. Peter. The ring is not to be found on the duke's finger in the tapestry, nor can the banner be identified with absolute certainty. A distinguished antiquary, however, has pitched on one particular pennon, which bears a yellow or golden cross on a white ground surrounded by a blue border, as the papal gift ;* and it is noticeable that this device is almost identical with that on the flag carried at William's masthead in the ship Mora, which bore him to England.

Only once is a figure more elaborate than a simple cross shown on a Norman banner in the tapestry. This is the representation of a bird on a semicircular banner with nine small streamers. This bird has been thought by some scholars to be the holy Dove, by others to be a raven, the standard of a band of Danish origin. The small size of the figure makes its identification impossible.

Two other standards, more curious than any Norman pennon, even though sent by a pope to encourage an invader, are to be seen in the tapestry. These are dragons, not embroidered on cloth, but made solid, either of metal or wood (for a stuffed dragon is hardly to be supposed), and carried on spears. The dragon was the ensign of Wessex, but King Harold's own standard was the "fighting man." This last, which is not shown in the tapestry, would appear to have been an embroidered figure. The dragon, however, made solid, and taking the place of a flag, can hardly have been an invention of the designer of the tapestry, to whom flags of cloth were familiar. It is probable, therefore, that the dragon standard was indeed solid, like the eagle of the Roman legion or the French regiment, and like those figures of dragons which are represented on Trajan's column at Rome.

Duke William spent the summer of 1066 in building and collecting a fleet. His half-brothers, Bishop Odo and Count Robert of Mortain, gave one hundred and one hundred and twenty ships respectively. Other vessels were sent in from all sides, and the builders were kept busy. The whole fleet numbered six hundred and ninety-six sail by the lowest reckoning, while the highest credible figure is above three thousand. But the largest of these vessels, the Mora herself, the gift of the Duchess Matilda, which bore the great duke to the conquest of a kingdom, was but an open boat with one mast, easily unstepped. Into such boats men and horses were crowded. The numbers of the army are variously estimated at from fourteen to sixty thousand.

Long they waited for a fair wind, in-

* Viollet-le-Duc, Dictionnaire raisonné du Mobilier Français, vol. v., p. 171.

voking the saints. At last the relics of St. Valery were brought from their church and laid in a field, on a carpet. The pious warriors crowded around them to pray, and covered the body of the saint with the pile of their offerings. The powers of heaven were appeased, as they believed, and on the 27th of September the south wind blew fair for England. The day was spent in embarking; the night, in sailing over the channel; in the morning they approached the white cliffs of England. We see in the tapestry the long lapstreak hulls, painted in bright lines; the colored sails, that remind us of Venice; the row of bucklers along the gunwale; the heads of men and horses looking out over the rolling water. We see the landing; the horses taken from the ships; the scouts galloping over the country; the foragers bringing in cattle and provisions. A house is burned, and we see the mistress going forth leading a child by the hand. From other sources we learn that the country all about Hastings was so plundered that after twenty years it still showed marks of the Norman pillage. For a time the invading army remained undisturbed. King Harold was away in the north, where, three days before the landing of William, he had defeated another host of invaders under his own brother Tostig and Harold Hardrada, King of Norway. So William was left to land unopposed at Pevensey, to march unhindered to Hastings, and to fortify his camp there. Nor was the time spent without feasting. In one of the most curious scenes of the whole tapestry we see the pot hanging over the fire; we see a head cook taking dainties from a portable oven. He balances a dish on his left hand; in his right he holds a curious double hook, perhaps a hawk's claw on the end of a stick, with which he lifts—can it be a croquette?—and arranges his dish with French taste. We see the chickens on the spits. A sideboard is hastily made of shields laid on a trestle; but the dinner-table, which is very curious, must have been brought among the baggage. It is shaped like a horseshoe, and the guests sit only on the outer side; while on the inner a servant, on one knee and with a napkin over his arm, presents a dish. There is no cloth on the table, but there are dishes, knives, and cups; yet we see fish laid on the bare board. Odo, the bishop, is blessing the food and drink. He holds a bowl in his left hand and stretches three fingers over it. But the hunger of the other guests will hardly be restrained. Two appear to be pledging each other; one seizes a cake; another raises a morsel to his lips.



William shows his Face to his Friends.

I had hoped, and at one time believed, that of Odo, at least, the tapestry had preserved a portrait. We see him in the scene above mentioned, and in the next, where he is holding council with his brothers, with a round face, large eyes, and a mouth of the type called cherubic. But I find him in another part of the tapestry with sunken cheeks. In fact, if the artist ever attempted portraiture, which is not impossible, as the size of the heads admits it (a face can be amply covered with a silver dollar), time and winding on windlasses have destroyed the portraits, except as to such obvious features as moustaches and beards. William is usually represented as a tall man, but I do not think that this means much. There is a tendency, even in artistic representations much more advanced than those of the tapestry, to give size to the most important figure. In fact, a great man does look big to those who see him.

After the feast the tapestry is occupied with the preparations for the battle. On the afternoon of the 13th of October, 1066, the English army, advancing from London, was drawn up on a hill called Senlac, about seven miles

from Hastings. The position itself was strong and well chosen. Harold fortified it with a ditch and a palisade, and the shields of the warriors themselves, resting with one end upon the ground, formed a wall. All Englishmen at that time fought on foot, using their horses only to carry them to the field, while the chief strength of the Normans was in their cavalry. The hill of Senlac is long and narrow facing the south. On the middle of the hill King Harold took his place, beside the standards of the dragon and the fighting man. Around him were his brothers and his personal followers, the flower of the English army; the men of Kent, and the citizens of London. They were armed with lances, javelins, and swords, and with the terrible axe. On the flanks were the raw levies, mostly without defensive armor, and carrying anything to strike with, from a lance to a pitchfork, and even the stone hatchets of an earlier civilization.

On Saturday, the 14th of October, Duke William led out his army to attack the English position. It was composed of his own subjects of Normandy, and of adventurers from all France. Indeed, it is noticeable that the person who superintended the making of the tapestry, presumably a Norman, calls the invaders *Franci*, and not *Normanni*. The duke was mounted on a noble charger, the gift of a Spanish king. Three horses were killed under him that day, says a chronicler.

Near the duke rode his two half-brothers, Odo and Robert. Neither Odo nor William used their swords that day, but each was armed with a club. On the part of the bishop this was made necessary by a rule of the Church of Rome, which forbade her shepherds to shed the blood of the sheep. The shepherds might, however, knock the sheep on the head. By the duke the club must have been carried from choice. Some later generals have preferred to go into battle armed only with a stick, but in the duke's hands the stick was a formidable weapon.

The tapestry shows William's army on its march from Hastings. One Vital, a follower of Odo, announces the neighborhood of the English; while at about the same time Harold hears of the approach of the French. The duke exhorts his men to prepare for the battle with manliness and wisdom. The knights flourish their lances, the archers draw their bows. The horsemen charge the British square, and arrows, bolts, and javelins whistle through the air. Which of these gallant gentlemen is Taillefer, the minstrel, who rode first to the battle, throwing his sword into the air and catching it by the handle, while he sang the song of Roland at Roncesvalles? * One Englishman he pierced with his lance; another he struck down with his sword; then he fell beneath an English stroke. If this obscure warrior cannot be recognized in the tapestry, we are more fortunate in the case of the brothers of King Harold. Both of these were killed early in the day, Leofwine struck by a spear under the arm as he swung his mighty axe; Gyrth, the brave and prudent, falling, like him, in single combat with a mounted knight. Some of the old chroniclers attribute his death to the hand of the great duke himself, but the tapestry does not confirm this story.

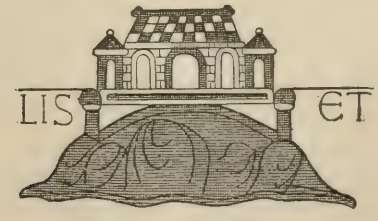
The battle grows more furious. Frenchmen and Englishmen are falling at once, the axe and the sword doing their work. The lower border of the tapestry is full of dead men and horses. We see the English churls on their hill, without armor, fighting manfully. It is reported among the Normans that the duke had fallen; but William and Odo rally the fugitives. We see the Duke of Normandy rising in his stirrups and tilting back his helmet so that the nose-piece may not hide his face from his soldiers' eyes. On the other hand, to translate the quaint Latin of the tapestry, "Here Odo, the bishop, holding a club, comforts the boys." The Normans return to the charge. Meanwhile the French archers are ordered to fire in the air. The storm of arrows falls in the English faces, as when the wind drives the rain. The English lift their shields to cover their heads; the French swords find room to strike. The veterans who, in the centre of the English line, surround the standards and the

* The *Chanson de Roland* has been admirably translated into English verse by John O'Hagan, London, C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1880.



The Death of Harold.

king fall one by one. An arrow struck Harold in the right eye ; and soon afterward he was despatched by a Norman sword. We see him fall, the axe dropping from his nerveless grasp. One standard was taken ; another trampled under foot. In the tapestry both are figured as dragons, and the one that is stricken down seems to bite at a Norman horse's hoof. It was twilight when the English churls turned and fled, some of them on foot, some on the horses that had brought their lords to the field of battle. But the men of Kent and the citizens of London, the personal followers of the king, neither asked nor received quarter, nor yet did they fly, while axe could split shield. Of the disciplined soldiers who, on the day before, had accompanied King Harold from London, none escaped alive from the field of battle save those few who, stricken down among the wounded, were revived by the cool night air and wandered away in the darkness. And even those who fled did not lose a chance to deal a last blow at their conquerors. The eastern end of the hill of Senlac falls off abruptly on the northern side to a marshy ravine. In the ardor of pursuit, and misled by the increasing darkness, many of the Norman riders plunged headlong down the steep bank, and were either smothered in the morass or despatched by the English fugitives. The place long kept the name of the *Malfosse*. Thus ended the most important battle ever fought on English soil, perhaps the most important battle in its results to all who now speak the English tongue that ever was fought at all. The Bayeux tapestry carries us through the fight, to the last resistance of the English soldiers and the flight of the English peasants. In this account I have followed mainly the order of the tapestry, taking its authority as final on those details concerning which chroniclers and historians have differed, but getting what light I could from other sources. Few histories or chronicles can surpass it in authority ; none can have a more heroic theme.



Mont St. Michel.

THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE;

OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN.

By J. S. of Dale.

PART SECOND: THE CODICIL.

I. An Iroquois in Trouville.

From Liverpool Austin May went to London; from London to Paris; from Paris by the special mail to Constantinople; thence to Athens and Alexandria; and thence to Bombay and Calcutta and Hong Kong; and the impetus of his flight had almost carried him over the Pacific and back to America again, but that he held back on the shore of Japan. He travelled in that country, then in Thibet or in Turkestan. Three years were spent by him in the acquisition of strange drugs, curious pipes, and embroideries, wild songs, and odd languages. He lived in Damascus, Samarcand, Morocco, possibly in Timbuctoo. History records not nor does May Austin, how often he wrote to her. But the summer of 1879 saw him alight at the Gare de Lyon, in Paris. The heat and solitude of that city were equally oppressive, and he fled to the nearest coast. That evening he was seated, robed in soft cloth and starched linen, on the wide veranda of the great *Hôtel des Rochers Noirs*, at Trouville.

No one who pines for outdoor life, primitive conditions, and barbarism—and May was one of the wildest of these—but must admit that the trammels, conventions, and commodities which so annoy him are, after all, the result of infinite experiments of the human race, conducted through all time; and as such, presumably, each one was deemed successful when made, and adopted accordingly. No question but that men had flannel shirts before starched linen, women flowing robes and sandals before corsets and high-heeled shoes; and the prehistoric "masher" knocked down his lady-love with a club before he learned to court her with a monocle and a bunch of unseasonable roses. But all these changes were, at the time, deemed improvements; and one who has lived three years in Thibet or Crim-Tartary, and arrives suddenly at Trouville, is in a fair position to judge impartially. And it is not to be denied that May was conscious of a certain Capuan comfort, of an unmanly, hot-house luxury, as he sat before the little table with his carafe of ice, brandy, and seltzer, felt the cool stiffness of his linen shirt, smoked his pressed *regalia*, and watched the ladies with their crisp and colored dresses and their neat and silken ankles as they mounted in their landaus for their evening drive. A full string-orchestra was stationed among the electric lights near by, which dispensed, with much verve, the light-hearted rhythms of the latest opera bouffe; and beyond the planes and lindens shone the moonlit sea, as if it also were highly civilized, and part of the decoration of the place. May knocked the ashes from his cigar as who should say, "I, too, am a Parisian of the nineteenth century;" quaffed a few sparkles from the iced carafe and bottle, and pretended to be interested in the latest Faits-Paris of *Figaro*. He was beginning to realize the delights of youth and riches and free travel; he had been nothing but a school-boy in America, and a sort of wild man since.

And as he so sat, there came to a table next him two people, and sat down. One was a middle-aged man, with an iron-gray imperial, a tight white waistcoat, and the rosette of the legion of honor at his button-hole. The other was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She was dressed in the most delicate and languorous cloud of violet and gray, strengthened here and there by black lace; no ribbon, jewel, or flower was on her lustrous black hair, or about the soft and creamy neck; and she was

evidently much absorbed in what her companion was saying, for May could see that she clinched her fan in her hand that was beneath the table until the delicate ivory broke. They talked very rapidly, in French; but May, whose acquaintance with unknown oriental dialects was so manifold and various, knew hardly French enough "to last him over night."

Whatever they were saying, they were reiterating it with continually increasing force. The man in the tight frock-coat began hissing it between his pointed teeth, and the pretty woman crushed the last fragment of the fan to ivory slivers on the floor. At last, the gentleman rose, and with a *pardieu* which even May's untrained ear could recognize, upset a champagne glass, and strode hastily away; the lady eyed him until he disappeared, and then drooped her long lashes, and hid her eyes in her pretty hand. Her bosom rose and fell convulsively, and May's chivalric heart beat sympathetically in the same time. Suddenly her deep eyes opened, and opened full on Austin May's.

"Sir," said she, in English, "you are a gentleman—save me!" Save her? Aye, Austin May would have saved her from the devil or the deep sea, and with no thought of salvage. All he said was, "Why, certainly." It afterward occurred to him that he should have said, "Pray, command me, madam." But this seemed to satisfy her, for she unbosomed herself directly.

"I know I may trust an American," said she. "Listen—I will confide to you my true name. That man—that *mouchard*—with whom you saw me, sinks I am ze Comtesse Polacca de Valska. Well, I am ze Comtesse Polacca de Valska. Now you know all."

Unfortunately, Austin May knew very little. But evidently the Comtesse Polacca de Valska was a personage of European reputation. He bowed.

"What can I do?" said he, earnestly. "Madam de Valska has but to command." (This was better.)

"Hist!" said she, mysteriously. "Polacca de Valska—never mention ze name. It is a spell, in Poland; even now my noble Polacco languishes in Siberia; but in France, in Russia—it is a doom. Say zat I—say zat I am your compatriot—Mrs. Walkers—anysing." And the nerve which the unhappy countess had shown throughout the interview suddenly collapsed. She burst into tears. As she dissolved, the American congealed, all the blue blood of Boston rigid in his veins. When the little Frenchman appeared, May offered his arm to the countess; and together they swept proudly to the door of the hotel.

"*Arrêtez,*" cried the Frenchman. "*Connaissez-vous*—do you know, sare, who it is?"

"It is my friend—my friend, Mrs. Peter Faneuil, of Boston," said May, with a readiness that charmed him at the time.

"*Mais, monsieur*——"

"Do you dare, sir, to ——"

May glared at him for a moment, and the latter recoiled, like any Frenchman, before his Anglo-Saxon attitude. They entered the hall of the hotel; the countess pressed his arm convulsively in her gratitude, her heart too full for words. "*Merci, chevalier,*" said she, simply. May's heart bounded at the compliment, and with satisfaction that he understood her French. "I have a carriage here," said she; and they found the elegant landau still at the door.

"Where shall we go?"

"I will tell you later," said she.

May got in, and a footman closed the door of the carriage. The liveried coachman whipped up the horses, and the pair rolled forth into the darkness of the summer night.

At this point in his recollections, May replenished his glass of claret and lit another cigar; and though he did not know it, this was precisely the course of action that had been adopted at the time by the Frenchman with the rosette. He drew his chair up to the table where the countess had been sitting, with a slight shrug of his padded shoulders, and more imperturbability of manner than would have flattered the valiant defender of oppressed beauty, had he been there to see it.

But at this period May was whirling along in the countess's carriage, through the darkness of the night, close by the sea-beach and the pale shining of the long, slow surf.

II. Theseus and Ariadne.

The next morning May rose after a sleepless night, and wandered pensively along the beach. His head was full of the Comtesse Polacca de Valska; perhaps a drop or two of that charming personage had brimmed over from his head into his heart. Their romantic drive had ended in no more romantic a locality than the railroad station; there he had parted from her, perhaps forever. For she had assured him that after her meeting with the rosetted Frenchman the air of Trouville would not be good for her, and she had taken the night mail for Paris. Her maid was to follow on the next day with luggage. As soon as she was safely established, and had, at least temporarily, thrown the enemies of her unhappy country off her track, she was to let May (her deliverer, as she entitled him) know, and he could see her again. But, alas! as she tearfully remarked, that might never be. The French republic was now seeking to curry favor with the despotism of the Czar, and even Prince Obstropski had had to leave Paris for Geneva. Austin wanted to kiss her hand as she departed, but feared lest this trivial homage should jar upon a heroine like her. The bell rang, the guard cried out; one last glance of her dark eyes, and all was over. She was gone, and May felt that perhaps the most romantic episode of his life was ended.

He went back to the hotel, but, unfortunately, none of the famous Eclipse claret was at hand. So he contented himself with brandy and soda. Visions of nihilistic fair ones, of Polish patriots and *Italia irredenta* kept him wakeful through the night. For the Comtesse had told him of her Italian descent, of her alliance with the great patriot Milanese house, the Castiglioni dei Cascadegli. And the Count Polacco de Valsko was immured for life in the Siberian mines. Poor devil! May cut another cigar, and reflected upon the Count's unhappy condition.

In a few days, he received a letter from the countess. It was a mere line, incidentally telling him that she had not established herself at Paris, but at Baden-Baden; but it was principally filled with pretty thanks for his "heroic chivalry." The expression seemed a trifle too strong, even to Austin May.

But when he arrived at Baden-Baden, and saw how charming the countess was in her now elaborate *entourage*, he made allowances. Man is generous by nature, especially to beautiful heroines with husbands in Siberian mines. May had been much exercised in mind how to explain his sudden trip to Baden-Baden, and had devised many plausible reasons for going, all of which proved superfluous. The countess did not seem in the least surprised. He found her weeping over a letter. "See," said she, "it is from Serge."

"Really?" said May.

The countess folded the letter, kissed it, and replaced it in her bosom.

"Shall we go for a drive?" said she, at last.

"Delighted," said Austin May.

The drives about Baden-Baden are charming. You wind for miles upon the brows of castle-crowned hills, overhanging the gay little valley; and then you plunge into the ancient gloom of the Black Forest, and the eerie pines, and a delicious shiver of wildness and solitude, all the time with the feeling that the Kursaal and its band are close at hand, should the silence grow oppressive. The countess drove two little cream-colored ponies, and encouraged May to smoke his cigarette most charmingly. . . . Bah! why go on with it? Even now, over the Eclipse claret, May could not but admit that he had spent in Baden-Baden three of the most charming weeks of his life. He would not mind passing three such weeks again, could he be sure they would be *just* three such weeks, and that they would end at the same time. And May nervously glanced at the window, as he thought he heard the sound of carriage-wheels again. He had smoked too much strong tobacco, probably; but, after all, it was even now only the middle of the afternoon—not sunset, or near it. He might have to come to stronger drugs than tobacco, to stronger deeds than tobacco-smoke, ere the evening was over.

Well, to cut it short, he fell in love with her. Of course he did. He adored her. Possible! He wanted to marry

her. He was barely twenty-four, and she—well, she was older than he was. And she had a husband in the Siberian mines. But, after all, it was her patriotism that first attracted him—her heroism, her devotion to her unhappy cause, or causes. Italia irredenta! Poland! Nihilism! For May was not quite clear which one or more of these was chief in her mind; and nihilism was a new word then, but it sounded dangerous and attractive. Could he not be her chevalier, her lieutenant, her esquire? It was no more than Byron had done for Greece, after all. He was free, independent (for the next eight years)—broken-hearted, he was going to add, but stopped. After all, May Austin had not refused to marry him; and three of the eleven years were gone. At all events, there was nothing to prevent his attaching himself to a forlorn hope, if he chose. He lay awake many nights thinking of these things, and at last he was emboldened to speak of them to her.

How well he remembered the day he did so! The day—but no, it was evening. They had driven out after dinner, and the scene was a moonlit glade in the Black Forest. The two ponies stood motionless; but their fair owner was much moved as he poured into her delicate ear his desires and devotions. It was so noble of him, she said, and was moved to tears. And then his devotion to her unhappy country! and she wiped away another tear for Poland or Italia irredenta. How she wished Serge could have met him, and could know of this! And she wiped away another tear for Serge. But no, my noble American—noble citizen of a free country! It could never be. Poland and she must bear their woes alone. They could never consent to drag down a brave young Bostonian in their wreck. And then, how could she ever reward him? With her friendship, said Austin. But the Comtesse seemed to think her friendship would be inadequate.

The scene was becoming somewhat oppressive; and May, at least, was conscious of a certain difficulty in providing for it a proper termination. In the excitement of the occasion, he had felt emboldened to take one of her hands, which he still retained; the other was holding the reins of the two cream-colored ponies. He could hardly simply drop it—the hand and the conversation—without more; and yet what suitable catastrophe could there be for the situation? Might he kiss it, and cut the conversation? It were a mere act of courtesy, no breach of respect to the absent Serge. As a boy of twenty-two he had never dared; but as a man of twenty-five——

She did not seem in the least surprised. Possibly she had thought him older than twenty-five. But May, after that little ceremony, had dropped the hand most unmistakably; and she turned the ponies' heads away. May gave a last look to the forest-glade, as they drove out from it, and reflected that the place would be impressed upon his memory forever.

A restless week followed. He saw the Countess de Valska every day; but there was something uncomfortable in their relations—a certain savor of an unaccepted sacrifice, of an offering burned in vain.

The countess would not let him seek the Austrian foe on her own behalf, nor yet bedew the soil of Poland with his blood; and it was very difficult to say what he was to do for her in Baden-Baden, or, for matter of that, what the noble Polacco de Valsko could do in Siberia. Poor Serge!

Yes, poor Serge! On the eighth day, Austin May, calling on the countess, found her in a lovely *négligé*, dissolved in tears. (He had been refused her door, at first, but finally, after a little pressing, had been admitted.) The countess did not look up when he entered; and Austin stood there, twisting his hat in sympathy, and looking at her. Suddenly she lifted her head, and transfixed his blue eyes with her dewy black ones.

"Dead!" said she.

"What?" responded May, anxiously. "Poland? Ital——"

"No, no!" she cried. "Serge—Serge!"

"Your husband?" cried he—"the Count Polacco——"

The countess dropped her lovely head in a shower of tears, as when a thick-leaved tree is shaken by the wind, just

after rain. "He has been dead a year and a half," she moaned.

"A year and a half?"

"Nineteen months. He died on the 23d of February, 1877—three weeks after the last letter that I ever got from him."

"But how—but how did you never know?" said May, wildly.

"Was it not cruel? The despotism of the White Czar! Sometimes they would keep his letters for a year, sometimes they would let them come directly. They would not let me know for fear that I—ah, God!" She sprang to her feet with a sweep of her long robe, and shook her jewelled finger at the chandelier.

"Can you blame us that we kill and die for such a despotism, such a tyranny, as that?" Then suddenly, as she crossed by a sofa, she straightened up to her full height, like a wave cresting, poised a brief second, then fell in a heap—a graceful heap—her head resting on the sofa in her hands.

Then the young man had to seek, not to console her, but to calm her, to lift her from the floor, to bring her ice-water, a fan, a feather, pour oil and salt upon the wound, toilet-vinegar, or other salads. May never knew exactly what he did; but it was like consoling an equinoctial gale. Hardly had she got fairly calm, and sobbing comfortably, and sitting in a chair, and he beside her—and he remembered patting her clasped hands, as one does a spoiled child's—when she would dash upright, upsetting the chair, and swear her vengeance on the cruel Czar. . . . And at this point in his reminiscences May winced a little, and took another glass of the Eclipse claret; for he had by no means a distinct recollection that he had not sworn his vengeance on the Czar with hers. And when you come to think of it, the Czar's injuries to Mr. May cried not as yet for deeds of blood.

III. Dido and Æneas.

May repeated his visit of condolence every day for several weeks. At the end of that time the season at Baden-Baden was drawing to a close, and it became necessary that the countess should betake herself and her sorrowing heart to some other refuge. May knew this, and it troubled him.

For he now felt that he not only admired Mme. de Valska as a patriot, but that he loved her as an exceedingly beautiful and fascinating woman. Surely, here was the heroine of his youthful dreams—a life that were a poet's ideal.

To link himself with her and her noble aims, to be a Byron without the loneliness, to combine fame in future history with present domestic bliss—what a career!

He loved the countess, he adored her; and he fancied that she deigned to be not indifferent to his devotion, to his sympathy. But—there was the shadow of the late count.

And the countess seemed much broken by his death. True, she no longer gave way to wild bursts of passion; she never wept; in fact, in Austin's presence, she rarely mentioned him. But there was a sadness, a weak and lonely way about her, as if she could not live without her Serge's protecting arm. It must have been a moral support, as he could have done but little from his Siberian mine; but, whereas she used to be brave, enterprising, facing the world alone, now she seemed helpless, confiding, less heroic, perhaps, but still more womanly. Austin only loved her the more for that. And it emboldened him a little. After all, her husband had been dead a year and a half, though she had only known of it a few weeks. He determined to speak. Why should his life's happiness—possibly hers—be wrecked upon a mere scruple of etiquette?

He took his opportunity, one day, when she spoke of Italy. (Now, that the count was dead, she seemed to think less of unhappy Poland, and more of unredeemed Italy; as was natural, she being a Cascadegli.) He took her hands at the same time, and begged that she would redeem him with Italy. His life, his fortune, were at her service, should she but give him the right to protect her, and fight her battles for her always. "I know," he added earnestly, "how your heart still bleeds for your noble husband. But your duty is

to your country, to yourself. And remember, though you heard of it but yesterday, the Count Polacco has been dead a year and a half.

"Nineteen months," sighed the countess, with a sob. And before he left the room they were engaged. He did not go to bed that night; but wandered in the moonlight, treading as on clouds. Favored young man!

In the morning, he noticed with delight that she had laid aside her long crape veil. Already, said she, her country called for her; she must recommence her labors, and the deep mourning would attract too much notice. May had vaguely fancied she would start at once for Milan or Warsaw, and after a few months' delay he would meet her, and they would have a quiet marriage ceremony. But she explained to him that the true arena of her labors was in Paris. Here was the focus of conspiracies; here she must live and have a *salon*, and call together her devoted countrymen. Here she would need his protection, and, with his American passport, he could safely visit her oppressed fatherland, when events required action on the spot.

Obviously, as he recognized with joy, this plan made it necessary for them to be married immediately. But then he must speak to her of his uncle's will. Not that it mattered much; he was quite ready to renounce fortune, even life, for her; but she must know that they would not be rich. It was a mere formality; but it must be done. So he told her of the curious will; and how, if he married before August the fourteenth, 1886, he was to lose all his uncle's property, even to what remained of the celebrated Eclipse claret. But then, what was money? Particularly to them, who had no other aims than love and patriotism; both commodities not to be bought, or measured in sterling exchange or napoleons. But the countess seemed to attach much weight to May's communication.

Money, alas! was in these sordid times necessary, even for patriotic revolutions. The wheels must be greased, even when Bucephalus drew the chariot. Still, this was not the essential. She was quite willing to share her small fortune with the man whom she loved; but how could she bear to ruin him—to make her alliance his sacrifice? Suppose he should ever repent his action? And here May began to make his oaths eternal; but she stopped him. Was there no other way? Could there be no escape, no legal device? Lawyers would do almost anything, if paid enough. But May shook his head, and pressed again her hand to his lips; and her dark eyes brimmed with tears.

She, for herself, would be willing to suffer him as her adorer, to trust him as her knight, her follower, as he once had proposed before. But what would the world say—the cold and heartless world? And she looked at May imploringly, as if for advice.

And May had to admit, in answer, that the world would be likely to make itself as disagreeable as usual under similar circumstances—particularly, now that the unhappy count was dead, and could no longer defend his heroic consort from the spite of petty spirits. May had true Boston reverence for what the world said; and it never occurred to him that even a heroine, who had braved two emperors, might brave its verdict.

For some moments neither spoke. What was there to say? But the silence grew oppressive; and at last she broke it with a cry.

"Farewell, then," said she.

But at this May broke out with a round oath. Farewell it should never be. What cared he for his uncle's fortune, or for the estate in Brookline, when his future lay in Poland? He would have a little left; he could win more by his own exertions. For a moment his impetuosity almost overbore her resistance. But then the Paris *salon* was a necessity; and half of her own estate and all of poor Polacco's had been seized by foreign despots. She would think it over. She would give him an answer that night. And then there came a lover's parting; and May went back to his hotel, not wholly desperate, and got the engagement-ring he had ordered, and sent it to her. It was of small diamonds; but then there was a necklace, sent from Paris, of perfect Oriental pearls.

And he had gone back that evening,

and he had found a letter. The countess had gone, leaving the note behind her. It was edged with deep black; and May took it now from his pocket-book, yellow and worn, with a smile that would have been cynical had it not been slightly nervous.

"*Très-cher!*" it began, "I cannot bear" (it was all in French, but we will make clumsy English of the countess's delicate phrase, as did May, when he read it now) "that your love for me should be your ruin. It is too late for me to deny that you also have my heart; I can only fly. Otherwise my woman's weakness would destroy either you or myself. If you do not wish to betray me, seek not my refuge out. I shall keep the ring as a pledge" (she says nothing about the necklace, it occurred to May, at this late date)—"a pledge that I shall be faithful to you, as, I hope, you to me. For what are six or seven years?" (At her age! thought May, with a shudder.) "I will devote them to my unhappy countrymen." (*Compatriotes* was the original.) "But wait for me until you are free; and perhaps, who knows? my Italy redeemed! I will join you, and be one with you forever. Meantime you will travel, possibly forget me! But on the fourteenth of August, 1886, you will be at home. *On that day you will hear from me!*"

May laid the letter down. This was most unquestionably the fourteenth day of August in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-six. He looked nervously at the door of the pavilion, and then through the blinds, in the direction of the house. His face grew fixed and rigid; and the countess's note fell unheeded to the floor.

A carriage was standing before the front door, and beside it stood a footman in livery.

BALLADE OF THE PENITENTS.

By Andrew Lang.

"Le repentir de leur premier choix les rend des *Pénitens du Diable*, comme dit Tertullien."—PASCAL, "Pensées," 1672, p. 178.

"OH, who be ye that doubtful tread
And listless through the glad array?
With languid look, with drooping head,
In all this rout of ladies gay?
Ye walk with them, but not as they,
Ye tarry sadly in their tents,
Why fare ye thus half-hearted, say?"—
"We are St. Satan's Penitents!

"A straiter path we once would tread,
Through wilds that knew not of the May,
The loads that weighed on us like lead,
We bore through thorns and sloughs of clay.
No time had we to pause or play
With music of glad instruments,
But still we clambered: Well-a-day!
We are St. Satan's Penitents.

"'The path is over steep,' we said,
'The rueful skies are ashen gray,
And over harshly are we sped,
Still upward! Ne'er a stop nor stay!'
We cast our burdens all away,
We fled adown the steep ascents,
We were aweary of that way;
We are St. Satan's Penitents."

ENVOY.

Fair is the path, and bright the day,
Where now we whisper our laments;
With backward glance we go astray,
We are St. Satan's Penitents.

WHAT IS AN INSTINCT?

By William James.

INSTINCT is usually defined as the faculty of acting in such a way as to produce certain ends, without foresight of the ends, and without previous education in the performance. That instincts, as thus defined, exist on an enormous scale in the animal kingdom needs no proof. They are the functional correlatives of structure. With the presence of a certain organ goes, one may say, almost always a native aptitude for its use. "Has the bird a gland for the secretion of oil? She knows instinctively how to press the oil from the gland, and apply it to the feather. Has the rattlesnake the grooved tooth and gland of poison? He knows without instruction how to make both structure and function most effective against his enemies. Has the silk-worm the function of secreting the fluid silk? At the proper time she winds the cocoon such as she has never seen, as thousands before have done; and thus without instruction, pattern, or experience, forms a safe abode for herself in the period of transformation. Has the hawk talons? She knows by instinct how to wield them effectively against the helpless quarry."*

A very common way of talking about these admirably definite tendencies to act is by naming abstractly the purpose they subserve, such as self-preservation, or defence, or care for eggs and young—and saying the animal has an instinctive fear of death or love of life, or that she has an instinct of self-preservation, or an instinct of maternity and the like. But this represents the animal as obeying abstractions which, not once in a million cases is it possible it can have framed. The strict physiological way of interpreting the facts leads to far clearer results. The actions we call instinctive all conform to the general reflex type; they are called forth by determinate sensory stimuli in contact with the animal's body, or at a distance in his environment. The cat runs after the mouse, runs or shows fight before the dog, avoids falling from walls and trees, shuns fire and water, etc., not because he has any notion either of life or of death, or of self, or of preservation. He has probably attained to no one of these conceptions in such a way as to react definitely upon it. He acts in each case separately, and simply because he cannot help it; being so framed that when that particular running thing called a mouse appears in his field of vision he *must* pursue; that when that particular barking

*P. A. Chadbourne: Instinct, p. 28. New York, 1872.

and obstreperous thing called a dog appears there he *must* retire, if at a distance, and scratch if close by; that he *must* withdraw his feet from water and his face from flame, etc. His nervous system is to a great extent a preorganized bundle of such reactions—they are as fatal as sneezing, and as exactly correlated to their special excitants as it is to its own. Although the naturalist may, for his own convenience, class these reactions under general heads, he must not forget that in the animal it is a particular sensation or perception or image which calls them forth.

At first this view astounds us by the enormous number of special adjustments it supposes animals to possess ready-made in anticipation of the outer things among which they are to dwell. *Can* mutual dependence be so intricate and go so far? Is each thing born fitted to particular other things, and to them exclusively, as locks are fitted to their keys? Undoubtedly, this must be believed to be so. Each nook and cranny of creation, down to our very skin and entrails, has its living inhabitants, with organs suited to the place, to devour and digest the food it harbors and to meet the dangers it conceals; and the minuteness of adaptation, thus shown in the way of *structure*, knows no bounds. Even so are there no bounds to the minuteness of adaptation in the way of *conduct* which the several inhabitants display.

The older writings on instinct are ineffectual wastes of words, because their authors never came down to this definite and simple point of view, but smothered everything in vague wonder at the clairvoyant and prophetic power of the animals—so superior to anything in man—and at the beneficence of God in endowing them with such a gift. But God's beneficence endows them, first of all, with a nervous system; and, turning our attention to this, makes instinct immediately appear neither more nor less wonderful than all the other facts of life.

Every instinct is an *impulse*. Whether we shall call such impulses as blushing, sneezing, coughing, smiling, or dodging, or keeping time to music, instincts or not, is a mere matter of terminology. The process is the same throughout. In his delightfully fresh and interesting work, "Der Thierische Wille," Herr G. H. Schneider subdivides impulses (*Triebe*) into sensation-impulses, perception-impulses, and idea-impulses. To crouch from cold is a sensation-impulse; to turn and follow, if we see people running one way, is a perception-impulse; to cast about for cover, if it begins to blow and rain, is an imagination-impulse. A single complex instinctive action may involve successively the awakening of impulses of all three classes. Thus a hungry lion starts to *seek* prey by the awakening in him of imagination coupled with desire; he begins to *stalk* it when, on eye, ear, or nostril, he gets an impression of its presence at a certain distance; he *springs* upon it, either when the booty takes alarm and flees, or when the distance is sufficiently reduced; he proceeds to *tear* and *devour* it the moment he gets a sensation of its contact with his claws and fangs. Seeking, stalking, springing, and devouring are just so many different kinds of muscular contraction, and neither kind is called forth by the stimulus appropriate to the other.

Schneider says of the hamster, which stores corn in its hole: "If we analyze the propensity of storing, we find that it consists of three impulses: First, an impulse to *pick up* the nutritious object, due to perception; second, an impulse to *carry it off* into the dwelling-place, due to the idea of this latter; and third, an impulse to *lay it down* there, due to the sight of the place. It lies in the nature of the hamster that it should never see a full ear of corn without feeling a desire to strip it; it lies in its nature to feel, as soon as its cheek-pouches are filled, an irresistible desire to hurry to its home; and finally, it lies it its nature that the sight of the store-house should awaken the impulse to empty the cheeks" (p. 208). In certain animals of a low order the feeling of having executed one impulsive step is such an indispensable part of the stimulus of the next one, that the animal cannot make any variation in the order of its performance.

Now, why do the various animals do what seem to us such strange things, in

the presence of such outlandish stimuli? Why does the hen, for example, submit herself to the tedium of incubating such a fearfully uninteresting set of objects as a nestful of eggs, unless she have some sort of a prophetic inkling of the result? The only answer is *ad hominem*. We can only interpret the instincts of brutes by what we know of instincts in ourselves. Why do men always lie down, when they can, on soft beds rather than on hard floors? Why do they sit round the stove on a cold day? Why, in a room, do they place themselves, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, with their faces toward its middle rather than to the wall? Why do they prefer saddle of mutton and champagne to hard-tack and ditch-water? Why does the maiden interest the youth so that everything about her seems more important and significant than anything else in the world? Nothing more can be said than that these are human ways, and that every creature *likes* its own ways, and takes to the following them as a matter of course. Science may come and consider these ways, and find that most of them are useful. But it is not for the sake of their utility that they are followed, but because at the moment of following them we feel that that is the only appropriate and natural thing to do. Not one man in a billion, when taking his dinner ever thinks of utility. He eats because the food tastes good and makes him want more. If you ask him *why* he should want to eat more of what tastes like that, instead of revering you as a philosopher he will probably laugh at you for a fool. The connection between the savory sensation and the act it awakens is for him absolute and *selbstverständlich*, an "*a priori* synthesis" of the most perfect sort, needing no proof but its own evidence. It takes, in short, what Berkeley calls a mind debauched by learning to carry the process of making the natural seem strange so far as to ask for the *why* of any instinctive human act. To the metaphysician alone can such questions occur as: Why do we smile, when pleased, and not scowl? Why are we unable to talk to a crowd as we talk to a single friend? Why does a particular maiden turn our wits so upside down? The common man can only say, "*of course* we smile, *of course* our heart palpitates at the sight of the crowd, *of course* we love the maiden, that beautiful soul clad in that perfect form, so palpably and flagrantly made from all eternity to be loved!"

And so probably does each animal feel about the particular things it tends to do in presence of particular objects. They, too, are *a priori* syntheses. To the lion it is the lioness which is made to be loved; to the bear, the she-bear. To the broody hen the notion would probably seem monstrous that there should be a creature in the world to whom a nestful of eggs was not the utterly fascinating and precious and never-to-be-too-much-sat-upon object which it is to her.*

Thus we may be sure that, however mysterious some animals' instincts may appear to us, our instincts will appear no less mysterious to them. And we may conclude that, to the animal which obeys it, every impulse and every step of every instinct shines with its own sufficient light, and seems at the moment the only eternally right and proper thing to do. It is done for its own sake exclusively. What voluptuous thrill may not shake a fly, when she at last discovers the one particular leaf, or carrion, or bit of dung, that out of all the world can stimulate her ovipositor to its discharge? Does not the discharge then seem to her the only fitting thing? And need she care or know anything about the future maggot and its food?

Since the egg-laying instincts are simple examples to consider, a few quotations about them from Schneider may be serviceable:

"The phenomenon so often talked about, so variously interpreted, so sur-

* "It would be very simple-minded to suppose that bees follow their queen, and protect her and care for her, because they are aware that without her the hive would become extinct. The odor or the aspect of their queen is manifestly agreeable to the bees—that is why they love her so. Does not all true love base itself on agreeable perceptions much more than on representations of utility?" Schneider: Thierische Wille, p. 187. *A priori*, there is no reason to suppose that *any* sensation might not in *some* animal cause *any* emotion and *any* impulse. To us it seems unnatural that an odor should directly excite anger or fear; or a color, lust. Yet there are creatures to which some smells are quite as frightful as any sounds, and very likely others to which color is as much a sexual irritant as form.

rounded with mystification, that an insect should always lay her eggs in a spot appropriate to the nourishment of her young, is no more marvellous than the phenomenon that every animal pairs with a mate capable of bearing posterity, or feeds on materials capable of affording him nourishment. . . . Not only the choice of a place for laying the eggs, but all the various acts for depositing and protecting them, are occasioned by the perception of the proper object, and the relation of this perception to the various stages of maternal impulse. When the burying beetle perceives a carrion, she is not only impelled to approach it and lodge her eggs in it, but also to go through the movements requisite for burying it; just as a bird who sees his hen-bird is impelled to caress her, to strut around her, dance before her, or in some other way to woo her; just as a tiger, when he sees an antelope, is impelled to stalk it, to pounce upon it, and to strangle it. When the tailor-bee cuts out pieces of rose-leaf, bends them, carries them into a caterpillar or mouse hole in trees or in the earth, covers their seams again with other pieces, and so makes a thimble-shaped case—when she fills this with honey and lays an egg in it, all these various appropriate expressions of her will are to be explained by supposing that at the time when the eggs are ripe within her the appearance of a suitable caterpillar or mouse hole and the perception of rose-leaves are so correlated in the insect with the several impulses in question that the performances follow as a matter of course when the perceptions take place." . . .

"The perception of the empty nest, or of a single egg, seems in birds to stand in such a close relation to the physiological functions of oviparation, that it serves as a direct stimulus to these functions, while the perception of a sufficient number of eggs has just the opposite effect. It is well known that hens and ducks lay more eggs if we keep removing them than if we leave them in the nest. The impulse to sit arises, as a rule, when the bird sees a certain number of eggs in her nest. If this number is not yet to be seen there, the ducks continue to lay, although they perhaps have laid twice as many eggs as they are accustomed to sit upon. . . . That sitting, also, is independent of any idea of purpose and is a pure perception-impulse is evident, among other things, from the fact that many birds, *e.g.*, wild ducks, steal eggs from each other. . . . The bodily disposition to sit is, it is true, one condition [since broody hens will sit where there are no eggs], but the perception of the eggs is the other condition of the activity of the incubating impulse. The propensity of the cuckoo and of the cow-bird to lay their eggs in the nests of other species must also be interpreted as a pure perception-impulse. These birds have no bodily disposition to become broody, and there is therefore in them no connection between the perception of an egg and the impulse to sit upon it. Eggs ripen, however, in their oviducts, and the body tends to get rid of them. And since the two birds just named do not drop their eggs anywhere on the ground, but in nests, which are the only places where they may preserve the species, it might easily appear that such preservation of the species was what they had in view, and that they acted with full consciousness of the purpose. But this is not so. . . . The cuckoo is simply excited by the perception of quite determinate sorts of nest, which already contain eggs, to drop her own into them and throw the others out, because this perception is a direct stimulus to these acts. It is impossible that she should have any notion of the other bird coming and sitting on her egg." *

Remember that nothing is said yet of the origin of instincts, but only of the constitution of those that exist fully formed. How stands it with the instincts of mankind?

Nothing is commoner than the remark that Man differs from lower creatures by the almost total absence of instincts, and the assumption of their work in him by "reason." A fruitless discussion might be waged on this point by two theorizers who were careful not to define their terms. "Reason" might be used, as it often has been used since Kant, not as the mere power of "inferring," but also as a name for the *tendency*

* Der Thierische Wille.

to obey impulses of a certain lofty sort, such as duty, or universal ends. And "instinct" might have its significance so broadened as to cover all impulses whatever, even the impulse to act from the idea of a distant fact, as well as the impulse to act from a present sensation. Were the word instinct used in this broad way, it would of course be impossible to restrict it, as we began by doing, to actions done with no prevision of an end. We must of course avoid a quarrel about words, and the facts of the case are really tolerably plain! Man has a far greater variety of *impulses* than any lower animal; and any one of these impulses, taken in itself, is as "blind" as the lowest instinct can be; but, owing to man's memory, power of reflection, and power of inference, they come each one to be felt by him, after he has once yielded to them and experienced their results, in connection with a *foresight* of those results. In this condition an impulse acted out may be said to be acted out, in part at least, *for the sake* of its results. It is obvious that every instinctive act, in an animal with memory, must cease to be "blind" after being once repeated, and must be accompanied with foresight of its "end" just so far as that end may have fallen under the animal's cognizance. An insect that lays her eggs in a place where she never sees them hatch must always do so "blindly;" but a hen who has already hatched a brood can hardly be assumed to sit with perfect "blindness" on her second nest. Some expectation of consequences must in every case like this be aroused; and this expectation, according as it is that of something desired or of something disliked, must necessarily either re-enforce or inhibit the mere impulse. The hen's idea of the chickens would probably encourage her to sit; a rat's memory, on the other hand, of a former escape from a trap would neutralize his impulse to take bait from anything that reminded him of that trap. If a boy sees a fat hopping-toad, he probably has incontinently an impulse (especially if with other boys) to smash the creature with a stone, which impulse we may suppose him blindly to obey. But something in the expression of the dying toad's clasped hands suggests the meanness of the act, or reminds him of sayings he has heard about the sufferings of animals being like his own; so that, when next he is tempted *by a toad*, an idea arises which, far from spurring him again to the torment, prompts kindly actions, and may even make him the toad's champion against less reflecting boys.

It is plain then that, no matter how well endowed an animal may originally be in the way of instincts, his resultant *actions* will be much modified if the instincts *combine* with experience, if in addition to impulses he have memories, associations, inferences, and expectations, on any considerable scale. An object O, on which he has an instinctive impulse to react in the manner A, would *directly* provoke him to that reaction. But O has meantime become for him a *sign* of the nearness of P, on which he has an equally strong impulse to react in the manner B, quite unlike A. So that when he meets O the immediate impulse A and the remote impulse B struggle in his breast for the mastery. The fatality and uniformity said to be characteristic of instinctive actions are so little manifest, that one might be tempted to deny to him altogether the possession of any instinct about the object O. Yet how false this judgment would be! The instinct about O is there; only by the complication of the mental machinery it has come into conflict with another instinct about P.

Here we immediately reap the good fruits of our simple physiological conception of what an instinct is. If it be a mere excito-motor impulse, due to the pre-existence of a certain "reflex-arc" in the nerve-centres of the creature, of course it must follow the law of all such reflex-arcs. One liability of such arcs is to have their activity "inhibited" by other processes going on at the same time. It makes no difference whether the arc be organized at birth, or ripen spontaneously later, or be due to acquired habit, it must take its chances with all the other arcs, and sometimes succeed, and sometimes fail, in draughting off the currents through itself. The mystical view of an instinct would make it invariable. The physiological view would require it to show occasional ir-

regularities in any animal in whom the number of separate instincts, and the possible entrance of the same stimulus into several of them, were great. And such irregularities are what every superior animal's instincts do show in abundance.*

Wherever the mind is elevated enough to discriminate; wherever several distinct sensory elements must combine to discharge the reflex-arc; wherever, instead of plumping into action instantly at the first rough intimation of what *sort* of a thing is there, the agent waits to see which *one* of its kind it is and what the *circumstances* are of its appearance; wherever different individuals and different circumstances can impel him in different ways; wherever these are the conditions—we have a masking of the elementary constitution of the instinctive life. The whole story of our dealings with the lower wild animals is the history of our taking advantage of the way in which they judge of everything by its mere label, as it were, so as to ensnare or kill them. Nature, in them, has left matters in this rough way, and made them act *always* in the manner which would be *oftenest* right. There are more worms unattached to hooks than impaled upon them; therefore, on the whole, says Nature to her fishy children, bite at *every* worm and take your chances. But as her children get higher, and their lives more precious, she reduces the risks. Since what seems to be the same object may be now a genuine food and now a bait; since in gregarious species each individual may prove to be either the friend or the rival, according to the circumstances, of another; since any entirely unknown object may be fraught with weal or woe, Nature implants *contrary* impulses to act on many classes of things, and leaves it to slight alterations in the conditions of the individual case to decide which impulse shall carry the day. Thus, greediness and suspicion, curiosity and timidity, coyness and desire, bashfulness and vanity, sociability and pugnacity, seem to shoot over into each other as quickly, and to remain in as unstable equilibrium in the higher birds and mammals as in man. They are all impulses, congenital, blind at first, and productive of motor reactions of a rigorously determinate sort. Each one of them, then, is an instinct, as instincts are commonly defined. But they contradict each other—"experience" in each particular opportunity of application usually deciding the issue. The animal that exhibits them loses the "instinctive" demeanor and appears to lead a life of hesitation and choice, an intellectual life; not, however, because he has no instincts—rather because he has so many that they block each other's path.

Thus, then, without troubling ourselves about the words instinct and reason, we may confidently say that however uncertain man's reactions upon his environment may sometimes seem in comparison with those of lower creatures, the uncertainty is probably not due to their possession of any principles of action which he lacks, but to his possessing all the impulses that they have, and a great many more besides. In other words, there is no material antagonism between instinct and reason. Reason, *per se*, can inhibit no impulses; the only thing that can neutralize an impulse is an impulse the other way. Reason may, however, make an *inference which will set loose* the impulse the other way; and thus, though the animal richest in reason might be also the animal richest in instinctive impulses too, he would never seem the fatal automaton which a *merely* instinctive animal would be.

Let us now turn to human impulses with a little more detail. All we have ascertained so far is that impulses of an originally instinctive character may exist, and yet not betray themselves by automatic fatality of conduct. But in man what impulses do exist? In the light of what has been said, it is obvious that an existing impulse may not always be superficially apparent even when its

* In the instincts of mammals, and even of lower creatures, the uniformity and infallibility which, a generation ago, were considered as essential characters do not exist. The minuter study of recent years has found continuity, transition, variation, and mistake, wherever it has looked for them, and decided that what is called an instinct is usually only a tendency to act in a way of which the *average* is pretty constant, but which need not be mathematically "true." Cf. on this point, Darwin's Origin of Species; Romanes's Mental Evol., chaps. xi. to xvi., incl., and Appendix; Lindsay's Mind in Lower Animals, vol. i., 133–141 —ii., chaps. v., xx.; and Semper's Conditions of Existence in Animals, where a great many instances will be found.

object is there. And we shall see that some impulses may be masked by causes of which we have not yet spoken.

Were one devising an abstract scheme, nothing would be easier than to discover from an animal's actions just how many instincts he possessed. He would react in one way only upon each class of objects with which his life had to deal; he would react in identically the same way upon every specimen of a class; and he would react invariably during his whole life. There would be no gaps among his instincts; all would come to light without perversion or disguise. But there are no such abstract animals, and nowhere does the instinctive life display itself in such a way. Not only, as we have seen, may objects of the same class arouse reactions of opposite sorts in consequence of slight changes in the circumstances in the individual object or in the agent's inward condition; but two other principles, of which we have not yet spoken, may come into play and produce results so striking that observers as eminent as Messrs. D. A. Spalding and Romanes do not hesitate to call them "derangements of the mental constitution," and to conclude that the instinctive machinery has got out of gear.

These principles are those of the *inhibition of instincts by habits* and of the *transitoriness of instincts*. Taken in conjunction with the two former principles —that an object may excite ambiguous impulses, or *suggest* an impulse different from that which it *excites*, by suggesting a remote object—they explain any amount of departure from uniformity of conduct, without implying any getting out of gear of the elementary impulses from which the conduct flows.

Take first the inhibition of instincts by habits. The law is this: When objects of a certain class elicit from an animal a certain sort of reaction, it often happens that the animal becomes *partial* to the first specimen of the class on which it has reacted, and will not afterward react on any other specimen.

The selection of a particular hole to live in, of a particular mate, of a particular feeding-ground, a particular variety of diet, a particular anything, in short, out of a possible multitude, is a very wide-spread tendency among animals, even those low down in the scale. The limpet will return to the same sticking-place in its rock, and the lobster to its favorite nook on the sea-bottom. The rabbit will deposit its dung in the same corner; the bird makes its nest on the same bough. But each of these preferences carries with it an insensibility to *other* opportunities and occasions—an insensibility which can only be described physiologically as an inhibition of new impulses by the habit of old ones already formed. The possession of homes and wives of our own makes us strangely insensible to the charms of those of other people. Few of us are adventurous in the matter of food; in fact, most of us think there is something disgusting in a bill of fare to which we are unused. Strangers, we are apt to think, cannot be worth knowing, especially if they come from distant cities, etc. The original impulse which got us homes, wives, dietaries, and friends, at all, seems to exhaust itself in its first achievements and to leave no surplus energy for reacting on new cases. And so it comes about that, witnessing this torpor, an observer of mankind might say that no *instinctive* propensity toward certain objects existed at all. It existed, but it existed *miscellaneously*, or as an instinct pure and simple only, before habit was formed. A habit, once grafted on an instinctive tendency, restricts the range of the tendency itself, and keeps us from reacting on any but the habitual objects, although other objects might just as well have been chosen had they been the first comers.

Another sort of arrest of instinct by habit is where the same class of objects awakens contrary instinctive impulses. Here the impulse first followed toward a given individual of the class is apt to keep him from ever awakening the opposite impulse in us. In fact, the whole class may be protected by this individual specimen from the application to it of the other impulse. Animals, for example, awaken in a child the opposite impulses of fearing and fondling. But if a child, in his first attempts to pat a dog, gets snapped at or bitten, so that the impulse of fear is strongly aroused,

if may be that for years to come no dog will excite in him the impulse to fondle again. On the other hand, the greatest natural enemies, if carefully introduced to each other when young and guided at the outset by superior authority, settle down into those "happy families" of friends which we see in our menageries. Young animals, immediately after birth, have no instinct of fear, but show their dependence by allowing themselves to be freely handled. Later, however, they grow "wild," and, if left to themselves, will not let man approach them. I am told by farmers in the Adirondack wilderness that it is a very serious matter if a cow wanders off and calves in the woods and is not found for a week or more. The calf, by that time, is as wild and almost as fleet as a deer, and hard to capture without violence. But calves rarely show any particular wildness to the men who have been in contact with them during the first days of their life, when the instinct to attach themselves is uppermost, nor do they dread strangers as they would if brought up wild.

Chickens give a curious illustration of the same law. Mr. Spalding's wonderful article on instinct shall supply us with the facts. These little creatures show opposite instincts of attachment and fear, either of which may be aroused by the same object, man. If a chick is born in the absence of the hen, it "will follow any moving object. And, when guided by sight alone, they seem to have no more disposition to follow a hen than to follow a duck or a human being. Unreflecting lookers-on, when they saw chickens a day old running after me," says Mr. Spalding, "and older ones following me for miles, and answering to my whistle, imagined that I must have some occult power over the creatures : whereas I had simply allowed them to follow me from the first. There is the instinct to follow ; and the ear, prior to experience, attaches them to the right object." * But if a man presents himself for the first time when the instinct of *fear* is strong, the phenomena are altogether reversed. Mr. Spalding kept three chickens hooded until they were nearly four days old, and thus describes their behavior :

"Each of them, on being unhooded, evinced the greatest terror to me, dashing off in the opposite direction whenever I sought to approach it. The table on which they were unhooded stood before a window, and each in its turn beat against the window like a wild bird. One of them darted behind some books, and, squeezing itself into a corner, remained cowering for a length of time. We might guess at the meaning of this strange and exceptional wildness; but the odd fact is enough for my present purpose. Whatever might have been the meaning of this marked change in their mental constitution—had they been unhooded on the previous day they would have run to me instead of from me—it could not have been the effect of experience ; it must have resulted wholly from changes in their own organizations."*

Their case was precisely analogous to that of the Adirondack calves. The two opposite instincts relative to the same object ripen in succession. If the first one engenders a habit, that habit will inhibit the application of the second instinct to that object. All animals are tame during some phase of their infancy. Habits formed then limit the effects of whatever instincts of wildness may later be evolved.

Mr. Romanes gives some very curious examples of the way in which instinctive tendencies may be altered by the habits to which their first "objects" have given rise. The cases are a little more complicated than those mentioned in the text, inasmuch as the object reacted on not only starts a habit which inhibits other kinds of impulse toward it (although such other kinds might be natural), but even modifies by its own peculiar conduct the constitution of the impulse it actually awakens.

Two of the instances in question are those of hens who hatched out broods of chicks after having (in three previous years) hatched ducks. They strove to coax or to compel their new progeny to enter the water, and seemed much perplexed at their unwillingness. Another hen adopted a brood of young ferrets which, having lost their mother, were put under her. During all the time they were

* Spalding, *op. cit.*, p. 287.

* *Op. cit.*, p. 289.

left with her she had to sit on the nest, for they could not wander like young chicks. She obeyed their hoarse growling as she would have obeyed her chickens' peep. She combed out their hair with her bill, and "used frequently to stop and look with one eye at the wriggling nestful, with an inquiring gaze, expressive of astonishment." At other times she would fly up with a loud scream, doubtless because the orphans had nipped her in their search for teats. Finally, a Brahma hen nursed a young peacock during the enormous period of *eighteen months*, and never laid any eggs during all this time. The abnormal degree of pride which she showed in her wonderful chicken is described by Dr. Romanes as ludicrous.*

This leads us to the law of transitoriness, which is this: That *many instincts ripen at a certain age and then fade away.* A consequence of this law is that if, during the time of such an instinct's vivacity, objects adequate to arouse it are met with, a *habit* of acting on them is formed, which remains when the original instinct has passed away; but that if no such objects are met with, then no habit will be formed; and, later on in life, when the animal meets the objects, he will altogether fail to react, as at the earlier epoch he would instinctively have done.

No doubt such a law is restricted. Some instincts are far less transient than others—those connected with feeding and "self-preservation" may hardly be transient at all, and some, after fading out for a time, recur as strong as ever, *e.g.*, the instincts of pairing and rearing young. The law, however, though not absolute, is certainly very wide-spread, and a few examples will illustrate just what it means.

In the chickens and calves above mentioned, it is obvious that the instinct to follow and become attached fades out after a few days, and that the instinct of flight then takes its place, the conduct of the creature toward man being decided by the formation or non-formation of a certain habit during those days. The transiency of the chicken's instinct to follow is also proved by its conduct toward the hen. Mr. Spalding kept some chickens shut up till they were comparatively old, and, speaking of these, he says: "A chicken that has not heard the call of the mother till until eight or ten days old then hears it as if it heard it not. I regret to find that on this point my notes are not so full as I could wish, or as they might have been. There is, however, an account of one chicken that could not be returned to the mother when ten days old. The hen followed it and tried to entice it in every way; still, it continually left her and ran to the house or to any person of whom it caught sight. This it persisted in doing, though beaten back with a small branch dozens of times and, indeed, cruelly maltreated. It was also placed under the mother at night, but it again left her in the morning."

The instinct of sucking is ripe in all mammals at birth, and leads to that habit of taking the breast which, in the human infant, may be prolonged by daily exercise long beyond its usual term of a year or a year and a half. But the instinct itself is transient, in the sense that if, for any reason, the child be fed by spoon during the first few days of its life and not put to the breast, it may be no easy matter after that to make it suck at all. So of calves. If their mother die, or be dry, or refuse to let them suck for a day or two, so that they are fed by hand, it becomes hard to get them to suck at all when a new nurse is provided. The ease with which sucking creatures are weaned, by simply breaking the habit and giving them food in a new way, shows that the instinct, purely as such, must be entirely extinct.

Assuredly the simple fact that instincts are transient, and that the effect of later ones may be altered by the habits which earlier ones have left behind, is a far more philosophical explanation than the notion of an instinctive constitution vaguely "deranged" or "thrown out of gear."

I have observed a Scotch terrier, born on the floor of a stable in December, and transferred six weeks later to a carpeted house, make, when he was less than four months old, a very elaborate pretence of burying things, such

* For the cases in full, see Mental Evolution in Animals, pp. 213–217.

as gloves, etc., which he had played with till he was tired. He scratched the carpet with his forefeet, dropped the object from his mouth upon the spot, and then scratched all about it (with both fore and hind feet, if I remember rightly), and finally went away and let it lie. Of course, the act was entirely useless. I saw him perform it at that age, some four or five times, and never again in his life. The conditions were not present to fix a habit which could last when the prompting instinct died away. But suppose meat instead of a glove, earth instead of a carpet, hunger pangs instead of a fresh supper a few hours later, and it is easy to see how this dog might have got into a habit of burying superfluous food, which might have lasted all his life. Who can swear that the strictly instinctive part of the food-burying propensity in the wild *Canidæ* may not be as short-lived as it was in this terrier?

A similar instance is given by Dr. H. D. Schmidt,* of New Orleans.

"I may cite the example of a young squirrel which I had tamed, a number of years ago, when serving in the army, and when I had sufficient leisure and opportunity to study the habits of animals. In the autumn, before the winter sets in, adult squirrels bury as many nuts as they can collect, separately, in the ground. Holding the nut firmly between their teeth, they first scratch a hole in the ground, and, after pointing their ears in all directions to convince themselves that no enemy is near, they ram—the head, with the nut still between the front teeth, serving as a sledge-hammer—the nut into the ground, and then fill up the hole by means of their paws. The whole process is executed with great rapidity, and, as it appeared to me, always with exactly the same movements; in fact, it is done so well that I could never discover the traces of the burial-ground. Now, as regards the young squirrel, which, of course, never had been present at the burial of a nut, I observed that, after having eaten a number of hickory nuts to appease its appetite, it would take one between its teeth, then sit upright and listen in all directions. Finding all right, it would scratch upon the smooth blanket on which I was playing with it as if to make a hole, then hammer with the nut between its teeth upon the blanket, and finally perform all the motions required to fill up a hole—*in the air;* after which it would jump away, leaving the nut, of course, uncovered."

The anecdote, of course, illustrates beautifully the close relation of instinct to reflex action—a particular perception calls forth particular movements, and that is all. Dr. Schmidt tells me that the squirrel in question soon passed away from his observation. It may fairly be presumed that, if he had been long retained prisoner in a cage, he would soon have forgotten his gesticulations over the hickory-nuts.

One might, indeed, go still further with safety, and expect that, if such a captive squirrel were then set free, he would never afterward acquire this peculiar instinct of his tribe.*

Leaving lower animals aside, and turning to human instincts, we see the law of transiency corroborated on the widest scale by the alternation of different interests and passions as human life goes on. With the child, life is all play and fairy-tales and learning the external properties of "things;" with the youth, it is bodily exercises of a more systematic sort, novels of the real world, boon-fellowship and song, friendship and love, nature, travel and adventure, science and philosophy; with the man, ambition and policy, acquisitiveness, responsibility to others, and the selfish zest of the battle of life. If a boy grows up alone at the age of games and sports, and learns neither to play ball, nor row, nor sail, nor ride, nor skate, nor fish, nor shoot, probably he will be sedentary to the end of his days; and, though the best of opportunities be afforded him for learning these things later, it is a hundred to one but he will

* Transactions of American Neurological Association, vol. i., p. 129, 1875.

* "Mr. Spalding," says Mr. Lewes (Problems of Life and Mind, Prob. I., chap., ii., § 22, note), "tells me of a friend of his who reared a gosling in the kitchen, away from all water; when this bird was some months old, and was taken to a pond, it not only refused to go into the water, but when thrown in scrambled out again, as a hen would have done. Here was an instinct entirely suppressed." See a similar observation on ducklings in T. R. R. Spedding: Essays on Darwinism, 1871, p. 73. London.

pass them by and shrink back from the effort of taking those necessary first steps the prospect of which, at an earlier age, would have filled him with eager delight. The sexual passion expires after a protracted reign ; but it is well known that its peculiar manifestations in a given individual depend almost entirely on the habits he may form during the early period of its activity. Exposure to bad company then makes him a loose liver all his days ; chastity kept at first makes the same easy later on. In all pedagogy the great thing is to strike the iron while hot, and to seize the wave of the pupil's interest in each succcessive subject before its ebb has come, so that knowledge may be got and a habit of skill acquired—a headway of interest, in short, secured, on which afterward the individual may float. There is a happy moment for fixing skill in drawing, for making boys collectors in natural history, and presently dissectors and botanists ; then for initiating them into the harmonies of mechanics and the wonders of physical and chemical law. Later, introspective psychology and the metaphysical and religious mysteries take their turn ; and, last of all, the drama of human affairs and worldly wisdom in the widest sense of the term. In each of us a saturation-point is soon reached in all these things ; the impetus of our purely intellectual zeal expires, and unless the topic be one associated with some urgent personal need that keeps our wits constantly whetted about it, we settle into an equilibrium, and live on what we learned when our interest was fresh and instinctive, without adding to the store. Outside of their own business, the ideas gained by men before they are twenty-five are practically the only ideas they shall have in their lives. They *cannot* get anything new. Disinterested curiosity is past, the mental grooves and channels set, the power of assimilation gone. If by chance we ever do learn anything about some entirely new topic we are afflicted with a strange sense of insecurity, and we fear to advance a resolute opinion. But, with things learned in the plastic days of instinctive curiosity we never lose entirely our sense of being at home. There remains a kinship, a sentiment of intimate acquaintance, which, even when we know we have failed to keep abreast of the subject, flatters us with a sense of power over it, and makes us feel not altogether out of the pale.

Whatever individual exceptions might be cited to this are of the sort that "prove the rule."

To detect the moment of the instinctive readiness for the subject is, then, the first duty of every educator. As for the pupils, it would probably lead to a more earnest temper on the part of college students if they had less belief in their unlimited future intellectual potentialities, and could be brought to realize that whatever physics and political economy and philosophy they are now acquiring are, for better or worse, the physics and political economy and philosophy that will have to serve them to the end.

The natural conclusion to draw from this transiency of instincts is that most of them are implanted for the sake of giving rise to habits, and that, this purpose once accomplished, the instincts themselves, as such, have no *raison d'être* in the psychical economy, and consequently fade away. That occasionally an instinct should fade before circumstances permit of a habit being formed, or that, if the habit be formed, other factors than the pure instinct should modify its course, need not surprise us. Life is full of the imperfect adjustment to individual cases, of arrangements which, taking the species as a whole, are quite orderly and regular. Instinct cannot be expected to escape this general rule.

The most interesting thing possible now would be to test our principles by going through the human instincts in detail. But as I have already exceeded my allotted space, that must be reserved for another opportunity.

FATHER ANDREI;

THE STORY OF A RUSSIAN PRIEST.

By Robert Gordon Butler.

I.

All day long on that Russian January day, more than twenty-five years ago, the snow had been falling, but as evening came on the flakes had stopped. They did not lie quietly, though, for the wind had risen, and was driving them in furious clouds. Against August Hummel's new house, quite at the end of the village, the wind seemed to have an especial grudge. It drove the snow in mighty drifts around the corners until only in front of the house was there a sheltered place, a triangular patch of whiteness, walled in on one side by the house, and on the other sides by the drifting flakes. If a person leaving August Hummel's house had turned to his left, he would have disappeared instantly into the snow-wall without leaving a footprint behind. But if he had turned to his right, he would not have reached the snow-wall until he had walked in front of the house, and in the snow lying quiet beneath its eaves his footprints would remain for hours.

Outside the house everything was in cold, white confusion; within all was warm and bright. August Hummel was no Russian, to be contented with a warm stove to lie on and plenty of vodki to drink. He was a German, and though now he liked vodki almost as much as he had once liked the beer of his fatherland, he had not left behind him all his German ideas of comfort. So in his new house, to which he had brought his pretty Russian wife just in time to have their baby born there, he had things that no Russian in his rank of life would have dreamed of owning. The one large room in Peter Karaloff's old house August had made into two smaller rooms. Opposite the stove, in the outer room, was the great dresser, made by August in imitation of still greater dressers in Germany. On one side of the stove was the doorway into the inner room, so close to the stove that the door touched it whenever it was opened wide, and made with it and the wall a little triangular space, where August Hummel kept his sticks and his gun.

Seated with his back to the stove that night when the wind was blowing so furiously outside, with his outstretched arms lying idly on the table, was Father Andrei, the pope of the little village. Standing opposite to him was the owner of the new house, August Hummel, a good-looking young German with yellow beard and hair, his ordinarily rather heavy features lit up with eagerness. Before him on the table was a small parcel.

"You—recollect—father—how—the—wolves—came—down—on—you—last win—ter?" asked August, his words interrupted by the necessity he was under of using his teeth on a stubborn knot.

"I remember," said the priest, with a grimace.

"Well, I thought a pistol would be a good thing for you; so I got one with seven barrels to it."

"Seven barrels?" echoed the priest, incredulously.

"Yes," said August, with pride. "And here it is," he added, as he drew from its wrappings a box in which lay a revolver. The priest took it out, and examined it carefully.

"I thank you," he said at last. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "Anfissa will be horribly frightened." August laughed softly.

"Now, father," he continued, "here is your ramrod to load it with;" and sitting down opposite the priest, the two men were soon busily engaged in exploring the mysteries of the new-fangled invention, the revolver.

"Now that I know how to load the little gun," said the priest, "I am going to put one or two little leaden balls into it, so that if I find any four-legged visitor at my house to-night, I shall be

ready for him." Then with August watching intently, Father Andrei loaded his new pistol carefully, not stopping when he had loaded one or two chambers, but, with a half-apologetic glance at August, continuing till the revolver was fully charged.

A knock at the door made both men turn. August opened the door.

"Who is it?" he asked. Then as the light fell on the face of the snow-covered figure outside, he exclaimed angrily, "Ivan Ivanovitch! What do you want of me?"

"Is the priest here?" asked Ivan Ivanovitch, in a surly tone, without making a move to enter the house.

"I am here," said the priest, stepping toward the door. "Do you want me?"

"Come you inside," said August; and he stood aside to let Ivan pass him. The latter entered. He was a tall young Russian, darker than most of his country-people, about as old as August Hummel himself. There was a look of habitual sullenness on his face, however, that marred his otherwise good looks.

"What do you want of me?" asked the priest at last. He had resumed his seat, but August stood leaning against the dresser, looking angrily at Ivan.

"I want you, father, to appoint me organist again," began Ivan. The priest looked up at him curiously.

"I have already made my appointment," he said, coolly. "I dismissed you for being drunk so often——"

"I will be drunk no more," cried Ivan, eagerly. "At least, not in the organ-loft."

"I have already appointed August Hummel," remarked the priest.

"August Hummel?" repeated Ivan, glancing toward his unwilling host with a look of hatred fully returned by the latter. The priest nodded.

Ivan's anger and disappointment broke forth:

"You always hated me," he cried. "Now you've put this man in my place simply because I was drunk and played the wrong tune in church. No one knew I was wrong except yourself, and you knew I wouldn't have made the mistake if I had been sober. You all think he is so good and great just because he's not like the rest of us. He did not dare to do it while I was here, but waited until I was away from home to marry Marfa Mikhailovna, and now he has waited until I was drunk in church to get my organ away from me."

"You cursed liar!" shouted August, darting around the table at Ivan. The priest as quickly opposed himself to the young German, and endeavored to quiet him. Ivan stepped back before August's onslaught, but still continued his taunts. The priest's opposition increased August's rage. He seized him by the collar, trying to throw him off, while Father Andrei, on his part, resisted to his utmost.

Just then the door into the inner room opened, and Marfa Hummel appeared in the doorway. She stood dismayed at the struggle. Her sudden appearance startled both August and the priest; like two school-boys surprised by their master in a fight, the two men dropped their hands, and looked at each other almost sheepishly.

"Quarrelling with Father Andrei, August? For shame!" cried Marfa. "Why should you quarrel?" she continued, suddenly, looking around the room. August looked toward Ivan—but Ivan had vanished.

"You must not quarrel!" cried Marfa; and then, as a baby-cry was heard in the inner room, "August meant no harm, Father Andrei—you will forgive him," and she was gone.

Father Andrei drew a long breath of relief.

"I was afraid she would see that drunken fellow Ivan," he said in an undertone, as he closed the door after Marfa Hummel. In the little gun-corner behind it stood Ivan.

"You had, then, some sense of shame, Ivan Ivanovitch," said the priest, sternly. "It is a good thing, and unexpected in you, that you do not dare to face Marfa Mikhailovna."

"I am not afraid," said Ivan, with a swagger, laying his hand on the door into the inner room. Again Father Andrei interposed.

"That will do," commanded the priest. "Go out of this house at once, Ivan

Ivanovitch! Go!" And Ivan obeyed without a word.

The priest resumed his place at the table, and finished his glass of vodki in silence.

"Cheer up, August Hummel," he said at length. "Do not think of that fellow; he was drunk to-night. But it is late—I must be going."

"It is late," said August with an effort. Then he helped Father Andrei put on his heavy coat, and went with him to the door.

"That fellow Ivan must be fond of snow," said the priest, as he stepped out of the door. "See, here are my footsteps as I came, but his are not with them. From the tracks, you might think I was the only guest you had to-night."

"The only guest, but not the only visitor," said August, gloomily. Then he slowly closed the door and returned to the table. As he turned toward the stove he saw the chair lying on the floor where he had upset it when he sprang at Ivan.

"Liar!" he said between his teeth, as he picked it up and set it fiercely on its four legs. As he did so he felt a sudden draught of wind on his back. He wheeled around.

The window at the back of the house was open, and, a dark figure in the midst of the snow that drove through it, Ivan Ivanovitch stood by the table.

August Hummel stood stock-still, but his brows knitted, and his hands clinched as he looked at his enemy. For a moment neither said a word.

"Let this teach all German dogs not to meddle with us Russian bears," said Ivan at last, picking up something bright from the table. August made a step toward him and raised his hands menacingly. But as he did so, there was a flash, a loud report; then the room was filled with smoke. Before it cleared away the light had been put out, and the room was empty.

In the inner room sat Marfa Hummel, wondering between her maternal anxieties why Father Andrei and August should have quarrelled.

Suddenly she heard a loud report in the next room, and then a heavy fall. Then, strain her ears as she might, she could hear nothing.

"August!" she cried, softly, not daring at first to move. Then, not caring whether her boy slept or waked, she moved quickly to the door, her heart seeming to stop beating as she did so.

"August!" she cried, as she opened the door. The outer room was dark. "August, speak to me." But there was no answer. Marfa laid the baby, still asleep, on the bed in the inner room, and with the lamp in her hand, returned to the outer room.

On the floor, beyond the table, by which it was half-concealed, lay the body of a man. Trembling, Marfa knelt by it, and set the lamp on the floor. Then she saw that she was looking on the face of her husband.

"August, August, my husband! speak to me!" she cried, throwing herself on her husband's body. But though the face was warm, there was no motion in the heart, and no voice answered the entreaties the woman uttered so constantly.

Suddenly, Marfa brought the light closer and looked again at her husband's face. The eyes were open, the brows knitted in rage. The hands were clinched. Against whom? Marfa rose and carried the light to the table.

"My God!" she said, very softly, as she looked over the table. Then she knelt again by her husband.

"August, August!" she cried. "Why did the priest kill you, why did the priest kill you?"

II.

Meantime Father Andrei fought his way through the snow until he had passed the little church, quite at the other end of the village, and had reached his own house beyond it. Someone had evidently been watching for him, for as he approached the house the door was flung open.

"Well," cried a harsh voice, "it is high time you were at home." But the harshness was all in the voice, for hands anything but rough took the coat from the old priest's shoulders and received his fur cap. But then the owner of the voice, a thin old woman with a long nose and high cheek-bones, looked at the priest, and began again to upbraid him.

"It is not right for a man of your age to be out on a night like this. One would——"

"I am not very old, Anfissa," said the priest, mildly. "I am not yet sixty, while you——"

"It does not matter how old I am," retorted Anfissa, sharply. "I am older than you, I will allow; but you are old enough to know when to stay at home."

"Perhaps I did make a mistake," he said, as Anfissa placed a cup of tea at his side, and he looked doubtfully at her to see if she showed signs of relenting. But she only sniffed scornfully, and remarked, "Perhaps?"

"I only made one visit," said the priest, turning to his tea. "That was on business. Besides, I got a present when I made that visit."

"A present! what is it?" cried old Anfissa, "show it to me." The priest rose and walked to where his coat hung. One after the other of his pockets he felt, and as he did so, recollected that his old servant had a great fear of fire-arms. He walked back empty-handed to the fire, by which Anfissa was waiting impatiently.

"I have not got the present here," said Father Andrei. "I must have left it at August's."

"Did August Hummel, the German, bring you the present?" asked Anfissa.

"Yes," said the priest.

"What was it?" demanded the inexorable old woman. The priest made a gallant effort to defend himself.

"It will do you no good to know," he said, with a trace of decision. Anfissa deliberately lifted the tea-urn from its stand and made as though she would empty it. "It was—a—a pistol," surrendered the priest, rapidly passing over the name of the obnoxious thing. Anfissa put the urn down.

"Did August Hummel, the German, give you one of those things?" she asked, preparing to fill her victim's cup. The priest nodded. "Where is it?" she continued.

"It—it isn't here," said the priest, quickly. "I must have left it at August's house."

Anfissa sniffed in a way the priest did not like. "I saw the baby," he hastened to continue, and regardless of Anfissa's silence, he talked as bravely as he could about his visit to August Hummel. "The baby was asleep when I was there, so I couldn't see his eyes; but he cried with a good pair of lungs——"

"When it was asleep? Bah!" said Anfissa.

"Oh, no! It waked up. August and I woke it with the noise we made, and then it cried," explained the priest, anxious to defend his knowledge of the natural history of babies.

"What noise?" asked the wary Anfissa instantly. The priest made a partial capitulation.

"Some noise August and I made," he said, calmly. "Not very much noise."

"Were you singing songs?" asked the old woman. Father Andrei shook his head. "Then you were quarrelling." With a sigh the priest was about to surrender, when the idea of counter-irritation occurred to him.

"Anfissa," he said, with a shudder, "I did not sleep warmly enough last night. I must have another rug." At this bold attack on her housekeeping Anfissa set down her tea-cup and looked at her master. He was not joking. Touched in a vulnerable point, she rose slowly and left the room in search of the extra rug required. Almost at once there came a knock at the front door. The priest answered it.

"It is I, Ivan Ivanovitch," said the newcomer. The priest started slightly. Shaking the snow from his coat Ivan entered, and turning, faced the priest.

"Father," he said, with an effort, and speaking in the priest's ear, "I have a confession to make. Is it too late—it cannot be too late. Oh, Father Andrei, hear me, that I may go in peace."

Father Andrei looked at him steadily for a moment and then turned away.

"I will hear you," he said, and led the way into the church, and up to the little confessional near the altar. Ivan did not follow him at once.

"Where are you, Ivan, who would confess?" called the priest at last. And coming out of the darkness, seemingly from behind the altar, Ivan obeyed the call and entered the confessional.

At first there was only a low murmur. Then there was a pause, and a hurried question from the priest, and a muffled

but triumphant answer from Ivan. Then from his place in the confessional Father Andrei tottered, his face white, his eyes standing out, his whole frame shaking. He clung to the door of the confessional to support himself, and looked in horror at Ivan as he came out from his place.

"You demon!" gasped the priest. Ivan smiled at him diabolically. "Devil! damned one! You—you—But, by God in Heaven, you shall suffer for it. I will send to Kiev to-night—I will go myself—to inform the authorities——"

"Oh, no," laughed Ivan; "I have told you everything under the seal of the confessional."

"My God, the devil speaks the truth!" cried the priest, falling upon his knees, while tears of impotent but just wrath ran down his face. Ivan looked at him a moment in silence, as though considering some question. Then he shook his head, and went out through the main door of the church, leaving the priest alone.

When at last Anfissa came in search of her master, she found him kneeling before the high altar, as if in prayer. He was so still, however, that the old woman was frightened.

"Master," she said, touching him on the shoulder. The priest sprang to his feet.

"I know nothing about it," he cried. "I can tell you nothing." Then he passed his hand over his eyes. "Oh, it's you, Anfissa," he said, in a tone of inexpressible relief.

"You must go to bed," said the old woman, leading him toward the door into the house, and Father Andrei, after looking once hastily around the church, submitted quietly to her directions. Hardly, however, had they reached the living-room, when, for the second time, there came a loud knocking at the door. Grumbling more than usual, Anfissa opened the door, and peered about to see who the new visitor might be.

Without the formality of asking permission Zakaroff, the police-officer of the village, pushed the old woman aside and entered. The priest started when he recognized his visitor, but instantly recovered himself.

"You are welcome, Anthony Dmitrivitch," he said. "What can I do for you? Tea, Anfissa." But Zakaroff raised his hand in token that he wanted no tea, and looked at Father Andrei. He seemed to find some difficulty in answering the priest's question, for he hemmed and hawed a good deal. At last he burst out:

"I am—hem—sent to bring your reverence. I—I hope your reverence won't find any fault with me for doing my duty—it's what one has to do very often, as your reverence doubtless knows——"

"Certainly, I shall not blame you," said the priest. "But what do you mean by 'duty' in this case? Who sends you here?"

"Why, your reverence," said Zakaroff, after more hesitation, "the inspector—he it is who sent me to bring you; and as I'm a police-officer, your reverence knows I must obey the inspector. So"—resuming his official tone—"you'll be kind enough to come with me to August Hummel's house."

"He's just come from there," exclaimed Anfissa. Zakaroff looked hard at the priest.

"You have just come from there?" he said, sharply. "Were you there to-night?"

"Yes, he was," snapped Anfissa. "He is not to go out of this house again to-night," she added, "Zakaroff or no Zakaroff."

"The inspector——" began Zakaroff.

"I am coming," said the priest, beginning to put on his heavy boots and coat.

"I shall go with you," announced Anfissa, and forthwith disappearing, she returned equipped for the journey through the snow, before the dazed priest had finished his preparations.

When the little party came out of the drifts into the triangular patch of snow in front of August Hummel's new house, the priest noticed that there was more light in the house than there had been an hour before; and then he saw three or four men in a little group in front of the house, just where the light shone upon them through one of the windows. Two of them were on their knees, examining something in the snow close to the door-step and a tall man stood by, watch-

ing them. As the priest approached they stood up, and just then the tall man caught sight of the little party coming across the snow.

"Ah, Zakaroff," he said. "Is that Father Andrei?"

"Yes, captain," answered Zakaroff, saluting. And the priest, trembling violently, he knew not why, answered, too. "It is I, Captain Nikolas. Are my services needed?"

"Doubtless," answered the inspector, shortly. Then turning to the men, he said: "You two stay here, and see that those footprints are not filled up or lost. Now, Father Andrei, have the goodness to follow me." So saying, he advanced to the door, which he pushed open, himself entering first, while the man with him stood aside to let the priest pass.

In the centre of the brightly lighted room, immediately in front of the door, lay the dead body of August Hummel, the owner of the new house. On his back he lay, his head toward the door, his dead eyes staring straight up from under angry brows, his hands clinched as though in anger, in front of his breast, and a little red spot visible on the coarse white linen shirt.

For a moment the priest stood horrified, not raising his eyes from the face of his dead friend. Then, with a long sigh, he looked up. At the table where he had sat not two hours before was a clerkly-looking man, and by his side Captain Nikolas, the Inspector. By the great dresser, the pride of August Hummel's heart, stood the head man of the village, Mikhail Mikhailovitch, the father of the dead man's wife. Each of these men looked steadily at the startled priest, who returned their gaze helplessly.

Just then Anfissa touched his shoulder.

"This was the noise you made with August Hummel, was it?" she asked. For a moment Father Andrei looked now at the inspector, now at Anfissa. Suddenly the meaning of her question dawned upon him.

"My God, woman! No!" he almost shrieked. "Do you think that of me? Do you think I would kill August?"

The priest's voice was evidently recognized by someone in the inner room, for the door was flung open, and Marfa Hummel rushed into the room where her husband's body lay. Behind her followed her mother and her sister.

"You priest!" she cried, rushing up to where Father Andrei stood, "why did you kill August? Father Andrei, Father Andrei, why did you murder my husband? Oh, you evil man, to kill your best friend!" and she stepped toward him threateningly. The priest instinctively put up his hands to protect himself.

"Yes," cried Marfa, "kill me too, as you have killed my husband! Oh! August, August!" and she fell on her knees by her husband's body, rocking herself to and fro. Her mother and Anfissa ran to her assistance, and presently took her away to the inner room.

There was a long silence in the room. At length the priest looked up.

"Surely you do not think I killed that man?" he asked, huskily, looking from one to another of the men.

"Who else could have done so?" asked the inspector. The priest shuddered. "This woman accuses you to your face. She tells me that she saw you struggling with her husband when she looked into this room during the evening." The priest looked toward the door into the inner room. The inspector continued: "Only one man has been to this house this evening, and only one man left the house. Compare the priest's boots with the footprints," he suddenly ordered.

Involuntarily Father Andrei made a motion to resist; but while one held him in a chair, Zakaroff and another officer pulled off one and then the other of his boots, and followed by Mikhail Mikhailovitch, went out into the darkness.

"Release him," said the inspector at length. The priest sat still in the chair, rubbing his forehead with his hand, and gazing vacantly around the room. The inspector leaned back in his chair, the clerk held the pen in his mouth, and turned over the papers he had in front of him.

At length, after a time that seemed an hour, Zakaroff and the others returned with the priest's boots, the soles of which were moist with snow.

"Well?" asked the inspector, sitting up straight, while the clerk dipped his pen into the ink and prepared to write.

"These boots fit the tracks in the snow," answered Zakaroff. "The man who wore these boots, and he alone, made those tracks."

III.

Justice, in Russia, moved slowly at the time that August Hummel was murdered, and for many years afterward. Perhaps it moves slowly still. But if justice halted, law hurried on with rapid but unequal steps. It was only a week after the killing of the young German that Father Andrei Nikolavitch was arraigned in the criminal court in Kiev, charged with murdering him. But a week may be a long time, and the seven days seemed as many years to the old priest.

For the first two days Father Andrei sat on the wooden bench by the great stove in the hall of the jail, with head hung down, idly fingering the links of the chain that fettered his legs. Only at evening, as the sound of the chimes was carried by on the cold air, would he fall upon his knees, and his lips would move. None of the other prisoners could tell whether or not he was praying; but they thought he was, and so did not disturb him.

On the third day a change came over the old man. He stood up and stretched himself, and took a step away from the stove. Then the rattle of his chain struck on his ear, and he looked down at his feet. When he saw the chain, he smiled almost indulgently, and walked away as quickly as he could, up and down, up and down, the long room.

The next day it was the same, except that Anfissa came, bringing with her a change of clothes for her master. That day, too, Mikhail Levitsky, a fat little prisoner, came to the priest as he walked up and down.

"They will never hang you, little father," he said, looking knowingly at Father Andrei, with his head on one side. "In the first place, you're a priest, and in the second place, the fellow was only a German."

"In the only place," answered the priest, with dignity, "I did not kill August Hummel."

Alexis Napratchine, chief judge of the criminal court, was always prompt in opening court, and on Thursday was in his judicial chamber before even his assessors had arrived. He was a tall man, with a military air, and in his blue uniform, with his crosses on his breast, looked less like a judge than a general.

His two assessors stopped guiltily when they entered the room, and came forward like tardy school-boys when they saw the chief judge there before them.

"You are not late," said Alexis Napratchine, with haughty kindness. "I am early." And then the court opened.

At once Master Sergius Kubensky, the procurator, stood up, and called for Andrei Nikolavitch, charged with murdering August Hummel. A bustle among the court officers, a whisper among the waiting lawyers, and then in his clerical gown, preceded and followed by a policeman, Father Andrei Nikolavitch entered the room. He bowed toward the three judges and toward the procurator. One of the assessors leaned forward toward the dock.

"You are charged with the murder of August Hummel," he said in a harsh, grating voice, looking intently at the prisoner. "What have you to say?"

The priest passed his hand across his forehead, and looked up with a smile. "I am not guilty," he answered. The judge leaned back in his seat.

"Begin," he said in his harsh voice, nodding in the direction of Master Sergius Kubensky. In a few words the procurator explained what he expected to prove, and then began to read from a packet of law papers.

When the procurator stopped reading, the judge with the harsh voice leaned forward again, and a second time asked the priest what he had to say.

"We were not quarrelling," said the priest. "But except as to the quarrel she is right." And the judge nodded again and smiled, and the procurator continued, taking up the testimony of Anfissa Dmitrievna. Then he read the testimony of Anthony Zakaroff, who had compared the footprints in the

snow with the boots Father Andrei had worn, and the priest looked up rather wearily, and said:

"It is quite true that I made those footprints." But when the procurator, continuing, read Zakaroff's testimony to the effect that he had searched the priest's house and the church and had found a pistol with seven barrels, and six of them loaded, behind the high altar, Father Andrei turned pale and trembled like a leaf, and clung to the railing of the dock until his knuckles were white.

When the assessor with the harsh voice spoke to him, after Master Sergius Kubensky had finished reading, the priest tried to answer, but could not, and opened his mouth like a thirsty dog. At last he spoke:

"I—I—do not know. I did not put the pistol there," he said, and shook his head again and again.

The procurator sat down, and coughed, and in a minute the youngest of the three judges leaned forward, resting his elbows on his desk, and looked at Father Andrei.

"Father Andrei Nikolavitch," began the judge; "you have said that the testimony of Marfa Mikhailovna was correct, except that you and August Hummel were not quarrelling; what, then, were you doing when Marfa Mikhailovna surprised you? Had you laid hands on him? Had he laid hands on you?" To these last questions Father Andrei had to answer, "Yes."

"Yet you say you were not quarrelling? Do you now deny that Marfa Mikhailovna surprised you struggling with August Hummel? Why, tell me now, were you struggling with August Hummel?"

The priest shook his head. He feared that he might say something to break the seal of the confession which Ivan Ivanovitch had made to him; he could not trust himself, and so he held his peace. The judge fumbled among the papers on his desk, and then held a pistol up so that the priest could see it.

"Do you know whose pistol this is?" he asked at length, watching Father Andrei steadily.

"It—it looks like mine."

The judge examined his notes, and then began his questions again.

"Your servant, Anfissa Dmitrievna, says she found you in the church, kneeling before the high altar; she spoke to you, and you sprang to your feet, crying out, 'I can say nothing, I can tell you nothing.' What did you mean by that?"

The priest turned very pale. The question he feared most had been put to him. How should he answer it. He bowed his head a moment.

"God help me," he prayed, silently. Then he raised his head and looked firmly at the chief judge.

"I will not say," he answered.

"What? You refuse to answer?" asked the chief judge after a moment. The priest nodded.

"Do you know what you are doing?" exclaimed the younger of the assessors; and again, with a prayer in his heart, the priest nodded.

Presently the chief judge leaned forward and spoke to him again.

"For the third and last time, Andrei Nikolavitch, I ask you, what did you mean by saying to Anfissa Dmitrievna, 'I can say nothing, I can tell you nothing.' Why did you say those words to her? What did you mean by them?" And the three judges looked at him earnestly.

Father Andrei trembled all over, and clung to the rail for support. He looked around the room. The public procurator was looking intently at him, the clerks at the desks below the judges, with pens dipped in their inkstands, were looking intently at him; so, too, were the few lawyers and the policemen. With a long sigh, the priest looked at the chief judge.

"I will not say," he answered, and shut his eyes, as he prayed.

There was a murmur in the room. The three judges consulted together a moment; then the chief judge began to speak to him.

"We have heard the testimony in the case against you, Andrei Nikolavitch," he said, slowly and distinctly. "We have listened to your admissions, to your explanations, and to your refusal to make explanations of damaging testimony against you. The evidence is circumstantial, it is true; but such an array of circumstantial evidence I have never before seen. Every circumstance

points strongly at you as being the murderer of August Hummel."

"On the other side," continued the chief judge, "is your good character, and that alone is opposed to the weight of testimony against you. Unluckily for you, however, character is not evidence, and what you have in character you lack in evidence. After lengthy and thorough deliberation, therefore, we have reached a decision—that you are guilty of the crime charged against you, the murder of August Hummel. Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

Leaning heavily on the rail before him, the priest began slowly to speak in a trembling, husky voice. The words sounded to him as though they did not come from himself, and his lips were so dry that he could hardly articulate.

"I have nothing to say," he said, at length, "except—that—everything—is against me—and that I did not kill August Hummel." And he bowed his head and waited silently.

"Everything in the testimony is against you, as you say," retorted the judge, quickly. Then more calmly, "You are undoubtedly the murderer of August Hummel. There seems to have been no reason for the crime; it was a wanton murder; but as it seems to have been done without premeditation, and as your character before the murder had been so excellent, we have decided to be merciful toward you. We therefore sentence you to imprisonment during the term of your natural life."

The chief judge paused, and the priest drew a long breath, while everybody in the room stared at him to see how he would receive the sentence.

"During the term of my natural life," he repeated, aloud. Then he turned to the judges and bowed. "I thank your excellencies during the term——" he caught himself up; "I thank your excellencies," he said, and left the dock.

IV.

That Colonel Ivan Kalof was brave was shown by the cross of St. George he wore on his left breast, pinned there by the Grand Duke Michael himself one day in the Russian trenches before Plevna. That he was brave was also proved by the fact that, during the Turkish war, he had served on General Skobeleff's staff. For Skobeleff chose the members of his military family for their individual bravery, and for some military instinct each possessed, rather than for any merely theoretical knowledge of the art of war. So it was that Ivan Ivanovitch, entering the Turkish war as a sergeant, came out of it a colonel, promoted and made an officer on Skobeleff's staff because of the bravery he had shown so often, because of his bull-dog ferocity and tenacity of grip. His promotion was not unexampled. In a service where princes serve enthusiastically as privates, and a carpet-general sees service with the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant, it is not strange if a sergeant becomes a colonel. And it was a colonel that Ivan Ivanovitch came out from the war, with scars of numerous wounds, and a reputation for great and persistent bravery.

Besides being brave, Colonel Ivan Kalof was also accomplished—at least he had been accomplished. Twenty odd years before the war his friends considered him an excellent musician, and indeed, he could play the organ in church, and the piano out of church. But for many years he had not needed to make use of his accomplishment, while his instinctive bravery had often been needed during that feverish Turkish war. But he never needed his bravery more than he did when, three years after the war, he was chief of police of the Holy City of Kiev.

Colonel Ivan Kalof was unmarried. He had loved a girl years ago; but she had married a foreigner, a young German, and though her husband had been killed in a quarrel with the village pope, leaving her a young widow, Ivan Kalof—he was not a colonel then—had never renewed his offer of marriage to her. He never talked about his disappointment, and simply remained a bachelor.

Marfa Hummel talked freely about her grief, but she remained a widow, as Colonel Kalof a bachelor. At first she lived in the new house her husband had taken her to, where her boy was born, her husband killed. But as soon as she could, she moved into the city of

Kiev, where she lived as she imagined August would like to have her live, in a style that was neither entirely German nor entirely Russian. As her boy, August Augustovich, grew up, he went to school and finally to the University, where he was still a student when Colonel Ivan Kalof became chief of police.

The university of Kiev is one of the chief hot-beds of Nihilism in Russia, and in watching the doings of its students, Colonel Kalof spent much of his time. Generally, he was successful in his watches, and in their results. One morning, after a successful raid on a band of young Nihilists, a woman asked to see him.

"Have her searched," said the chief of police to the soldier who brought him word of the woman's presence; and he went on with his writing. There was a scuffle in the outer room, a woman's scream, and then the report of a pistol. Kalof strode to the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried, angrily. The scuffle ceased instantly.

"The pistol went off;" answered a soldier, confusedly.

"They would have searched me—" cried the woman, looking at Kalof indignantly.

"Was it your pistol?" he asked shortly. The woman looked at him defiantly and nodded.

"You have arrested my son," she said, doggedly. A trick of her voice caught his ear. He looked at her intently for a moment.

"Come in," he said at last, opening the door, and closing it behind her as she entered. "You are Marfa Mikhailovna," he added, and his voice shook a little. The woman looked at him, half terrified, half astonished.

"Who are you?" she cried, and tried in vain to recall his features. The chief of police smiled grimly.

"I am Ivan Ivanovitch—" he answered. Marfa Hummel fell on her knees before him.

"Ivan, Ivan," she cried; "save my boy—save August's boy for me—he is my only boy, my all in this world;" and she clung to his knees. He raised her to her feet, and held both her wrists tightly, as he looked into her eyes.

"Your boy is August Augustovich," he said, at last. "I did not know he was your boy. So you would have shot me—I would not have blamed her," he added, in an undertone. Then aloud: "I am glad you are come. You can save your son's life, and you only. You must persuade him to turn Crown's evidence. He will not hear me—you are his mother, and he may listen to you."

"I will do everything I can," said the unfortunate Marfa. Kalof shook his head.

"You must do more than that," he said. "You *must* persuade him."

"He has never disobeyed me," said Marfa; then, as Kalof rang the bell for a messenger, she came to his side; "I am sorry I brought the pistol," she said, humbly. Kalof looked up at her quickly, with a significant glance.

"You *must*," he said, sternly; then, as a messenger entered, he gave directions about Marfa Hummel's visit to her son, and saw her start on her errand with little expectation of success.

He was right. Not even his mother's commands or tearful entreaties could move the young Nihilist to betray his comrades; and in course of time, with four others of them, August Augustovich was condemned to death.

Usually a condemned Nihilist saw none of his family before his death, but Colonel Ivan Kalof had influence enough to procure for Marfa Hummel permission to see her boy before he was put to death. One morning, therefore, the chief of police entered Marfa Hummel's house. He went up to the widow as she sat looking into the fire, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Marfa Mikhailovna," he said, and his voice shook a little. "Marfa, do you wish to see your son?"

"My son!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Is he here?" and she looked eagerly around the room.

"He is not here," answered Kalof; "but you can see him, with me."

"Ivan, Ivan, you are very good to me," cried the widow, and in her joy at the idea of seeing her son, she embraced the tall man.

He shook her off roughly; then added, more gently, "Well, will you come?"

It was summer, and through the open windows of the prison came the sound of many feet shuffling in the yard outside. The two great stoves in the hall were cold and dusty, and everything looked so bare and gloomy that a sight of the prisoners would have been a relief. Presently in his green student's uniform, with heavy shackles on his wrists and ankles, August Augustovich came slowly toward his mother. With a little cry, she ran toward him and led him tenderly to the bench by the cold stove.

"Sit here," she said, and Colonel Kalof rose slowly from the bench and walked away. Only two soldiers stood near at hand, watching, with looks of evident pity, the leave-taking between mother and son.

Presently, as the chief of police stood at a little distance, with his back to the unhappy Marfa, the sound of the shuffling feet came nearer and nearer, and then the prisoners began to file in from the yard. At the head of the long line of prisoners marched an old man, bent with age. His scanty hair was white, his beard was white, and his faded blue eyes looked vacantly at Colonel Kalof out of a face almost as white as his hair. The old man walked slowly to the end of the room, and then suddenly turning about, raised his hands as though in benediction. The other prisoners, however, had not waited for him, but had broken line almost at once. The appearance and action of the old man attracted Kalof's attention.

"Who is that old prisoner?" he asked one of the prisoners.

"That, little father," answered the man, with a low bow, "is old Father Andrei—at least, so we call him. We do not know his real name, but they say he was a priest once. We do not know; only, he can read and write, and I have heard him say his prayers just like the pope when he comes here."

"What is the old man here for?" asked Kalof, a sudden suspicion crossing his mind.

"We do not know, but we hear that he killed a man years ago," answered the prisoner.

"How many years?" asked Kalof, hastily, with a shudder.

"Who knows? Longer than any of us. Peter has been here eight years, and the old man was here when he came. Shall I call Peter, little father? Peter!" called the man, without waiting for an answer. But Kalof shook his head and turned away hastily. His suspicion was correct; the old prisoner was the priest, suffering the punishment for *his* crime—and such a punishment! Kalof shuddered.

Unsteadily, feeling dizzy and ill the chief of police walked up the room toward Marfa Hummel and her son. His legs bent beneath him, he staggered like a drunken man, and had not one of the soldiers guarding young August suddenly seized him, he would have fallen against the stove.

"I shall be all right in a moment," he said, unsteadily. But he sat down on a bench opposite Marfa and her boy, and gasped several times. And as he sat there, limp and dejected, he thought confusedly of the murder of August Hummel, and of the priest, and of Marfa, and then he wondered what the buzzing in his head was. It was very loud, and grew louder and louder, and just as it seemed that it couldn't grow any louder, it stopped entirely. It stopped so suddenly that Kalof looked up.

He was lying on the floor by the great stove. By his side knelt the governor of the prison, and several officers and soldiers stood near him. Back of them were some of the prisoners. Directly in front of him, looking at him with unwinking stare from under the arms of some of the officers, was the old man with the white hair and beard. A little to one side Kalof could see Marfa and her boy still together.

"Are you better?" asked the governor of the prison. Kalof began to say that he was, when his eye met that of the old prisoner, over whose face such a gleam of recognition passed that the chief of police shuddered and closed his eyes again.

"I am not well," he said. Then he struggled to his feet, and stumbled over to where Marfa was sitting.

"Marfa," he said, hoarsely. A sound like a gasp caught his ear, and he turned suddenly; but only the governor of the prison and the officers stood near him.

Marfa Hummel looked up hurriedly. Then she threw her arms around her son's neck, and burst into tears. August Augustovich struggled to his feet, still embracing his mother.

"You would separate mother and son!" cried a voice, at which both heartbroken Marfa and agonized Kalof started. "Ivan Ivanovitch, have you not done enough?" and the old man with the white beard pushed his way through the soldiers until he stood in front of the chief of police.

"Marfa, Marfa Mikhailovna, do you not know me?" he cried. "I am Father Andrei Nikolavitch, and this man"—and he turned toward Kalof, and then crammed his fingers into his mouth, as a child does to prevent himself from telling something.

"Stand back," said the governor, grasping him by the shoulders roughly. Kalof raised his hand.

"Do not hurt him," he said.

"Hurt me!" cried the old man, breaking from the governor. "Do you say 'hurt me?' *You*, Ivan Ivanovitch? Marfa, trust him not, trust him not!"

As the old man spoke, Kalof turned ashy white, and looked around as though in mortal fear. Thrice he passed his hand across his brow, as though uncertain what to do or say. At last he spoke.

"It is quite true," he said in a loud, monotonous voice, "Father Andrei Nikolavitch had nothing to do with it. I killed August Hummel with the priest's pistol; I put it behind the high altar in the church, and then I confessed everything to the priest—ha! ha!" and he laughed a hollow laugh that made his listeners shudder and look one at another in horror. But Marfa Mikhailovna, August Hummel's widow, took her hand from Colonel Kalof's arm, and looked at him steadily, and at him alone.

"Where is the priest?" she asked.

"I am here," answered the old prisoner. Marfa looked at him.

"Is it true?" she asked. "Did he kill my husband, and are you being punished for his deed? Speak! is it true?"

The priest looked at her a moment before he answered.

"Is it true?" he repeated. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I am being punished, yes. But for his deed?—I may not say, I may not say." Then he looked at Kalof. "Speak you!" he cried. "Say, is it true, is it true?" And the old man, overcome with remembrance of his wrongs, sprang at the chief of police, seizing him by the throat and shaking him furiously, crying out the while, "Is it true, is it true?"

"O God!" cried Kalof. "He is killing me! Help!"

The governor drew his revolver and fired, once, twice, at the priest. There was an instant's hush; the two struggling, swaying figures were still a second, and then both fell heavily to the floor. Kalof was underneath.

There was a rush from all parts of the room—officers, soldiers, prisoners—but for an instant nothing could be seen through the smoke. Marfa felt herself embraced by someone.

"Hush," whispered her son's voice. "Good-by;" then she felt a kiss on her lips, and the arms which held her were withdrawn. When the smoke cleared away she could not see her son in the crowd. She felt very happy for an instant; then the governor touched her, and pointed to the floor near the stove.

On his back, his hands drawn up, lay Colonel Ivan Kalof, unwounded, but quite dead, a few drops of bright red frothy blood on his lips. By his side lay the old priest, desperately wounded, but alive. He looked at her with a smile. "I may not say, indeed, I may not say," he said, earnestly. Then he saw Kalof's body, and bent over it.

"Ivan Ivanovitch, Ivan Ivanovitch, I am sorry this has happened. You were a brave man, they say—you should have died at Plevna. Well—" then his head sank on his breast. When he raised it again, though he looked at Marfa Hummel, he did not seem to see her, and repeated a few words softly to himself. And the governor of the prison, who bent over him, said afterward that the words were, "During the term of my natural life—the term of my natural life."

"CORDON!"

By T. R. Sullivan.

"It is a bargain, monsieur—a bargain! The rent is a mere nothing; *puisqu'il y a du confort ici,*" said the old concierge, as he threw open one of the shutters, and flooded the room with dusty sunshine.

The apartment was *au premier,* at the back of a small court numbered 59 of the rue Neuve St. Augustin. No. 59—I give it fearlessly, since even its foundation-stones have long been Haussmannized away.

The court was flooded with sunshine that was not dusty, and a great plane-tree grew in one corner, close against an ivy-covered wall. The yellow placard, À LOUER, hanging at the door, had been the bait luring me into this mouse-trap, as it certainly proved to be.

But all that comes later on. For the present, it is enough to say that the room was comfortably furnished after the old Venetian manner, and hung with Cordova leather, old too, and real; beyond, there was a salon, with a floor so highly polished that I narrowly escaped a sprained ankle in crossing it; and a chamber, commonplace enough, but for the chintz hangings with which its walls and ceiling were draped oppressively, in wide plaits that met overhead in a central rosette, somehow suggesting the interior decoration of a coffin. In spite of this untimely thought, and of the superfluous *antichambre* and *salle-à-manger*, useless incumbrances in bachelor quarters, I took the apartment for a month, to the evident delight of old Casimir, whose feather-duster twitched expressively in his palsied hand.

The tremulous eagerness of this good gentleman made me half suspect that he had not the remotest right to let the rooms at all. But he told a well-varnished tale of an old proprietor who hated women, and who passed his life in search of a country so civilized as to do without them. From this journey of desperation he returned now and then to restore his tired senses in the coffined chamber, and to gather courage for a new departure. It was midsummer; I might keep the rooms until the autumn; not an hour longer, since the patron would then be likely to pounce down upon his possessions, unannounced, at any moment. Just now, he was believed to be in Lapland.

When I moved in, that very afternoon, a guilty feeling of intrusion overcame me. The place was so luxurious, so well ordered, so unlike the four walls of lodging for which one pays. In the library of the leather hangings the patron's books were upon the shelves; his portfolio, his paper-knife upon the table; the ink in the miniature helmet of blue steel was dry, it is true; but there lay the well-worn quill beside it. The room reveals the man, says Diderot; granting this, the patron was a man of taste and well informed. I took down some of the books; here were superb bindings, old and rare editions. Upon one fly-leaf his name was written—Marius Morizot—the hand clear and fine, like a woman's. Casimir had said that he was old. Bibliophile and traveller, with the means to follow his fantastic bent, this patron would certainly be an agreeable man to meet on his own ground; that is, if one came properly introduced. All here was as if he had left it yesterday. What if the door were to open and admit him at the next moment?

Just then the door did open, but only Casimir came in, bringing firewood; for the sun had already left the little court in shadow, and there was an unseasonable chill in the waning summer day. The old man wore a black skull-cap over his thin, gray hair, and a green baize apron that swathed him nearly to the ankles. He chattered about the fire as he built and lighted it; all the time holding under his arm the eternal feather-duster, which seemed to be his badge of office. I had lately seen, at the Comédie Française, Regnier's masterpiece, the sly old servant in *La joie fait peur.* The picture of amiable senility. Here was the thing itself.

"The patron has his treasures," I said, stroking tenderly the crushed levant that enshrined a numbered reprint of André Chénier.

Casimir looked at the shelves with a certain respect, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, but not there," he answered.

Thinking that he referred to the glittering objects of the salon, I treated myself to a complacent smile, as I quietly put up the book.

"Not there," he repeated, shuffling toward me in his loose slippers, and letting his voice die away into the important whisper that is the emphasis of a French man-of-all-work. "Ah, if monsieur knew!"

"Knew what?" I asked. "Have we a gold mine at our feet?"

He chuckled and nodded. "Better than that, monsieur. See!"

Then he pushed aside one of the hangings, and showed me that it covered a door of burnished steel.

"A safe?"

"Yes, monsieur, in the wall."

"And of such size!" I continued, for the doorway, though narrow, was higher than my head. "What can he keep there?"

"Jewels, monsieur," said Casimir, enjoying my surprise. "Jewels from the ends of the earth, laid away in little drawers, lined with velvet as soft as the down of a bird. It is a passion with him; the collection is a property in itself."

I laid my hand gently upon the shining metal; it might have been the door of a tomb. I drew back, shivering. The thought of these untold riches, hardly out of reach, disturbed me; I felt in a measure responsible for their safety.

"The door is locked, of course," said I.

"Oh, yes, monsieur; only the patron has the key." He brushed the door lightly with his feather-tips, as though he were dealing with some fragile work of art, and then dropped the curtain over it.

"Casimir! You have your master's leave to let those rooms; you are sure?"

"Oh, certainly, monsieur; monsieur need give himself no uneasiness, it is permitted at this season. In the summer-time, Monsieur Morizot always absents himself. He has been nearly two years away."

I changed the subject, though I doubted him instinctively.

"What is Monsieur Morizot like?" I asked.

"A lamb, monsieur; amiable, as one cannot be more so. Monsieur, then, has not remarked his portrait?"

The pictures were chiefly modern, and were none too well lighted; I had barely glanced at them. Casimir led me to this one, which hung in a dark corner, so high that the flame of a candle held up at arm's length but just revealed it. The face was long, thin, sharp-featured and sallow, with the prevailing moustache and imperial of the time. But the eyes were fine and friendly. On the whole, I felt happier about Monsieur Morizot. He had the gentle, high-bred look of that Van Dyck father in the long gallery of the Louvre.

"And yet he hates women. Was he never married?"

"Never, monsieur; in youth he had a disappointment, they say, and now it would be somewhat late for him to think again of that. At his age one no longer makes such plans."

His hand shook more than ever, and the melted wax of the candle ran over, one drop falling upon the floor. "He is good, the patron," he murmured, so tenderly that the drop might have been a tear from his own failing eyes.

When the old retainer had left me I dismissed all scruples, and unpacked my trunk in the little chamber, singing to myself in the happiest of moods. I was in luck, evidently. Even should Monsieur Morizot turn up, I felt sure that he would accept my explanation, supposing one to be necessary. But he would not come. I doubted Casimir no longer.

I found in the library an arm-chair covered with stamped leather like that of the walls; the arms supported by hard featured goddesses — wood-nymphs, perhaps—redundant in the matter of bust, tapering off like terminal figures into the chair-legs below. Wheeling this up to the table, I sat down for a while to do nothing and devour my brain, as the inhuman proverb puts it. In the gathering twilight the room was

almost dark, but I saw it all, or nearly all, over the mantel in a narrow, oblong mirror, there reflected by Casimir's cheerful blaze. The first fire of the season invites contemplation, and my thoughts wandered as fitfully as the mellow light that played about the tarnished gilding of the leather. When I am alone I am apt to grow inconsequent, to a degree that would distress one who makes a labor of thinking.

Hunger is a sharp reminder, and before long I realized that I was hungry. So I hastily pulled myself together, and shutting the door upon my golden walls, strolled up the Boulevard to the Passage des Princes. I dined well at Peter's, opposite the window of innumerable meerschaums; and, after dinner, went out by the side gate of the Passage into the rue Favart. The doors of the Opéra Comique stood invitingly open, and I was tempted to cross the street and read the bill of the play: "L'Ombre," of Flotow; Gounod's "Gallia." In the first, Madame Priola. Lovely Madame Priola, long since forgotten! Do you live on, to look into your glass and sigh for those dear old days when all Paris adored you? Or have you made, in truth, your final exit into Père-la-Chaise or Montparnasse, to sleep out there a longer night than any other you have known? To one cruelty of life all a man's experience can never reconcile him: that a pretty woman may not hold her own forever.

I went in, stayed the performance out, and left the theatre somewhat dashed in spirits; the echo of Gounod's solemn music seemed to follow me like a ghostly footfall under the flaring lights, by the painted kiosk-windows. The sky was overcast; a drop or two of rain fell. The great doors of No. 59 were closed and locked, of course; at that hour I could have expected nothing else. But Casimir slept soundly; it was long before I could make him hear, though I pulled the bell till the whole place resounded. The rain came on in earnest, and I was at the despairing point, when the door gave a welcome click and swung back an inch or two. I stumbled in through the darkness, passed the lodge where I could hear Casimir swearing to himself drowsily, without a thought of challenging me; and guided myself by the hand-rail of the staircase straight to my own door. I struck a match, found the key, and went in.

The outer rooms were black and unfriendly; through them I saw a thread of light from the library door to which I groped my way. The light came from a stately *modérateur* lamp that stood upon the table, and I blessed Casimir for his forethought. But for the lamp, the room, at the first glance, seemed to be as I left it. The carved chair was drawn up before the fire, which still burned brightly. That I found a fire and not a heap of ashes, might have struck me as a curious circumstance, but I set this down to Casimir's forethought, too; all the more readily that my clothes were wet and that I needed it to dry them, as I proceeded to do.

Standing thus before the chimney with the crackling fagots at my heels, I observed a book upon the table. It lay close to the arm of the great chair—so close, in fact, that one sitting there could hardly fail to see it even at twilight. Yet it had escaped my notice until now. What book? The moment my unspoken question was answered, I felt absolutely sure that it had never before been in my hands. Its vellum covers were worn and worm-eaten; its musty leaves were yellow with age. I read the title, "The Trial of François Ravaillac for the Murder of King Henry IV. 1610." I could hardly have forgotten that book had I taken it down.

Immediately, a strange terror seized me; vague, unreasoning it was, like a child's in the dark. I dropped the book, caught up a candle and peered into the chamber; then searched the other rooms throughout. I saw no one, heard no sound. I was alone. Yet this knowledge failed to reassure me. I spoke, and was startled at my own voice. I tried to sing, but the walls gave back a mocking echo that was unendurable. And I returned to the library with the same childish dread of nothing still oppressing me, like the remembrance of a nightmare.

I can recall distinctly my struggle to conquer this feeling, and I know that I must have conquered it; for I sat

down in the arm-chair, and began to read the trial of Ravaillac :

"The prisoner is sworn ; and asked his name, age, rank, and place of abode.

"He said that his name was François Ravaillac, born and dwelling at Angoulême, between thirty-one and thirty-two years of age."

I can see those lines now, in all their quaintness of type, as one makes a sun-picture by a sudden closing of the eyes. I remember that I read on and on, till I came to a page so stained as to be indistinct, part of which had been torn away. Then I must have fallen into a doze—a mere cat-nap of a moment only. I woke with a start, unable, at first, to recognize the surroundings.

The lamp had run down, after the provoking manner of French *modérateurs*. I knew that it only needed winding, and, leaning over the table, I gave the key a turn or two, but I was too late ; the lamp went out in a long, smoky trail. Yet the room was not quite dark. The fire burned on, flickering at my feet, and making fantastic shadows in the glass.

In the glass. I looked at it, and grew numb with horror. For I saw there the reflection of a man's face, so hideous in its expression that, even in a crowd, one would have turned from it with loathing. I have never been able to describe it ; in that uncertain light it had no color, I could barely trace its outline. But I should know that face, if I saw it at the top of the great pyramid, or in the plains of Arizona—anywhere, indeed, upon the instant ; and I should shudder at the sight, as I do now at the thought, like a frightened animal.

For a few seconds I was helpless. My muscles refused to act ; I could not even turn my head to look behind me. Thus, with all senses gone but one, I saw the face drawing nearer to my chair and looking down at it. The lines grew more distinct ; a strange mark came out upon the cheek, as if the skin there had contracted. Then, with an effort that seemed like a trial of strength with some force unseen, I caught the arm of the chair, and springing to my feet, wheeled about upon the dark, silent spaces of the room, conscious only of a sudden draught of cold air that chilled me to the bone.

Darkness, there was nothing else. Yet I turned again to the glass, finding only my own figure, scarcely recognizable. Then, for the first time, I was aware that my left hand, cold and damp like a dead man's, still clasped the old book, marking my place between its leaves. I shivered, and would have laid it down ; but, instead of that, I flung it from me into the fire with a shriek that set the room ringing. For the stain upon its torn page had deepened and freshened, and was oozing out upon my fingers ; they were red with it. Kneeling at the hearth, I wiped away the drops with my handkerchief, and burned that, too.

Still on the hearth I crouched, and listened. If there were only something human to face and challenge ! Not a sound. But again the current of cold air, as if from an open door or window. That, at least, was real. I found my candle, lighted it at the fire, and searched the room once more. To my great surprise, I discovered in the darkest corner a small door that I had never seen—one of those blind doors so common in French apartments, cunningly contrived to fit a panel of the wall. It stood ajar, moreover, as though forced open by some mischievous gust of the night wind, that had lost its way in the house and then made a frantic effort to get out again. Rejoiced to account so easily for one disturbing element at least, I pushed the door aside, and saw merely a narrow, flagged corridor, leading to a servants' stairway communicating with the floor below—the ground floor—for the house had no *entresol*. By the dim light I held, I could distinguish three steps leading down into awful blackness, like a murderous oubliette of the middle ages. I strained my eyes and listened. There was nothing more to be seen, but my ears caught a faint sound, startling at that hour, though by day I should have laughed at it —simply the noise of running water, gently falling, as if from a pipe, upon the pavement below. I went on cautiously to the stair-rail, leaned over it and looked down. No one ; but under the stairs, in the dark, the water went

splashing on intermittently, as though it fell first upon invisible hands—washing them, perhaps. The thought suggested itself instantly.

"Who is there?" I shouted, lowering the light toward the dark corner, but in vain.

The water stopped. There was no other answer.

"Who is there?" I repeated, in a voice that was not mine.

I heard a shuffling step; and there came a blast of the night air, strong enough to put out the light, if I had not drawn back, shielding the flame with my hand. A door below me quietly closed, and all was still again.

I rushed down the stairs, and found the door. It was securely bolted; the bolts were rusted; I tried one, and could not stir it.

Then, out in the court, a harsh cry rang back along the walls: "Cordon!" the familiar call to the sleeping concierge. "Cordon!" the same rough voice repeated. The heavy street-door fell into place with a dull, jarring sound. The presence, whatever it was, had escaped scot-free into the world of Paris.

Drip, drip, behind me I heard the water, falling now, drop by drop, upon the stones. There was nothing else to show that I had not been dreaming. I gave one searching look at the dismal little corner, and then fled from it and from the house forever. In less time than it takes to tell it, I had rushed through the rooms overhead, and down again by the main staircase; out into the court, and on through the falling rain, shouting to Casimir as I went: "Cordon—cordon—cordon!" I woke echoes there that drove me half mad; I beat upon the door. At last the cord was drawn, and I found myself in the street, where I recovered my senses sufficiently to put on my hat and coat, snatched up in my flight, mechanically, from the table in the *antichambre*.

I went back to my hotel, and passed a night to which that uneasy one of Clarence was as nothing. In the morning, very early, I hurried out again, laughing at my folly. The day was fine and bright, as only Paris can be; and yet I trembled upon turning into the court, where, however, I found nothing more terrible than Casimir, watering his flowers and talking to a gray cat, that rubbed itself affectionately against his shins. The old man started when he saw me, and looked from me to the window, behind which he supposed I had been sleeping.

"Monsieur rises early," said he.

"Yes. I am called away. You will be kind enough to pack my trunk and send it after me."

"Monsieur gives up the rooms?"

"Unavoidably. It does not matter; they are paid for, all the same."

Surprise made him speechless for a moment. The cat came slowly toward me, purring. I stooped and stroked it between the ears.

"He is called Chambord, monsieur; he lives upon raw meat, but he is very kind and gentle. I regret that monsieur goes away."

"Thank you. Casimir, what strange man was in the house last night?"

"Monsieur, I do not understand. There was no one."

"You let no one out, then?"

"Oh, that, of course. The house has many apartments, many lodgers. I do not count them in my sleep."

"Nevertheless," I said, with some warmth, "there was a stranger in my rooms last night. I saw him."

"Monsieur was dreaming. It is impossible."

"But I can describe him to you." And I tried to do so, making only a stammering failure of it.

Casimir shrugged his shoulders.

Then I remembered the curious mark upon the man's cheek, and put in that evidence, triumphantly.

The dull eyes opened a little wider; but he smiled, and shook his head.

"*Sapristi!* Now I know that monsieur was surely dreaming. That is the Brazilian, Cornelio, the good patron's *valet de chambre*."

"Well, then, I tell you, he has come back."

"But, monsieur——"

"I swear it to you."

"Impossible. Monsieur Morizot keeps him always at his side. They are both in Lapland."

I argued with him to no purpose. He

grew angry, and, in his excitement, tipped over his watering-pot upon Chambord, who turned tail and disappeared. I could convince him of nothing but my own imbecility; and so I left him, muttering strange oaths among his flowers.

One rarely fails to recall a startling bit of his own experience, the first time its date comes round again. So it happened that this adventure was uppermost in my mind one midsummer night of the following year, on board the good steamer "Baron Osy," bound from London to Antwerp. We had left the White Tower just at noon, and had dropped leisurely down the overburdened Thames, threading our cautious way through larger and smaller ocean craft, in and out among tow-boats and barges, and awkward little luggers with red sails and spankers; past the big guns of Woolwich, and Greenwich Hospital with its white-haired veterans, whose reckoning leaves off where ours begins; by Tilbury Fort and Gravesend, where the great river, broadened to an estuary, stretches out its arms to greet the Medway, and the two go wandering off here and there in a tangle of green hills that know no winter, but are always green. So we had come out into yellower and wilder water; the sun had set in a bank of cool, gray clouds; the white cliffs and glimmering lights of Margate were already low on the horizon; and the long twilight crept down upon us slowly, imperceptibly.

I had seen but few passengers, all of the heaviest and most uninteresting modern Flemish pattern. But a chance remark of one of the stewards led me to think that there were others of consequence, holding themselves aloof in their cabins. One by one, those who were about me on the after-deck had gone below as the night breeze strengthened. I knew that the stars were coming out, that under the pale-green streak of western sky the English coast was fast receding. But my thoughts were hundreds of miles away. With them I was really strolling through the Passage des Princes and back along the Boulevard, humming, as I walked, the doctor's air in "L'Ombre:"

> "Midi—minuit—
> Le jour—la nuit!
> Midi, c'est la vie,
> Minuit, la mort—oui!"

And so on, through all the details of that troubled night. I lived again in Monsieur Morizot's apartment; I saw his chair at the fire, his book upon the table; nay, even the old letter-press danced before my eyes:

"The prisoner is sworn; and asked his name, age, rank, and place of abode.

"He said that his name was François Ravaillac, born and dwelling at Angoulême——"

The sound of my voice brought me back to the deck of the "Baron Osy." I had spoken the words aloud. I turned, and saw that they must have been overheard by a passenger who stood at the rail, not ten feet away. He wore a close-fitting, pointed cap and a long dark coat, buttoned tightly under his chin, and these garments had a suggestive richness in them. A splendid jewel, too, shone upon his hand. But his eyes were fixed on me with a look in which fear and wonder mingled strangely; his face seemed white as death; and it was the face of the valet, Cornelio.

I realized an unknown power in the words which I had spoken; and without moving from my place, I finished the broken sentence from the trial of Ravaillac, then repeated it word for word from the beginning. With that, the mark upon his cheek quivered convulsively; he gave a wild cry, like some brute brought to bay, and with one appealing look, as if toward imaginary pursuers closing in upon him, he flung himself over the rail into the sea.

I rushed to the ship's side, as one of the hands, who had seen him jump, tore a life-preserver from the guards, and threw it after him. We caught sight of an arm tossed up in the foaming wake far behind. A wave swept over it. The engines were stopped, and a boat was lowered. After a long time it came back, bringing only the wet corks. The old gray sexton of the sea works quickly and well.

We found his name registered upon the list—Ramon Quizás, *rentier*, of Rio. He had no companion, and his trunks were stored somewhere on the quay at

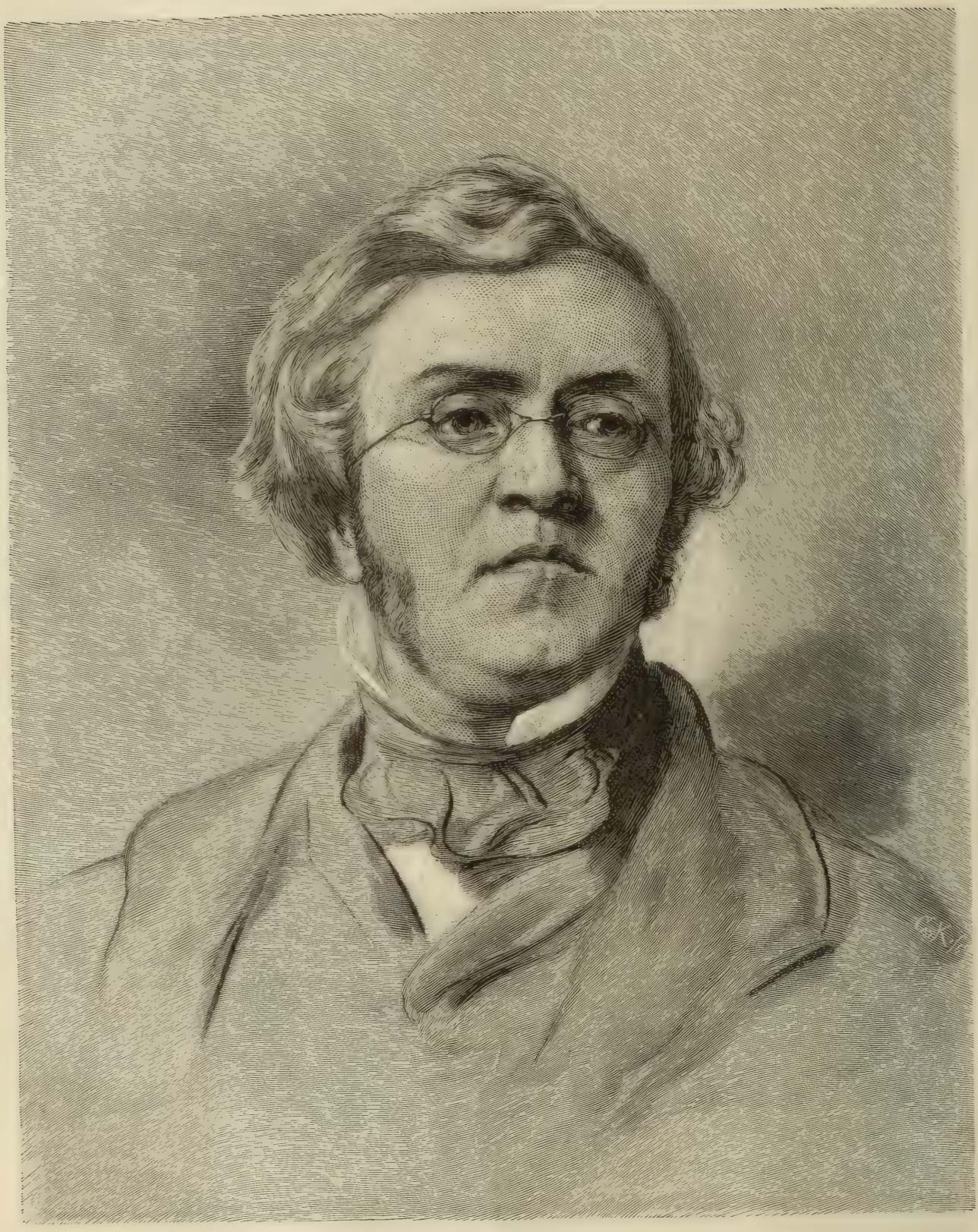
Antwerp. When I left the city they still remained there unclaimed.

Three years later, in one of the continental reading-rooms, I took up the *Figaro*, to divert myself with its *faits divers* and *échos de Paris*. Between the last *mot* of Madame X., and the announcement of a fête at Asnières, I found a line of reference to a matter familiar enough, as it seemed, to all but casual readers, viz., the division among the heirs-at-law of a handsome property —that of one Monsieur Morizot. The name, and the mysterious importance given it, roused my curiosity, and I wrote at once to a Parisian crony for fuller information. This was his answer:

"Have you retired from the world, that you cease to read the news of it? We are worn out with details of the life and death of Monsieur Morizot. Pardon me, then, if I recite them to you very briefly. The worthy man lived, *en garçon*, in one of those houses of the rue Neuve St. Augustin already condemned to make way for the new avenue which will be a marvel. Like you, he was a traveller, and he often remained for years an absentee, staying away, at last, longer than the code allows. He became to all intents and purposes a dead man, and his heirs demanded to share his estate, and to break up his collection of jewels, known to be of great value. Man proposes! The safe was opened, but it had been rifled, *mon ami*. They found there, instead, the owner's body, stabbed through and through. The good soul had made a hard fight of it. His hand still clutched a bit of watch-chain, identified as the property of a certain Brazilian ape of a servant who never left him. Our *haute police* is enormously cunning. Bit by bit, the case has been worked up, and this is what happened. The two arrived late one night at the Northern Railway station, where, to save time, at the servant's suggestion, their trunks were left to be claimed in the morning. Thus they installed themselves at home without stir, and unannounced. Then the man got the better of his master, and became in his turn an absentee. No one ever dreamed of the arrival or the departure, yet now it is all clear as though we saw it in a glass—the very date proved by the fragment of a journal found in the pocket of what was once Monsieur Morizot. Heed the warning, and travel no more, but marry, and let madame watch over you. Get thee a wife, *mon amour! Et voilà tout!*"

I answered my foreign correspondent in good American fashion, by asking a question. Upon what date, I prayed him, was the crime committed? His reply brought me a printed slip, fixing upon the very night of my adventure, *but in the year preceding it*. And on this point all known records of the affair obstinately agree.

That Señor Ramon Quizás and the valet, Cornelio, were one and the same, I have no manner of doubt; but that he ever could have revisited the scene of his double crime is inconceivable. Whose face, then, appeared to me in the mirror? Whose hands were washed in the running water? Who, besides myself, clamored there in the dark for release from his own haunting fears? Did I, by some strange coincidence, dream these things, one after another, in quick succession? Or did the murderer leave behind him in his flight a ghostly presence, to play his hideous part out, time and time again; while the faithful glass of Venice reflected line for line, moment for moment? I cannot answer. But now, when I walk in the Avenue de l'Opéra, I am grateful even for that dullest of improvement's dull marches, sweeping, as it does, all memory but mine of my grim lodging from the face of the earth.



ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL AFTER THE CRAYON PORTRAIT BY SAMUEL LAURENCE.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1887. No. 4.

A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

INTRODUCTION.



O writer of recent times is so much quoted as Thackeray; scarcely a week passes without his name recurring in one or other of the leading articles of the day; and yet whilst his published works retain their influence so firmly, the personal impression of his life and conversation becomes more and more shadowy and indistinct as the friends who knew and loved him the most are gradually becoming fewer and passing away. Thackeray's nature was essentially modest and retiring. More than once it appears that he had desired his daughter to publish no memoir of him. Mrs. Ritchie, who alone could do justice to her Father's memory, and who has inherited the true woman's share of his genius, and of the tender and perceptive sympathy of his character, has ever held this injunction sacred, even to the extent of withholding all his letters to his family from publication. Yet it happens from time to time that some chance letters of doubtful authenticity, and others utterly spurious, have appeared in print, and have even perhaps found acceptance amongst those who, knowing him only by his published works, were without the true key for distinguishing what was genuine from what was simply counterfeit.

The letters which form this collection were most of them written by Mr. Thackeray to my husband, the late Rev'd W. H. Brookfield, and myself, from about 1847, and continuing during many years of intimate friendship, beginning from the time when he first lived in London, and when he especially needed our sympathy. His happy married life had been broken up by the malady which fell upon his young wife after the birth of her youngest child; his two remaining little girls were under his mother's care, at Paris. Mr. Thackeray was living alone in London. "Vanity Fair" was not yet written when these letters begin. His fame was not yet established in the world at large; but amongst his close personal friends, an undoubting belief in his genius had already become strongly rooted. No one earlier than my dear gifted husband adopted and proclaimed this new faith. The letters now so informally collected together are not a consecutive series; but they have

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always been carefully preserved with sincere affection by those to whom they were written. Some of them are here given without the omission of a word; others are extracts from communications of a more private character; but if every one of these letters from Thackeray could be rightly made public, without the slightest restriction, they would all the more redound to his honour.

JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD.

29 CARLYLE SQUARE, CHELSEA.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In arranging the letters for publication, a simple chronological order has been followed, regardless of their relative importance. In some cases the originals were not dated; and in each of these instances an effort has been made to supply the omission. Often it has been possible to do this with certainty; and in that case the date is printed above the letter in Roman type. Where such certainty could not be reached, conjectural dates are given in italics and enclosed in brackets; but even then they have been so far verified by means of incidents referred to in the letters, or other evidence, that they may be depended upon as fixing very closely the time of the notes to which they are attached. In this final arrangement of the letters, and in some additional annotation, the Editor has enjoyed the privilege of advice and assistance from Mr. James Russell Lowell, who kindly consented, with the cordial approval and thanks of Mrs. Brookfield, to give them this aid.

The Editor is permitted to make public the following letter from Mrs. Ritchie to Mrs. Brookfield:

36a ROSARY GARDENS, HEREFORD SQUARE, S. W.
April 28.

MY DEAR MRS. BROOKFIELD:

I am very glad to hear that you have made a satisfactory arrangement for publishing your selections from my Father's letters. I am of course unable myself by his expressed wish to do anything of the sort. While I am glad to be spared the doubts and difficulties of such a work, I have often felt sorry to think that no one should ever know *more* of him. You know better than anyone what we should like said or unsaid, and what he would have wished; so that I am very glad to think you have undertaken the work, and am always your affectionate

ANNE RITCHIE.

LETTERS.

[*Jan.* 1847.]

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

MY DEAR W.:

There will be no dinner at Greenwich on Monday. Dickens has chosen that day for a reconciliation banquet between Forster and me.

Is madame gone and is she better? My heart follows her respectfully to Devonshire and the dismal scenes of my youth.

I am being brought to bed of my seventh darling with inexpressible throes: and dine out every day until *Juice* knows when.

I will come to you on Sunday night if you like—though stop, why shouldn't you, after church, come and sleep out here in the country?

Yours,

JOS. OSBORN.

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

le Dimanche.

[*August,* 1847.]

MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ:

De retour de Gravesend j'ai trouvé chez moi un billet de M. Crowe, qui m'invite à diner demain à 6 heures précises à Ampstead.

En même temps M. Crowe m'a envoyé une lettre pour vous,—ne vous trouvant pas à votre ancien logement

(où l'adresse de l'horrible bouge où vous demeurez actuellement est heureusement ignorée)—force fut à M. Crowe de s'adresser à moi—à moi qui connais l'ignoble caveau que vous occupez indignement, sous les dalles humides d'une église déserte, dans le voisinage fétide de fourmillants Irlandais.

Cette lettre, Monsieur, dont je parle—cette lettre—je l'ai laissée à la maison. Demain il sera trop tard de vous faire part de l'aimable invitation de notre ami commun.

Je remplis enfin mon devoir envers M. Crowe en vous faisant savoir ses intentions hospitalières à votre égard. Et je vous quitte, Monsieur, en vous donnant les assurances réiterées de ma haute considération.

CHEVALIER DE TITMARSH.

J'offre à Madame l'Abbesse mes hommages respectueux.

1847.

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

MY DEAR OLD B. :

Can you come and dine on Thursday at six? I shall be at home—no party—nothing—only me. And about your night-cap, why not come out for a day or two, though the rooms are very comfortable in the Church vaults.* Farewell.

Ever your LOUISA.

(And Madam, is she well?)

[1847.]

[*Enclosing the following note.*]

TEMPLE, 8 NOV.

MY DEAR THACKERAY:

A thousand thanks. It will do admirably, and I will not tax you again in the same manner. Don't get nervous or think about criticism, or trouble yourself about the opinions of friends; you have completely beaten Dickens out of the inner circle already. I dine at Gore House to-day; look in if you can.

Ever yours, A. H.

MADAM:

Although I am certainly committing a breach of confidence, I venture to offer my friend up to you, because you have considerable humour, and I think will possibly laugh at him. You know you yourself often hand over some folks to some other folks, and deserve to be treated as you treat others.

The circumstances arose of a letter which H—— sent me, containing prodigious compliments. I answered that these praises from all quarters frightened me rather than elated me, and sent him a drawing for a lady's album, with a caution not to ask for any more, hence the reply. Ah! Madame, how much richer truth is than fiction, and how great that phrase about the "inner circle" is.

I write from the place from which I heard your little voice last night, I mean this morning, at who knows how much o'clock. I wonder whether you will laugh as much as I do; my papa in the next room must think me insane, but I am not, and am of Madame, the *Serviteur* and *Frère affectionné.*

W. M. T.

[1847.]

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

MY DEAR W. H. B.:

I daresay you are disgusted at my not coming to the *bouge*, on Sunday night, but there was a good reason, which may be explained if required hereafter. And I had made up my account for some days at Southampton, hoping to start this day, but there is another good reason for staying at home. Poor old grandmother's will, burial &c., detained me in town. Did you see her death in the paper?

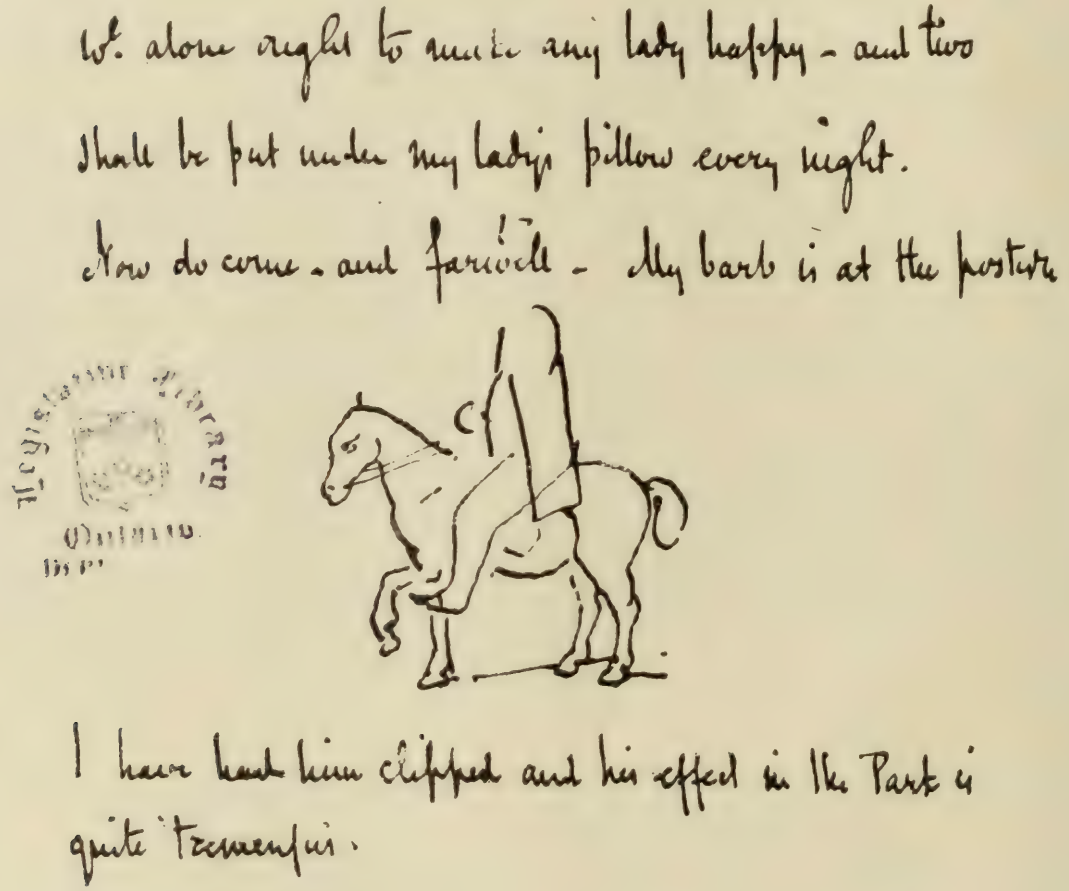
Why I write now, is to beg, and implore, and intreat that you and Mrs. Brookfield will come and take these three nice little rooms here, and stop with me until you have found other

* In this Letter, and elsewhere, reference is made to my husband's living in the "church vaults." Our income at this time was very small, and a long illness had involved us in some difficulty. Mr. Brookfield's aversion to debt and his firm rectitude of principle decided him to give up our lodgings, and to remove by himself into the vestry of his District Church, which was situated in a very squalid neighborhood. Here he could live rent free, and in the midst of his parish work, whilst he sent me to stay with my dear father, the late Sir Charles Elton, at Clevedon Court, for the recovery of my health. At this juncture our circumstances gradually brightened. Mr. Thackeray, my uncle, Mr. Hallam, and other friends interested themselves towards obtaining better preferment for Mr. Brookfield, whose great ability and high character were brought to the notice of Lord Lansdowne, then President of the Council, and head of the Education Department. He appointed Mr. Brookfield to be one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools, an employment which was very congenial to him. Our difficulties were then removed, and we were able to establish ourselves in a comfortable house in Portman Street, to which so many of these letters are addressed.

lodgment. It will be the very greatest comfort and kindness to me, and I shall take it quite *hangry* if you don't come. Will you come on Saturday now? the good things you shall have for dinner are quite incredible. I have got a box of preserved apricots from Fortnum and Mason's which alone ought to make any lady happy, and two shall be put under my lady's pillow every night. Now do come—and farewell. My barb is at the postern. I have had him clipped and his effect in the Park is quite *tremenjus*.

it. The moment I tried, the blade broke away from the beautiful handle. What does this portend? It is now—[here drawing] There is a blade and there is a hilt, but they refuse to go together. Something is going to happen I am sure.

I took leave of my family on Sunday, after a day in the rain at Hampton Court. . . . Forster * was dining with Mr. Chapman the publisher, where we passed the day. His article in the *Examiner* did not please me so much as his genuine good nature in insisting upon walk-



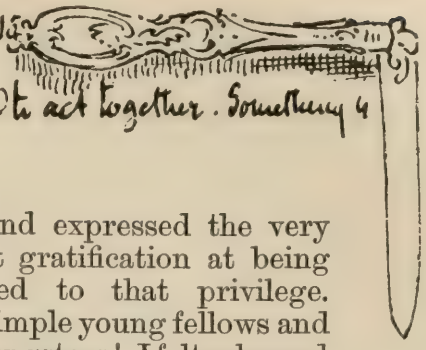
Brussels, Friday [28 July], 1848.

I have just had a dreadful omen. Somebody gave me a paper-knife with a mother of pearl blade and a beautiful Silver handle. Annie recognised it in a minute, lying upon my dressing table, with a "Here's Mrs. So and So's butter knife." I suppose she cannot have seen it above twice, but that child remembers everything. Well, this morning, being fairly on my travels, and having the butter knife in my desk, I thought I would begin to cut open a book I had bought, never having as yet had occasion to use

ing with Annie at night, and holding an umbrella over her through the pouring rain. Did you read the *Spectator's* sarcastic notice of V. F.? I don't think it is just, but think *Kintoul* is a very honest man and rather inclined to deal severely with his private friends, lest he should fall into the other extreme;—to be sure he keeps out of it, I mean the other extreme, very well.

I passed Monday night and part of Tuesday in the artless society of some

*John Forster, the intimate friend of Charles Dickens, and well-known writer.



officers of the 21st, or Royal Scots Fusiliers, in garrison at Canterbury. We went to a barrack room, where we drank about, out of a Silver cup and a glass. I heard such stale old garrison stories. I recognised among the stories many old friends of my youth, very pleasant to meet when one was eighteen, but of whom one is rather shy now. Not so these officers, however; they tell each other the stalest and wickedest old Joe Millers; the jolly grey-headed old majors have no reverence for the beardless ensigns, nor *vice-versa*. I heard of the father and son in the other regiment in garrison at Canterbury, the Slashers if you please, being carried up drunk to bed the night before. Fancy what a life. Some of ours,—I don't mean yours Madam, but I mean mine and others—are not much better, though more civilised.

We went to see the wizard Jacobs at the theatre, he came up in the midst of the entertainment, and spoke across the box to the young officers;—he knows them in private life, they think him a good fellow. He came up and asked them confidentially, if they didn't like a trick he had just performed. "Neat little thing isn't it?" the great Jacobs said, "I brought it over from Paris." They go to his entertainment every night, fancy what a career of pleasure!

A wholesome young Squire with a large brown face and a short waistcoat, came up to us and said, "Sorry you're goin', I have sent up to barracks a great lot o' *rabbuts*." They were of no use, those *rabbuts*; the 21st was to march the next day. I saw the men walking about on the last day, taking leave of their sweethearts, (who will probably be consoled by the Slashers).

I was carried off by my brother-in-law through the rain, to see a great sight, the regimental soup-tureens and dishcovers, before they were put away. "Feel *that*" says he, "William, just feel the weight of that!" I was called upon twice to try the weight of that soup dish, and expressed the very highest gratification at being admitted to that privilege. Poor simple young fellows and old youngsters! I felt ashamed of myself for spying out their follies and fled from them and came off to Dover. It was pouring with rain all day, and I had no opportunity of putting anything into the beautiful new sketch books.

I passed an hour in the Cathedral, which seemed all beautiful to me; the fifteenth Century part, the thirteenth century part, and the crypt above all, which they say is older than the Conquest. The most charming, harmonious, powerful combination of shafts and arches, beautiful whichever way you saw them developed, like a fine music or the figures in a Kaleidoscope, rolling out mysteriously, a beautiful foundation for a beautiful building. I thought how some people's towering intellects and splendid cultivated geniuses rise upon simple, beautiful foundations hidden out of sight, and how this might be a good simile, if I knew of any very good and wise man just now. But I don't know of many, do you?

Part of the Crypt was given up to French Calvinists; and texts from the French Bible of some later sect are still painted on the pillars, surrounded with French ornaments, looking very queer and out of place. So, for the matter of that, do we look queer and out of place in that grand soaring artificial building: we may put a shovel hat on the pinnacle of the steeple, as Omar did a crescent on the peak of the church at Jerusalem; but it does not belong to us, I mean according to the fitness of things. We ought to go to church in a very strong, elegant, beautifully neat room; croziers, and banners, incense, and jimcracks, grand processions of priests and monks (with an inquisition in the distance), and lies, avarice, tyranny, torture, all sorts of horrible and unnatural oppressions and falsehoods kept out of sight; such

a great lot o' rabbuts - they were of no use those rabbuts, the 21st was to march the next day - I saw the men walking about on the last day taking leave of their sweethearts (who will probably be courted by the Sleswigs) I was carried off by my brother in law through the town to see a great sight - the Regimental soup tureens and dish covers before they were put away - 'Feel that' says he, 'William just feel the weight of that' I was called upon then to try the weight of that soup dish and expressed the very highest grade of admiration at being admitted to that privilege. Poor simple young fellows and old youngsters! I felt ashamed of myself for walking about spying out their follies: and fled from them and came off to Canterbury Dover.

a place as this ought to belong to the old religion. How somebody of my acquaintance would like to walk into a beautiful calm confessional and go and kiss the rood or the pavement of a'Becket's shrine. Fancy the church quite full; the altar lined with pontifical gentlemen bobbing up and down; the dear little boys in white and red flinging about the incense pots; the music roaring out from the organs; all the monks and clergy in their stalls, and the archbishop on his throne—O! how fine! And then think of the ✝, of our Lord speaking quite simply to simple Syrian people, a child or two maybe at his knees, as he taught them that love was the truth. Ah! as one thinks of it, how grand that figure looks, and how small all the rest; but I dare say I am getting out of my depth.

I came on hither [to Brussels] yesterday, having passed the day previous at Dover, where it rained incessantly, and where I only had the courage to write the first sentence of this letter, being utterly cast down and more under the influence of blue devils than I ever remember before; but a fine bright sky at five o'clock in the morning, and a jolly brisk breeze, and the ship cutting through the water at fifteen miles an hour, restored cheerfulness to this wearied spirit, and enabled it to partake freely of beefsteak and *pommes-de-terre* at Ostend; after an hour of which amusement, it was time to take the train and come on to Brussels. The country is delightfully well cultivated; all along the line you pass by the most cheerful landscapes with old cities, gardens, cornfields and rustic labour.

At the *table d'hôte* I sat next a French Gentleman and his lady. She first sent away the bread; she then said "*mais, mon ami, ce potage est abominable;*" then she took a piece of pudding on her fork, not to eat, but to smell, after which she sent it away. Experience told me it was a little *grisette* giving herself airs, so I complimented the waiter on the bread, recommended the soup to a man,

and took two portions of the pudding, under her nose.

Then we went (I found a companion, an ardent admirer, in the person of a Manchester merchant) to the play, to see Dejazet, in the "*Gentil Bernard*," of which piece I shall say nothing, but I think it was the wickedest I ever saw, and one of the pleasantest, adorably funny and naughty. As the part (*Gentil Bernard* is a prodigious rake,) is acted by a woman, the reality is taken from it, and one can bear to listen, but such a little rake, such charming impudence, such little songs, such little dresses! She looked as *mignonne* as a china image, and danced, fought, sang and capered, in a way that would have sent Walpole mad could he have seen her.

And now writing has made me hungry, and if you please I will go and breakfast at a Café with lots of newspapers, and garçons bawling out "*Voilà M'sieu*"—how pleasant to think of! The Manchester admirer goes to London today and will take this. If you want any more please send me word *Poste Restante* at Spa.

I am going to-day to the Hôtel de la Terrasse, where Becky used to live, and shall pass by Captain Osborn's lodgings, where I recollect meeting him and his little wife—who has married again somebody told me;—but it is always the way with these *grandes passions*—Mrs. Dobbins, or some such name, she is now; always an over-rated woman, I thought. How curious it is! I believe perfectly in all those people, and feel quite an interest in the Inn in which they lived.

Good bye, my dear gentleman and lady, and let me hear the latter is getting well.

W. M. T.

Hôtel des Pays Bas, Spa.

August 1st to 5th. 1848.

My dear friends:

Whoever you may be who receive these lines,—for unless I receive a letter from the person whom I privately mean, I shall send them post-paid to somebody else,—I have the pleasure to inform you, that on yesterday, the 30th, at 7 A.M., I left Brussels, with which I was much pleased, and not a little tired, and arrived quite safe per railroad and *diligence* at the watering place of Spa. I slept a great deal in the coach, having bought a book at Brussels to amuse me, and having for companions, three clergymen (of the deplorable Romish faith) with large idolatrous three-cornered hats, who read their breviaries all the time I was awake, and I have no doubt gave utterance to their damnable Popish opinions when the stranger's ears were closed; and lucky for the priests that I was so situated, for speaking their language a great deal better than they do themselves (being not only image-worshippers but Pelgians, whose jargon is as abominable as their superstition) I would have engaged them in a controversy, in which I daresay they would have been utterly confounded by one who had the Thirty-nine Articles of truth on his side. Their hats could hardly get out of the coach door when they quitted the carriage, and one of them, when he took off his, to make a parting salute to the company, quite extinguished a little passenger.

We arrived at Spa at two o'clock, and being driven on the top of the *diligence* to two of the principal hotels, they would not take me in as I had only a little portmanteau, or at least only would offer me a servant's bedroom. These miserable miscreants did not see by my appearance that I was not a flunkey, but on the contrary, a great and popular author; and I intend to have two fine pictures painted when I return to England, of the landlord of the Hôtel d'Orange refusing a bed-chamber to the celebrated Titmarsh, and of the proprietor of the Hôtel d'York, offering Jeames a second-floor back closet. Poor misguided people! It was on the 30th July 1848. The first thing I did after *at length* securing a *handsome* apartment at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, was to survey the town and partake of a glass of water at the Pouhon well, where the late Peter the Great, the imperator of the Bo-Russians appears also to have drunk; so that two great men at least have refreshed themselves at that fountain. I was next conducted to the baths, where a splendid concert of wind and stringed instruments was performed under my window, and many hundreds of gentle-

folks of all nations were congregated in the public walk, no doubt to celebrate my arrival. They are so polite however at this place of elegant ease, that they didn't take the least notice of the Illustrious Stranger, but allowed him to walk about quite unmolested and, (to all appearance) unremarked. I went to the *table d'hôte* with perfect affability, just like an ordinary person; an *ordinary* person at the *table d'hôte*, mark the pleasantry. If that joke doesn't make your sides ache, what, my dear friend, can move you? We had a number of good things, fifteen or sixteen too many I should say. I was myself obliged to give in at about the twenty-fifth dish; but there was a Flemish lady near me, a fair blue-eyed being, who carried on long after the English author's meal was concluded, and who said at dinner to-day, (when she beat me by at least treble the amount of victuals) that she was languid and tired all day, and an invalid, so weak and delicate that she could not walk. "No wonder," thought an observer of human nature, who saw her eating a second supply of lobster salad, which she introduced with her knife, "no wonder, my blue-eyed female, that you are ill, when you take such a preposterous quantity of nourishment;" but as the waters of this place are eminently ferruginous, I presume that she used the knife in question for the purpose of taking steel with her dinner. The subject I feel is growing painful, and we will, if you please, turn to more delicate themes.

I retired to my apartment at seven, with the same book which I had purchased, and which sent me into a second sleep until ten when it was time to go to rest. At eight I was up and stirring, at 8.30 I was climbing the brow of a little mountain which overlooks this pretty town, and whence, from among firs and oaks, I could look down upon the spires of the church, and the roofs of the Redoute, and the principal and inferior buildings and the vast plains, and hills beyond, topped in many places with pine woods, and covered with green crops and yellow corn. Had I a friend to walk hand in hand with, him or her, on these quiet hills, the promenade methinks might be pleasant. I thought of many such as I paced among the rocks and shrubberies. Breakfast succeeded that solitary, but healthy reverie, when coffee and eggs were served to the Victim of Sentiment. Sketch-book in hand, the individual last alluded to set forth in quest of objects suitable for his pencil. But it is more respectful to Nature to look at her and gaze with pleasure, rather than to sit down with pert assurance, and begin to take her portrait. A man who persists in sketching, is like one who insists on singing during the performance of an opera. What business has he to be trying his stupid voice? He is not there to imitate, but to admire to the best of his power. Thrice the rain came down and drove me away from my foolish endeavours, as I was making the most abominable caricatures of pretty, quaint cottages, shaded by huge ancient trees.

In the evening was a fine music at the Redoute, which being concluded, those who had a mind were free to repair to a magnificent neighbouring saloon, superbly lighted, where a great number of persons were assembled amusing themselves, round two tables covered with green cloth and ornamented with a great deal of money. They were engaged at a game which seems very simple; one side of the table is marked red and the other black, and you have but to decide which of the red or the black you prefer, and if the colour you choose is turned up on the cards, which a gentleman deals, another gentleman opposite to him gives you five francs, or a napoleon or whatever sum of money you have thought fit to bet upon your favourite colour.

But if your colour loses, then he takes your napoleon. This he did, I am sorry to say, to me twice, and as I thought this was enough, I came home and wrote a letter, full of nonsense to—

[*August* 11th]

My Dear Mrs. Brookfield:

You see how nearly you were missing this delightful letter, for upon my word I had packed it up small and was going to send it off in a rage to somebody else, this very day, to a young lady whom some people think over-rated very likely,

or to some deserving person, when, *O gioja e felicità* (I don't know whether that is the way to spell *gioja*, but rather pique myself on the g) when O! *bonheur suprême*, the waiter enters my door at 10 o'clock this morning, just as I had finished writing page seven of PENDENNIS, and brings me the *Times* newspaper and a beautiful thick 2/4 letter, in a fine large hand. I eagerly seized—the newspaper, (ha ha! I had somebody



Drawing by Thackeray in water colour and pencil (Mrs. Brookfield).

there) and was quickly absorbed in its contents. The news from Ireland is of great interest and importance, and we may indeed return thanks that the deplorable revolution and rebellion, which everybody anticipated in that country, has been averted in so singular, I may say unprecedented a manner. How pitiful is the figure cut by Mr. Smith O'Brien, and indeed by Popery altogether! &c. &c.

One day is passed away here very like its defunct predecessor. I have not lost any more money at the odious gambling table, but go and watch the players there with a great deal of interest. There are ladies playing—young and pretty ones too. One is very like a lady I used to know, a curate's wife in a street off Golden Square, *whatdyoucallit* street, where the pianoforte maker lives; and I daresay this person is puzzled why I always go and stare at her so. She has her whole soul in the pastime, puts out her five-franc pieces in the most timid way, and watches them disappear under the *croupier's* rake with eyes so uncommonly sad and tender, that I feel inclined to go up to her and say "Madam, you are exceedingly like a lady, a curate's wife whom I once knew, in England, and as I take an interest in you, I wish you would get out of this place as quick as you can, and take your beautiful eyes off the black and red." But I suppose it would be thought rude if I were to make any such statement and —Ah! what do I remember? There's no use in sending off this letter to-day, this is Friday, and it cannot be delivered on Sunday in a Protestant metropolis. There was no use in hurrying home from Lady ———, (Never mind, it is only an Irish baronet's wife, who tries to disguise her Limerick brogue, but the fact is she has an exceedingly pretty daughter), I say there was no use in hurrying home so as to get this off by the post.

Yesterday I didn't know a soul in this place, but got in the course of the day a neat note from a lady who had the delight of an introduction to me at D-v-nsh-re House, and who proposed tea in the most flattering manner. Now, I know a French duke and duchess, and at least six of the most genteel persons in Spa, and some of us are going out riding in a few minutes, the rain having cleared off, the sky being bright, and

the surrounding hills and woods looking uncommonly green and tempting.

. . . . . .

A pause of two hours is supposed to have taken place since the above was written. A gentleman enters, as if from horseback, into the room No. 32 *of the Hotel des Pays Bas, looking on to the fountain in the Grande Place. He divests himself of a part of his dress, which has been spattered with mud during an arduous but delightful ride over commons, roads, woods, nay, mountains. He curls his hair in the most killing manner, and prepares to go out to dinner. The purple shadows are falling on the Grande Place, and the roofs of the houses looking westward are in a flame. The clock of the old church strikes six. It is the appointed hour; he gives one last glance at the looking-glass, and his last thought is for*—(*see page* 4—*last three words.*)

The dinner was exceedingly stupid, I very nearly fell asleep by the side of the lady of the house. It was all over by nine o'clock, half an hour before Payne comes to fetch you to bed, and I went to the gambling house and lost two napoleons more. May this be a warning to all dissipated middle-aged persons. I have just got two new novels from the library by Mr. Fielding; the one is *Amelia*, the most delightful portrait of a woman that surely ever was painted; the other is *Joseph Andrews*, which gives me no particular pleasure, for it is both coarse and careless, and the author makes an absurd brag of his twopenny learning, upon which he values himself evidently more than upon the best of his own qualities. Good night, you see I am writing to you as if I was talking. It is but ten o'clock, and yet it seems quite time here to go to bed. . . . .

I have got a letter from Annie, so clever, humourous and wise, that it is fit to be printed in a book. As for Miss Jingleby, I admire her pretty face and manners more than her singing, which is very nice, and just what a lady's should be, but I believe my heart is not engaged in that quarter. Why there is six times as much writing in my letter as in yours! you ought to send me ever so many pages if bargains were equal between the male and female, but they never are. There is a prince here who is seventy-two years of age and wears frills to his trowsers.

What if I were to pay my bill and go off this minute to the Rhine? It would be better to see that than these genteel dandies here. I don't care about the beauties of the Rhine any more, but it is always pleasant and friendly. There is no reason why I should not sleep at Bonn to-night, looking out on the Rhine opposite Drachenfels—that is the best way of travelling surely, never to know where you are going until the moment and fate say "go." Who knows? By setting off at twelve o'clock, something may happen to alter the whole course of my life? perhaps I may meet with some beautiful creature who . . . But then it is such a bore, packing up those shirts. I wonder whether anybody will write to me *poste restante* at Homburg, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine? And if you would kindly send a line to Annie at Captain Alexander's, Montpellier Road, Twickenham, telling her to write to me there and not at Brussels, you would add, Madame, to the many obligations you have already conferred on

Your most faithful servant,

W. M. Thackeray.

I have made a dreadful dumpy little letter, but an envelope would cost ½ more. I don't like to say anything disrespectful of Dover, as you are going there, but it seemed awfully stupid. May I come and see you as I pass through? A line at the Ship for me would not fail to bring me.

21 August. [1848] Home.

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

My dear old B.:

I am just come back and execute my first vow, which was to tell you on landing that there is a certain bath near Minden, and six hours from Cologne by the railway (so that people may go all the way at their ease) where all sorts of complaints—including of course yours, all and several, are to be cured. The bath is Rehda, station Rehda. Dr. Sutro of the London German Hospital, knows all about it. I met an acquaintance just come thence, (a Mrs. Brace-

bridge and her *mari*) who told me of it. People are ground young there—a young physician has been cured of far gone tubercles in the lungs ; maladies of languor, rheumatism, liver complaints, all sorts of wonders are performed there, especially female wonders.

Y not take Madame there, go, drink, bathe, and be cured? Y not go there as well as anywhere else this summer season? Y not come up and see this German doctor, or ask Bullar to write to him? Do, my dear old fellow ; and I will vow a candle to honest Horne's chapel if you are cured. Did the Vienna beer in which I drank your health, not do you any good? God bless you, my dear Brookfield, and believe that I am always affectionately yours,

W. M. T.

[1848.]

My dear Mrs. Brookfield :

Now that it is over and irremediable I am thinking with a sort of horror of a bad joke in the last number of *Vanity Fair*, which may perhaps annoy some body whom I wouldn't wish to displease. Amelia is represented as having a lady's maid, and the lady's maid's name is Payne. I laughed when I wrote it, and thought that it was good fun, but now, who knows whether you and Payne and everybody won't be angry, and in fine, I am in a great tremor. The only way will be, for you I fear to change Payne's name to her Christian one. Pray don't be angry if you are, and forgive me if I have offended. You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife—*y est pour beaucoup.*

and I am
Yours most sincerely
W. M. Thackeray

I hope you will write to say that you forgive me.

October 1848.

13 Young Street, Kensington.

My Dear Lady Brookfield :

I wrote you a letter three nights ago in the French language, describing my disappointment at not having received any news of you. Those which I had from Mrs. Turpin were not good, and it would have been a pleasure to your humble servant to have had a line. Mr. William dined with the children good-naturedly on Sunday, when I was yet away at Brighton.

My parents are not come yet, the old gentleman having had an attack of illness to which he is subject ; but they promised to be with me on Tuesday, some day next week I hope. I virtuously refused three invitations by this day's post, and keep myself in readiness to pass the first two or three evenings on my Papa's lap.

That night I wrote to you the French letter, I wrote one to Miss Brandauer, the governess, warning her off. I didn't send either. I have a great mind to send yours though, it is rather funny, though I daresay with plenty of mistakes,



Drawing by Thackeray of Mrs. Brookfield and her Two Maids.

and written by quite a different man, to the Englishman who is yours respectfully. A language I am sure would change a man; so does a handwriting. I am sure if I wrote to you in this hand, and adopted it for a continuance, my disposition and sentiments would alter and all my views of life. I tried to copy, not now but the other day, a letter Miss Procter showed me from her uncle, in a commercial hand, and found myself after three pages quite an honest, regular, stupid, commercial man; such is sensibility and the mimetic faculty in some singularly organized beings. How many people are you? You are Dr. Packman's Mrs. B, and Mrs. Jackson's Mrs. B, and Ah! you are my Mrs. B. you know you are now, and quite different to us all, and you are your sister's Mrs. B. and Miss Wynne's, and you make gentle fun of us all round to your private B. and offer us up to make him sport. You see I am making you out to be an Ogre's wife, and poor William the Ogre, to whom you serve us up cooked for dinner. Well, stick a knife into me, here is my *busam;* I won't cry out, you poor Ogre's wife, I know you are good natured and soft-hearted *au fond.*

I have been re-reading the *Hoggarty Diamond* this morning; upon my word and honour, if it doesn't make you cry, I shall have a mean opinion of you. It was written at a time of great affliction, when my heart was very soft and humble. Amen. *Ich habe auch viel geliebt.*

Why shouldn't I start off this instant for the G. W. Station and come and shake hands, and ask your family for some dinner; I should like it very much. Well, I am looking out of the window to see if the rain will stop, or give me an excuse for not going to Hatton to the Chief Baron's. I won't go—that's a comfort.

I am writing to William to ask him to come and dine to-morrow, we will drink your health if he comes. I should like to take another sheet and go on tittle-tattling, it drops off almost as fast as talking. I fancy you lying on the sofa, and the boy outside, walking up and down the oss. But I wont. To-morrow is Sunday. Good bye, dear lady, and believe me yours in the most friendly manner.

W. M. T.

[*Reply to an invitation to dinner, a few days later.*]

Had I but ten minutes sooner
Got your hospitable line,
'Twould have been delight and honour
With a gent like you to dine;—
But my word is passed to others,
Fitz, he is engagëd too:
Agony my bosom smothers,
As I write adieu, adieu!

[*Lines sent in a note of about this date.*]

I was making this doggerel instead of writing my *Punch* this morning, shall I send *it or no?*

'Tis one o'clock, the boy from *Punch* is sitting in the passage here,
It used to be the hour of lunch at Portman Street, near Portman Squeer.
O! stupid little printers' boy, I cannot write, my head is queer,
And all my foolish brains employ in thinking of a lady dear.
It was but yesterday, and on my honest word it seems a year—
As yet that person was not gone, as yet I saw that lady dear—
She's left us now, my boy, and all this town, this life, is blank and drear.
Thou printers' devil in the hall, didst ever see my lady dear,
You'd understand, you little knave, I think, if you could only see her,
Why now I look so glum and grave for losing of this lady dear.
A lonely man I am in life, my business is to joke and jeer,
A lonely man without a wife, God took from me a lady dear.
A friend I had, and at his side,—the story dates from seven long year—
One day I found a blushing bride, a tender lady kind and dear!
They took me in, they pitied me, they gave me kindly words and cheer,
A kinder welcome who shall see, than yours, O, friend and lady dear?

The rest is wanting.

1848.

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

My dear Vieux:

When I came home last night I found a beautiful opera ticket for this evening,

—Jenny Lind, charming *bally*, box 72.—I am going to dine at home with the children and shall go to the opera, and will leave your name down below. Do come and we will sit, we 2, and see the piece like 2 lords, and we can do the other part afterwards. I present my respectful compliments to Mrs. Brookfield and am yours,

W. M. T.

If you can come to dinner, there's a curry.

Oct. 4th 1848

DEAR MRS. BROOKFIELD:

If you would write me a line to say that you made a good journey and were pretty well, to Sir Thomas Cullam's, Hardwick, Bury St. Edmunds, you would confer indeed a favour on yours respectfully. William dined here last night and was pretty cheerful. As I passed by Portman Street, after you were gone, just to take a look up at the windows, the usual boy started forward to take the horse. I laughed a sad laugh. I didn't want nobody to take the horse. It's a long time since you were away. The cab is at the door to take me to the railroad. Mrs. Procter was very kind and Adelaide sympathised with me. I have just opened my desk, there are all the papers I had at Spa—*Pendennis*, unread since, and your letter. Good bye dear Mrs. Brookfield, always yours,

W. M. T.

L'homme propose. Since this was wrote the author went to the railroad, found that he arrived a minute too late, and that there were no trains for 4½ hours. So I came back into town and saw the publishers, who begged and implored me so, not to go out pleasuring, &c., that I am going to Brighton instead of Bury. I looked in the map, I was thinking of coming to Weston-Super-Mare,—only it seemed such a hint.

[Club]

October 1848.

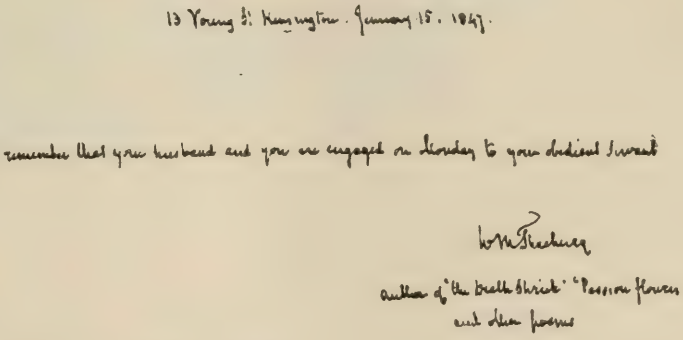
[*To Mr. Brookfield*]

MY DEAR REVERENCE:

I take up the pen to congratulate you on the lovely weather, which must, with the company of those to whom you are attached, render your stay at Clevedon so delightful. It snowed here this morning, since which there has been a fog succeeded by a drizzly rain. I have passed the day writing and trying to alter Pendennis, which is without any manner of doubt, awfully stupid; the very best passages, which pleased the author only last week, looking hideously dull by the dull fog of this day. I pray, I pray, that it may be the weather. Will you say something for it at church next Sunday?

My old parents arrived last night, it was quite a sight to see the poor old mother with the children: and Bradbury, the printer, coming to dun me for Pendennis this morning. I slunk away from home, where writing is an utter impossibility, and have been operating on it here. The real truth is now, that there is half an hour before dinner, and I don't know what to do, unless I write you a screed, to pass away the time. There are secret and selfish motives in the most seemingly generous actions of men.

T'other day I went to Harley Street



Note from Thackeray (actual size).

and saw the most beautiful pair of embroidered slippers, worked for a lady at



Clevedon Court.*

whose feet . . . ; and I begin more and more to think Adelaide Procter, an uncommonly nice, dear, good girl. Old Dilke of the *Athenæum*, vows that Procter and his wife, between them, wrote *Jane Eyre*, and when I protest ignorance, says, "Pooh! you know who wrote it, you are the deepest rogue in England, &c." I wonder whether it can be true? It is just possible, and then what a singular circumstance is the ✚ fire of the two dedications.† *O! Mon Dieu!* but I wish *Pendennis* were better.

As if I had not enough to do, I have begun to blaze away in the *Chronicle* again: its an awful bribe—that five guineas an article. After I saw you on Sunday I did actually come back straight, on the omnibus. I have been to the Cider Cellars since again to hear the man sing about going to be hanged, I have had a headache afterwards, I have drawn, I have written, I have distracted my mind with healthy labor. Now wasn't this much better than plodding about with you in heavy boots amidst fields and woods? But unless you come back, and as soon as my work is done, I thought a day or two would be pleasantly spent in your society, if the house of Clevedon admits of holding any more.

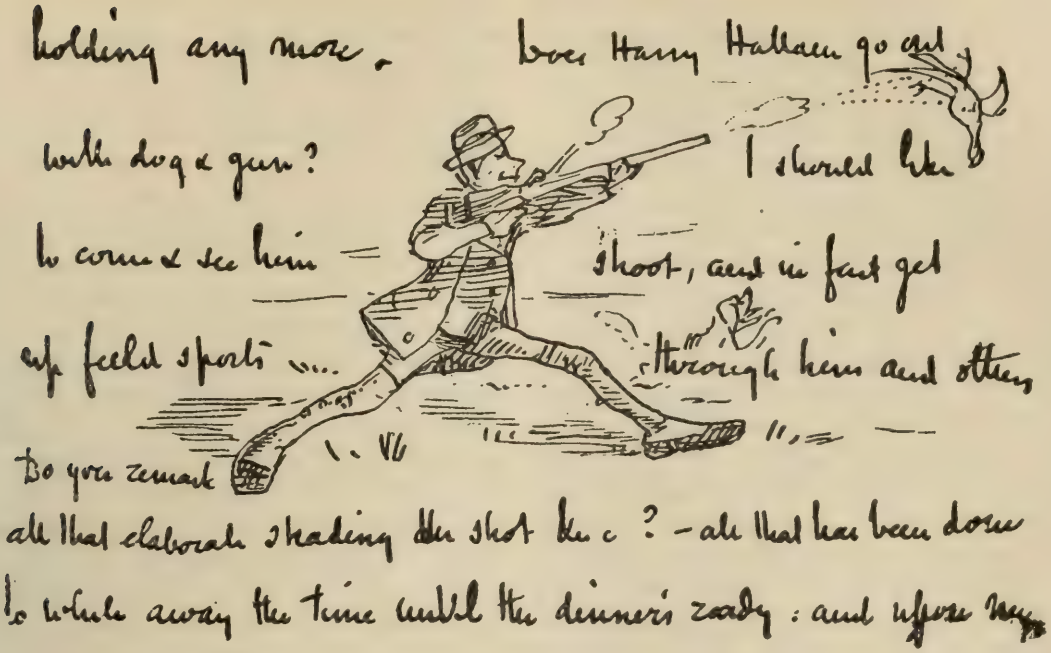
Does Harry Hallam go out with dog and gun? I should like to come and see him shoot, and in fact, get up field sports through him and others. Do you remark all that elaborate shading, the shot &c., ? All that has been done to while away the time until the dinner's ready, and upon my conscience I believe it is very near come. Yes, it is $6\frac{1}{2}$. If Mrs. Parr is at Clevedon, present the

* Clevedon Court, Somersetshire, often referred to in these letters, and already mentioned in the note p. 389, the home of Sir Charles Elton, Mrs. Brookfield's father.

Clevedon Court dates from the reign of Edward II. (1307 to 1327), and though added to and altered in Elizabeth's time, the original plan can be clearly traced and much of the 14th Century work is untouched. The manor of Clevedon passed into the hands of the Eltons in 1709, the present possessor being Sir Edmund Elton, 8th Baronet.

The manor-house is the original of Castlewood in *Esmond*.

† *Jane Eyre* to Thackeray, *Vanity Fair* to Barry Cornwall.



respects of Mephistopheles, as also to any other persons with whom I am acquainted in your numerous and agreeable family circle.

1848

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

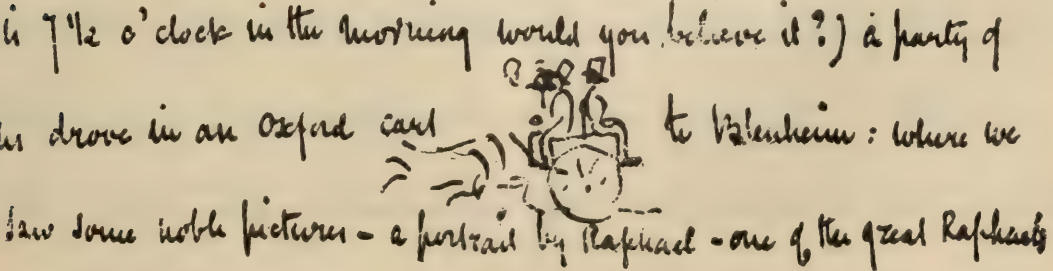
Va diner chez ton classique ami, tant renommé pour le Grec. Je ne pourrais mieux faire que de passer la soirée avec une famille que j'ai negligée quelque peu—la mienne. Oui, Monsieur, dans les caresses innocentes de mes enfans chèris, dans la conversation édifiante de Monsieur mon beau-père, je tacherai de me consoler de ta seconde infidelité. Samedi je ne puis venir : J'ai d'autres engagemens auxquels je ne veux pas manquer. Va. Sois heureux. Je te pardonne.

Ton mélancholique ami
CHEVALIER DE TITMARSH.

[1*st November*, 1848.]

DEAR MRS. BROOKFIELD :

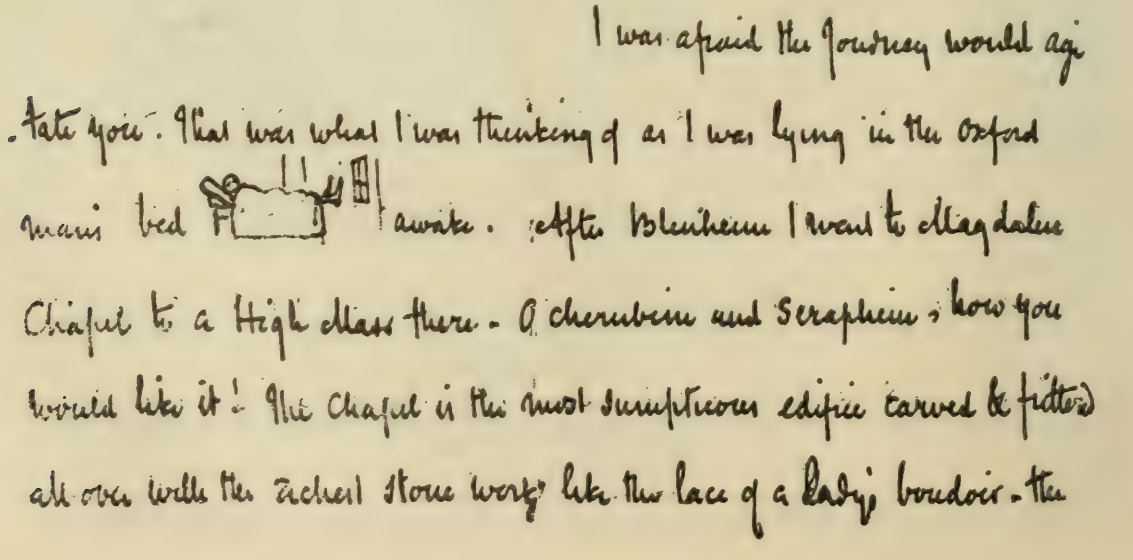
I was at Oxford by the time your dinner was over, and found eight or nine jovial gentlemen in black, feasting in the common room and drinking port wine solemnly. . . . We had a great sitting of Port wine, and I daresay the evening was pleasant enough. They gave me a bed in College,—such a bed, I could not sleep. Yesterday, (for this is half past seven o'clock in the morning, would you believe it?) a party of us drove in an Oxford Cart to Blenheim, where we saw some noble pictures, a portrait by Raphael, one of the great Raphaels of the world,—(Look, this is college paper, with beautiful lines already made) —A series of magnificent Rubens, one of which, representing himself walking in a garden with Mrs. Rubens and the baby, did one good to look at and remember; and some very questionable Titians indeed—I mean on the score of authenticity, not of morals, though the



subjects are taken from the loves of those extraordinary gods and goddesses, mentioned in Lemprière's Dictionary,—and we walked in the park, with much profit; surveying the great copper-coloured trees, and the glum old bridge and pillar and Rosamond's Well; and the queer, grand, ugly but magnificent house, a piece of splendid barbarism, yet grand and imposing somehow, like a chief raddled over with war-paint, and attired with careful hideousness. Well, I can't make out the simile on paper, though it's in my own mind pretty clear. What you would have liked best was the chapel dedicated to God and the Duke of Marlborough. The monument to the latter, occupies the whole place, almost, so that the former is quite secondary. O! what comes? It was the scout who brought me your letter, and I am very much obliged to you for it. . . .

I was very sorry indeed to hear that you have been ill—I was afraid the journey would agitate you, that was what I was thinking of as I was lying in the Oxford man's bed awake.

After Blenheim I went to Magdalen Chapel to a High Mass there. O cherubim and seraphim, how you would like it! The chapel is the most sumptuous edifice, carved and frittered all over with the richest stone-work like the lace of a lady's boudoir. The windows are fitted with pictures of the saints painted in a grey colour,—real Catholic saints, male and female I mean, so that I wondered how they got there; and this makes a sort of rich twilight in the church, which is lighted up by a multitude of wax candles in gold sconces, and you say your prayers in carved stalls wadded with velvet cushions. They have a full chorus of boys, some two dozen I should think, who sing quite ravishingly. It is a sort of perfection of sensuous gratification; children's voices charm me so, that they set all my sensibilities into a quiver; do they you? I am sure they do. These pretty brats with sweet innocent voices and white robes, sing quite celestially;—no, not celestially, for I don't believe it is devotion at all, but a high delight out of which one comes, not impurified I hope, but with a thankful pleased gentle frame of mind. I suppose I have a great faculty of enjoyment. At Clevedon I had gratification in looking at trees, landscapes, effects of shine and shadow &c., which made that dear old Inspector who walked with me, wonder. Well there can be no harm in this I am sure. What a shame it is to go on bragging about what is after all sheer roaring good health for the most part; and now I am going to breakfast. Good bye. I have been lionising the town ever since, and am come home quite tired. I have breakfasted here, lunched at Christ Church, seen Merton, and All Souls with Norman Macdonald, where there is a beautiful library and a boar's head in the kitchen, over which it was good to see Norman's eyes gloating; and it being All Saints' day, I am going to chapel here, where they have also a very good music I am told.



Are you better ma'am? I hope you are. On Friday I hope to have the pleasure to see you, and am till then, and even till Saturday,

Yours,

W. M. T.

[29*th Nov:* 1848.]

My dear Lady:

I am very much pained and shocked at the news brought at dinner to-day that poor dear Charles Buller is gone. Good God! think about the poor mother surviving, and what an anguish that must be! If I were to die I cannot bear to think of my mother living beyond me, as I daresay she will. But isn't it an awful, awful, sudden summons? There go wit, fame, friendship, ambition, high repute! Ah! *aimons nous bien.* It seems to me that is the only thing we can carry away. When we go, let us have some who love us wherever we are. I send you this little line as I tell you and William most things. Good night.

Tuesday. [Nov. 1848.]

Good night my dear Madam.

Since I came home from dining with Mr. Morier, I have been writing a letter to Mr. T. Carlyle and thinking about other things as well as the letter all the time; and I have read over a letter I received to-day which apologizes for everything and whereof the tremulous author ceaselessly doubts and misgives. Who knows whether she is not converted by Joseph Bullar by this time. She is a sister of mine, and her name is God bless her.

Wednesday. I was at work until seven o'clock; not to very much purpose, but executing with great labour and hardship the days work. Then I went to dine with Dr. Hall, the crack doctor here, a literate man, a traveller, and otherwise a kind bigwig. After dinner we went to hear Mr. Sortain lecture, of whom you may perhaps have heard me speak, as a great, remarkable orator and preacher of the Lady Huntingdon Connexion. (The paper is so greasy that I am forced to try several pens and manners of hand-writing, but none will do.) We had a fine lecture with brilliant Irish metaphors and outbursts of rhetoric addressed to an assembly of mechanics, shopboys and young women, who could not, and perhaps had best not, understand that flashy speaker. It was about the origin of nations he spoke, one of those big themes on which a man may talk eternally and with a never ending outpouring of words; and he talked magnificently, about the Arabs for the most part, and tried to prove that because the Arabs acknowledged their descent from Ishmael or Esau, therefore the Old Testament History was true. But the Arabs may have had Esau for a father and yet the bears may not have eaten up the little children for quizzing Elisha's bald head. As I was writing to Carlyle last night, (I haven't sent the letter as usual, and shall not most likely), Saint Stephen was pelted to death by Old Testaments, and Our Lord was killed like a felon by the law, which He came to repeal. I was thinking about Joseph Bullar's doctrine after I went to bed, founded on what I cannot but think a blasphemous asceticism, which has obtained in the world ever so long, and which is disposed to curse, hate and undervalue the world altogether. Why should we? What we see here of this world is but an expression of God's will, so to speak—a beautiful earth and sky and sea—beautiful affections and sorrows, wonderful changes and developments of creation, suns rising, stars shining, birds singing, clouds and shadows changing and fading, people loving each other, smiling and crying, the multiplied phenomena of Nature, multiplied in fact and fancy, in Art and Science, in every way that a man's intellect or education or imagination can be brought to bear.—And who is to say that we are to ignore all this, or not value them and love them, because there is another unknown world yet to come? Why that unknown future world is but a manifestation of God Almighty's will, and a development of Nature, neither more nor less than this in which we are, and an angel glorified or a sparrow on a gutter are equally parts of His creation. The light upon all the saints in Heaven is just as much and no more God's work, as the sun which shall

shine to-morrow upon this infinitesimal speck of creation, and under which I shall read, please God, a letter from my kindest Lady and friend. About my future state I don't know; I leave it in the disposal of the awful Father,—but for to-day I thank God that I can love you, and that you yonder and others besides are thinking of me with a tender regard. Hallelujah may be greater in degree than this, but not in kind, and countless ages of stars may be blazing infinitely, but you and I have a right to rejoice and believe in our little part and to trust in to-day as in tomorrow. God bless my dear lady and her husband. I hope you are asleep now, and I must go too, for the candles are just winking out.

Thursday. I am glad to see among the new inspectors, in the Gazette in this morning's papers, my old acquaintance Longueville Jones, an excellent, worthy, lively, accomplished fellow, whom I like the better because he flung up his fellow and tutorship at Cambridge in order to marry on nothing a year. We worked in Galignani's newspaper for ten francs a day, very cheerfully ten years ago, since when he has been a schoolmaster, taken pupils or bid for them, and battled manfully with fortune. William will be sure to like him, I think, he is so honest, and cheerful. I have sent off my letter to Lady Ashburton this morning, ending with some pretty phrases about poor old C. B. whose fate affects me very much, so much that I feel as if I were making my will and getting ready to march too. Well ma'am, I have as good a right to presentiments as you have, and to sickly fancies and despondencies; but I should like to see before I die, and think of it daily more and more, the commencement of Jesus Christ's christianism in the world, where I am sure people may be made a hundred times happier than by its present forms, Judaism, asceticism, Bullarism. I wonder will He come again and tell it us. We are taught to be ashamed of our best feelings all our life. I don't want to blubber upon everybody's shoulders; but to have a good will for all, and a strong, very strong regard for a few, which I shall not be ashamed to own to them. . . . It is near upon three o'clock, and I am getting rather anxious about the post from Southampton *via* London. Why, if it doesn't come in, you won't get any letter to-morrow, no, nothing—and I made so sure. Well, I will try and go to work, it is only one more little drop. God bless you, dear lady. . . . .

. . . *Friday.* I have had a good morning's work and at two o'clock comes your letter; dear friend, thank you. What a coward I was, I will go and walk and be happy for an hour, it is a grand frosty sunshine. Tomorrow morning early back to London.

31 January, 1849

Ship, Dover.

Just before going away.

How long is it since I have written to you in my natural handwriting? . . . I am so far on my way to Paris, Meurice's Hotel, Rue de Rivoli. . . . I had made up my mind to this great, I may say decisive step, when I came to see you on Saturday, before you went to Hither Green. I didn't go to the Sterling, as it was my last day, and due naturally to the family. We went to bed at half past nine o'clock. To-day I went round on a circuit of visits, including Turpin at your house. It seems as if I was going on an ever so long journey. Have you any presentiments? I know some people who have. Thank you for your note of this morning, and my dear old William for his regard for me; try you and conserve the same. . . . There is a beautiful night, and I am going by Calais. Here, with a step on the steaming vessel,

I am, affectionately yours,

W. M. T.

Meurice's Hotel, Rivoli Street,

Paris. [*Feb:* 1849.]

If you please, I am come home very tired and sleepy from the Opera, where my friend Rothschild gave me a place in his box. There was a grand *ballet* of which I could not understand one word, that is one *pas*, for not a word was

spoken ; and I saw some celebrities in the place. The President, M. Lamartine, in a box near a handsome lady; M. Marrast, in a box near a handsome lady ; there was one with a bouquet of lilies, or some sort of white flowers, so enormous that it looked like a bouquet in a pantomine, which was to turn into something, or out of which a beautiful dancer was to spring. The house was crammed with well-dressed folks, and is sumptuous and splendid beyond measure. But O ! think of old Lamartine in a box by a handsome lady. Not any harm in the least, that I know of, only that the most venerable and grizzled bearded statesmen and philosophers find time from their business and political quandaries, to come and sigh and ogle a little at the side of ladies in boxes.

I am undergoing the quarantine of family dinners with the most angelic patience. Yesterday being the first day, it was an old friend and leg of lamb. I graciously said to the old friend, "Why the deuce wouldn't you let me go and dine at a restaurant, don't you suppose I have leg of lamb at home ?" To-day with an aunt of mine, where we had mock turtle soup, by Heavens ! and I arranged with my other aunt for another dinner. I knew how it would be ; it must be ; and there's my cousin to come off yet, who says, " you must come and dine. I haven't a soul, but will give you a good Indian dinner." I will make a paper in *Punch* about it, and exhale my griefs in print. I will tell you about my cousin when I get home, —when I get to Portman Street that is. . . . What brought me to this place? Well I am glad I came, it will give me a subject for at least six weeks in *Punch*, of which I was getting so weary that I thought I must have done with it.

Are you better for a little country air? Did you walk in that cheerful paddock where the cows are? And did you have clothes enough to your bed? I shall go to mine now, after writing this witty page, for I have been writing and spinning about all day, and am very tired and sleepy if you please. *Bon Soir, Madame.* . . .

Saturday. Though there is no use in writing, because there is no post, but *que voulez vous, Madame? On aime à dire un petit bonjour à ses amis.* I feel almost used to the place already and begin to be interested about the politics. Some say there's a revolution ready for today. The town is crammed with soldiers, and one has a curious feeling of interest and excitement, as in walking about on ice that is rather dangerous,and may tumble in at any moment. I had three newspapers for my breakfast, which my man, (it is rather grand having a *laquais de place*, but I can't do without him, and invent all sorts of pretexts to employ him) bought for five pence of your money. The mild papers say we have escaped an immense danger, a formidable plot has been crushed, and Paris would have been on fire and fury but for the timely discovery. The Red Republicans say, "Plot ! no such thing, the infernal tyrants at the head of affairs wish to find a pretext for persecuting patriots, and the good and the brave are shut up in dungeons." Plot or no plot, which is it ? I think I prefer to believe that there has been a direful conspiracy, and that we have escaped a tremendous danger. It makes one feel brave somehow, and as if one had some merit in overthrowing this rascally conspiracy. I am going to the Chamber directly. The secretary at the Embassy got me a ticket. The Embassy is wonderfully civil ; Lord Normanby is my dearest friend, he is going to take me to the President,—very likely to ask me to dinner. You would have thought I was an earl, I was received with so much of *empressement* by the ambassador.

I hadn't been in Paris ten minutes, before I met ten people of my acquaintance. . . . As for—— Oh ! it was wonderful. We have not met for five years on account of a coolness,—that is a great heat,—resulting out of a dispute in which I was called to be umpire and gave judgment against her and her husband ; but we have met, it is forgotten. . . . Poor soul, she performed beautifully. "What, William, not the least changed, just the same as ever, in spite of all your fame?"—Fame be hanged, thought I, *pardonnez-moi le mot*,—" just the same simple creature." O ! what a hypocrite I felt. I like her too ; but she poor, poor soul—well, she did her comedy

exceedingly well. I could only say, "My dear, you have grown older," that was the only bit of truth that passed, and she didn't like it. *Quand vous serez bien vieille,* and I say to you, "my dear you are grown old" (only I shall not say "my dear," but something much more distant and respectful), I wonder whether you will like it. Now it is time to go to the Chamber, but it was far pleasanter to sit and chatter with Madame.

I have been to see a piece of a piece called the *Mystères de Londres*, since the above, and most tremendous mysteries they were indeed. It appears that there lived in London, three or four years ago, a young grandee of Spain and count of the Empire, the Marquis of Rio Santo, an Irishman by birth, who in order to free his native country from the intolerable tyranny of England, imagined to organize an extraordinary conspiracy of the rogues and thieves of the metropolis, with whom some of the principal merchants, jewellers and physicians were concerned, who were to undermine and destroy somehow the infamous British power. The merchants were to forge and utter bank-notes, the jewellers to sell sham diamonds to the aristocracy, and so ruin them; the physicians to murder suitable persons by their artful prescriptions, and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy by their manœuvres, Ireland was to get its own in the midst of the squabble. This astonishing marquis being elected supreme chief of a secret society called the "Gentlemen of the Night," had his spies and retainers among the very highest classes of society. The police and the magistrature were corrupted, the very beef-eaters of the Queen contaminated, and you saw the evidence of such a conspiracy as would make your eyes open with terror. Who knows, madame, but perhaps some of the school inspectors themselves were bought over, and a Jesuitic C———k, an ambitious T———, an unscrupulous B——— himself, may have been seduced to mislead our youth, and teach our very babes and sucklings a precocious perverseness? This is getting to be so very like print that I shall copy it very likely,* all but the inspector part, for a periodical with which I am connected. Well, numbers of beautiful women were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him, and the most lovely and innocent of all, was employed to go to St. James' on a drawing-room day, and steal the diamonds of Lady Brompton, the mistress of his grace Prince Demetri Tolstoi, the Russian ambassador, who had lent Lady Brompton the diamonds to sport at St. James', before he sent them off to his imperial master the Emperor of Russia, for whom the trifles in question were purchased. Lady Brompton came to court having her train held up by her jockey; Susanna came to court, her train likewise carried by her page, one or both of them were *affidés* of the association of the "Gentlemen of the Night." The jockeys were changed, and Lady Brompton's jewels absolutely taken off her neck. So great was the rage of his grace Prince Demetri Tolstoi, that he threatened war should be declared by his emperor unless the brilliants were restored. I don't know what supervened, for exhausted nature would bear no more. But you should have seen the Court of St. James', the beef-eaters, the Life Guards, the heralds at arms in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and the ushers announcing the great folks, as they went into the presence of the great sovereign. Lady Campbell, the Countess of Derby, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were announced. O! such an archbishop! he had on a velvet trencher cap, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelates', and a rich curling wig, and he stopped and blessed the people, making crucificial signs on the stairs. The various lords went into the chamber in red robes and long flowing wigs. The wonder of the parody was, that it was so like and yet so absurdly unlike. O'Connell appeared, saluted as Daniel by the Count of Rio Santo, and announcing that he himself, though *brisé par la lutte* with the oppressors of his country, yet strongly reprobated anything like violent measures on the part of M. de Rio Santo and his fellow-patriots. The band played "God safe the Quin" in the most delightful absurd manner. The best of it is that these things, admirably as they tickled me, are only one degree

* He *did* reproduce part of it in *Punch*.

more absurd than what they pretend to copy. The Archbishop had a wig only the other day, though not quite such a wig as this; the chiefs of the police came in with oilskin hats, policemen's coats quite correct, and white tights and silk stockings, which made me laugh so, that the people in the stalls next me didn't know what I was at! But the parody was in fine prodigious, and will afford matter to no end of penny-a-line speculation. . . . I sit in my little snug room and say God bless you and Mr. Williams. Here is near four pages of Pendennis. . . .

April, 10th. 1849.

My Dear Persons.—After lying in bed until you had reached Clifton, exceeding melancholy from want of sleep, (induced by no romantic inward feeling but by other causes much more material and vulgar, viz., late smoking, etc., previous nights) shall I tell you what it was dissipated my blue devils? As I was going toward London the postman stopped me in the street and asked me if I would take my letters, which he handed to me:—one was an opera-box which I sent off to Mrs. M. for to morrow; and one was a letter from an attorney demanding instantly £112 for that abominable Irish Railway; and in presence of this real calamity all the sentimental ones vanished straight. I began to think how I must raise the money,—how I must go to work, nor be shilly-shallying any longer; and with this real care staring me in the face I began to forget imaginary grievances and to think about going to work immediately; and how for the next 3 months I must screw and save in order to pay off the money. And this is the way, M'am, that the grim duties of the world push the soft feelings aside; we've no time to be listening to *their* little meek petitions and tender home prattle in presence of the imperative Duty who says "Come, come, no more of this here,—get to work, Mister"—and so we go and join the working gang, behind which Necessity marches cracking his whip. This metaphor has not been worked so completely as it might be, but it means that I am resolved to go to work directly. So being determined on this I went off at once to the Star and Garter at Richmond and dined with those 2 nice women and their husbands, viz, the Strutts and Romillys. We had every sort of luxury for dinner, and afterwards talked about Vanity Fair and Pendennis almost incessantly (though I declare I led away the conversation at least 10 times, but they would come back) so that the evening was uncommonly pleasant. Once, twice, thrice, it came into my head—I wonder what those people at Clifton are doing; I would give 2/6 to be with them; but in the mean while it must be confessed, the Star and Garter is not bad. These ladies are handsome and good, and clever, and kind; that solicitor general talks with great pleasantness; and so I came home in a fly with an old gentleman who knew Sir S. Romilly, and we talked of the dark end of that history of a very good and wise man, and how he adored his wife (it was her death which caused his suicide), and how his son was equally attached to his own, of whose affection for her husband my informer gave many pretty instances. This conversation brought me to Kensington, where after thinking about the £112 a little, and a little more about some friends of mine whom I pray God to make happy, I fell into a great big sleep—from which I wake at this present 8 o'clock in the morning to say Bon jour, Madame. Where do you think this is wrote from? From an attorney's office, Old Jewry. The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, their coaches and footmen, in gold and silk stockings, have just passed in a splendid procession through the mud and pouring rain. I have been to the bankers to see how much money I have got. I have got £120; I owe £112; from £120 take £112, leaves 8 for the rest of the month. Isn't that pleasant? Well, but I know how to raise some;—the bankers say I may over-draw. Things isn't so bad.

But now, (this is from the Garrick Club) now I say for the wonderful wonder of wonders. There is a chance for Mr. Williams such as he little looked for. EMMA is free. The great Catastrophe has happened—last night she and her mother fled from the infamous R. and

took refuge at Mrs. Procter's* where they had Adelaide's and Agnes' beds—who went and slept with Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmid next door. Mr. and Mrs. P. called at Kensington at 11 o'clock and brought the news. R. had treated his wife infamously; R. had assailed her with the most brutal language and outrages; —that innocent woman Madame G——, poor thing, who meddled with nothing and remained all day in her own garret so as to give no trouble, was flung out of the house by him—indeed only stayed in order to protect her daughter's life. The brute refused to allow the famous picture to be exhibited —in fact is a mad-man and a ruffian. Procter and I went off to make peace, and having heard R.'s story, I believe that he has been more wronged than they.

The mother in-law is at the bottom of the mischief. It was she who made the girl marry R., and, the marriage made, she declined leaving her daughter; in fact, the poor devil, who has a bad temper, a foolish head—an immense vanity —has been victimised by the women and I pity him a great deal more than them. O! what a comedy it would make! but the separation I suppose is final, and it will be best for both parties. It will end no doubt in his having to pay a 4th of his income for the pleasure of being a month married to her, and she will be an angelic martyr, &c. I wonder whether you will give me a luncheon on Thursday. I might stop for 2 hours on my way to Taunton and make you my hand-shake. This would be very nice. I thought of writing to Mrs. Elton and offering myself, but I should like first to have the approval of Mr. Williams, for after all, I am not an indifferent person but claim to rank as the Afft. brother of both of you.

W. M. T.

[*April*, 1849.]

Fragment.

Yesterday's wasn't a letter, you know, ma'am; and I am so tired now of penmanship, that I don't think I shall be able to get through one. I wish you were on the sofa in Portman Street, and that I could go and lie down on the opposite one and fall asleep. Isn't that a polite wish? Well, I am so beat that I ought to go to bed, and not inflict my yawns upon anyone; but I can't begin snoring yet. I am waiting at the Club, till the printer's boy brings the proofs of No. 7,* which is all done; there are two new women in it, not like anybody that you know or I know; your favourite Major appears rather in an amiable light, I don't know whether it is good or bad. The latter probably. Well, it is done, that's a comfort. . . .

I am going to dine with Lady Davy again, but Friday shall be a happy Friday for me, and on Saturday, when you go to Oxbridge, I shall console myself by a grand dinner at the Royal Academy, if you please, to which they have invited me, on a great card like a tea-tray. That's a great honour, none but bishops, purchasers, and other big-wigs are asked. I daresay I shall have to make an impromptu speech. Shall I come to rehearse it to you on Friday? I was going to send you a letter t'other day from a sculptor who wants to make my bust; think of that! . . .

Here is wonderful Spring weather come, and the leaves are sprouting and all the birds chirping melojoyously.

I daresay you are driving by Severn's Shore, now; then you will listen after dinner to Captain Budd on the German flute; then I daresay you will sing, after a great deal of blushing and hesitation. Is Mrs. Tidy jealous of you? I daresay she thinks you are overrated, and wonders what people see in you. So do I. . . .

Tomorrow me and Annie and Minnie are going to buy a new *gownd* for Granny, who wants it very much. Those old folks project a tour to Switzerland in the Summer, did I tell you? And my mother cannot part with the children, who must go too. Where shall I go? . . .

Here comes the proof;—shall I send this letter now or wait till tomorrow, and have something to say? perhaps I shall see William tonight. I am going to

* Mrs. Procter, the wife of the well-known poet, Barry Cornwall,—herself a most accomplished woman.—Even now at 84 years of age she retains the brilliant powers of conversation for which she was always celebrated. She was always a faithful friend to Mr. Thackeray, who had a sincere regard for her. Mrs. Procter was the mother of Adelaide, who so largely inherited her father's poetic powers.

* Pendennis.

Lady Lovelace's drum in Cumberland Place, hard-by Portman Street.

No, I didn't go, but came home and fell asleep after dinner, from nine o'clock till now, which it is eight o'clock in the morning, which I am writing in bed. You are very likely looking at the elms out of window by this time; are they green yet? Our medlar tree is. I was to have gone to the old Miss Berrys' too last night; they were delighted at the allusion in *Punch* to them, in the same number in which you appear mending waistcoats. But Lord, what a much better thing going to bed was! and No. 7 completed with great throes and disquiet, only yesterday—seems to me ever so long ago—such a big sleep have I had! . . .

Adelaide Procter would hardly shake hands with me because of my cowardly conduct in the R—— affair, and she told me that I hadn't been to call there since the 28th March last. They keep a journal of visitors; fancy that! I heard the R—— story from the G—— herself and the mother, and can only make out now that the husband is mad and odious. What they are to do is the difficulty; he refuses to allow her a shilling; her picture has been rejected at the Academy, and why I can't see, for there's no English academician's who could equal it, and she must paint to live. I shall give her my mother to do, I think. She looked exceedingly handsome and interesting the other day; pale and grief-stricken, with her enormous hair twirled round her head—and yet, and yet! Will you kiss those little maids for me, I should like to hear their prattle through the door. I am going to kill Mrs. Pendennis presently, and have her ill in this number. Minnie says, "O! papa, do make her well again; she can have a regular doctor and be almost dead, and then will come a homeopathic physician who will make her well you know." It is very pretty to see her with her grandmother. Let us jump up now and go to breakfast with the children.

June 12, 1849.

My dear Lady:

I send a hasty line to say that the good old aunt is still here, and was very glad to see me and another nephew of hers who came by the same train. It's a great comfort to my mother and to her, that my mother should be with her at this last day; and she is preparing to go out of the world, in which she has been living very virtuously for more than eighty years, as calmly and happily as may be. I don't know how long she may remain, but my duty will be to stay on I suppose, until the end, which the doctor says is very near; though to see her in her bed, cheerful and talking, one would fancy that her summons is not so near as those who are about her imagine. So I shall not see London or my dear friends in it for a few days very likely. Meanwhile will you write me a line here to tell me that you are easier of your pains, and just to give a comfort to your old brother Makepeace.

I suppose I shall do a great deal of my month's work here. I have got a comfortable room at a little snug country inn, such as William would like. I am always thinking about going to see Mrs. Fanshawe at Southampton, about No. 9 of *Pendennis*, and about all sorts of things. I went to see Mrs. Procter, to the City, and to do my business and pay my horrid railroad money. The banker's clerk stopped me and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but will you, if you please, tell me the meaning of 'ees-thetics,'" which I was very much puzzled to tell—and here comes the boy to say that the note must go this instant to save the post, and so God bless Jane my sister and William my brother.

Written from the Royal oak, Fareham.

"NO HAID PAWN".

By Thomas Nelson Page.

It was a ghostly place in broad daylight, if the glimmer that stole in through the dense forest that surrounded it when the sun was directly overhead deserved this delusive name. At any other time it was—why, we were afraid even to talk about it! and as to venturing within its gloomy borders, it was currently believed among us that to do so was to bring upon the intruder certain death. I knew every foot of ground, wet and dry, within five miles of my father's house except this plantation, for I had hunted by day and night every field, forest, and marsh within that radius; but the swamp and "ma'shes" that surrounded this place I had never invaded. The boldest hunter on the plantation would call off his dogs and go home if they struck a trail that crossed the sobby boundary line of "No Haid Pawn."

"Jack 'my lanterns" and "evil sperits" only infested those woods, and the earnest advice of those whom we children acknowledged to know most about them, was, "Don't you never go nigh dyah, honey; hit's de evil-speritest place in dis wull."

Had not Big William, and Cephas, and Poliam followed their dogs in there one night, and cut down a tree in which they had with their own eyes seen the coon, and lo! when it fell "de warn no mo' coon dyah 'n a dog!" and the next tree they had "treed in" not only had no coon in it, but when it was cut down it had fallen on Poliam and broken his leg. So the very woods were haunted. From this time they were abandoned to the "jack 'my lanterns" and ghosts, and another shadow was added to "*No Haid Pawn.*"

The place was as much cut off from the rest of the country as if a sea had divided it. The river with marshy banks swept around it in a wide horseshoe on three sides, and when the hammocks dammed it up it washed its way straight across and scoured out a new bed for itself, completely isolating the whole plantation.

The owners of it, if there were any, which was doubtful, were aliens, and in my time it had not been occupied for forty years. The negroes declared that it was "gi'n up" to the "ha'nts an' evil sperits," and that no living being could live there. It had grown up in forest and had wholly reverted to original marsh. The road that once ran through the swamp had long since been choked up, and the trees were as thick, and the jungle as dense now in its track, as in the adjacent "ma'sh." Only one path remained. That, it was currently believed by the entire portion of the population who speculated on the subject, was kept open by the evil spirits. Certain it was that no human foot ever trod the narrow, tortuous line that ran through the brakes as deviously as the noiseless, stagnant ditches that curved through the jungle, where the musk-rat played and the moccasin slept unmolested. Yet there it lay, plain and well-defined, month after month, and year after year, as No Haid Pawn itself stood, amid its surrounding swamps, all undisturbed and unchanging.

Even the runaway slaves who occasionally left their homes and took to the swamps and woods, impelled by the cruelty of their overseers, or by a desire for a vain counterfeit of freedom, never tried this swamp, but preferred to be caught and returned home to invading its awful shades.

We were brought up to believe in ghosts. Our fathers and mothers laughed at us, and endeavored to reason us out of such a superstition—the fathers with much of ridicule and satire, the mothers giving sweet religious reasons for their argument—but what could they avail against the actual testimony and the blood-curdling experiences of a score of witnesses who recounted their personal observations with a degree of thrilling realism and a vividness that overbore any arguments our childish reason could grasp! The old mammies and uncles who were our companions

and comrades believed in the existence of evil spirits as truly as in the existence of hell or heaven, as to which at that time no question had ever been raised, so far as was known, in that slumberous world. [The Bible was the standard, and all disputes were resolved into an appeal to that authority: the single question as to any point being simply, "Is it in the Bible?"] Had not Lazarus, and Mam' Celia, and William, and Twis'-foot-Bob, and Aunt Sukie Brown, and others *seen* with their own eyes the evil spirits, again and again, in the bodily shape of cats, headless dogs, white cows, and other less palpable forms! And was not their experience, who lived in remote cabins, or wandered night after night through the loneliest woods, stronger evidence than the cold reasoning of those who hardly ever stirred abroad except in daylight! It certainly was more conclusive to us; for no one could have listened to those narrators without being impressed with the fact that they were recounting what they had actually seen with their bodily eyes. The result of it all was, so far as we were concerned, the triumph of faith over reason, and the fixed belief on our part, in the actual visible existence of the departed, in the sinister form of apparition known as "evil sperits." Every graveyard was tenanted by them; every old house, and every peculiarly desolate spot was known to be their rendezvous; but all spots and places sank into insignificance compared with No Haid Pawn.

The very name was uncanny. Originally it had designated a long, stagnant pool of water lying in the centre of the tract, which marked the spot from which the soil had been dug to raise the elevation on which to set the house. More modernly the place, by reason of the filling up of ditches and the sinking of dykes, had become again simple swamp and jungle, or, to use the local expression, "had turned to ma'sh," and the name applied to the whole plantation.

The origin of the name—the pond had no source; but there was a better explanation than that. Anyhow, the very name inspired dread, and the place was our terror.

The house had been built many generations before by a stranger in this section, and the owners never made it their permanent home. Thus, no ties either of blood or friendship were formed with their neighbors, who were certainly open-hearted and open-doored enough to overcome anything but the most persistent unneighborliness. Why this spot was selected for a mansion was always a mystery, unless it was that the newcomer desired to isolate himself completely. Instead of following the custom of those who were native and to the manor born, who always chose some eminence for their seats, he had selected for his a spot in the middle of the wide flat which lay in the horseshoe of the river. The low ground, probably owing to the abundance of land in that country, had never been "taken up," and up to the time of his occupation was in a condition of primeval swamp. He had to begin by making an artificial mound for his mansion. Even then, it was said, he dug so deep that he laid the corner-stone in water. The foundation was of stone, which was brought from a distance. Fabulous stories were told of it. The negroes declared that under the old house were solid rock chambers, which had been built for dungeons, and had served for purposes which were none the less awful because they were vague and indefinite. The huge structure itself was of wood, and was alleged to contain many mysterious rooms and underground passages. One of the latter was said to connect with the No Haid Pawn itself, whose dark waters, according to the negroes' traditions, were some day, by some process not wholly consistent with the laws of physics, to overwhelm the fated pile. An evil destiny had seemed to overshadow the place from the very beginning. One of the negro builders had been caught and decapitated between two of the immense foundation stones. The tradition was handed down that he was sacrificed in some awful and occult rite connected with the laying of the corner-stone. The scaffolding had given way and had precipitated several men to the ground, most of whom had been fatally hurt. This also was alleged to be by hideous design. Then the plantation, in the process of being reclaimed, had proved unhealthy beyond

all experience, and the negroes employed in the work of dyking and reclaiming the great swamp had sickened and died by dozens. The extension of the dangerous fever to the adjoining plantations had left a reputation for typhus malaria from which the whole section suffered for a time. But this did not prevent the colored population from recounting year after year the horrors of the pestilence of No Haid Pawn, as a peculiar visitation, nor from relating with blood-curdling details the burial by scores, in a thicket just beside the pond, of the stricken "befo' dee *daid*, honey, befo' dee *daid!*" The bodies, it was said, used to float about in the guts of the swamp and on the haunted pond; and at night they might be seen, if anyone were so hardy as to venture there, rowing about in their coffins as if they were boats.

Thus the place from the beginning had an evil name, and when, year after year, the river rose and washed the levees away, or the musk-rats burrowed through and let the water in, and the strange masters cursed not only the elements but Heaven itself, the continued mortality of their negroes was not wholly unexpected, nor unaccounted for by certain classes of their neighbors.

At length the property had fallen to one more gloomy, more strange, and more sinister than any who had gone before him—a man whose personal characteristics and habits were unique in that country. He was of gigantic stature and superhuman strength, and possessed appetites and vices in proportion to his size. He could fell an ox with a blow of his fist, or in a fit of anger could tear down the branch of a tree, or bend a bar of iron like a reed. He, either from caprice or ignorance, spoke only a *patois* not unlike the Creole French of the Louisiana parishes. But he was a West Indian. His brutal temper and habits cut him off from even the small measure of intercourse which had existed between his predecessors and their neighbors, and he lived at No Haid Pawn completely isolated. All the stories and traditions of the place at once centred on him, and fabulous tales were told of his prowess and of his life. It was said, among other things, that he preserved his wonderful strength by drinking human blood, a tale which in a certain sense I have never seen reason to question. Making all allowances, his life was a blot upon civilization. At length it culminated. A brutal temper, inflamed by unbridled passions, after a long period of license and debauchery, came to a climax in a final orgy of ferocity and fury, in which he was guilty of an act whose fiendishness surpassed belief, and he was brought to judgment.

In modern times the very inhumanity of the crime would probably have proved his security, and as he had destroyed his own property while he was perpetrating a crime of appalling and unparalleled horror, he might have found a defence in that standing refuge of extraordinary scoundrelism—insanity. This defence, indeed, was put in, and was pressed with much ability by his counsel, one of whom was my father, who had just then been admitted to the bar; but fortunately for the cause of justice, neither courts nor juries were then so sentimental as they have become of late years, and the last occupant of No Haid Pawn paid under the law the full penalty of his hideous crime. It was one of the curious incidents of the trial that his negroes all lamented his death and declared that he was a good master when he was not drunk. He was hanged just at the rear of his own house, within sight of the spot where his awful crime was committed.

At his execution, which according to the custom of the country was public, a horrible coincidence occurred which furnished the text of many a sermon on retributive justice among the negroes.

The body was interred near the pond close by the thicket where the negroes were buried; but the negroes declared that it preferred one of the stone chambers under the mansion, where it made its home, and that it might be seen at any time of the day or night stalking headless about the place. They used to dwell with peculiar zest on the most agonizing details of this wretch's dreadful crime, the whole culminating in the final act of maniacal fury when the gigantic monster dragged the hacked and headless corpse of his victim up the staircase and stood it up before the open

window in his hall, in the full view of the terrified slaves. After these narrations, the continued reappearance of the murderer and his headless victim was as natural to us as it was to the negroes themselves; and, as night after night we would hurry up to the great house through the darkness, we were ever on the watch lest he should appear to our frighted vision from the shades of the shrubbery-filled yard.

Thus it was that of all ghostly places No Haid Pawn had the distinction of being invested, to us, with unparalleled horror, and thus to us, no less than because the dykes had given way and the overflowed flats had turned again to swamp and jungle, it was explicable that No Haid Pawn was abandoned, and was now untrodden by any foot but that of its ghostly tenants.

The time of my story was 185–. The spring previous continuous rains had kept the river full, and had flooded the low-grounds, and this had been followed by an exceptionally dense growth in the summer. Then, public feeling was greatly excited at the time of which I write, over the discovery in the neighborhood of several emissaries of the underground railway, or—as they were universally considered in that country—of the devil. They had been run off or had disappeared suddenly, but had left behind them some little excitement on the part of the slaves, and a great deal on the part of their masters, and more than the usual number of negroes had run away. All, however, had been caught, or had returned home after a sufficient interval of freedom, except one who had escaped permanently, and who was supposed to have accompanied his instigators on their flight.

This man was a well-known character. He belonged to one of our neighbors, and had been bought and brought there from an estate on the Lower Mississippi. He was the most brutal negro I ever knew. He was of a type rarely found among our negroes, who, judging from their physiognomy and general characteristics, came principally from the coast of Africa. They are of moderate stature, with dull but amiable faces. This man, however, was of immense size, and he possessed the features and expression of a Congo desperado. In character also he differed essentially from all the other slaves in our country. He was alike without their amiability and their docility, and was as fearless as he was brutal. He was the only negro I ever knew who was without either superstition or reverence. Indeed, he differed so widely from the rest of the slaves in that section that there existed some feeling against him almost akin to a race feeling. At the same time that he exercised considerable influence over them they were dreadfully afraid of him, and were always in terror that he would trick them, to which awful power he laid well-known claim. His curses in his strange dialect used to terrify them beyond measure, and they would do anything to conciliate him. He had been a continual source of trouble, and an object of suspicion in the neighborhood from the time of his first appearance; and more than one hog that the negroes declared had wandered into the marshes of No Haid Pawn, and had "cut his thote jes' swinin' aroun' an' aroun' in de ma'sh," had been suspected of finding its way to this man's cabin. His master had often been urged to get rid of him, but he was kept, I think, probably because he was valuable on the plantation. He was a fine butcher, a good work-hand, and a first-class boatman. Moreover, ours was a conservative population, in which every man minded his own business and let his neighbor's alone.

At the time of the visits of those secret agents to which I have referred, this negro was discovered to be the leader in the secret meetings held under their auspices, and he would doubtless have been taken up and shipped off at once; but when the intruders fled, as I have related, their convert disappeared also. It was a subject of general felicitation in the neighborhood that he was gotten rid of, and his master, instead of being commiserated on the loss of his slave, was congratulated that he had not cut his throat.

No idea can be given at this date of the excitement occasioned in a quiet neighborhood in old times by the discovery of the mere presence of such characters as Abolitionists. It was as if the foundations of the whole social

fabric were undermined. It was the sudden darkening of a shadow that always hung in the horizon. The slaves were in a large majority, and had they risen, though the final issue could not be doubted, the lives of every white on the plantations must have paid the forfeit. Whatever the right and wrong of slavery might have been, its existence demanded that no outside interference with it should be tolerated. So much was certain; self-preservation required this.

I was, at the time of which I speak, a well-grown lad, and had been for two sessions to a boarding-school, where I had gotten rid of some portion—I will not say of all—of the superstition of my boyhood. The spirit of adventure was beginning to exert itself in me, and I had begun to feel a sense of enjoyment in overcoming the fears which once mastered me, though, I must confess, I had not entirely shaken off my belief in the existence of ghosts—that is, I did not believe in them at all in the daytime, but when night came I was not so certain about it.

Duck-hunting was my favorite sport, and the marshes on the river were fine ground for them usually, but this season the weather had been so singularly warm that the sport had been poor, and though I had scoured every canal in the marsh, and every bend in the river as far as No Haid Pawn Hammock, as the stretch of drifted timber and treacherous marsh was called that marked the boundary-line of that plantation, I had had bad luck. Beyond that point I had never penetrated, partly, no doubt, because of the training of my earlier years, and partly because the marsh on either side of the hammock would have mired a cat. Often, as I watched with envious eyes the wild duck rise up over the dense trees that surrounded the place and cut straight for the deserted marshes in the horseshoe, I had had a longing to invade the mysterious domain, and crawl to the edge of No Haid Pawn and get a shot at the fowl that floated on its black surface; but something had always deterred me, and the long reaches of No Haid Pawn were left to the wild-fowl and the ghostly rowers. Finally, however, after a spell whose high temperature was rather suited to August than April, in desperation at my ill-luck I determined to gratify my curiosity and try No Haid Pawn. So one afternoon, without telling anyone of my intention, I crossed the mysterious boundary and struck through the swamp for the unknown land.

The marsh was far worse than I had anticipated, and no one but a duck-hunter as experienced and zealous as myself, and as indifferent to ditches, briers, mire, and all that make a swamp, could have penetrated it at all. Even I could never have gotten on if I had not followed the one path that led into the marsh, the reputed "parf" of the evil spirits, and as it was, my progress was both tedious and dangerous.

The track was a mysterious one, for though I knew it had not been trodden by a human foot in many years, yet there a veritable "parf" it lay. In some places it was almost completely lost, and I would fear I should have to turn back, but an overhanging branch or a vine swinging from one tree to another would furnish a way to some spot where the narrow trail began again. In other spots old logs thrown across the miry canals gave me an uncomfortable feeling as I reflected what feet had last crossed on them. On both sides of this trail the marsh was either an impenetrable jungle or a mire apparently bottomless.

I shall never forget my sensations as I finally emerged from the woods into the clearing, if that desolate waste of willows, cane, and swamp growth could be so termed. About me stretched the jungle, over which a greenish lurid atmosphere brooded, and straight ahead towered the gaunt mansion, a rambling pile of sombre white, with numberless vacant windows staring at me from the leafless trees about it. Only one other clump of trees appeared above the canes and brush, and that I knew by intuition was the graveyard.

I think I should have turned back had not shame impelled me forward.

My progress from this point was even more difficult than it had been hitherto, for the trail at the end of the wood terminated abruptly in a gut of the swamp; however, I managed to keep on by walking on hammocks, pushing through

clumps of bushes, and wading as best I could. It was slow and hot work, though.

It never once struck me that it must be getting late. I had become so accustomed to the gloom of the woods that the more open ground appeared quite light to me, and I had not paid any attention to the black cloud that had been for some time gathering overhead, or to the darkening atmosphere.

I suddenly became sensible that it was going to rain. However, I was so much engrossed in the endeavor to get on that even then I took little note of it. The nearer I came to the house the more it arrested my attention, and the more weird and uncanny it looked. Canes and bushes grew up to the very door; the window-shutters hung from the hinges; the broken windows glared like eyeless sockets; the portico had fallen away from the wall, while the wide door stood slightly ajar, giving to the place a singularly ghastly appearance somewhat akin to the color which sometimes lingers on the face of a corpse. In my progress wading through the swamp I had gone around rather to the side of the house toward where I supposed the "pawn" itself to lie.

I was now quite near to it, and striking a little less miry ground, as I pushed my way through the bushes and canes which were higher than my head, I became aware that I was very near the thicket that marked the graveyard, just beyond which I knew the pond itself lay. I was somewhat startled, for the cloud made it quite dusky, and stepping on a long piece of rotten timber lying on the ground, I parted the bushes to look down the pond. As I did so the rattle of a chain grated on me, and glancing up through the cane before me appeared a heavy upright timber with an arm or cross-beam stretching from it, from which dangled a long chain almost rusted away. I knew by instinct that I stood under the gallows where the murderer of No Haid Pawn had expiated his dreadful crime. His corpse must have fallen just where I stood. I started back appalled.

Just then the black cloud above me was parted by a vivid flame and a peal of thunder seemed to rive the earth.

I turned in terror, but before I had gone fifty yards the storm was upon me, and instinctively I made for the only refuge that was at hand. It was a dreadful alternative, but I did not hesitate. Outside I was not even sure that my life was safe. And with extraordinary swiftness I had made my way through the broken iron fence that lay rusting in the swamp, had traversed the yard, all grown up as it was to the very threshold, had ascended the sunken steps, crossed the rotted portico, and entered the open door.

A long dark hall stretched before me, extending, as well as I could judge in the gloom, entirely across the house. A number of doors, some shut, some ajar, opened on the hall on one side; and a broad dark stairway ascended on the other to the upper story. The walls were black with mould. At the far end a large bow-window, with all the glass gone, looked out on the waste of swamp, unbroken save by the clump of trees in the graveyard, and just beside this window was a break where the dark staircase descended to the apartments below. The whole place was in a state of advanced decay; almost the entire plastering had fallen with the damp, and the hall presented a scene of desolation that beggars description.

I was at last in the haunted house!

The rain, driven by the wind, poured in at the broken windows in such a deluge that I was forced in self-defence to seek shelter in one of the rooms. I tried several, but the doors were swollen or fastened; I found one, however, on the leeward side of the house, and pushing the door, which opened easily, I entered. Inside I found something like an old bed; and the great open fire-place had evidently been used at some earlier time, for the ashes were still banked up in the cavernous hearth, and the charred ends of the logs of wood were lying in the chimney corners. To see, still as fresh and natural as though the fire had but just died out, these remnants of domestic life that had survived all else of a similar period struck me as unspeakably ghastly. The bedstead, however, though rude, was convenient as a seat, and I utilized it accordingly, propping myself up against one of the rough posts. From my position I com-

manded through the open door the entire length of the vacant hall, and could look straight out of the great bow-window at the head of the stairs, through which appeared against the dull sky the black mass of the graveyard trees, and a stretch of one of the canals or guts of the swamp curving around it, which gleamed white in the glare of the lightning.

I had expected that the storm would, like most thunder-storms in the latitude, shortly exhaust itself, or, as we say, "blow over;" but I was mistaken, and as the time passed, its violence, instead of diminishing, increased. It grew darker and darker, and presently the startling truth dawned on me that the gloom which I had supposed simply the effect of the overshadowing cloud had been really nightfall. I was shut up alone in No Haid Pawn for the night!

I hastened to the door with the intention of braving the storm and getting away; but I was almost blown off my feet. A glance without showed me that the guts with which the swamp was traversed in every direction were now full to the brim, and to attempt to find my way home in the darkness would be sheer madness; so, after a wistful survey, I returned to my wretched perch. I thought I would try and light a fire, but to my consternation I had not a match, and I finally abandoned myself to my fate. It was a desolate, if not despairing, feeling that I experienced. My mind was filled, not only with my own unhappiness, but with the thought of the distress my absence would occasion them at home; and for a little while I had a fleeting hope that a party would be sent out to search for me. This, however, was untenable, for they would not know where I was. The last place in which they would ever think of looking for me was No Haid Pawn, and even if they knew I was there they could no more get to me in the darkness and storm than I could escape from it.

I accordingly propped myself up on my bed and gave myself up to my reflections. I said my prayers very fervently. I thought I would try and get to sleep, but sleep was far from my eyes.

My surroundings were too vivid to my apprehension. The awful traditions of the place, do what I might to banish them, would come to mind. The original building of the house, and its blood-stained foundation stones; the dead who had died of the pestilence that had raged afterward; the bodies carted by scores and buried in the sobby earth of the graveyard, whose trees loomed up through the broken window; the dreadful story of the dead paddling about the swamp in their coffins; and, above all, the gigantic maniac whose ferocity even murder could not satiate, and who had added to murder awful mutilation: he had dragged the mangled corpse of his victim up those very steps and flung it out of the very window which gaped just beyond me in the glare of the lightning. It all passed through my mind as I sat there in the darkness, and no effort of my will could keep my thoughts from dwelling on it. The terrific thunder, outcrashing a thousand batteries, at times engrossed my attention; but it always reverted to that scene of horror; and if I dozed, the slamming of the loose blinds, or the terrific fury of the storm, would suddenly startle me. Once, as the sounds subsided for a moment, or else I having become familiar with them, as I was sinking into a sleepy state, a door at the other end of the hall creaked and then slammed with violence, bringing me bolt upright on the bed, clutching my gun. I could have sworn that I heard footsteps; but the wind was blowing a hurricane, and after another period of wakefulness and dreadful recollection, nature succumbed, and I fell asleep.

I do not know that I can be said to have lost consciousness even then, for my mind was still enchained by the horrors of my situation, and went on clinging to them and dwelling upon them even in my slumber.

I was, however, certainly asleep; for the storm must have died temporarily away about this hour without my knowing it, and I subsequently heard that it did.

I must have slept several hours, for I was quite stiff from my constrained posture when I became fully aroused.

I was awakened by a very peculiar sound; it was like a distant call or halloo. Although I had been fast asleep a moment before, it startled me into a

state of the highest attention. In a second I was wide awake. There was not a sound except the rumble and roll of the thunder as the storm once more began to renew itself, and in the segment of the circle that I could see along the hall through my door, and indeed out through the yawning window at the end, as far as the black clump of trees in the graveyard just at the bend of the canal, which I commanded from my seat whenever there was a flash of lightning, there was only the swaying of the bushes in the swamp and of the trees in the graveyard. Yet there I sat bolt upright on my bed, in the darkness, with every nerve strained to its utmost tension, and that unearthly cry still sounding in my ears. I was endeavoring to reason myself into the belief that I had dreamed it, when a flash of lightning lit up the whole field of my vision as if it had been in the focus of a sun-glass, and out on the canal where it curved around the graveyard was a boat—a something—small, black, with square ends, and with a man in it, standing upright, and something lying in a lump or mass at the bow.

I knew I could not be mistaken, for the lightning by a process of its own photographs everything on the retina in minutest detail, and I had a vivid impression of everything from the foot of the bed on which I crouched to the gaunt arms of those black trees in the graveyard just over that ghostly boatman and his dreadful freight. I was wide awake. The story of the dead rowing in their coffins was verified!

I am unable to state what passed in the next few minutes.

The storm had burst again with renewed violence and was once more expending itself on the house; the thunder was again rolling overhead; the broken blinds were swinging and slamming madly; and the dreadful memories of the place were once more besetting me.

I shifted my position to relieve the cramp it had occasioned, still keeping my face toward that fatal window. As I did so I heard above, or perhaps I should say under, the storm a sound more terrible to me—the repetition of that weird halloo, this time almost under the great window. Immediately succeeding this was the sound of something scraping under the wall, and I was sensible when a door on the ground-floor was struck with a heavy thud. It was pitch-dark, but I heard the door pushed wide open, and as a string of fierce oaths, part English and part Creole French, floated up the dark stairway, muffled as if sworn through clinched teeth, I held my breath. I recalled the unknown tongue, the ghostly murderer employed; and I knew that the murderer of No Haid Pawn had left his grave, and that his ghost was coming up that stair. I heard his step as it fell on the first stair heavily yet almost noiselessly. It was an unearthly sound—dull, like the tread of a bared foot, accompanied by the scraping sound of a body dragging. Step by step he came up the black stairway in the pitch-darkness as steadily as if it were daytime—and he knew every step—accompanied by that sickening sound of dragging. There was a final pull up the last step, and a dull, heavy thud, as with a strange, wild laugh he flung his burden on the floor.

For a moment there was not a sound, and then the awful silence and blackness were broken by a crash of thunder that seemed to tear the foundations asunder like a mighty earthquake, and the whole house, and the great swamp outside, were filled with a glare of vivid blinding light. Directly in front of me, clutching in his upraised hand a long, keen, glittering knife, on whose blade a ball of fire seemed to play, stood a gigantic figure in the very flame of the lightning, and stretched at his feet lay, ghastly and bloody, a black and headless trunk.

I staggered to the door and, tripping, fell prostrate over the sill.

. . . . .

When we could get there nothing was left but the foundation. The haunted house when struck had literally burned to the water's edge. The changed current had washed its way close to the place, and in strange verification of the negroes' tradition, No Haid Pawn had reclaimed its own, and the spot with all its secrets lay buried under its dark waters.

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By H. C. Bunner.

IV.



JACOB DOLPH got out of the Broadway stage at Bowling Green, followed by Eustace Dolph. Eustace Dolph at twenty-two was no more like his father than his patrician name was like simple and scriptural Jacob. The elder Dolph was a personable man, certainly a handsome man, even, who looked to be nearer forty than fifty-two, and he was well dressed—perhaps a trifle out of the mode—and carried himself with a certain genial dignity, and with the lightness of a man who has not forgotten that he has been a buck in his time. But Eustace was distinctly and unmistakably a dandy. There are superficial differences, of course, between the dandy of 1852 and the dandy of 1887; but the structural foundation of all types of dandy is the same through all ages. Back of the clothes—back of the ruffles, or the bright neckcloth, or the high pickardill—which may vary with the time or the individual, you will ever find clearly displayed to your eyes the obvious and unmistakable spiritual reason for and cause of the dandy—and it is always self-assertion pushed beyond the bounds of self-respect.

Now, as a matter of fact, young Eustace's garments were not really worse than many a man has worn from simple, honest bad taste. To be sure, the checked pattern of his trousers was for size like the design of a prison grating; he had a coat so blue that it shimmered in the sunlight; his necktie was of purple satin, and fearfully and wonderfully made, and fringed and decked with gems fastened by little gold chains to other inferior guardian gems, and his waistcoat was confected of satin and velvet and damask all at once; yet you might have put all these things on his father, and, although the effect would not have been pleasant, you would never have called the elder gentleman a dandy. In other words, it was Why young Eustace wore his raiment that made it dandified, and not the inherent gorgeousness of the raiment itself.

The exchange of attire might readily have been made so far as the size of the two men was concerned. But only in size were they alike. There was nothing of the Dolph in Eustace's face. He bore, indeed, a strong resemblance to his maternal great-grandmother, now many years put away where she could no longer trouble the wicked, and where she had to let the weary be at rest. (And how poor little Aline had wept and wailed over that death, and lamented that she had not been more dutiful as a child!) But his face was not strong, as the face of Madam Des Anges had been. Some strain of a weaker ancestry reappeared in it, and, so to speak, changed the key of the expression. What had been pride in the old lady bordered on superciliousness in the young man. What had been sternness became a mere haughtiness. Yet it was a handsome face, and pleasant, too, when the young smile came across it, and you saw the white, small teeth and the bright, intelligent light in the dark eyes.

The two men strolled through the Battery, and then up South Street, and so around through Old Slip. They were on business; but this was also a pleasure trip to the elder. He walked doubly in spirit through those old streets—a boy by his father's side, a father with his son at his elbow. He had not been often in the region of late years. You remember, he was a man of pleasure. He was one of the first fruits of metropolitan growth and social culture. His father had made an idler and *dilettante* of him. It was only half a life at best, he thought, happy as he had been; blessed as he was in wife and child. He was going to make a business-

man of his own boy. After all, it was through the workers that great cities grew. Perhaps we were not ripe yet for that European institution, the idler. He himself had certain accomplishments that other Americans had not. He could *flâner*, for instance. But to have to *flâner* through fifty or sixty or seventy years palled on the spirit, he found. And one thing was certain, if any Dolph was ever to be an accomplished *flâneur*, and to devote his whole life to that occupation, the Dolph fortune must be vastly increased. Old Jacob Dolph had miscalculated. The sum he had left in 1829 might have done very well for the time, but it was no fortune to idle on among the fashionables of 1852.

Something of this Mr. Dolph told his son; but the young man, although he listened with respectful attention, appeared not to take a deep interest in his father's reminiscences. Jacob Dolph fancied even that Eustace did not care to be reminded of the city's day of small things. Perhaps he had something of the feeling of the successful struggler who tries to forget the shabbiness of the past. If this were the case his pride must have been chafed, for his father was eloquent in displaying the powers of an uncommonly fine memory; and he had to hear all about the slips, and the Fly Market, and the gradual extension of the water-front, and the piles on which the old Tontine was built, and the cucumber-wood pipes of the old water-company, still lying under their feet. Once, at least, he showed a genuine enjoyment of his father's discourse, and that was when it ran on the great retinue of servants in which Jacob Dolph the elder had indulged himself. I think he was actually pleased when he heard that his grandfather had at one time kept slaves.

Wandering in this way, to the running accompaniment of Mr. Dolph's lecture, they came to Water Street, and here, as though he were reminded of the object of their trip, the father summed up his reminiscences in shape for a neat moral.

"The city grows, you see, my boy, and we've got to grow with it. I've stood still; but you sha'n't."

"Well, Governor," said the younger man, "I'll be frank with you. I don't like the prospect."

"You will—you will, my boy. You'll live to thank me."

"Very likely you're right, sir. I don't deny it; but, as I say, I don't like the prospect. I don't see—with all due respect, sir—how any gentleman can *like* trade. It may be necessary, and of course I don't think its lowering, or any of that nonsense, you know; but it can't be *pleasant*. Of course, if *your* governor had to do it, it was all right; but I don't believe he liked it any better than I should, or he wouldn't have been so anxious to keep you out of it."

"My poor father made a great mistake, Eustace. He would admit it now, I'm sure, if he were alive."

"Well, sir, I'm going to try it, of course. I'll give it a fair trial. But when the two years are up, sir, as we agreed, I hope you won't say anything against my going into the law, or—well, yes—" he colored a little—"trying what I can do on the Street. I know what you think about it, sir," he went on, hastily; "but there are two sides to the question, and it's my opinion that, for an intelligent man, there's more money to be made up there in Wall Street in one year than can be got out of haggling over merchandise for a lifetime."

Jacob Dolph grew red in the face and shook his head vigorously.

"Don't speak of it, sir, don't speak of it!" he said, vehemently. "It's the curse of the country. If you have any such infernal opinions, don't vent them in my presence, sir. I know what I am talking about. Keep clear of Wall Street, sir. It is the straight road to perdition."

They entered one of a row of broad-fronted buildings of notable severity and simplicity of architecture. Four square stone columns upheld its brick front, and, on one of these, faded gilt letters on a ground of dingy black said simply:

ABRAM VAN RIPER'S SON.

There was no further announcement of Abram Van Riper's Son's character,

or of the nature of his business. It was assumed that all the people knew who Abram Van Riper's Son was, and that his (Abram Van Riper's) shipchandlery trade had long before grown into a great "commission merchant's" business.



It was full summer, and there were no doors between the pillars to bar entrance to the gloomy cavern behind them, which stretched in semi-darkness the whole length and width of the building, save for a narrow strip at the rear, where behind a windowed partition clerks were writing at high desks, and where there was an inner and more secluded pen for Abram Van Riper's Son.

In the front of the cave, to one side, was a hoistway, where bales and boxes were drawn up from the cellar or swung twisting and twirling to the lofts above. Amidships the place was strewn with small tubs, matting-covered bales and boxes, coils of bright new rope, and odd-looking packages of a hundred sorts, all of them with gaping wounds in their envelopes or otherwise having their pristine integrity wounded. From this it was not difficult to guess that these were samples of merchandise. Most of them gave forth odors upon the air, odors ranging from the purely aromatic, suggestive of Oriental fancies or tropic dreams of spice, to the positively offensive—the latter varieties predominating.

But certain objects upon a long table were so peculiar in appearance that the visitors could not pass them by with a mere glance of wonder. They looked like small leather pies, badly warped in the baking. A clerk in his shirt-sleeves, with his straw hat on one side of his head, whistled as he cut into these, revealing a livid interior, the color of half-cooked veal, which he inspected with care. Eustace was moved to positive curiosity.

"What are they?" he inquired of the clerk, pride mingling with disgust in his tone, as he caught a smell like unto the smell which might arise from raw smoked salmon that had lain three days in the sun.

"Central American," responded the clerk, with brevity, and resumed his whistling of

> "My name is Jake Keyser, I was born in Spring Garden;
> To make me a preacher my father did try."

"Central American *what?*" pursued the inquirer.

"*Rubber!*" said the clerk, with a scorn so deep and far beyond expression that the combined pride of the Dolphs and the Des Anges wilted into silence for the moment. As they went on toward the rear office, while the clerk gayly whistled the notes of

> "It's no use a-blowing, for I am a hard 'un—
> I'm bound to be a butcher, by heavens, or die!"

Eustace recovered sufficiently to demand of his father:

"I say, sir, shall I have to handle that damned stuff?"

"Hush!" said his senior; "here's Mr. Van Riper."

Mr. Van Riper came to the office door to welcome them, with his thin face set in the form of a smile.

"Ah!" he said, "here's the young man, is he? Fine big fellow, Dolph. Well, sir, so you are going to embrace a mercantile career, are you? That's what they call it in these fine days, Dolph."

"I am going to try to, sir," replied the young man.

"He will, Van Riper," put in his father, hastily; "he'll like it as soon as he gets used to it—I know he will."

"Well," returned Mr. Van Riper, with an attempt at facetious geniality; "we'll try to get his nose down to the grindstone, we will. Come into my office with me, Dolph, and I'll hand this young gentleman over to old Mr. Daw. Mr. Daw will feel his teeth—eh, Mr. Daw?—see what he *doesn't* know—how's that Mr. Daw? You remember Mr. Daw, Dolph—used to be with your father before he went out of business—been with us ever since. Let's see, how long is that, Daw? Most fifty years, ain't it?"

Mr. Daw, who looked as though he might have been one hundred years at the business, wheeled around and descended with stiff deliberation from his high stool, holding his pen in his mouth as he solemnly shook hands with Jacob Dolph, and peered into his face. Then he took the pen out of his mouth.

"Looks like his father," was Mr. Daw's comment. "Forty-five years the twenty-ninth of this month, sir. You was a little shaver then. I remember you comin' into the store and whittlin' timber with your little jack-knife. I was only eleven years with your father, sir—eleven years and six months—went to him when I was fourteen years old. That's fifty-six years and six months in the service of two of the best houses that ever was in New York—an' I can do my work with any two young shavers in the town—ain't missed a day in nineteen years now. Your father hadn't never ought to have gone out of business, Mr. Dolph. He did a great business for those days, and he had the makin' of a big house. Goin' to bring your boy up like a good New York merchant, hey? Come along here with me, young man, and I'll see if you're half the man your grandfather was. He hadn't never ought to have given up business, Mr. Dolph. But he was all for pleasurin', an' the play-houses, an' havin' fine times. Come along, young man. What's your name?"

"Eustace Dolph."

"Hm! Jacob's better."

And he led the neophyte away.

"Curious old case," said Mr. Van Riper, dryly. "Best accountant in New York. See that high stool of his?—can't get him off it. Five years ago I gave him a low desk and an arm-chair. In one week he was back again, roosting up there. Said he didn't feel comfortable with his feet on the ground. He thought that sort of thing might do for aged people, but *he* wasn't made of cotton-batting."

Thus began Eustace Dolph's apprenticeship to business, and mightily ill he liked it.

. . . . . .

There came a day, a winter day in 1854, when there was great agitation among what were then called the real old families of New York. I cannot use the term "fashionable society," because that is more comprehensive, and would include many wealthy and ambitious families from New England, who were decidedly not of the Dolphs' set. And then, the Dolphs could hardly be reckoned among the leaders of fashion. To live on or near the boundaries of fashion's domain is to lower your social status below the absolute pitch of perfection, and fashion in 1854 drew the line pretty sharply at Bleecker Street. Above Bleecker Street the cream of the cream rose to the surface; below, you were ranked as skim milk. The social world was spreading up into the wastes sacred to the circus and the market garden, although if Admiral Farragut had stood on his sea-legs where he stands now he might have had a fairly clear view of Chelsea Village, and seen Alonzo Cushman II., or Alonzo Cushman III., perhaps, going around and collecting his rents.

But the old families still fought the tide of trade, many of them neck-deep and very uncomfortable. They would not go from St. John's Park, nor from North Moore and Grand Streets. They had not the *bourgeois* conservatism of the Greenwich villagers, which has held them in a solid phalanx almost to this very day; but still, in a way, they resented the up-town movement, and resisted it. So that when they did have to buy lots in the high-numbered streets they had to pay a fine price for them.

It was this social party that was stirred by a bit of scandal about the

Dolphs. I do not know why I should call it scandal; yet I am sure Society so held it. For did not Society whisper it, and nod and wink over it, and tell it in dark corners, and chuckle, and lift its multitudinous hands and its myriad eyebrows, and say in innumerable keys: "Well, *upon* my word!" and "Well, I *should* think——!" and "Who would *ever* have thought of such a thing?" and the like? Did not Society make very funny jokes about it, and did not Society's professional gossips get many an invitation to dinner because they professed to have authentic details of the way Mr. and Mrs. Dolph looked when they spoke about it, and just what they had to say for themselves?

And yet it was nothing more than this, that Mr. Dolph being fifty-four, and his wife but a few years younger, were about to give to the world another Dolph. It was odd, I admit; it was unusual; if I must go so far, it was, I suppose, unconventional. But I don't see that it was necessary for Mr. Philip Waters to make an epigram about it. It was a very clever epigram; but if you had seen dear old Mrs. Dolph, with her rosy cheeks and the gray in her hair, knitting baby-clothes with hands which were still white and plump and comely, while great dark eyes looked timorously into the doubtful, fear-clouded future, I think you would have been ashamed that you had even listened to that epigram.

The expected event was of special and personal interest to only three people—for, after all, when you think of it, it was not exactly Society's business—and it affected them in widely different ways.

Jacob Dolph was all tenderness to his wife, and all sympathy with her fears, with her nervous apprehensions, even with her morbid forebodings of impossible ills. He did not repine at the seclusion which the situation forced upon them, although his life for years had been given up to Society's demands, until pleasure-seeking and pleasure-giving had grown into a routine, which occupied his whole mind. His wife saw him more than she had for many years. Clubs and card-parties had few temptations for him now; he sat at home and read to her and talked to her, and did his best to follow the injunctions of the doctor, and "create and preserve in her a spirit of cheerful and hopeful tranquillity, free of unnecessary apprehension."

But when he *did* go to the club, when he was in male society, his breast expanded, and if he had to answer a polite inquiry as to Mrs. Dolph's general health, I am afraid that he responded: "Mrs. Dolph is extremely well, sir, extremely well!" with a pride which the moralists will tell you is baseless, unworthy and unreasonable.

As for Aline herself, no one may know what timorous hopes stirred in her bosom and charmed the years away, and brought back to her a lovely youth that was almost girlish in its innocent, half-frightened gladness. Outside, this great, wise, eminently proper world that she lived in girded at the old woman who was to bear a child, and laughed behind tasselled fans, and made wondrous merry over Nature's work; but within the old house she sat, and sewed upon the baby-clothes, or, wandering from cupboard to cupboard, found the yellowing garments, laid away more than a score of years before—the poor little lace-decked trifles that her first boy had worn; and she thanked heaven, in her humble way, that twenty-four years had not taken the love and joy of a wife and a mother out of her heart.

She could not find all her boy's dresses and toys, for she was open-handed, and had given many of them away to people who needed them. This brought about an odd encounter. The third person who had a special interest in the prospect of the birth of a Dolph was young Eustace, and he found nothing in it wherewith to be pleased. For Eustace Dolph was of the ultra-fashionables. He cared less for old family than for new ideas, and he did not let himself fall behind in the march of social progress, even though he was, as he admitted with humility born of pride, only a poor devil of a down-town clerk. If his days were occupied, he had his nights to himself, and he lengthened them to suit himself. At first this caused his mother to fret a little; but poor Aline had come into her present world



"Looks like his father," was Mr. Daw's comment.

from the conventual seclusion of Kingsbridge, and her only authority on questions of masculine license was her husband. He, being appealed to, had to admit that his own hours in youth had been late, and that he supposed the hours of a newer generation should properly be later still. Mr. Dolph forgot, perhaps, that while his early potations had been vinous, those of the later age were distinctly spirituous; and that the early morning cocktail and the mid-



night brandy and soda were abominations unknown to his own well-bred youth. With port and sherry and good Bordeaux he had been familiar all his life; a dash of *liqueur* after dinner did not trouble his digestion; he found a bottle of champagne a pleasant appetizer and a gentle stimulant; but whiskey and gin were to him the drinks of the vulgar, and rum and brandy stood on his sideboard only to please fiercer tastes than his own. Perhaps, also, he was ignorant of the temptations that assail a young man in a great city, he who had grown up in such a little one that he had at one time known everyone who was worth knowing in it.

However this may have been, Eustace Dolph ruled for himself his going out and his coming in. He went further, and chose his own associates, not always from among the scions of the "old families." He found those excellent young men "slow," and he selected for his own private circle a set which was mixed as to origin and unanimously frivolous as to tendency. The foreign element was strongly represented. Bright young Irishmen of excellent families, and mysterious French and Italian counts and marquises, borrowed many of the good gold dollars of the Dolphs, and forgot to return an equivalent in the local currency of the O'Reagans of Castle Reagan, or the d'Arcy de Montmorenci, or the Montescudi di Bajocchi. Among this set there was much merry-making when the news from the Dolph household sifted down to them from the gossip-sieve of the best society. They could not very well chaff young Dolph openly, for he was muscular and high-tempered, and, under the most agreeable conditions, needed a fight of some sort every six months or so, and liked a bit of trouble in between fights. But a good deal of low and malicious humor came his way, from one source or another, and he, with the hot and concentrated egotism of youth, thought that he was in a ridiculous and trying position, and chafed over it.

There had been innuendoes and hints and glancing allusions, but no one had dared to make any direct assault of wit, until one evening young Haskins came into the club "a little flushed with wine." (The "wine" was brandy.) It seems that young Haskins had found at home an ivory rattle that had belonged to Eustace twenty years before, and that Mrs. Dolph had given to Mrs. Haskins when Eustace enlarged his horizon in the matter of toys.

Haskins, being, as I have said, somewhat flushed with brandy, came up to young Dolph, who was smoking in the window and meditating with frowning brows, and said to him:

"Here, Dolph, I've done with this. You'd better take it back—it may be wanted down your way."

There was a scene. Fortunately two men were standing just behind Dolph, who were able to throw their arms about him, and hold him back for a few seconds. There would have been further consequences, however, if it had not been that Eustace was in the act of throwing the rattle back at Haskins when the two men caught him. Thus the toy went wide of its mark, and fell in the lap of Philip Waters, who, old as he was, generally chose to be in the company of the young men at the club;

and then Philip Waters did something that almost atones, I think, for the epigram.

He looked at the date on the rattle, and then he rose up and went between the two young men, and spoke to Haskins.

"Young man," he said, "when Mrs. Jacob Dolph gave your mother this thing your father had just failed for the second time in three years. He had come to New York about five years before from Hartford, or Providence, or—Succotash, or whatever his confounded town was. Mr. Jacob Dolph got Mr. Van Riper to give your father an extension on his note, or he would have gone to the debtors' prison down by the City Hall. As it was, he had to sell his house, and the coat off his back, for all I know. If it hadn't been for the Dolphs, devil the rattle you'd have had—and you wouldn't have been living in Bond Street to-day."

After which Mr. Philip Waters sat down and read the evening paper; and when young Haskins was able to speak he asked young Dolph's pardon, and got it—at least, a formal assurance that he had it.

The baby was born in the spring, and everybody said she was the image of her mother.

. . . . . .

There will come a day, it may be, when advancing civilization will civilize sleighing out of existence as far as New York is concerned. Year after year the days grow fewer that will let a cutter slip up beyond the furthest of the "road-houses" and cross the line into Westchester. People say that the climate is changing; but close observers recognize a sympathy between the decrease of snow-storms and the increase of refinement—that is, a sympathy in inverse ratio—a balanced progress in opposite directions. As we grow further and further beyond even old world standards of polite convention, as we formalize and super-formalize our codes, and steadily eliminate every element of amusement from our amusements, Nature in strict conformity represses her joyous exuberance. The snow-storm of the past is gone, because the great public sleigh that held twenty-odd merry-makers in a shell like a circus band-wagon has gone out of fashion among all classes. Now we have, during severe winters, just enough snow from time to time to bear the light sleigh of the young man



who, being in good society, is also horsey. When *he* finds the road vulgar, the poor plebeian souls who go sleighing for the sport of it may sell their red and blue vehicles, for Nature, the sycophant of Fashion, will snow no more.

But they had "good old-fashioned" snow-storms eighty years after the Declaration of Independence, and one had fallen upon New York that tempted Mrs. Jacob Dolph to leave her baby, ten months old, in the nurse's charge, and go out with her husband in the great family sleigh for what might be the last ride of the season.

They had been far up the road—to Arcularius's, maybe, there swinging around and whirling back. They had flown down the long country road, and back into the city, to meet—it was early in the day—the great procession of sleighing folk streaming northward up Broadway. It was one of New York's great irregular, chance-set carnivals, and every sleigh was out, from the "exquisite's" gilded chariot, a shell hardly larger than a fair-sized easy-chair, to the square, low-hung red sledge of the butcher-boy, who braved it with the fashionables, his *Schneider*-made clothes on his burly form, and his girl by his side, in her best Bowery bonnet. Everybody was a-sleighing. The jingle of countless bells fell on the crisp air in a sort of broken rhythm—a rude *tempo rubato*. It was fashionable then. But we, we amuse ourselves less boisterously.

They drew up at the door of the Dolph house, and Jacob Dolph lifted his wife out of the sleigh, and carried her up the steps into the breakfast-room, and set her down in her easy chair. He was bending over her to ask her if her ride had done her good, when a servant entered and handed him a letter marked "Immediate."

He read it, and all the color of the winter's day faded out of his face.

"I've got to go down to Van Riper's," he said, "at once; he wants me."

"Has anything happened to—to Eustace?" his wife cried out.

"He doesn't say so—I suppose—I suppose it's only business of some sort," her husband said. His face was white. "Don't detain me, dear. I'll come back as soon as—as soon as I get through."

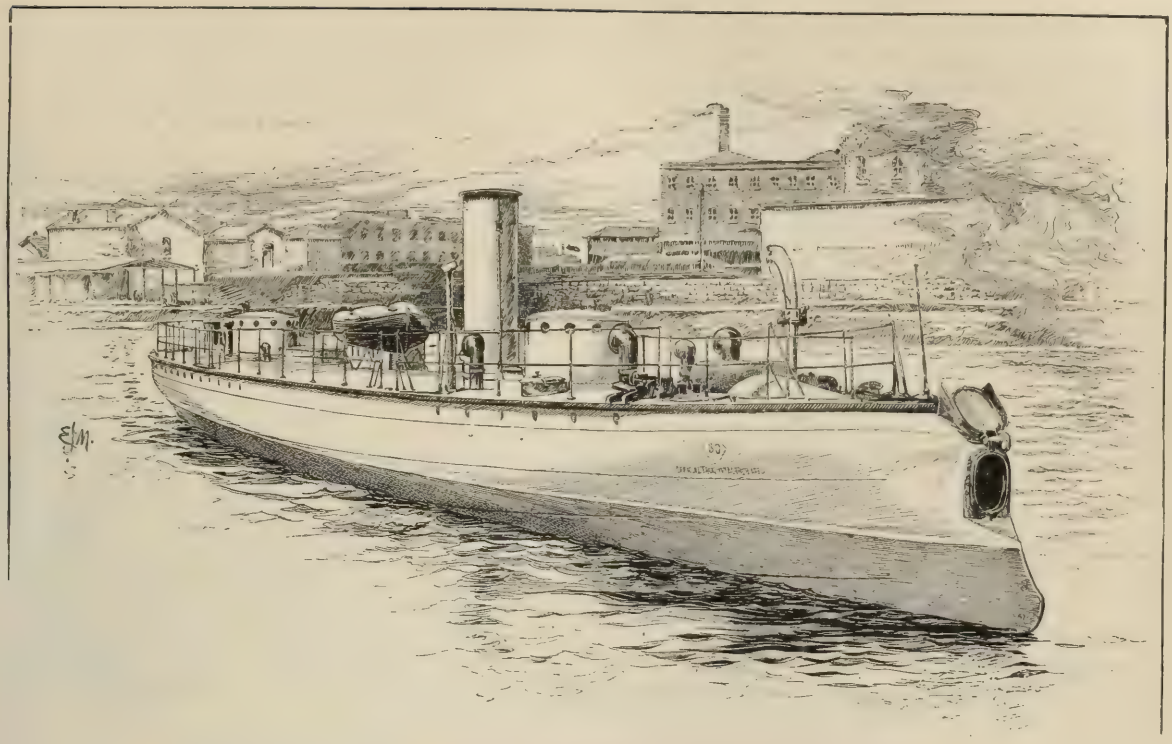
He kissed her, and was gone. Half an hour later he sat in the office of Abram Van Riper's Son.

There was no doubting it, no denying it, no palliating it even. The curse had come upon the house of Jacob Dolph, and his son was a thief and a fugitive.

It was an old story and a simple story. It was the story of the Haskins's million and the Dolphs' hundred thousand; it was the story of the boy with a hundred thousand in prospect trying to spend money against the boy with the million in sight. It was the story of cards, speculation—another name for that sort of gambling which is worse than any on the green cloth—and what is euphemistically known as wine.

There was enough oral and documentary evidence to make the whole story hideously clear to Jacob Dolph, as he sat in that dark little pen of Van Riper's and had the history of his son's fall spelled out to him, word by word. The boy had proved himself apt and clever in his office-work. His education had given him an advantage over all the other clerks, and he had learned his duties with wonderful ease. And when, six months before, old Mr. Daw had let himself down from his stool for the last time, and had muffled up his thin old throat in his great green worsted scarf, and had gone home to die, young Dolph had been put temporarily in his place. In those six months he had done his bad work. Even Van Riper admitted that it must have been a sudden temptation. But—he had yielded. In those six months fifty thousand dollars of Abram Van Riper's money had gone into the gulf that yawned in Wall Street; fifty thousand dollars not acquired by falsifying the books, but filched outright from the private safe to which he had access; fifty thousand dollars in securities which he had turned into money, acting as the confidential man of the house.

When Jacob Dolph, looking like a man of eighty, left the private office of Mr. Van Riper he had two things to do. One was to tell his wife, the other was to assign enough property to Van Riper to cover the amount of the defalcation. Both had been done before night.



Torpedo Boat recently built for the English Government by Messrs. Yarrow & Co.

MODERN AGGRESSIVE TORPEDOES.*

By Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, U. S. Navy.

The part played by torpedoes in our Civil War attracted wide attention. Since then their development has been constantly going on, both in this country and in Europe, until they are now a recognized feature of modern naval warfare, as well as a very important element in the national defence of every country possessing a sea-coast.

Probably no other invention of the age is the outcome of so much human thought and ingenuity; certainly none is the result of the expenditure of such vast sums of money. It is no exaggeration to say that during the last ten years a hundred millions of dollars have been expended by European nations in efforts to secure a *reliable*, self-moving torpedo. In the United States immense sums of money have been likewise devoted to the same end, not by the National Government, but by private individuals, firms, and corporations.

The result has been the production of a large number of remarkable inventions, many of which, however, have been found deficient in some vital quality when subjected to rigid, practical tests. Among those that have attained to the highest degree of efficiency may be named, as representatives of their classes, three in the United States and one in Europe. The former are "the Controllable Auto-Mobile Torpedo," the Sims-Edison, and the Howell; the latter is the Whitehead.

The first mentioned of these American inventions, as its name implies, belongs to what is termed the "controllable class," that is, an operator stationed at some place of safety on shore sends it out alone to attack the enemy, guiding it in the desired direction by means of an electric cable which is coiled in a compartment of the torpedo and uncoils as the latter proceeds on its course. This torpedo is constructed of sheet-copper, is fusiform, or cigar-shaped, about 36 feet long by 22 inches in diameter, and is sustained at a depth of 3 feet below the surface of the water by a hol-

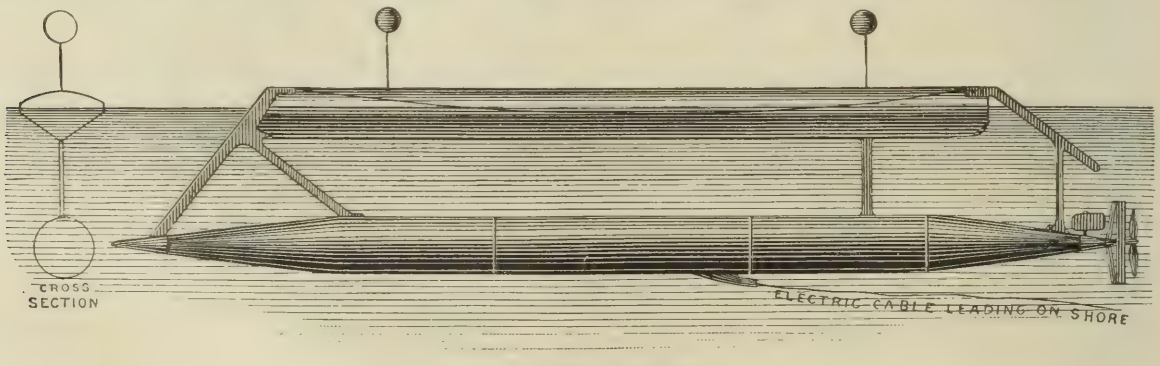
* The writer has adopted the word "aggressive" to distinguish the mobile torpedoes of the present day from those employed as stationary submarine mines.

low copper float, to which it is attached by upright bronze rods. The float is itself somewhat longer than the torpedo, and may be repeatedly perforated by the enemy's bullets without destroying its buoyancy. The torpedo is propelled by its own engines, developing



The Controllable Auto-Mobile Torpedo.

45 horse-power, the motive power being carbonic acid gas, which, as is well known, becomes liquefied under a pressure of forty atmospheres. The liquid gas is carried in a small tank within the torpedo, and on its passage to the engines, through a coiled copper tube, is highly expanded by an intense heat produced by the chemical action of dilute sulphuric acid and quicklime. It has a speed of 20 miles per hour, which is greatest at the end of its run, and a range of 1 mile. The steering mechanism is controlled by an electric cable containing two copper wires; upon passing a current through the wires, one end of a balanced lever is attracted, and the torpedo moves to the right; when the current is reversed the opposite end of the lever is attracted, causing the torpedo to turn to the left. The torpedo is divided into four separate compartments, the forward one carrying a charge of 200 pounds of gun-cotton or dynamite, and the others containing, respectively, the gas reservoir, the coiled cable, and the engines and steering machinery. At its extreme forward end the torpedo is provided with a percussion-lock, which ignites the charge upon impact with the enemy's ship. Practical tests of the torpedo were recently made at College Point, L. I., before a commission of officers representing the United States, France,



The Sims-Edison Torpedo.

Turkey, and Japan, all of whom made favorable reports of its action to their respective governments.

The Sims-Edison torpedo is another type of the controllable class, and in its construction and general appearance very closely resembles that just described; but it differs from the latter in some important respects. The power by which the Sims-Edison is propelled, steered, and exploded is electricity. The requisite electric current is generated by a dynamo-machine on shore and conveyed to the torpedo by a flexible cable containing two wires, one of which supplies the motive power to the engine, while the other actuates the steering machinery. So complete is the control of the operator over this torpedo that he can easily cause it to maintain a perfectly straight course, turn to the right or left, move in a circle, or dive under obstructions. In order that the position of the torpedo may be always known to the operator, two hinged guide-rods, projecting upward from the float to a height of about two feet above the surface of the water, are surmounted by small globes, and at night carry differently colored lanterns, so screened as to be invisible from ahead. For convenience in handling, the torpedo is made in four sections, which can be quickly put together, and no one of which weighs more than 800 pounds. It has a speed of about 11 miles per hour, with a range limited only by the length of its cable, and carries a charge of 250 to 400 pounds of dynamite, which is exploded at the will of the operator by an electric fuse. A series of trials, under the supervision of Gen. Henry L. Abbot, Corps of Engineers, made at Willet's Point, New York, during the last six years, has resulted in the purchase of a number of these torpedoes by the United States Government.



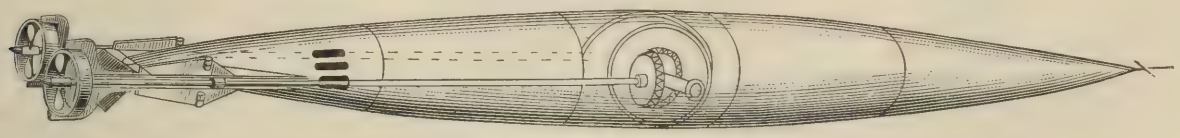
The Whitehead Torpedo.

The torpedo that has been adopted by nearly every naval power of Europe is known as the Whitehead, and belongs to what may be designated as the "projectile class," that is, having been started on its course toward the enemy, no control of it is retained by the operator. Most of the various types of this class are wholly submerged when operated against an enemy, and are generally arranged to run at a given depth below the surface, varying from 5 to 15 feet.



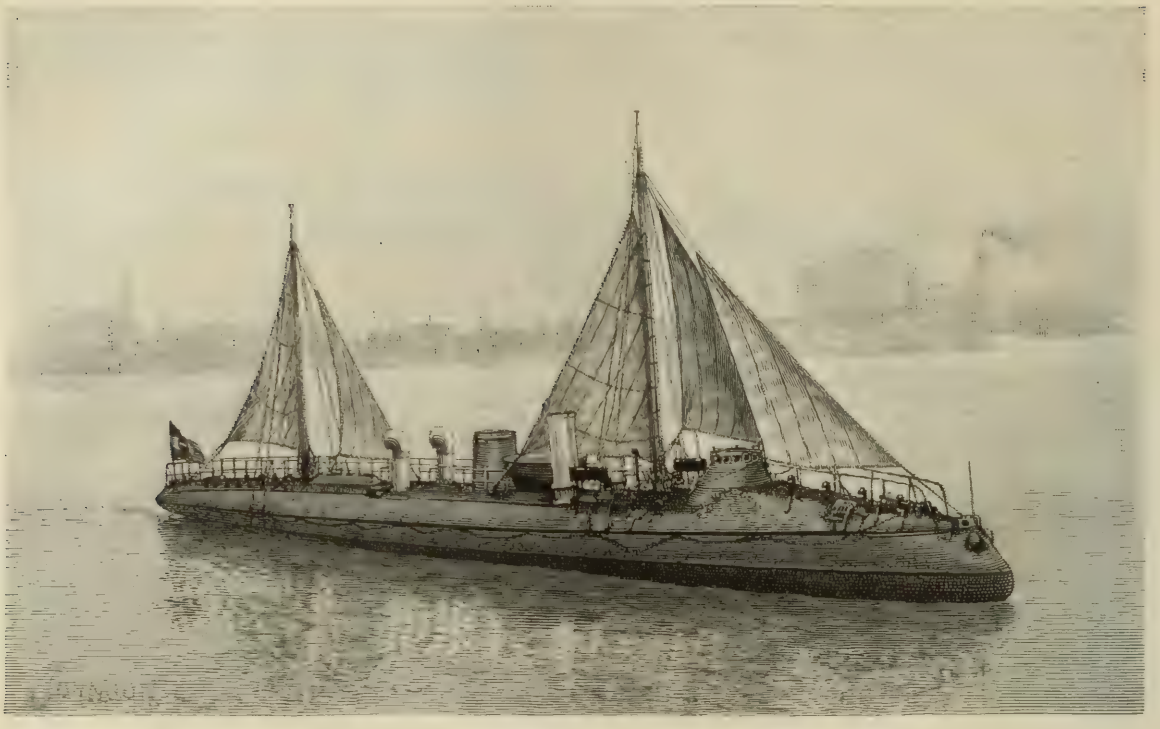
The Hall Torpedo.

Naturally, one of the main objects of inventors of torpedoes, as well as of those engaged in other fields of invention, is financial profit. The Whitehead is the only torpedo that has yet proved a success in this respect. It is built of thin sheets of steel, is cigar-shaped, like those already described, but *without* the attached float, and is made in three sizes, the largest being 19 feet long by 16 inches diameter, and the smallest 9 feet long by 11 inches diameter. The motive power is compressed air, carried at a pressure of about 70 atmospheres, in a cylindrical reservoir within the torpedo. The speed attained is about 25 miles per hour for a distance of 450 yards.* The torpedo is divided into three sec-



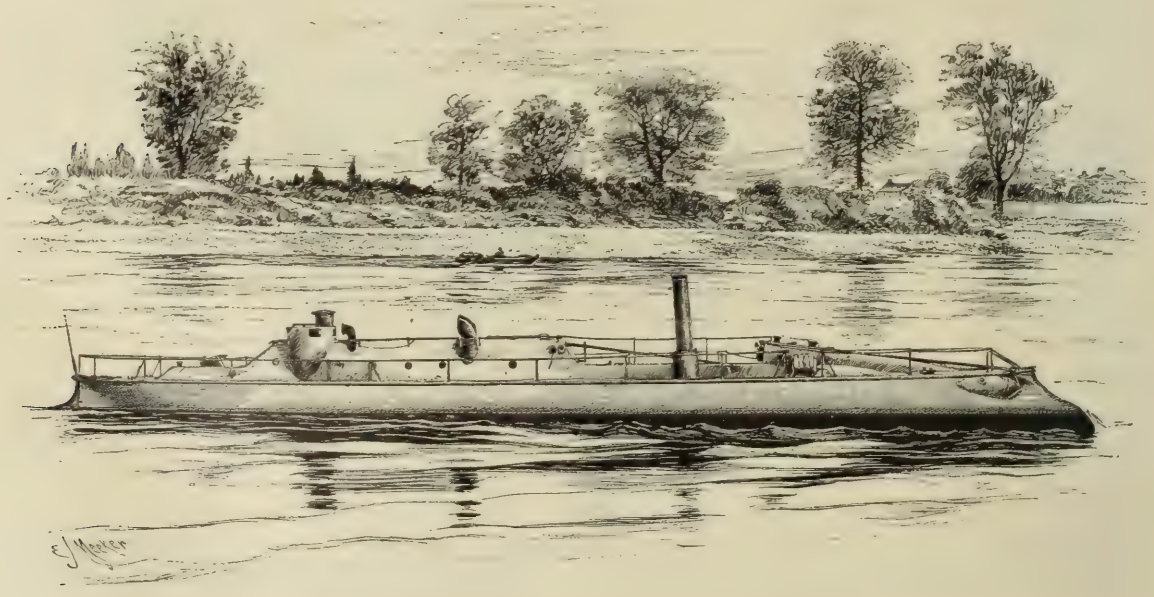
The Howell Torpedo.

* Since the above was put into type a report has been received of very recent trials of the Whitehead, made in England, in which it is stated that the torpedo attained a speed of 29 $^{9}/_{10}$ miles per hour for a distance of 600 yards, and 31 miles for 400 yards.—W. S. H.



The Falke.

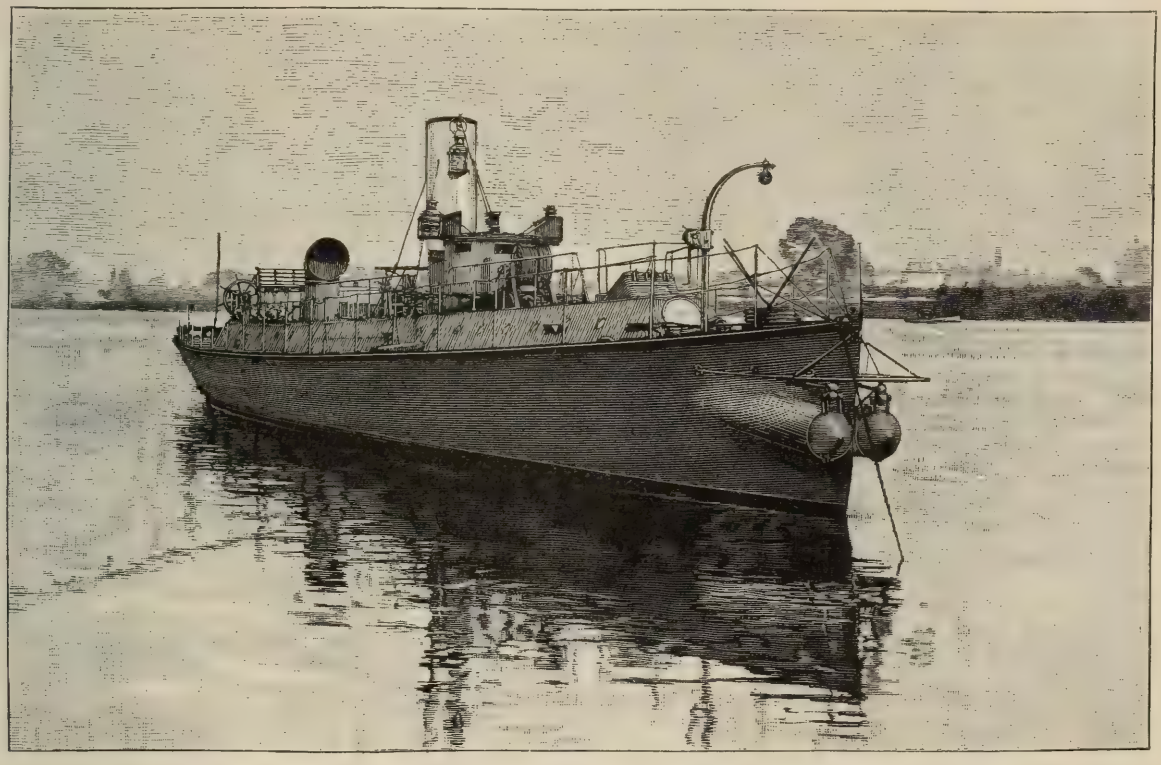
tions—"forward," "middle," and "rear"—containing, respectively, the charge of 70 to 93 pounds of gun-cotton ; the adjusting mechanism, wherein lies the secret of the inventor, and by which the hydrostatic pressure of the surrounding water is made to regulate the depth of immersion ; and the air-engines and steering machinery. It is designed to be carried on board a very swift torpedo-boat, capable of overtaking the fastest iron-clad, and, when within effective range, to be discharged from the boat with the steering rudder of the torpedo set in such a position as to direct its course toward the enemy. The first motion, or "discharge," is effected through a guide-tube in the bow of the boat, either above or below the surface of the water, usually by means of a very small charge of powder, after which, upon reaching the water, the torpedo is pro-



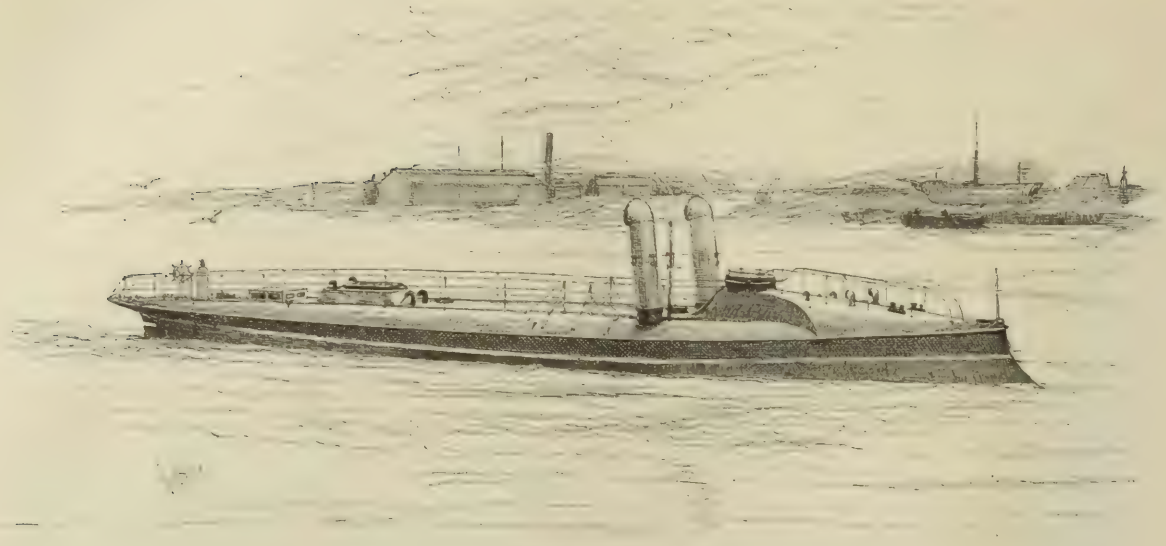
Italian Second-class Boat, built by Messrs. Thornycroft.

pelled by its own engines. The explosion may be made to take place either upon impact with the enemy or after the torpedo has run a given distance.

Necessarily, a torpedo of this class should possess great *directive force*, in order to be not easily deflected from its original course. In this quality the Whitehead is lacking, for, although preserving its direction in smooth water, its flight is not always accurate when aimed across tides or currents. With the view of overcoming this defect, Captain John A. Howell, of the United States Navy, has very recently invented a torpedo that now bids fair to supplant all its rivals. It has been called a "Fly-wheel torpedo," from the fact of the motor being a heavy steel fly-wheel to which a high velocity of rotation, in the vertical, longitudinal plane of the torpedo, has been given by suitable machinery on board the boat before the torpedo is launched. The energy thus stored in the wheel imparts motion to the screw-propellers of the torpedo and drives it through the water, while at the same time the rapidly revolving wheel, from a well-known principle of the gyroscope, prevents any divergence from the plane of rotation. A deflecting agent, such as tides or currents, tends simply to cause the torpedo to roll around its longitudinal axis, which motion brings into action, automatically, a side-rudder that counteracts the effect of the deviating force and quickly restores the torpedo to a state of equilibrium. To maintain a constant depth below the surface, the torpedo is provided with a diving rudder, controlled by the pressure of the surrounding water, which, of course, varies with different depths of immersion. This rudder remains inactive as long as the torpedo is at the desired depth, but opposes automatically any tendency of the latter to either rise or dive. The torpedo is composed of thin sheets of copper, and has the same outward form as the Whitehead, but is much smaller and more simple in its construction. Only seven of the Howell torpedoes have been yet built, but the results of experiments with these are such as to warrant the highest expectations for their future. They carry a charge of 70 pounds of gun-cotton or dynamite, and in the trials recently made the directive power was found to be so great that, from the deck of a steamer at full speed, the torpedo could be launched, *in a direction at right angles*



Torpedo Boat recently built by Messrs. Thornycroft, of London, for the Government of Denmark.



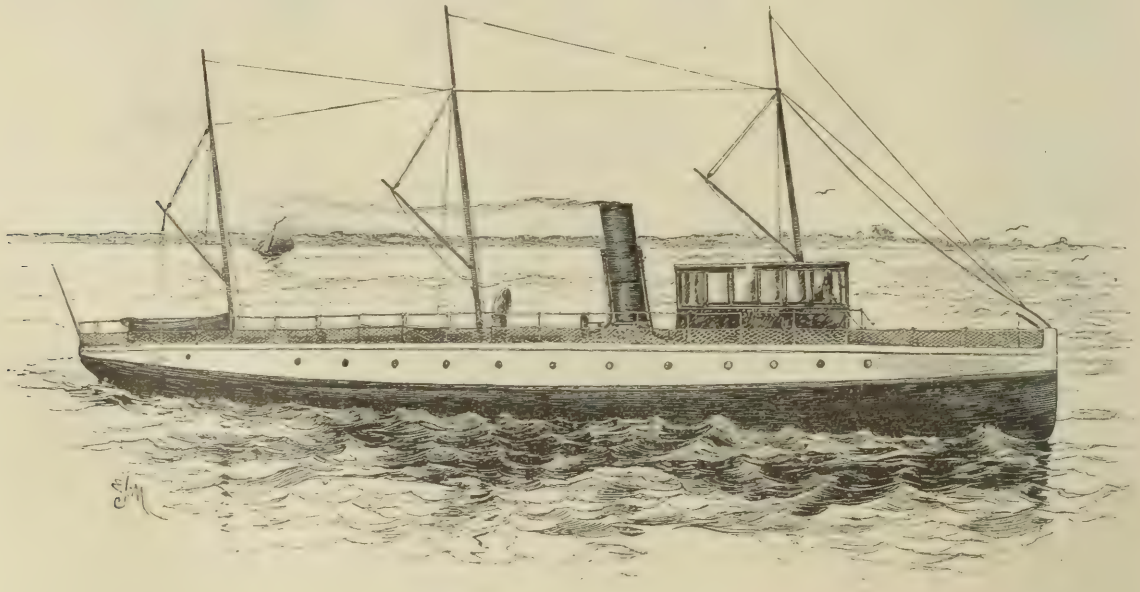
Improved " Batoum " Type, built by Messrs. Yarrow & Co.

to the vessel's course, without suffering any perceptible deflection.

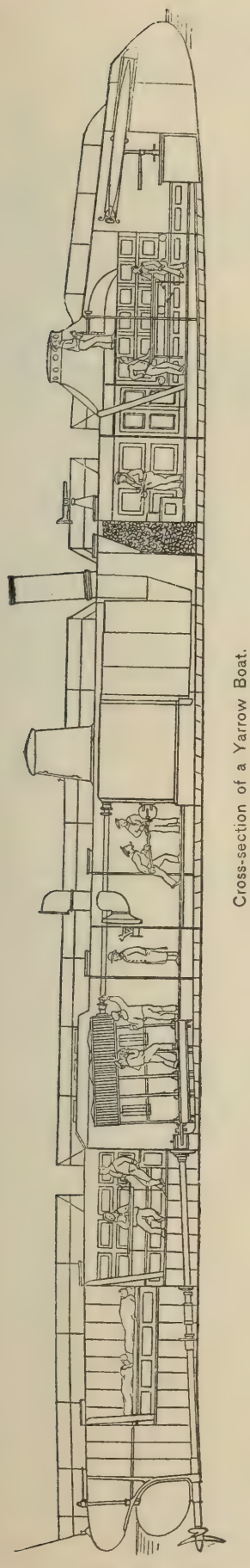
The latest experiments were made at Wood's Holl, Mass., in November, 1886, with a torpedo 8 feet 6 inches long, 13 inches in diameter, and weighing, with its explosive charge, only 325 pounds. Owing to the want of proper trial ground, the torpedo was not tested at full power ; but with half-power it developed an average speed of $28\frac{4}{5}$ miles per hour for 100 yards, and $20\frac{7}{10}$ miles for 200 yards, with a total range of 750 yards.

Another very ingenious torpedo is that lately invented by Lieutenant M. E. Hall, U. S. N. It is still in the experimental stage, but has already developed high speed, and a remarkable capability for maintaining a straight course and uniform depth below the surface.

Besides the torpedoes we have selected as types of their classes, a number of others have attracted considerable attention, among which may be mentioned the Paulson, the Brennan, and the so-called "Rockets," designed to move upon the surface of the water. Some of the last-named class proved to be equally as dangerous to friends as to foes—as was demonstrated in a trial which the writer recalls, where the rock-



The Stiletto, built by Messrs. Herreshoff.



Cross-section of a Yarrow Boat.

et, after rushing a few hundred feet toward its imaginary enemy, turned nearly directly back in its course and caused considerable commotion among its friends.

Since most torpedoes of the projectile class are intended for use in conjunction with torpedo-boats, it will hardly be a digression to call attention to these remarkable little vessels.

The most noted torpedo-boat builders of the world are Messrs. Yarrow, and Messrs. Thornycroft, of London, to whom the writer is indebted for the accompanying illustrations of their latest boats. Each of these great firms employs from 1,000 to 1,200 workmen, and can turn out at least one completed boat per week. The chief peculiarity of torpedo-boats is their almost phenomenal speed. They are built of steel, the different classes ranging in length from 55 feet, intended for harbor defence, to vessels of 166 feet, capable of making an extended cruise at sea. One of our illustrations shows the Falke, a boat recently built by the Messrs. Yarrow for the Austro-Hungarian Government. It is 135 feet long, 14 feet wide, draught of water 5 feet 6 inches, and attained on the trial trip a speed of 25½ miles per hour. The armament consists of two Nordenfeldt machine-guns, carried on deck, and two bow-tubes for discharging Whitehead torpedoes.

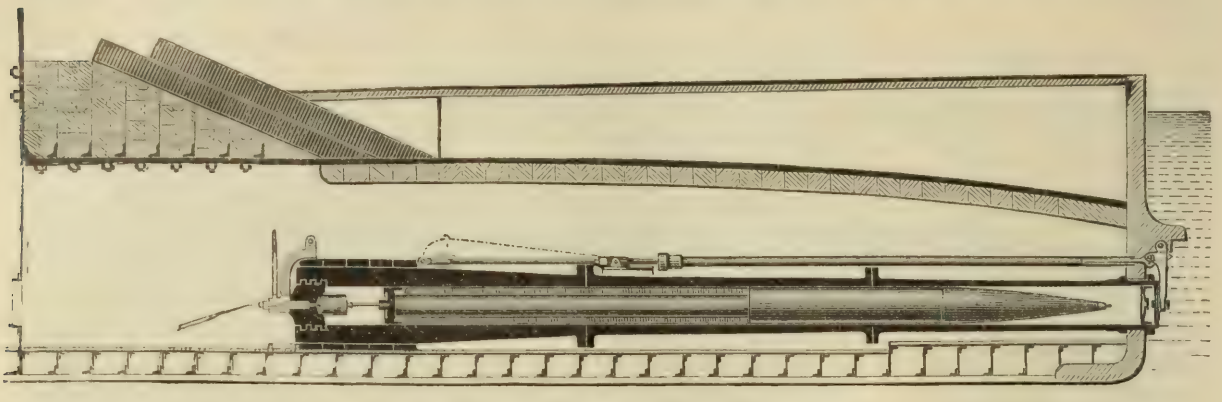
The development of torpedo-boats is now so rapidly progressing that any description becomes almost out of date during the writing. A vessel just completed by the Messrs. Yarrow for the Japanese Government is the largest that has been yet built. It is 166 feet long, 19 feet wide, is provided with twin screws, to give greater facility in turning, and maintains a speed of 24 miles per hour. The engines are protected by a steel deck one inch thick; and, in addition to two bow-tubes for discharging torpedoes directly ahead, two turn-tables are mounted on deck, from which torpedoes can be launched in any desired direction.

Very similar in their construction, and no less famous for speed and manœuvring qualities, are the boats built by the Messrs. Thornycroft. The illustration on page 431 represents one of their boats recently constructed for the Danish Government.

In this country, the Messrs. Herreshoff, of Bristol, R. I., have built a number of very fast boats, designed to be used with torpedoes. One of these is the noted steam-yacht Stiletto, which may well be taken as a representative of the American type. The Stiletto is built of wood, with iron braces; length, 94 feet; width, 11 feet; draught of water, 4 feet 6 inches, and has attained a speed of 25 miles per hour.

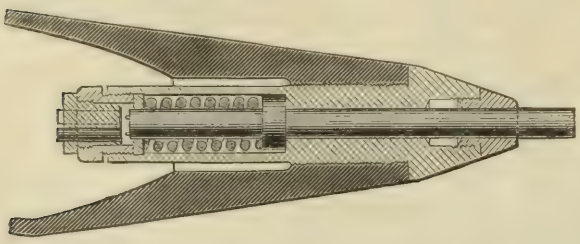
A very formidable torpedo-vessel has been built in recent years by that greatest of living engineers, Captain John Ericsson. It has been appropriately named the Destroyer. Once, at a critical moment in the history of our country, as every American well knows, Captain Ericsson came to the rescue with a Monitor. Since then his genius, energies, and mechanical skill have been

devoted to the problem of saving our great coast cities from destruction in the event of war with a foreign naval power. The result of these years of study and experimenting is the Destroyer, armed with a torpedo-gun which discharges under the water a projectile carrying a charge sufficient to sink the largest iron-clad afloat. The submarine gun is mounted in the bow of the vessel, near the keel, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations,



Captain Ericsson's Submarine Gun and Projectile.

and is thus nearly ten feet below the surface of the water. It consists of a cylinder of gun-metal, or steel, 30 feet long, additionally strengthened at the breech by broad steel rings. It is loaded at the breech, the muzzle being incased by the vessel's stem, and closed by a valve to exclude the water. This



Percussion Lock and Firing-pin, Ericsson's Torpedo.

valve is opened by suitable levers just before the gun is to be discharged, and closes automatically as the projectile leaves the muzzle.* The projectile is a steel torpedo, 25 feet long, 16 inches in diameter, and carrying a charge of 300 pounds of gun-cotton. It has a range of 300 feet during the first three seconds of its flight. The form of the torpedo is cylindrical, with a conical point in which is placed the percussion-lock and firing-pin, and the explosion takes place upon impact.

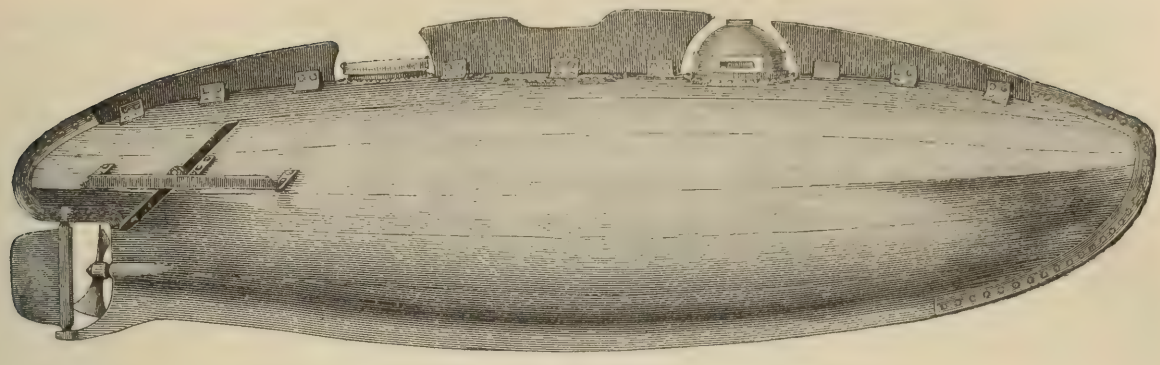
While Captain Ericsson's submarine torpedo-gun may be applied to vessels of almost any class, the Destroyer is



Ericsson's Steel Torpedo.

so well adapted to such an armament as to merit a description. The vessel's lines are very sharp, and alike at both the bow and stern, thus enabling her to move ahead or astern with almost equal facility. The hull is 130 feet in length, built wholly of iron, partially armored at the bow; width, 17 feet; draught of water, 11 feet. Two iron decks, separated by a distance of about 3 feet, extend the whole length of the vessel, sheltering the crew and machinery, the space between the decks being filled with cork floats and bags of air to increase the buoyancy. A heavy iron shield, 2 feet thick, backed by 5 feet of solid timber, crosses the deck near the bow, inclining backward at an angle of 30 degrees, so as to deflect any shot that may strike it, below and behind which the crew, the gun, and all the vital parts of the machinery are situated. When equipped and ready for action, only a few inches of the Destroyer show above the water, thus exposing to an enemy but a small target, and at the same time affording

* A light, wooden disk, which is shot away at each discharge, is inserted in the muzzle just before the gun is loaded, and prevents the entrance of water during the time the valve is open.

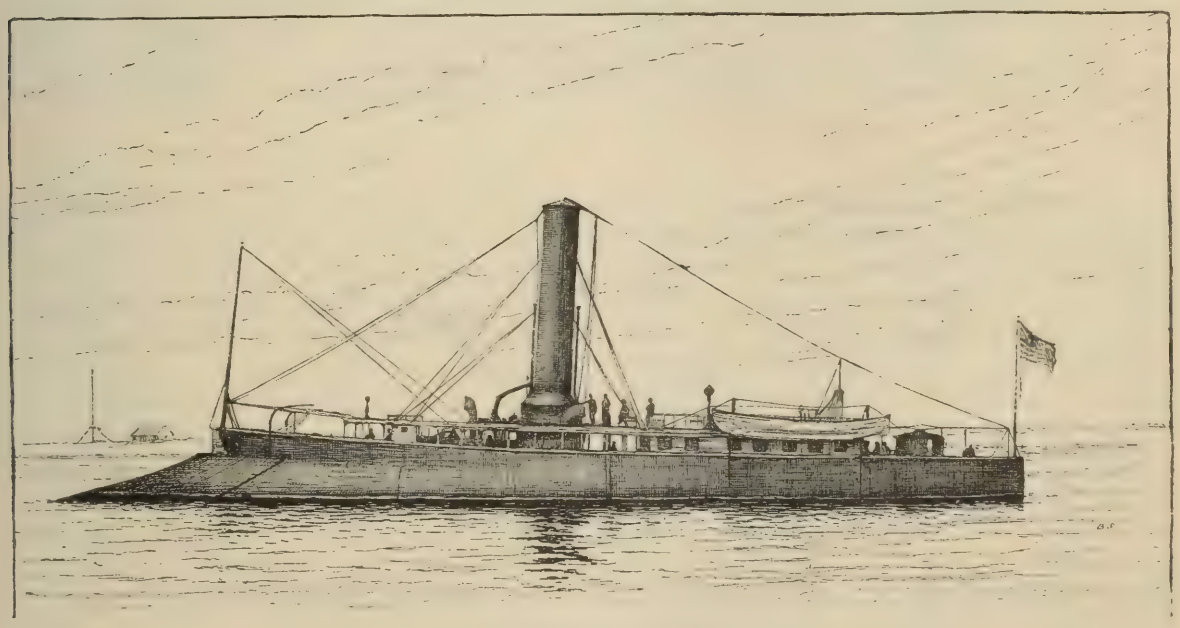


The Peacemaker.

to the crew and engines the additional protection of the surrounding water. The gun is discharged by electric wires leading to the pilot-house, likewise situated behind the shield, where a reflector affords the officer in command and the helmsman a full view of the horizon in front of the vessel.

The Alarm, a vessel of a very novel type, designed by Admiral Porter, enjoys the distinction of being the only torpedo-boat belonging to the United States Government.* This vessel combines the qualities of a gun-boat, ram, and torpedo-boat. The Alarm is 173 feet long, 27 feet 6 inches wide, draught of water 12 feet, and has an immense underwater prow, or ram, 32 feet long, projecting from the bow. Within this hollow prow, which is covered with 4½ inches of wrought-iron armor, is the torpedo machinery. This consists of a cylindrical iron "spar," 35 feet long, carrying a torpedo attached to its outer end, and capable of being run out, under the water, a distance of 25 feet ahead of the prow. Electric wires lead from the torpedo along the spar, through grooves cut for that purpose, to a firing pedestal on deck. Like the Destroyer, the Alarm is designed to fight "bows-on."

Remarkable turning and manœuvring powers have been obtained by adopting the "Mallory Propeller," an ingenious invention by which the screw may be quickly moved so that its *full force* is exerted in a direction at *right angles* to the vessel's length, causing the latter to turn almost upon a fixed pivot. The armament, in addition to the ram and torpedo, consists of one heavy gun mounted in the bow, for firing directly ahead, and a number of Hotchkiss and

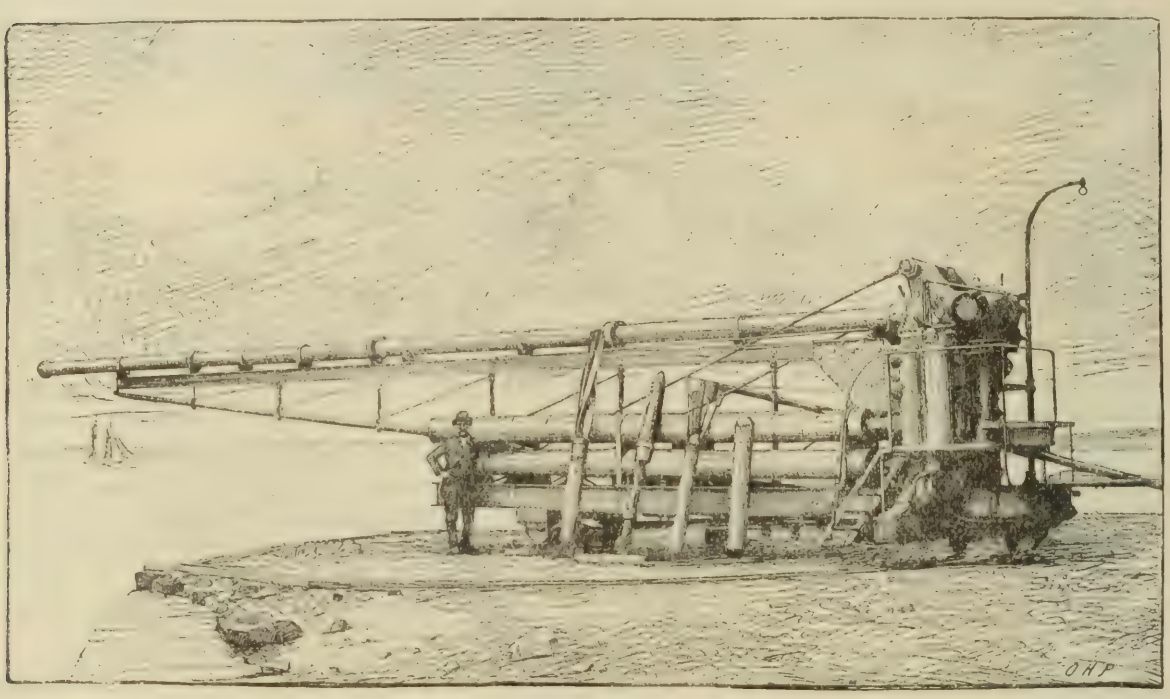


U. S. Torpedo-Ram Alarm.

* The Intrepid has never been regarded as a success.

Gatling machine-guns. In action, it is intended that, simultaneously with ramming a hostile ship, the gun should be fired and the torpedo exploded.

A submarine torpedo-boat, bearing the suggestive name of Peacemaker, the will of the pilot. It is designed to approach the enemy's ship under water, and, in passing beneath the latter's keel, to release two torpedoes connected by a short rope. The torpedoes are imbedded in cork floats, to which powerful



Lieutenant Zalinski's Eight-inch Pneumatic Dynamite Torpedo Gun.

has recently undergone in New York harbor a series of trials that have excited both the curiosity of the public and the interest of naval and military men. This vessel, the invention of Mr. J. H. L. Tuck, is built of iron and steel ; length, 30 feet ; width, 7 feet 6 inches ; depth, 6 feet. The crew consists of a pilot and an engineer. The former stands with his head in a little dome projecting a foot above the deck, from which small plate-glass windows permit him to see in every direction. Compressed air for breathing is stored in a series of reservoirs within the boat. Not the least notable feature of the Peacemaker is the " fireless engine," an invention based upon the discovery that a solution of caustic soda can be utilized under certain conditions to produce the heat necessary for generating steam. Side-rudders, or deflectors, are placed at the bow and stern, with which, by varying their angle of inclination from a horizontal plane, the vessel is made to dive, or rise to the surface of the water, at magnets are attached, which cause them to rise as soon as detached from the boat, and to adhere to the ship's bottom. Connection is still retained with the torpedoes by electric wires, and after the boat has steamed away to a safe distance, the explosion is caused by an electric fuse. In the recent trials the vessel ran a distance of two and a half miles without coming to the surface, and demonstrated that, although submerged to a depth as great as fifty feet, it was still under perfect control of the pilot. It is proposed by the inventor to make a number of improvements in the vessel prior to the trials soon to take place before a board of army and navy officers at Fortress Monroe.

Lieutenant Zalinski, of the United States Army, has been engaged during the last two years in developing a very novel and formidable weapon of war, a view of which, taken from a photograph, is shown on this page. It is described in his official report to the Secretary of War as a " pneumatic, dynamite torpe-

do-gun." The barrel of this remarkable piece of ordnance is 60 feet long, made of iron tubing, and lined with brass to give a smooth interior. It throws a cylindrical brass or steel torpedo, eight inches in diameter, carrying a charge of 60 pounds of dynamite, a distance of 2¼ miles. Compressed air, as the name of the gun implies, is the projecting force employed, the rear end of the gun-barrel being connected with an air reservoir, kept under great pressure by an engine and any suitable pumping machinery. The gun is so accurately balanced on its supports, and the mechanical arrangements are so perfect, that but one man is required to aim and fire it. It is loaded at the breech, and the discharge is effected by a "firing lever," which opens the valves of the reservoir, allowing the highly compressed air to enter the gun behind the torpedo, and as the latter leaves the muzzle the valves close automatically. The charge is exploded by means of an electric fuse, the current for which is derived from a small battery carried within the torpedo. Two forms of this fuse have been designed—one closing the circuit and causing the explosion upon impact with the enemy's vessel, by forcing back a small steel plunger projecting from the extreme forward end of the torpedo; while the other, requiring to be moistened in order to render the battery active, ignites the charge after the torpedo has sunk below the surface of the water.

While the main object of this paper is to lay before its readers simply a description of the mechanical features of some of the most approved torpedoes and torpedo-vessels of the present day, the writer desires to correct, so far as he may in a closing sentence, the popular fallacy that our great seaport cities and the coast-line of our country can be protected by torpedoes alone. Such weapons, valuable adjuncts as they are to any system of coast defence, must be regarded as only supplemental to modern ships, guns, forts, and floating batteries.

FORTUNE.

By Elyot Weld.

INDIFFERENT, yet Fortune still pursues;—
Hesperides' ripe fruit falls at their feet,
Uncaringly they glean the harvest sweet,
Nor dream their lot all the less blest would choose.
The wind blows high and brings the evil news
My ship has sunk. For them the tidings meet
Their sails skim harbor-bound their eyes to greet.
Though seeking not they find, while I but lose.
Beneath the sun life's magic waters glance—
My bark drifts wide. Not mine the power to guide
It nearer thine. Some wanton wind of chance
Compels the wandering currents, and they glide
And merge. To-day our prows float side by side.
Is Fate all cruel when this joy she grants?

THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE;

OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN.

By J. S. of Dale.

PART THIRD: THE ADMINISTRATION.

I. A Lead of Hearts.

The three years following May's unhappy affair with the Countess Polacca de Valska had been uneventful. He had not plunged again into foreign parts, but became a student of the barbarities of civilization. He saw what is termed the world, particularly that manifestation of it which attains its most perfect growth in London and Paris. Perhaps it would be too much to say that he forgot the Countess de Valska, but certainly his feelings toward that unhappy fair one underwent certain modifications. And as he was in the meantime in the receipt of some twenty thousand a year from the estate of the late John Austin, he by degrees became more reconciled to the extremely practical view the cruel countess had taken of their duties in relation to that gentleman's will.

He very often wondered as to who might be the residuary legatee. It would be a wild freak, that he was sure of. It was quite on the cards for Uncle Austin to have provided that, since his nephew did not want the money, it might go to the devil for all he cared.

It is more sad to say that, as time went by, certain metaphysical doubts as to the objective reality of the Cascadegli and the Siberian mine began to obtrude themselves. Faith of the most stubborn description remained to him, so far as the countess's Paris salon and her beautiful self was concerned, but he failed to see the necessary connection between Trouville, Baden-Baden, Italia Irredenta, and the Parisian police.

But May was a man of his word; and he looked forward, at first eagerly, and afterward with mingled emotions, to their promised next meeting in Brookline, Mass.

However, it gave him no serious trouble until after his acquaintance with the beautiful Mrs. Terwilliger Dehon. Youth has a long future ahead of it, and a young man of twenty-seven easily discounts obligations maturing only in six years. But when May was thirty, and well launched in London society—whether it was the charms of Mrs. Dehon aforesaid, or the vanishing of youthful heroism and that increase of comfort which attends middle life—a political heroine like the Countess Polacca de Valska no longer seemed to him the ideal consort for a man of his temperament.

But Mrs. Terwilliger Dehon—ah, Mrs. Dehon! Great heavens! why had they not met earlier—before she had sacrificed herself upon Terwilliger's commonplace altars, before her radiant youth had been shrouded in tragedy?

The Russo-French police may be successfully evaded, but not so the laws of society. Naught but misery could he see in store for them both—one long life-agony of divided souls.

Of course, it took some time before this dismal prospect lay fairly out before them. At their first meeting there was nothing sadder in sight than the purple hills of Exmoor and the clear cascades of Bagworthy Water; and their talk was broken only by the cheerful yelp of hounds. And there had been fortune, too, in this; fortune we call fate, when fortune turns out ill. He had hardly seen her at the Cloudsham Meet, and but just knew who she was. Thither he had gone with his friends, the Leighs, to see the red deer hunted in his ancient lair; and as he stood there, snuffing with his horse the sea-breeze that came up from Porlock Bay, immaculate in coat and patent-leathers, she had ridden up with a fat and pursy citizen sitting another square-built brute beside her. A Diana, by heaven! thought he; and, indeed, she sat her horse as any goddess might,

and clothed her own riding-habit as the moon her covering of cloud.

"Who's that?" said he to Tom Leigh.

"That's the girl that married old Dehon," said Tom. "She did it——"

But when or how she did it Austin never knew, for just then there was a joyous baying from the hounds, and whish! they scampered downward, skirting hanging Cloudsham Wood. Unluckily, they were at the wrong end of the field, and before they reached the steep bit of gorsy moor that overlooks the valley everyone else who meant to ride had disappeared in the cover of the forest. She reined in her beautiful horse on the very brink, and looked up the valley over Oare Hill; May stood a few yards below and looked down the valley in the direction of Porlock. Then she looked down the valley to Porlock, and May looked up the valley to Oare Hill. And their eyes met.

Her beautiful eyes glanced quickly off, like a sunbeam from a single eyeglass. She turned, as if in sudden decision, and sped like an arrow over the high moor. May's eyes followed her; and his soul was in his eyes, and his body went after the soul. One dig of the spurs nigh unseated him, as if his spirited horse scorned such an incitement to chivalric duty; and so, for some twenty minutes on end they rode, May neither gaining nor losing, and both out of sight of the rest of the hunt. Now and then the cry of hounds came up from the forest-valley on the right, and May fancied he heard below a crashing as of bushes; but he had faith in his guiding goddess and he took her lead.

The high winds whistled by his head, and there were blue glimpses of the sea and wide gray gleams of misty moorland; but the soft heather made no sound of their mad gallop, and May was conscious of nothing else save the noble horse before him and the flutter of the lady's riding-habit in the wind. Now the earth that rushed beneath was yellow with the gorse, now purple with the heather; here, he would sail over a turf-bank, there, his horse would swerve furiously from the feeling of an Exmoor bog; where she would ride, he would ride. This he swore to himself; but she rode straight, and he could make no gain. At the top of the moor, almost on the ridge of Dunkery Beacon, was a narrow cart-path, fenced six feet high in ferny turf, after the usual manner of Devonshire lanes. May saw it and exulted; this was sure to turn her, till she found a gate at least.

But his beautiful chase rode up the gentle inner incline and sailing over the lane like a bird, was lost to sight upon the other side.

"By heaven!" swore May to himself. "She means to kill herself."

He rode at it and cleared the six-foot lane successfully; but his horse could not bunch his legs upon the narrow bank beyond. He rolled down it, and May over his head into a bank of heather.

The eager American prematurely began to swear before his head struck the ground; and before his one moderate oath was finished, he was upon his horse and off again. Mrs. Dehon had not even turned round upon his disaster; but May was none the less attracted to her by that. Why should she?

They were riding down hill now; and she was riding a little more carefully, favoring her horse. But May cared neither for his horse nor his neck by this time. Straight down the hill he rode; and by the time they reached the Lynn he had gained the quarter-mile he lost. Here she had pulled up her horse, and he pulled up his at a courteous distance; and both sat still there, in the quiet valley; and the noise of their horses' breathing was louder than the rustle of the wind in the old ash-trees around them.

May wondered if his pilot was at fault; but hardly had the thought crossed his mind before they heard again the music of the hounds, at full cry; and far up, two or more miles away, toward the Countisbury road, they saw the stag. Though so far off, he was distinctly visible, as he paused for one moment on the brow of the black moor, outlined against the blue sky; then he plunged downward, and the hounds after him, and May's horse trembled beneath him; and May wondered why his goddess was not off.

But instead of riding down to meet the hunt, along the valley of the East

Lynn, by Oare Church and Brendon, she turned and rode up in the direction of Chalk-water. May followed; and hardly had they left the Lynn and gone a furlong up the Chalk-water Combe, when she struck sharp to the right, breasting the very steepest part of Oare Oak Hill. If she knew that he was behind her, she did not look around; and May again had all that he could do to keep his guide in sight.

And now the event proved her skilful venery. For as they crested Oare Oak Hill, and the long bare swell of the moor rolled away before them, the sharp cry of the hounds came up like sounds of victory in the valley just below. Well had Diana known that either way of the Lynn would be too full of his enemies for the now exhausted deer to take. It must make for Bagworthy Water. Long ere they had ridden down the Lynn to the meeting of the streams, the hunt would have passed; but now, as they looked across and along the lonely Doone Valley, they saw the full pack far down at their feet, close by the foaming stream.

Then May could see his leader whip her horse, as if she would open the gap between them; and he set his teeth and swore that he would overtake her, this side the death. And he gained on her slowly, and the purple and yellow patches mingled to a carpet as they whirled by him, and he felt the springing of his horse's haunches like the waves of a sea; and below them, hardly apace with them, was the hunt and the cry of hounds. Down one last plunging valley—no, there was another yet to cross, a deep side-combe running transversely, its bottom hid in ferns. But the hounds were now abreast of them, below, and there was no time to ride up and around. May saw her take it; and as she did, a great shelf of rock and turf broke off and fell into the brook below. He saw her turn and wave him back; it was the first notice she had taken of him; and he rode straight at the widened breach and took it squarely, landing by her side. Then, without a word, they dashed down, alongside of the slope, and there, in upper Bagworthy waters, found the deer at bay, and the hounds; but of the hunt no sign, save Nicholas Snow, the huntsman, with reeking knife. He had already blooded his hounds; and now he sat meditatively upon a little rock by the stream, his black jockey-cap in his hands, looking at the body of the noble stag, now lifeless, that had so lately been a thing of speed and air. A warrantable deer it was, and its end was not untimely.

May pushed his panting horse up nearer hers. She was sitting motionless, her cheeks already pale again, her eyes fixed far off upon the distant moor. "Mrs. Dehon!" said he, hat in hand.

The faintest possible inclination of her head was his only response.

"I have to thank you for your lead," said May.

For one moment she turned her large eyes down to him. "You ride well, sir," said she.

When the M. D. H. and others of the hunt came up, they found these two talking on a footing of ancient friendship. The slot was duly cut off and presented to Mrs. Dehon; and many compliments fell to our hero's share, for all of which May gave credit to the beautiful huntress beside him.

Tom Leigh cocked his eye at this, but did not venture to present him to her after that twenty-mile run. And thus it happened that to her our hero was never introduced.

When Mr. Dehon arrived, some hours later, Tom Leigh led him up. "Mr. Dehon," said he, "I think that you should know my particular friend, Mr. Austin May." And Tom Leigh cocked his eye again.

May looked at the pursy little old man, and felt that his hatred for him would only be buried in his enemy's grave. But his enemy was magnanimous, and promptly asked them both to dinner, which May did not scruple to accept.

II. Perseus and Andromeda.

Austin May fell devoutly in love with Mrs. Dehon. This was without doubt the *grande passion* of his life. And it was hopeless.

He was just at the age when such affairs are sternest realities to modern

men. He was beyond the uncertainty of youth, and before the compromises and practicalities of middle life. And there was something about Gladys Dehon to make a man who cared for her ride rough-shod, neck or nothing, over all things else. All the world admired her; would have loved her had it dared. There was no daring about it in Austin's case; his audacity was not self-conscious; he simply followed her as he had followed her over combe and beacon on that Exmoor day.

People could tell him little about her, save that she had been very poor and very proud, and was very beautiful. Gladys Darcy—that had been her name—last of a broken family of Devon and of Ireland. She had neither sister nor brother, only a broken-down father, long since sold out of his Household captaincy. She had sold herself to Terwilliger Dehon, the rich speculator; and she was his, as a cut diamond might have been his; bought with his money, shining in his house, and he no more within her secret self than he might have been within the diamond's brilliant surface. And two months after the wedding her old father had died and made the sacrifice in vain. Then she became the personage that the world knew as the "beautiful Mrs. Dehon." May used to dream and ponder about her, long hours of nights and days; and he fancied that something about her life, her lonely bringing-up, her father's precepts, had made her scornfully incredulous of there being such a thing as the novelist's love in life. She had been a greater nature than her father, and all mankind had been nothing to her as compared with even him. Too early scorn of this world's life prepares the soul for evil compromises.

Her character, her nature, she expressed in no way whatever. She had neither intimate friends, charitable occupations, tastes, follies, nor faults. She shone with a certain scornful glitter of splendor, but even of old Dehon's millions she was not prodigal. She never flirted; she never looked at one man long enough for that. Her one occupation was hunting, and she rode to hounds in a way to shake the nerves of every M. F. H. in England.

Tom Leigh was afraid of her; and when they were asked for a week's visit that autumn, in their box in Leicester, refused to go. May went. And if there was a man of whom she was not utterly unconscious, he surely was the one. Perhaps there was something about his way that she liked. For, with neither much speech, delay, nor artifice, our hero made his heart and soul up into a small packet and threw them into her deep eyes; and when she looked at him, he had them; and when she looked away, they were gone. And this he did perfectly frankly and directly, but without spoken words. The world saw it as clearly as did she, and liked him none the less for it. He was quite incapable of any effort to conceal it; old Terwilliger might have seen it had he been so minded. Possibly he did, and the knowledge lent an added value to his chattel in the old stockbroker's mind. Mrs. Dehon herself treated May with perfect simplicity, but with an infinite gentleness, as the moon-goddess might have looked upon Endymion.

This state of things got to be perfectly well known to the world. Such things always are well known to the world; nothing is more striking than the perfect openness with which our heart-histories are revealed in modern life, except perhaps the ease with which those most intimately concerned maintain a polite and unembarrassed appearance of utter ignorance upon the subject. All the world loves a lover, particularly a hopeless one; and it was quite the *mot d'ordre* of society that year for people to ask Mrs. Dehon and the handsome American to their houses together.

And Mrs. Dehon? Well, before the coming of spring she felt a great and trustful friendship for this incidental castaway upon the waters of her troubled life. May afterward remembered that she told him many things about herself; and she had spoken of herself to no one else before, her own father included. She even let him see a little of her heart. And it is an axiom that he who sees ever so little of a woman's heart has but to take it. Seeing is possession. This is the wisdom of the fair Melusine, and other wise old mediæval myths.

It is needless to say that May had absolutely forgotten the Countess de Valska; more completely than even she had forgotten the Siberian mausoleum of her Serge. If May thought of her once in that year, it was to dismiss her memory with a curse for his own folly, and a mental oath that no Trouvillian countess would part him, should his way ever be clear to Gladys Darcy. He would not recognize the hated name of Dehon, even in his thoughts.

Now, it is probable that ours is the first civilization known to history where this state of things could exist, be mutually known, and continue in tranquil permanency. But it does—that is, it nearly always does—and it is a credit, after all, to our teaching and our times that it does so. The ancient Perseus cut Andromeda's chains and departed with her by the next P. and O. steamer they could signal; the modern one sits down on the strand beside her, and he and Andromeda die to slow music—that is, in case either should chance to die before the malady is cured. And Andromeda's master relies on the strength of his chains and on Perseus's good bringing-up, and is not wholly displeased at the situation. Particularly for a sly old stock-broker like Terwilliger Dehon, whose idea of values is based on the opinion of the street, a Perseus to his Andromeda is half the fun. The world, on the whole, approves the situation; but the husband Dehon is not a popular character, and it likes the Perseus better.

But Austin May stood the passive rôle for precisely twelve months; and then he made up his mind that something would have to break. He hoped it might be the neck of old Terwilliger; but Providence seldom spoils a dramatic situation by so simple a denouement. And, to tell the truth, considering the way the three rode to hounds, it was much more likely to be his own or Gladys's. One thing was sure: their triangular relations were too strained to continue. He came to this conclusion after one precisely similar day upon Exmoor, a year after their first meeting; except that upon this occasion the deer took to the sea below Glenthorne and was drowned, and he and Gladys rode side by side in silence.

Accordingly, that night Austin May wrote a letter; and in the morning showed Terwilliger a telegram from America, took his departure, shook hands hard with old Terwilliger, barely touched the slender fingers of his wife, but, when he did so, left the letter in her hand. May kept no copy of this letter; but he remembered it very well. It ran as follows:

"Gladys:

"I must not stay in England any more. I cannot bear it. I know that you are unhappy, and I must go where, at least, I shall not see it. Nor can I trust myself with you after our ride of yesterday.

"Remember always that, wherever I am, I am always and only yours. This is a very strange thing to say; but I think there are times when men and women should show each other their hearts, however much the truth may shock the prudes and pedants. And I do very much wish to say that if ever you are free, I ask you to marry me.

"It is a sad thing that the circumstances of your wedded life are such that I can say these things to you and not offend you. But you have shown me enough of your heart for this.

"I go now into Asia. A trivial duty will call me to my family home for one day, on August 14, 1886. Then, if I do not hear of you there, I shall disappear again. After that I shall write you once a year.

"Good-by,

"A. M."

III. Æneas and Camilla.

Poor Austin! A boy's love feeds on the romance of hopelessness, flourishes apace in the shadow of despair; it delights in patient waiting, in faithful fidelity, in lapses of years; but a man's is peremptory, immediate, uncompromising. Some secret instinct bids a Romeo to contemplate a tragedy with cheerfulness; and ten to one that his years of gloom change, as they fall behind him, to "*un joli souvenir.*" But a man, middle-aged, knows when he wants his Dulcinea, and he wants her

here and now. No glamour of blighted affections can make up for the hard facts of life to him.

When a middle-aged man can't get the woman he wants, there are three recognized and respectable courses open to him. He works a little harder, plays a good deal harder, or he marries someone else. The last was out of the question for a man so consumed by the fires of passion as Austin May, but the fuel of his heart was transformed into nervous energy of the entire system. He plunged again, like a rocket, into a rapid and circuitous course of travel and adventure; and, after a brilliant career through the remote East, descended, like the burned-out stick, some fifteen months later, in San Francisco. Thence he went home.

The fact was, he wanted rest. His heart was tired of throbbing, his head weary with thinking. And all his mad adventure had only tired the body, had made him sleep at night, nothing more. He had been through the world again, but Gladys Dehon was all of it to him. He thought of her now with a certain dull pain—less madly, more hopelessly, than in England the two years before.

He could not bear to go back to his home. He went to Boston, and he saw his lawyers; but he did not go out to Brookline. This he vowed he would not do until that day when he had promised Gladys he would be there. He did not forget that he had promised the countess, too; but he was no longer so much troubled by the countess. He would kill her, if necessary.

Meantime, he went to pass the winter in New York. He had himself elected a member of two fashionable clubs. He followed the hounds in Long Island and in Jersey. He went to dinners and he danced at germans, albeit with an aching heart. He renaturalized himself; he made friends with his countrymen, and he studied his countrywomen. He got himself once more *désorienté* in American society. He observed what respect was everywhere shown to the VanDees, and how little, comparatively, one thought of the McDums. He found that civilization was pitched on a higher scale, financially, than he had supposed. Thirty thousand a year was none too much for a man to marry on. Now, Austin had not over twenty thousand, even if he fulfilled the hard conditions of his uncle's will.

He took an interest in yachting, and gave orders for a cutter that was to beat the prevailing style of sloop. He also imported a horse or two, and entered one of them at Sheepshead Bay. He had a luxuriously furnished flat, near Madison Square. He went to St. Augustine in the spring, with the VanDees, and while there was introduced to Georgiana Rutherford. He saw her afterward in New York. Early in June he asked her to marry him.

Miss Rutherford was a young lady of supreme social position, great wealth, and beauty. She had for two years been the leading newspaper belle of New York society. Her movements, her looks, her dresses, the state of her health, the probable state of her affections—everything about her, to the very dimples in her white shoulders—had been chronicled with crude precision in the various metropolitan journals having pretensions to *haut ton* (for high tone is not a good translation), and had thence been eagerly copied throughout the provincial weeklies of the land. Miss Rutherford was absolutely a person to be desired.

It would not be fair to May to say that he was false to Gladys Dehon. His passion for her, too vehement, had fairly burned itself out. In the two years since he had left her, May's heart had, as it were, banked its volcanic fires. However fissured were its ravined depths, the surface was at rest, and the lava-flood that concealed it was already cool. And a beautiful huntswoman who had ridden out of sight of her first husband, as had Gladys Dehon, was not at all the sort of person for middle-aged Austin May to marry and bring to Boston. These things he felt for some weeks before he proposed to Miss Rutherford, and she was precisely the sort of girl he saw was best. If old Uncle Austin had selected her himself, he could not have made a better choice. And well, thought May, he saw the motives of his kind old uncle's will, and the wisdom born of much experience, and

long consideration and a knowledge of Eclipse claret, that had prompted it.

May did not pretend to himself that he loved Georgiana Rutherford as he had loved Gladys Dehon. Even now, he was not blind to that. But he thought that she was pretty, and well-placed, and good style; and she had a large fortune, and a still larger family connection, all of the very best securities.

In fact, May, at least so far as he admitted to himself, did not do justice to the qualities of Miss Rutherford. Miss Rutherford was a very charming girl; much cleverer and much better educated, to say nothing of her style and beauty, than any embryo Gladys Dehon that May had ever seen. She was perfectly mistress of her own heart, as she was of her own fortune, and it was dangerous to present to her foreigners, lest they afterward shot themselves. They always went wild about her; much to Miss Rutherford's discomfort. Some would besiege her; others would curse her; others, still, say evil things about her in the true Parisian manner. Miss Rutherford remained "more than usual calm" through it all.

She had the reputation of being a flirt, but it was not so. She tried her adorers, Portia-like, successively; the moment that they failed to reach a certain standard, it was entirely right and fair for her to drop them. Some of them would cry that they were hurt, and these she contemned from her very soul. She did not regard such matters as subjects for tears. Marriage was a step in life, like any other, and only deserved more serious consideration because it was final.

This was the woman whose love was to make heart-haven for Austin May; the serious, sober choice of his manhood, after all his boyish follies were past. He had told her very seriously and politely of his desire to marry her, one Sunday evening, on the piazza of a house at Newport. It was necessary for him to speak in a low tone, as the people of the house were not far off. She was silent for some seconds, and then he had kissed her.

But here came in the first really difficult thing to do in the whole proceeding. How was he to tell her of the countess and Gladys Dehon? And yet he must tell her, if only to explain the necessary delay in announcing their engagement. He looked at her in the light that came from the late sunset; how perfectly of the great world she was! He could not bear to lose her now; she was just such a wife as he would invent for himself, had she not existed. She was sitting silently, in a pose that was full of grace and training; much too finely bred to be blushing because he had kissed her. No man had ever kissed her before; and yet, when she deemed that the occasion had come when she could fitly let one do it, she no more blushed because she had so resolved than she would blush at entering a ball-room.

Then he pulled himself together, and told her very calmly the history of his life. She was greatly interested, and listened with attention and sympathy.

"Of course, you must be there—on August 14th, I mean."

"And keep my word?"

"That," said Miss Rutherford, "I must leave to you. You can't keep your word with both of them."

"After all," said May, hopefully, "they may not come."

"You surely do not expect them to cross the Atlantic in person to meet you?"

"Oh, no!" said May. "They won't do that—but they may write or telegraph." But May did not feel sure what Mme. Polacca de Valska might or might not do.

"At all events," said she, "I think our engagement had better not come out until after the 14th of August." And May felt constrained to admit that this was best.

"And I do not think that you had better see me until then."

"What?" cried Austin.

But Miss Rutherford was firm. She would not have him with her every day unless she could tell people that they were engaged. What was she to say to the world if, after that 14th of August, he were to be engaged to Mrs. Dehon, for instance? This she delicately hinted; but, moreover, she told him she had promised to visit the Larneds, at Pomfret, and the Charles Mt.

Vernons, at Beverly, and to spend three weeks with the Breezes, at Mount Desert, in August. He could not trail about after her; and it was only three months, after all. So May had consented, with an ill grace; and when she left, two days later, he found nothing better than to join VanKnyper on a yachting cruise. Then he had gone up on the Restigouche, salmon-fishing; and on the 12th of August he was in the Maine woods.

We have told how, on the 14th of August, he arrived at Brookline, true to his appointment with all three. It was awkward to leave the woods at such a time; but May was a man of his word. He got to Boston late in the evening before, went to his club, and took an early morning train for Brookline, as we have seen.

And, perhaps, as we have also seen, a much more awkward thing than this had happened. Austin May was there, ready to meet any one of them. The period of probation required by the will had elapsed.

But as May travelled up to the city in that hot weather, he had been wondering to himself which and how many of them he should see, and it had become very clear to him that he did not feel the least desire to see any one of the three.

His uncle's will had well been justified. With shocked shamefacedness he thought of the countess, that Trouville heroine that he believed to be little better than an adventuress, a gambler, tracked by the police. And Mrs. Dehon—well, if Mrs. Dehon were to ride madly up that quiet Boston lawn, May felt sure that he should flee in terror. And Edith Rutherford — now that it came to the point, and after his three months' consideration, May did not feel that he wished to marry even Edith Rutherford.

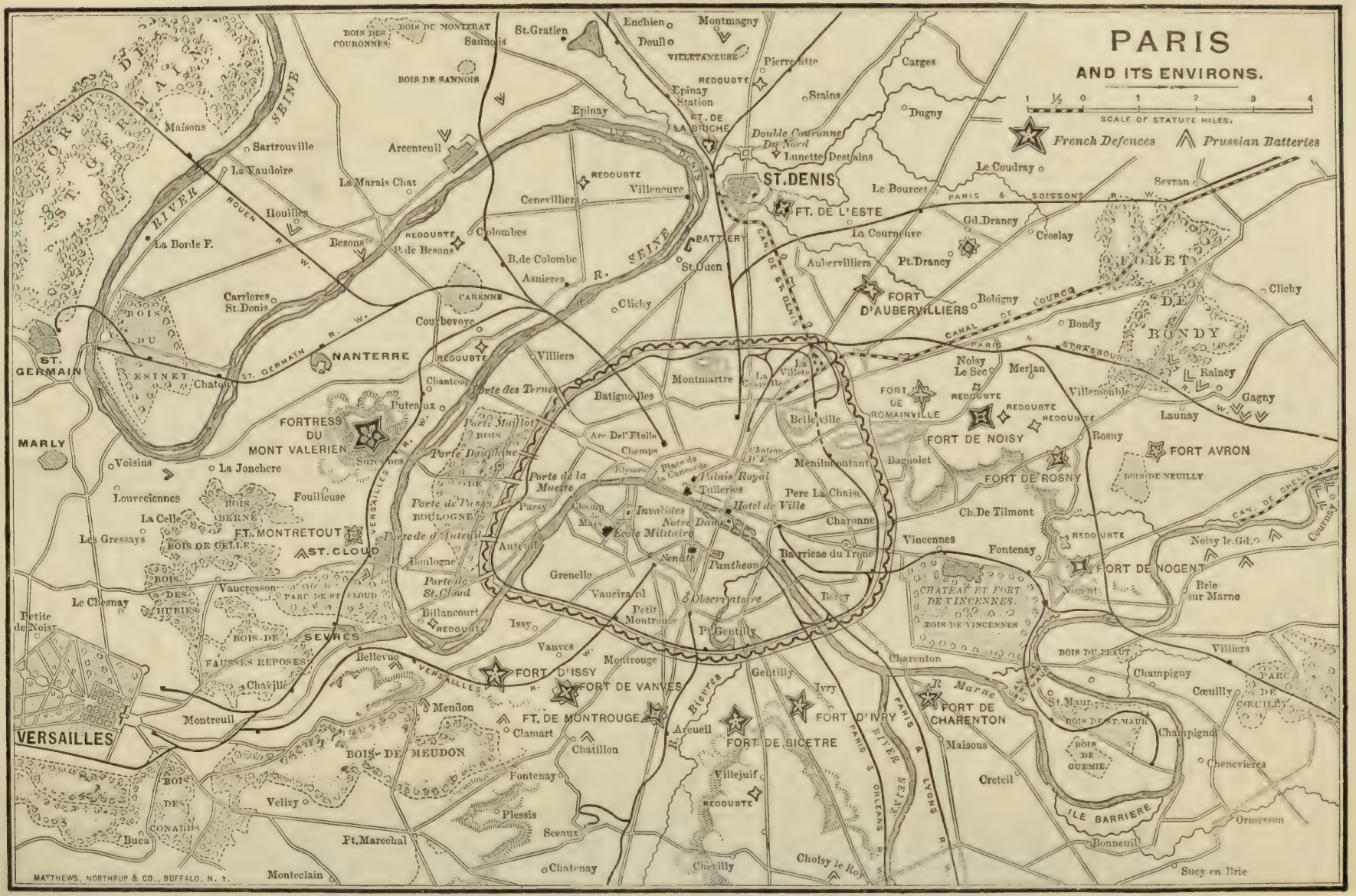
In fact, as the day wore on, and the reaction followed the artificial strength given by the stimulants, his state of mind had approximated to an abject and unreasoning terror. And in this mood he was, late in the afternoon, when he turned and saw, stationary before his front door, that carriage, with its footman in livery.

His one instinct was to conceal himself. Nervously he grabbed the heavy "Burton's Anatomy;" the secret door swung open; the fountain in the lake began to play, and in a score of seconds May was hiding in its cool and watery depths.

REMEMBRANCE.

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

I do remind me how, when, by a bier,
  I looked my last on an unanswering face
  Serenely waiting for the grave's embrace,
One who would fain have comforted, said: "Dear,
This is the worst. Life's bitterest drop is here.
  Impartial fate has done you this one grace,
  That till you go to your appointed place,
Or soon or late, there is no more to fear."
It was not true, my soul! it was not true!
"Thou art not lost while I remember thee,
  Lover and friend!" I cry, with bated breath.
What if the years, slow-creeping like the blue,
Resistless tide, should blot that face from me?
  Not to remember would be worse than death!


PARIS
AND ITS ENVIRONS.
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.
French Defences
Prussian Batteries
FORET DE ST. GERMAIN
RIVER SEINE
ROUEN R. W.
ST. GERMAIN R. W.
VERSAILLES R. W.
PARIS & ORLEANS R. W.
PARIS & STRASBOURG R. W.
PARIS & SOISSONS R. W.
CANAL DE L'OURCQ
CANAL DE ST. DENIS
R. SEINE
R. Marne
R. Bievres
PARIS RIVER SEINE & LYONS R. W.
CANAL DE CHELLES
BOIS DE MONTRAT
BOIS DES COURONNES
BOIS DE SANNOIS
Sannois
St.Gratien
Enghien
Montmagny
Deuil
VILLETANEUSE
Pierrefitte
Carges
Stains
Dugny
Epinay Station
Epinay
FT. DE LA BRICHE
Double Couronne Du Nord
Lunette Destains
ST. DENIS
Le Coudray
Sevran
Le Bourcet
FT. DE L'ESTE
Gd.Drancy
Croslay
La Courneuve
Aubervilliers
Pt.Drancy
FORT D'AUBERVILLIERS
Bobigny
Bondy
FORET DE BONDY
Clichy
Rainey
Gagny
Launay
Villemomble
Noisy Le Sec
Merlan
FORT DE ROMAINVILLE
FORT DE NOISY
FORT DE ROSNY
FORT AVRON
Rosny
Bagnolet
Menilmontant
Belleville
La Villette
Montmartre
Batignolles
Arc De l'Etoile
Champs Elysees
Place de la Concorde
Palais Royal
Tuileries
Pere La Chaise
Hotel de Ville
Charonne
Ch.De Tilmont
Vincennes
Fontenay
FORT DE NOGENT
Noisy le.Gd.
Brie sur Marne
Courtry
CHATEAU ET FORT DE VINCENNES
BOIS DE VINCENNES
Barriere du Trone
Bercy
Pantheon
Observatoire
Senate
Ecole Militaire
Invalides
Notre Dame
Chaussee du Maine
Passy
Auteuil
Boulogne
Grenelle
Vaugirard
Petit Montrouge
Pt.Gentilly
Issy
Vanves
Montrouge
FORT D'ISSY
FORT DE VANVES
FORT DE MONTROUGE
FORT DE BICETRE
FORT D'IVRY
FORT DE CHARENTON
Charenton
Gentilly
Ivry
Arcueil
Villejuif
Maisons
Creteil
Champigny
Chenevieres
Ormesson
Bonneuil
Sucy en Brie
ILE BARRIERE
BOIS DE GUEMIE
BOIS DE ST. MAUR
Cœuilly
PARC DE CŒUILLY
BOIS DU PLANT
Villiers
Choisy le Roy
Chevilly
Porte des Ternes
Porte Maillot
Porte Dauphine
Porte de la Muette
Porte de Passy
Porte de Auteuil
Porte St. Cloud
BOULOGNE
BOIS
Courbevoye
CARENNE
Villiers
Chanteau
Puteaux
Suresnes
FORTRESS DU MONT VALERIEN
NANTERRE
REDOUBTE
Colombes
P. de Besons
Besons
Asnieres
B.de Colombe
Carrieres St.Denis
Houilles
La Borde F.
Sartrouville
La Vaudoire
Maisons
Arcenteuil
La Marais Chat
Cenevilliers
Villeneuve
BATTERY
St.Ouen
Clichy
ST. GERMAIN
ESINET
Chatou
MARLY
Voisins
La Jonchere
Louveciennes
Fouilleuse
La Celle
BERNE
FT. MONTRETOUT
ST. CLOUD
Les Gressays
BOIS DE CELLE
BOIS
Vaucresson
PARC DE ST. CLOUD
Le Chesnay
DES HUBIES
Petite de Noisy
BOIS DE SEVRES
FAUSSES REPOSES
Chaville
Bellevue
VERSAILLES
Montreuil
Meudon
Clamart
Chatillon
BOIS DE MEUDON
Fontenay
Velizy
Plessis
Sceaux
Buca
BOIS DE CONATUS
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Chatenay
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REMINISCENCES OF

THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, Ex-Minister to France.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE COMMUNE.

THE month of April, 1871, was a month of great activity in government circles at Versailles. Stupendous military operations were necessary before any attempt could be made to capture Paris from the insurgents. On the 10th of that month the organization of the army was completed and the generals assigned to their several commands. The task which confronted M. Thiers was immense, but he met it all, as well as the responsibilities of the occasion, with courage and with that masterly ability which belonged to him. He issued frequent proclamations to the country, giving news as to the progress of events, counselling patience among the loyal people, and advising them not to be misled by the absurd reports which were everywhere spread. It was about the middle of April that the Versailles army commenced its active operations for the reduction of Paris. The invading force by this time had become strong and powerful, and able leaders had been assigned—MacMahon, de Cissey, Ladmirault, and Vinoy. Uniform success attended the operations of this army from the beginning; and on the 27th of April M. Thiers made a declaration to the chamber, which was received with great applause, and in which he set forth the favorable situation.

As the Government forces closed in upon the city the bitterness toward M. Thiers became more and more intense, and on the 10th of May, after the first real success of the Versailles troops, the following decree was passed by the Commune authorities sitting at the Hôtel de Ville: "Decree, that the house of Thiers, situated on the Place St. George, shall be demolished;" and this insane decree was scrupulously carried out. In passing the Place St. George every day or two I saw the busy work of demolition going on, until literally not one stone was left upon another. This maddened behest of the Commune could not but awaken the most intense indignation among all right-minded people. M. Thiers had lived in this house for by far the greater part of his life, and it was associated with all his great literary, as well as political, work. It had been the scene of his hospitality to many of the most celebrated men of Europe; and contained a great collection of rare works of art, books, and precious objects—all of which were taken away and dispersed.

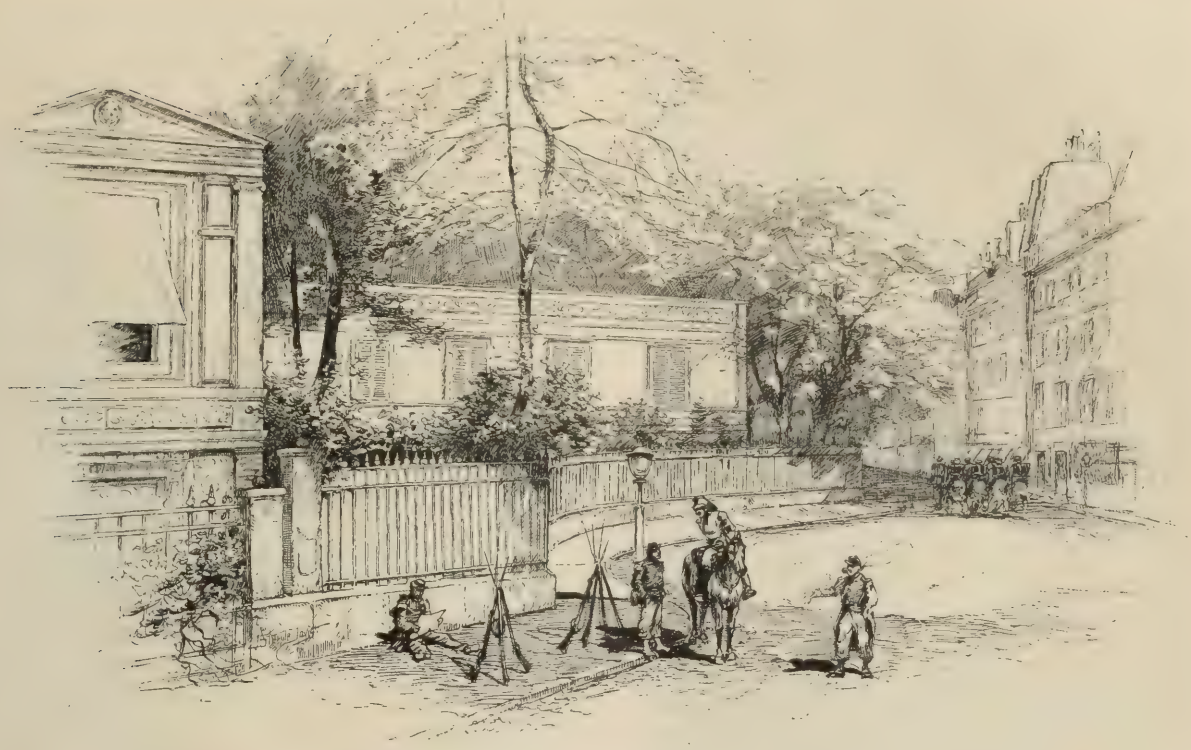
A most curious event occurred at the Palace of the Tuileries on Sunday afternoon, May 10, 1871. There was a grand concert given there at that time under the direction of the Communard authorities. The proposed "Concours" was widely advertised in the city, and every effort was made to have it a grand success. As its avowed purpose was a beneficent one, the appeal made to the Communard population of Paris was a very strong one. The attendance was large, and a great amount of money was taken in. The concert was advertised for Sunday evening, but there was an immense affair in the garden of the Tuileries in the afternoon. There were not less than ten thousand persons present. There was "music with its voluptuous swell;" the bands of a great many regiments, and no less than one thousand musicians, playing and singing the soul-stirring Marseillaise. But it was in the evening that there was the greatest interest. The Palace of the Tuileries was thrown open to the public, and the great horde of men, women, and children went through the gardens, and defiled through the gorgeous and magnificent apartments of the palace.

Though I knew all about the concert, I did not deem it a fitting occasion to be present myself, on a Sabbath day; but I sent one of my secretaries, to see what was to be seen and to report to me. He stated that what he there beheld was a most remarkable and interesting sight. Ten thousand people filled all the apartments, wandering everywhere at their ease, and examining into every nook and corner of the vast palace. The comments of the rabble were most amusing. My secretary kept along with the crowd everywhere, seeing all that was to be seen, and listening to all that was said. Great interest centred in the private apartments of the Empress. The gorgeous belongings were everywhere commented upon by the mob. The bath-room of the Empress attracted great attention. It was represented as very handsome, and as a marvel of luxury, beauty, and taste. It was surrounded by heavy plate mirrors. The bath was cut out of solid marble. The ceilings were covered with rich blue silk-velvet. The faucets in the bath were of solid silver. All that was seen was described by the Communards as evidence of the profligacy and the luxury of the Court, in the vast increase of the taxes levied upon them. Not one man in the crowd, it is safe to say, had ever paid a cent of taxes in his life.

The *Journal Officiel* of the 18th of May contained the proceedings of the Commune of the previous day. Rigault, Urbain, and Protot were the master-spirits of this meeting, and it was on this occasion that a "Jury of Accusation" was constituted. The judgments of this jury were to be rendered summarily, with or without evidence, with or without hearing of the parties involved, and the proceedings were not to be governed by any rules. The judgments rendered were to be executed in twenty-four hours. The greatest possible violence was manifested by the members of the committee on this occasion. In the course of discussion one of the members declared that the great question of the moment was, "to annihilate our enemies; we are here in a revolution, and we are to act as *revolutionaires;* to constitute a tribunal which shall judge, and whose decrees shall be executed without mercy and without delay."

It was six o'clock on Monday morning, May 22d, when a friend came to my room and awakened me, to tell me that the government troops were in the city and that the tri-color was floating on the Arc de Triomphe. I dressed hurriedly and went out to see for myself, as this great monument was but a short distance from my lodgings. When I beheld that proud ensign of France floating in the breeze, I felt that Paris was saved, and that a terrible burden had been lifted from my shoulders. I then realized for myself what was the effect of the sight of a flag under similar circumstances, and remembered what had once been told me by an old Galena friend. He was in the State of Mississippi when the Rebellion broke out, and had been ordered summarily to leave the country. He was fortunately enabled to reach a Mississippi steamboat on her way up the river. When nearing Cairo the sight of the Star Spangled Banner burst upon him. "Never in the world," said he, "had I had such a feeling come over me as when I then beheld the American flag, not a star blotted out nor a stripe erased; the emblem of the glory and grandeur of the Republic."

After a cup of coffee I started for my legation, and learned that some Versailles troops had passed down the Rue François Premier. The long-looked-for had come at last. There was great demoralization in the city, and particularly among the National Guard; indeed, it had seemed to me that if the government had made the attack with more energy its troops would certainly have been inside before that time. The fighting for a few days previous, around the south side of the city, had been very furious. The Fort de Vanves had been captured from the Communards a week before, and the Fort de Montrouge seemed to be at the end of its defence. Confusion had been all the time increasing in Paris. The Commune had been torn by intestine dissensions and furious quarrels among its members; yet the city was held—not so much by the military strength of the insurrectionists, as by the failure of the attacking



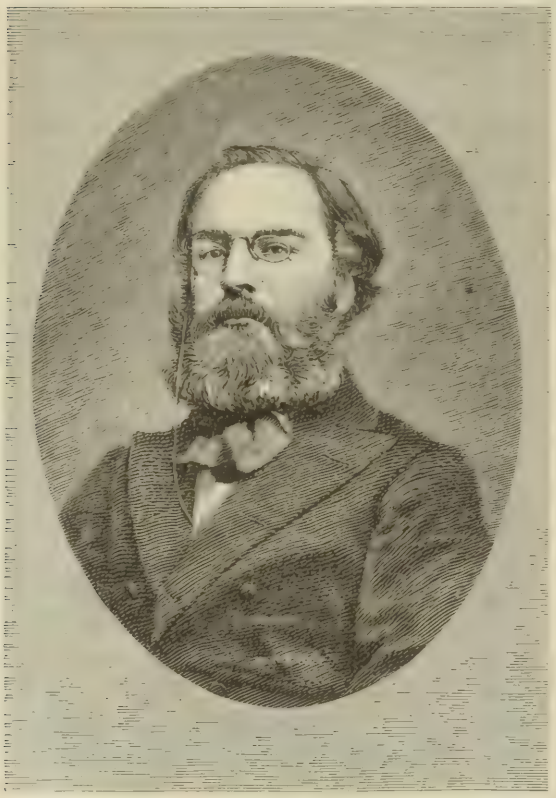
House of M. Thiers, in the Place St. George.

party to make a breach in the walls. But it was apparently impossible, in the condition of things then existing, to hold out much longer. The insurrectionists had become more desperate than ever. The Committee of Public Safety had issued a pronunciamento on the morning of the 19th, saying that they had determined to blow up Paris and bury everyone in its ruins, rather than capitulate.

The 22d of May, 1871, will ever be considered an important era in the history of Paris and France. It was nine weeks and two days since the insurrection had broken out, and those weeks had run wearily on in the expectation that each would be the last. It was a very serious thing for me to occupy the position that had devolved upon me for so long, and amid such constant and increasing responsibilities. It was at half-past three o'clock, in the afternoon of the preceding day, that the first division of the army of the reserve, commanded by General Vergé, entered the gate of St. Cloud, which is on what is called the "Route de Versailles." It was more by accident than anything else that the troops got in at this time. Having been advised that there was no large force to oppose them at that particular place and moment, they pressed forward, and finding but little opposition, they were soon within the walls. The advance was very slow, for it was not known what military forces they would have to confront. Indeed, it turned out that, practically, there was nothing in the way of their going right into the heart of the city.

There were many men truly loyal and devoted to the government who remained in Paris during the Commune, for the reason that they had no place to go to if they left the city, and for a further reason, that they desired to watch the progress of events. One of them was a man by the name of Ducatel, who belonged to the service of Engineers of Roads and Bridges, and who had been a soldier. Seeing the utter demoralization of the Communard troops, and that the way was open for the Versailles troops to enter the city, Ducatel hoisted a white handkerchief as a signal to an officer in one of the government military posts near St. Cloud. The officer and Ducatel approached each other, and the latter told him that the entrance into Paris was easy, and as a guarantee of his statement he would give himself up to him. He then led the way over the ditch, and was followed by several men, and they all soon found themselves

inside the city. The few insurgents who were there lost no time in getting out of the way. Notice having been given, the firing from the forts at this point was soon stopped, and then it was that the division of General Vergé entered the gate, at half-past three in the afternoon, and took possession of the Point du Jour, having captured on their way several barricades. Ducatel then became the bearer of a flag of truce to the insurgents, who seized him, and, though he was suffering from a bayonet wound, carried him off to the École Militaire, tried him by a court-martial, and condemned him to death. He was rescued, however, by the sudden arrival of the Versailles troops, at two o'clock the next morning (Monday).



Raoul Rigault.

The military organization of the city was as loose as possible; and although the Versailles troops had passed the *enceinte* before four o'clock in the afternoon, yet it was not known in the city until after midnight, when the Communard authorities were fully advised of what had happened. And then it was, when it became too late, that there was "hurrying to and fro;" the tocsin was sounded all over the city, the "générale" was beaten, and the orderlies dashed furiously in every direction; but all to no practical purpose. The forces of the National Guard in the neighborhood became completely demoralized and began to retreat hastily before the advancing forces, which were entering into the city by the Porte St. Cloud. The consequence was that the Communards, who had been guarding the *enceinte* and all the gates from the Porte St. Cloud to the Porte des Ternes, found themselves taken in the rear, and by four o'clock, Monday morning, they had abandoned all their positions and fled to the interior of the city. The gates of Auteuil, Passy, and La Muette, being then left undefended, the troops of the line began pouring in through all of them. It was not long before the head of one column of the Versailles troops advanced into the city and passed along the right bank of the Seine, on the Cours la Reine, and cautiously advanced toward the Place de la Concorde. At the same time another column crossed the Champs Elysées near the Arc de Triomphe, and passed down by the Avenue de Friedland to the Rue St. Honoré. At this time the insurgents had a formidable battery on the heights of Montmartre. As soon as it was known that the Versailles troops were in the city this battery began shelling the Place de l'Etoile. By this time I had got down to my legation, was fairly seated for my work, and had commenced dictating a despatch to one of my secretaries. The shells soon began falling in the immediate neighborhood of the legation, but fortunately we received no damage. There were heavy defences about the Place de la Concorde, and as the attack of the Versailles troops was not pressed with much vigor they gained but very little ground. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the invading troops having got possession of all that part of the city in which my legation was situated, I invited a friend to take a ride with me all along those portions of the ramparts commanded by Mont Valérien.

We passed around by the Porte de Dauphine (which was very near my residence) to the Porte St. Cloud. I had not been at my house for two weeks,

but I found it only a very little injured. Two pieces of shell had entered, but be-



Protot.

sides the breaking of considerable glass there was no material damage. Some houses in the vicinity received more shells than mine, and several of them had been pillaged. My servants had continued to live in the cellar, where they had considered themselves very safe, and were enabled to keep out the National Guard.

In going from the Porte de Dauphine, which had not been very severely bombarded, to the Porte St. Cloud, we passed the gates of La Muette, Passy, and Auteuil. Breaches had been made in all of them, and the destruction of property in the *enceinte* was immense. Nothing could live under the terrible fire of Mont Valérien and Montretout. Military men told me that the battery of Montretout was the most terrible battery the world had ever seen. Never could I have conceived of such a "wreck of matter." Guns dismounted, their carriages torn in pieces, barricades levelled, and buildings entirely demolished. We saw along the line of the ramparts many dead bodies of the National Guard. Returning from the Point du Jour we saw additional troops going in, and the streets of Passy were crowded with them. It was supposed there would be one hundred thousand troops of the line within the city before morning. As they advanced, driving all the Communards before them, they were received with unbounded joy by the few people remaining. The citizens were especially congratulating each other that they were finally delivered from the oppression and terror of the last two months. Late in the afternoon of Monday, May 22d, Marshal MacMahon, who had command of all the government forces, had entered Paris and established his headquarters at Passy. In the evening I rode out to see him, to advise him of what I knew in relation to the Archbishop of Paris (who, as I shall soon describe, was then held as a hostage in the hands of the Communists), and to express the hope that the government troops might yet be enabled to save him. The interview was anything but reassuring to me, and I left the headquarters of the Marshal feeling that the fate of the Archbishop was sealed. Indeed, it turned out that before this time he had been removed from Mazas to the prison of La Roquette, preliminary to his assassination.

The night of Monday and Tuesday, May 22 and 23, 1871, was a frightful one. The firing continued all night.



Urbain.

Shells from the Communard battery on Montmartre were continually falling in our quarter, but it was remarkable how little the damage had been. After I reached the legation, Tuesday morning, I mounted to the top of the building, in order to get a view from that emi-

nence. With the aid of a glass we could distinctly see the red flag, which had become the emblem of assassination, pillage, anarchy, and disorder, still flying from the Ministry of the Marine. It was but too evident that the Communards were making desperate resistance. At noon on the 23d I started off a messenger to London, with a despatch to be forwarded from there to my Government at Washington. In that despatch I said: "Desperate fighting for thirty-six hours; still continues. Versailles gains ground slowly, but surely." On Tuesday, May 23d, the battle raged with unparalleled fury in the central portion of the city. At half-past five or six in the afternoon it was evident that an immense fire had broken out at the Chancellerie of the Legion d'Honneur. Soon we saw the smoke rising in other parts of the city, which showed but too plainly that the Communards had begun to carry out their threats of a general conflagration.

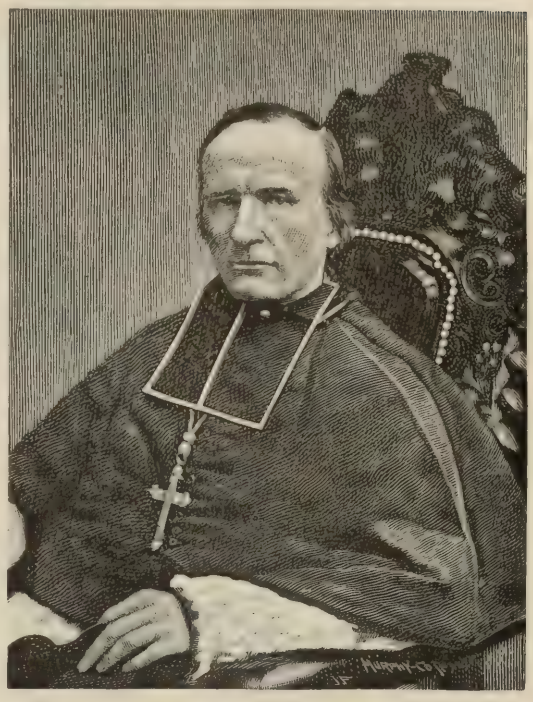
At one o'clock on the morning of the 24th I was awakened by a friend, who told me that the Tuileries were all in flames. I immediately hurried to my legation, and sought a position on the roof of the building, which gave me a complete view of the fire. It was a starlight night, calm and beautiful. An insurgent battery, which had been shelling that part of the city, was still sending its bombs into the immediate neighborhood of the legation every fifteen minutes. The roar of other cannon, the *crépitement* of the mitrailleuses, and the sharp rattling of the chassepots, fell upon the stillness of the night. The lurid flames, rising over the burning city, lighted up half the heavens, and a more terrible scene was hardly ever witnessed. To the fire of the Tuileries were added other conflagrations—the



Street Fighting.

Ministry of Finance, the buildings on the Rue Royale, and other fires, which appeared to have just broken out. At one time it appeared to us, who were watching the progress of the conflagration, that the Hôtel des Invalides was certainly on fire; but as the night wore on, daylight disclosed its gilded dome intact, and we saw, to our intense gratification, that the fire was a short distance beyond, in the same direction. At five in the morning, on the 24th, I sent a special messenger to Versailles, with a telegraphic despatch to my Government, giving an account of what had taken place up to that very moment.

After this I returned to my lodgings, and remained there until I had taken my morning coffee. I returned again to the legation at nine o'clock, and heard that the Versailles troops had captured the strong position at the Place de la Concorde and the Place Vendôme. I at once took my carriage and proceeded in that direction, passing down the Boulevard Haussman to the Place St. Augustin and the Caserne de la Pépinière. The insurgents occupied the Caserne, and it took about two hours to drive them out. Strong barricades had been erected at the foot of the Boulevard Malesherbes, behind the church of the Madeleine. At the junction of several streets in this neighborhood the insurgents had other strong barricades; in fact, the key of their position was there, for if the troops could pass that point, they could take the barricades on the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli and the Place Vendôme in the rear. And here the most desperate fighting took place for a period of nearly thirty-six hours. The neighborhood presented the most frightful appearance that morning. The sidewalks of the splendid Boulevard Malesherbes were filled with horses, baggage-wagons, and artillery-carriages. The houses had been more or less torn with shot and shell; the trees were all cut to pieces by the fire of the artillery and musketry, and their branches filled the streets. A dead National Guard was lying in the excavation for a cellar near by. In a small open space in the next street were the dead bodies of two soldiers of the line, who had been summarily shot as deserters.

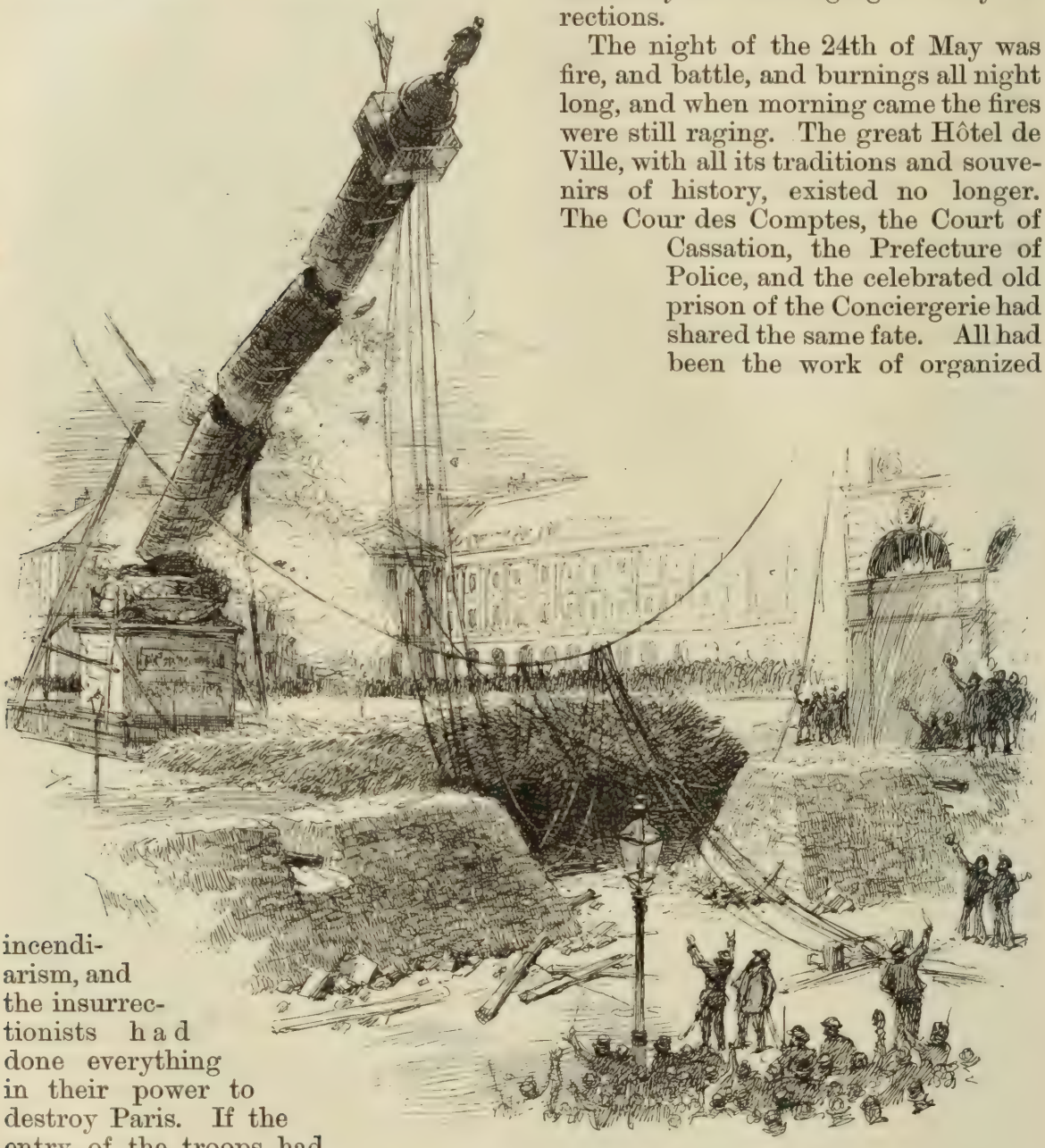


Archbishop Darboy.

Proceeding farther, I reached the church of the Madeleine, at the head of the Rue Royale; many of the buildings of that great thoroughfare had been in the flames, and others seemed literally to have been torn in pieces by the fire of the artillery. Going farther up the Boulevard des Capucines, I found many of the buildings riddled; upon the sidewalk was a dead National Guard, and in a side street, a short distance from there, I saw lying yet another dead body of an insurgent. People passing by looked on them both with apparent satisfaction. I continued on to the Place Vendôme, which had been evacuated during the night, and for the first time saw the world-renowned Column Vendôme, as it lay in the position in which it had fallen. The insurgents had no time to remove the bronze, which was afterward made use of by the government in its restoration. The Place de la Concorde had been evacuated at the same time. The insurgents had retreated in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville and up the Rue Lafayette. From the Place Vendôme I went to the Rue de Rivoli, and proceeded cautiously toward the Tuileries under the Arcade. The Tuileries were still burning, and the

flames were bursting out in a part of the building which they had not before reached. It seemed at that moment that it would be impossible to save the Louvre, but, most fortunately, some government troops reached that point in season to save the palace, with all its treasures of art and historical interest. I returned to my legation about noon; but during the whole afternoon we could distinctly see fires raging in many directions.

The night of the 24th of May was fire, and battle, and burnings all night long, and when morning came the fires were still raging. The great Hôtel de Ville, with all its traditions and souvenirs of history, existed no longer. The Cour des Comptes, the Court of Cassation, the Prefecture of Police, and the celebrated old prison of the Conciergerie had shared the same fate. All had been the work of organized incendiarism, and the insurrectionists had done everything in their power to destroy Paris. If the entry of the troops had been delayed much longer, this destruction would certainly have occurred. The Commune had already made "perquisitions" for all of the petroleum in the city, and had prepared petroleum-boxes and other means of setting fires. Bands of men, women, and children were organized to do this diabolical work. During two days immense numbers of these persons had been detected in distributing the boxes, and in every case the most summary vengeance had been inflicted upon them, without regard to sex, age, or condition. One of the employés of my legation counted, on that afternoon, in the Avenue d'Antin, the dead bodies of eight children, the oldest not more than fourteen years of age, who in distributing the incendiary boxes had been shot



The Fall of the Column Vendôme.

on the spot. The state of feeling in Paris at this time was beyond description. What had passed had filled the whole population opposed to the Commune with horror and rage. Arrests were made by the government authorities by the wholesale. The innocent and the guilty were alike embraced.

On the afternoon of the 25th I went down into the heart of the city, to see for myself what was the progress of events. Very little had been done toward putting matters into shape in those parts of the city which had been already captured. The fire was still raging in the Rue Royale. The Ministry of Finance was completely consumed, with every record and paper—a loss that was utterly incalculable. The insurgents having been driven to the Place de la Bastille, I was enabled to go much farther out than I did the day before. I passed up the Rue de Rivoli, by the smoking ruins of the Tuileries, and had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing for myself that the Louvre, with all its untold and priceless treasures, had been saved. As I continued up the Rue Royale, it seemed as if I were following in the track of an army. Reaching the Hôtel de Ville, I found all the appearance of an intrenched camp. Immense barricades had been erected on every street leading into the square. I am told that the insurgents abandoned it without resistance, finding themselves on the point of being hemmed in ; but, before leaving, they had applied the torch to that pile so associated with the history of Paris and of all France, and the pride of all Frenchmen for centuries gone by. Now there was nothing but a mass of smouldering ruins. Two squares of magnificent buildings near the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville had also been destroyed. There was a regiment of troops of the line on the quay, but scarcely another soul was to be seen in the entire neighborhood.

Eight dead bodies of insurgents, partly consumed by fire, lay on the ground right in front of what was the main entrance to the building, and they presented the most horrible appearance ; indeed, there were sad sights on every hand. On my return to my legation I took the Place de l'Opéra on my way, and I do not recollect a sadder spectacle than that which there presented itself. I saw some five hundred prisoners—men, women, and children—who had been arrested, indiscriminately, in some of the worst parts of the city, who were being marched out to Versailles. There was a squad of cavalry marching both in front and rear of them, and troops of the line on either side. I must say they were the most sinister and hideous-looking persons that I had ever seen in the whole course of my life. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, that the sight of these prisoners excited the people to the highest pitch of wrath and indignation, and every opprobrious epithet was being heaped upon them. The escort alone prevented violence from being inflicted upon them at about every step. Indeed, I saw a well-dressed woman deliberately leave her escort and walk toward the prisoners and inflict many blows on some of the women. The rage seemed to be greater against the women than against the men, for in reality they were the worse of the two. An officer told me that the order was to shoot every man taken in arms against the government. I could not vouch for the truth of what he told me, but I do know that large numbers of members of the National Guard and many others had been summarily executed.

On Friday noon, May 26th, the sound of battle was still heard in the remote parts of the city, and new fires had broken out. I had no news of the fate of the Archbishop of Paris, but it was the general belief that all the hostages had been shot. Unfortunately, that belief was too soon made a certainty.

After an insurrection of seventy-one days, such as had never been known in the annals of civilization, Paris was finally delivered, Sunday, May 28, 1871. The last positions held in the city by the Communard troops were captured at four o'clock of the afternoon of that day. Some of the insurgent troops had gone into the Fort of Vincennes, but, being surrounded by General Vinoy, they surrendered unconditionally on Monday, the 29th day of May. The reign of the Commune of Paris, pursuing its career of murder, destruction,



A Communist Barricade.

and terror, went out finally in blood and flame. Its almost incredible enormities—the massacre of the Archbishop, and the commission of countless other murders of persons who refused to join in this fiendish work; its horrible and well-organized plans of incendiarism, intended to destroy the entire city, and resulting in the destruction of so many great monuments of Paris—are crimes which must excite eternal execration.

Of one of these my position gave me a special knowledge, and I shall now return to speak of it at greater length.

It was from the fact that I was the only foreign Minister who remained in Paris during the days of the Commune that I was brought into relations with the Archbishop of Paris. Up to that time I had known him only by general reputation, and as a man eminently beloved by all who knew him, sincerely devoted to the interests of his church, and distinguished for his benevolence and kindness of heart. When I heard of his arrest by the Commune, on one of the first days of April, I considered it one of the most threatening events that had taken place.

Yet it was hardly possible to suppose that any injury could come to a man like the Archbishop Darboy.

The bloodthirsty Raoul Rigault had signalized his brutality, after reaching almost supreme power in the Commune, by ordering this arrest. The order was in these words: "Order the arrest of citizen Darboy (Georges), calling himself Archbishop of Paris," and on the 4th of April the Archbishop was arrested at his residence. The agents of the Commune told him that they arrested him simply as a "hostage," that they wished to treat him with all the respect due to his rank, and that he would be permitted to have his servant with him. They transported him from his residence to the Prefecture of Police in his own carriage, but when once in prison, instead of receiving the respect due to his rank, he was treated like a vulgar criminal. He was soon removed from the prison of the Prefecture of Police to the prison of Mazas, in an ordinary prison-carriage. No sooner was he in his cell than his isolation became complete. He received no news, he heard nothing from the outside, and saw no persons, not even his fellow-prisoners.

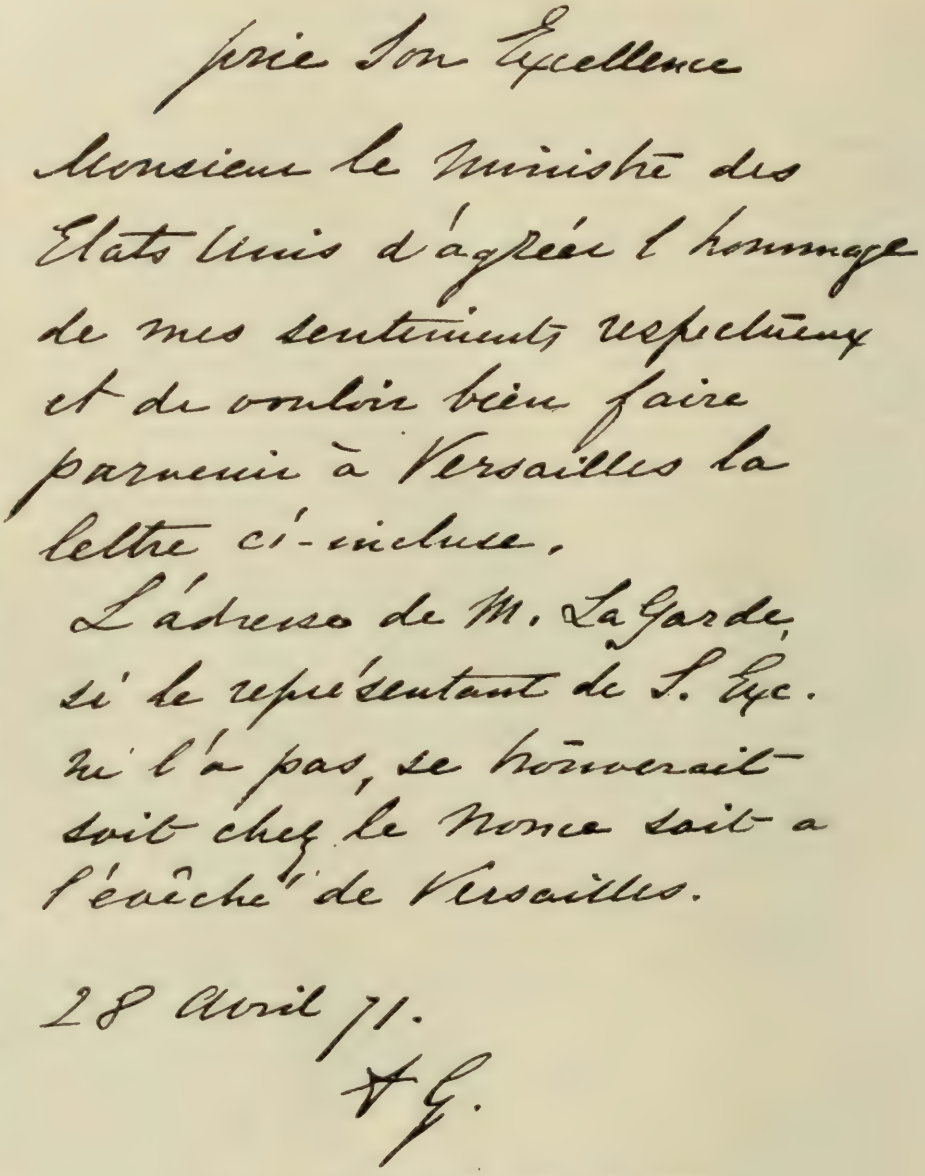
Shut up as he was in his dreary cell, forbidden communication with any person, it should not be wondered at that I temporarily lost sight of him, in the whirl of the terrible events then passing in Paris. But on the 18th of April the Pope's nuncio, Flavius Chigi, wrote me a confidential communication, asking me to receive kindly four ecclesiastical canons of the Metropolitan Church of Paris, who would come to me to claim my protection in favor of their Archbishop from the insurgents; and he asked to be permitted to join his prayers to those of the good canons, and to assure me of his great gratitude for all that I thought I



An Arrest of Pétroleuses.

might do in endeavoring, at least, to prevent any danger coming to the life of Monseigneur Darboy. This communication was brought to me by the canons, and they made a very strong appeal.

Visiting Versailles on the 22d of April, I called upon the Pope's nuncio, to talk with him in relation to the situation. The outrage, in arresting this most devout and excellent man and confining him (*au secret*) in prison, could not but create a great sensation, particularly in the Catholic world. I fully sympathized with the nuncio and the gentlemen who had addressed me in respect to it, and had no hesitation in telling the nuncio that I was at his disposal, to do everything in my power, of course unofficially, to secure the release of the Archbishop. I assumed that I should only be conforming to the policy of our Government, as illustrated in like circumstances, by complying with the request in the hope that I might be able to ameliorate the condition of the prisoner. I returned from Versailles to Paris, on the evening of the 22d of April, fully determined to act in the matter. The first thing I did after reaching my house was to send a messenger to General Cluseret, the Commune's Minister of War, to make an appointment to see him at ten o'clock the next morning (Sunday). My messenger returned, saying that he had found Cluseret, who had treated him very kindly, and had asked him to request me to call upon him, at the Ministry of War, at that hour. Taking with me my private secretary, I reached the Ministry of War promptly at the time named, where I found Cluseret occupying a desk which had previously been occupied by the regular Minister of War of the government. I had known him quite well, and he received me very kindly. I then stated to him the object of my visit, saying that I did not visit him in my diplomatic capacity, but simply as a private individual, in the interest of good-feeling and humanity, to see if it were not possible to have the Archbishop released



Fac-simile of Note from Archbishop Darboy to Mr. Washburne.

from prison. I said that the incarceration of such a man, under the pretext of holding him as a hostage, was an outrage, and that the Commune, in its own interest, should at once release him. He answered that it was not a matter within his jurisdiction, and however much he would like to see the Archbishop released, he thought, in consideration of the state of affairs then in Paris, it would be useless to take any steps in that direction. The people would never permit the release ; and if he (Cluseret) should attempt to intervene in his behalf, it would not only render the situation of the prisoner more deplorable, but it would be fatal to him (Cluseret). Indeed, I very much doubted myself whether the Commune would dare, in the excited state of feeling at the moment, to release the Archbishop ; but I told General Cluseret that I must see him and ascertain his real situation, the condition of his health, and whether he was in want of anything. He replied that he could see no objection to that, but said that it was necessary to get a permission from the Procurer of the Commune, Raoul Rigault, and suggested that he would go with me himself to see the latter, at the Prefecture of Police. We at once descended the gilded staircase into the court-yard, where we found his splendid coupé and driver in livery awaiting us. He invited me to take a seat with him in his coupé, while my secretary followed in my own.

In reaching the apartment occupied by Rigault we had to traverse the crooked and dirty alleys of the horrid old prison of the Prefecture, all filled with the brigand National Guard. Recognizing the Minister of War, they saluted him with the touch of the *kepi*, and we passed unmolested. Demanding to see Rigault, though it was now eleven o'clock, we were told that he was not yet up, and my private secretary and myself were then ushered into the magnificent salon of the Prefecture, to wait until Cluseret should have had an interview with the Procurer of the Commune in bed. While we were waiting we saw the servants preparing for the midday breakfast in the beautiful dining-hall adjoining the salon. I should think the table was set for at least thirty covers, and it presented that elegant appearance which belongs to the second breakfast in all well-to-do households in Paris. It was fully a half-hour before Cluseret returned, and he brought with him a document all in the hand-writing of Rigault, containing the desired permission.

Armed with this unquestionable authority, my private secretary and myself immediately started for the prison of Mazas, where we were admitted without difficulty, and treated with every consideration by the guardians. Their callous hearts seemed to have softened toward the Archbishop, and they appeared glad to welcome us as his friends. As a special favor, we were permitted to enter into his gloomy and naked little cell. He had been in prison more than two weeks, and had seen no person except the jailers, and he was utterly ignorant of what had been done during his imprisonment. He seemed delighted to see me, and I was deeply touched by the appearance of the venerable prelate. With his slender person, his form somewhat bent, his long beard (for he apparently had not been shaved since his confinement), his face haggard with ill-health — he could not have failed to move the most indifferent observer. I told him what the object of my visit was, and he at once entered upon an explanation of his situation. I was struck with his cheerful spirit, and captivated with his interesting conversation. He was one of the most charming and agreeable of men, and was beloved alike by the rich and poor. He had spent his whole life in acts of charity and benevolence, and was particularly distinguished for his liberal and catholic spirit. The cruelty of his position and prescience of his coming fate had not changed the sweetness of his disposition nor the serenity of his temper. No words of bitterness or reproach for his persecutors escaped his lips, but he seemed desirous rather to make excuses for the people of Paris, to whom he had been allied by so many ties during his whole life. He said he was patiently awaiting the logic of events, and praying that Providence might find a solution to the terrible troubles in Paris without the further shedding of blood, and he

added, in a tone of melancholy, the accents of which will never be effaced from my memory: "I have no fear of death; it costs but little to die; I am ready. That which distresses me is the fear of what will come to the other prisoners; the drunken men, the cries of death, the knife, the hatchet, the bayonet."

allowed to send him newspapers and other reading-matter, and told him that I should avail myself of the permission granted to often visit him, in order that I might alleviate his situation, if possible. From my conversation with him, and from all I saw, and from all I knew in respect to the Commune, I could not



The Prison of Mazas.

I found him confined in a cell about six feet by ten, possibly a little larger, which had the ordinary furniture of the Mazas prison—a wooden chair, a small wooden table, and a prison-bed. The cell was lighted by one small window. As a political prisoner, he was permitted to have his food brought to him from outside of the prison, and in answer to my suggestion that I would be glad to send him anything he might desire, and furnish him all the money he might want, he said he was not in need at that time. We were the only persons that he had seen from the outside world since his imprisonment. He had not even been permitted to see the newspapers, or have any intelligence whatever of passing events. Before leaving the prison I made application to be

conceal from myself the real danger that he was in, and I hoped more and more strongly that I might be instrumental in saving him from the fate that seemed to threaten him. It was shortly after my first visit to the Archbishop, on the 28th of April, that he addressed me the note which is reproduced on page 458.

The permission given me by Raoul Rigault to see the Archbishop, which has been referred to, having been annulled by a general order to revoke all permissions given to anybody to see any prisoners, I was obliged to procure another special permit for this purpose. On the 18th of May, therefore, I sent my private secretary to Raoul Rigault to obtain such permit. He reported to me that he found Rigault very much in-

disposed to give what I desired; but he insisted so strongly that Rigault finally sat down and, with his own hand, wrote a permission, a fac-simile of which is given on page 466.

This is a cynical and characteristic document, and there are no words wasted. Mr. McKean was my private secretary. I was not designated as Minister of the United States, but styled "Citizen Washburne," and the Archbishop is simply described as the "prisoner (*détenu*) Darboy." The first use I made of the permit was on the 21st of May, as will be seen by the indorsement of the date made by the guardian of the prison. ("Seen May 21, 1871.") The permit, of course, enabled me to enter freely. I no sooner got inside than I saw that there was a great change in affairs. The old guardians, whom I had often seen there, were not present, but all were new men, and apparently of the worst character, who seemed displeased to see me. They were a little drunk, and were disputing each other's authority. I asked to see the Archbishop, and expected to be permitted to enter his cell as I had hitherto. This request was somewhat curtly refused, and they then brought the unfortunate man out of his cell into the corridor, to talk with me in their presence. The interview was therefore, to me, very unsatisfactory, both from the surroundings and from the condition of distress in which the Archbishop seemed to be. It was impossible to talk with him freely, and I limited myself to saying that, while I regretted that I had nothing encouraging to communicate to him, I had taken pleasure in calling to see him in order to ascertain the state of his health, and if it would not be possible for me to render him some further personal service. Such was the situation that I thought proper to bring my interview to a speedy close; then it was that for the last time I shook the hand of the Archbishop, and bade him what proved to be a final adieu.

The entry of the troops into Paris on Monday, May 22d, and their advance into the heart of the city during that forenoon, completely cut all the lines between the legation and the prison of Mazas, where the Archbishop had been confined. It was therefore utterly impossible to have any communication with him. When the Communard authorities began to realize their situation, there was no limit to their madness and desperation. They had at this time a very large number of persons held as hostages, and prompt action in respect to them became necessary. The leading spirits of the expiring Commune united in council to decide upon their fate. That, indeed, had been practically decided on before, but it was now necessary to carry out the foregone determination. Without any consideration of the matter whatever, a decision was soon reached that the hostages should be put to death.

I never knew exactly for what reason it was determined by those who formed the council that the hostages should be transferred from the prison of Mazas to the prison of La Roquette. In the evening of the 22d this removal of the prisoners took place. The prison-carriages were called and stationed in the court of Mazas. The victims were brought out and ordered to take their places in the carriages. News had spread in the neighborhood that the prisoners were to be transferred, and an immense crowd of men, women, and children soon gathered and surrounded the carriages, and commenced to heap upon the victims the most shameful insults. The passage from the one prison to the other was a long and painful one. The carriages all went at a walk, and by a long route, in order to take the prisoners through that part of the city most densely populated by the Communards. They did not reach La Roquette until eight o'clock in the evening, and it was a long time before cells were assigned to them.

The particulars of what followed I learned later, when, on June 2d, after the downfall of the Commune, I visited the prison.

The change in Paris in the two or three days before that date had been marvellous. Though ingress and egress were difficult, the city was alive with people. The smouldering fires had been extinguished and the tottering walls had been torn down. The barricades had been everywhere in incredible numbers

and strength. They were on the boulevards, on the avenues, and on the by-streets, and now they had nearly all disappeared. Every afternoon I had taken a ride through those parts of the city where there had been the most fighting, and it was on the afternoon of June 2d, when making my last round, going to Belleville, Père Lachaise, La Villette, Place de la Bastille, etc., that I went to La Roquette in order to get information in regard to the last hours of the Archbishop. Everything relating to the fate of that illustrious man excited within me the deepest interest. By the courtesy of the officer in charge, who was one of the old guardians of the prison, I was shown into the cell which the Archbishop had occupied from the time he was brought from Mazas to the moment that he was taken out to be shot.



The Abbé Deguerry.

The cell was even smaller than the one he occupied at Mazas, but it was higher up, better lighted, and more cheerful. There was a small chair, a little table, and a few loose things lying upon the table which had evidently been left there by the Archbishop. These little trifles were of no value except as souvenirs, and the guardian was kind enough to permit me to take some of them.

The days of Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23d and 24th of May, were anxious days at La Roquette, but there were no very striking incidents. About six o'clock on Wednesday evening a detachment of forty of the National Guard, belonging to the "Vengeurs de la République," as they were called, arrived at the prison, with a captain, first and second lieutenants, a commissaire of police, and two civil delegates. They all wore bright-red scarfs. Entering the office of the jailer, these civil delegates demanded of the director of the prison the release of the hostages, saying that they were commanded to shoot them. The director at first refused to deliver up the prisoners, saying that he would not consent to such a massacre of men confided to his care without more formal orders. A long dispute thereupon arose, which finally ended by the director's giving consent to deliver up six victims who had been especially designated. The men awaited the decision impatiently in the court, and as soon as the delegates had got the consent of the director to give up the prisoners they all mounted the staircase pell-mell to the first story, where the hostages were then confined.

In the presence of such a contemplated crime a silence came over these assassins, who awaited the call of the names of the victims. The names of the six martyrs were called. The President Bonjean, occupying cell No. 1, was the first; the Abbé Deguerry, occuping cell No. 4, was the second; and the last called was Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, who occupied cell No. 23. The doors of the cells were then

opened by the officer of the prison, and the victims were all ordered to leave. They descended, going to the foot of the staircase, where they embraced each other, and had a few words, the last on earth. Never was there a more mournful cortége, nor one calculated to awaken sadder emotions. Monseigneur Darboy, though weak and enfeebled by disease, gave his arm to Chief Justice Bonjean, and the venerable man, so well known in all Paris, Abbé Deguerry, leaned upon the arms of the two priests. A good many straggling National Guards and others had gathered around the door of the prison as the victims went out, and they heaped upon them the vilest epithets, to an extent that aroused the indignation of a sub-lieutenant, who commanded silence, saying to them, "that which comes to these persons to-day, who knows but what the same will come to us to-morrow?" And a man in a blouse added, "men who go to meet death ought not to be insulted; none but cowards will insult the unfortunate." When they arrived in the court of La Roquette, darkness had already come on, and it was necessary to get lanterns to conduct the victims between the high walls which surrounded the court. Nothing shook the firmness of these men when they were thus marched to assassination. The Archbishop was the coolest and firmest, because the greatest. He shook each one by the hand and gave him his last benediction. When they arrived at the place where they were to be shot, the victims were all placed against the walls which enclosed the sombre edifice of the prison of La Roquette. The Archbishop was placed at the head of the line, and the fiends who murdered him scratched with their knives a cross upon the stone in the wall at the very place where his head must have touched it at the moment they fired their fatal shots. He did not fall at the first volley, but stood erect, calm, and immovable, and before the other discharges came which launched him into eternity, he crossed himself three times upon his forehead. The other victims all fell together. The marks of the bullets after they had passed through their bodies were distinctly visible. The Archbishop was afterward mutilated and his abdomen cut open. All the bodies were then put into a cart and removed to Père Lachaise, which was but a few squares off, where they were thrown into a common ditch, (from which, however, they were happily rescued before decomposition had taken place.)

On returning from La Roquette I came by the Palace of the Archbishop, where his body was lying in state. He was so changed that I hardly knew him. Great numbers of the good people of Paris were passing through the palace, to look for the last time upon him who was so endeared to them by his benevolent acts, his kindly disposition, and his consideration for the poor and the

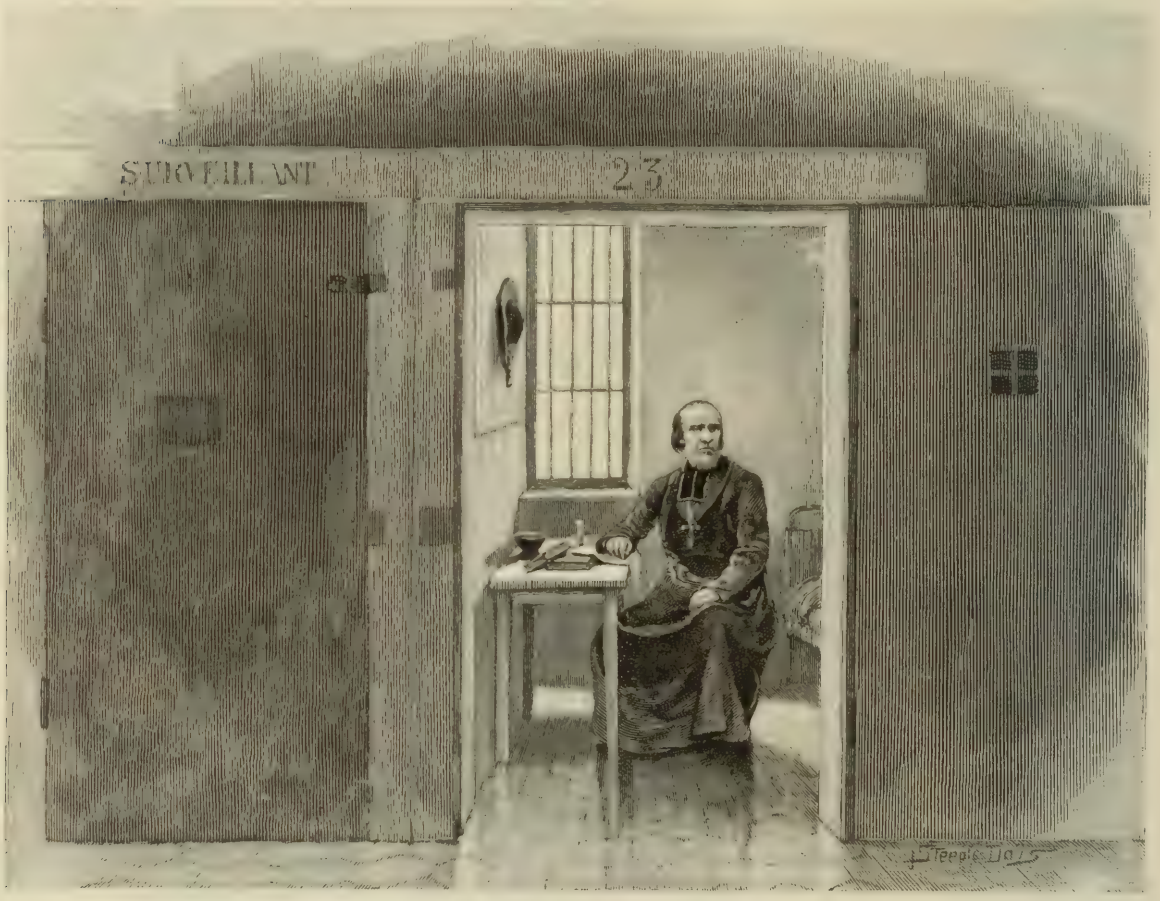


President Bonjean.

lowly. In all the six or seven interviews I had with him in prison, except the last, I always found him cheerful, and sometimes even gay, and never uttering a word of complaint. No man could be with him without being captivated by his cheerful disposition, his Christian spirit, and interesting conversation. He was learned, accomplished, and eloquent; and, above all, he was good. In his religious and political sentiments he was most liberal. He met his fate with the firmness of a Christian martyr, and anyone who knew him could not but join in a tribute of sincere mourning. For myself, I can never think of him without being overwhelmed with emotions that I am scarcely able to express.

His funeral, and that of the other victims massacred with him, took place at the church of Notre Dame, in Paris, June 7, 1871. The National Assembly, at Versailles, worthily interpreting the sentiments of all France, decided that the interment should take place at the expense of the public treasury. Great preparations were made for the funeral ceremonies, and it was one of the most emotional and imposing funeral services that I ever attended.

After the executions just described the prison of La Roquette was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary incidents connected with the Commune; and when the guardian had shown me everything connected with the last hours of the hostages, he said he wanted to show me that portion of the prison where had taken place a most terrible struggle between the National Guard and some prisoners whom it had been determined by the Commune authorities to murder. On Friday, May 26th, thirty-eight gendarmes and sixteen priests were conducted from La Roquette to Père Lachaise and there shot. The next day, May 27th, as the Versailles troops approached nearer and nearer the Commune, the Committee of Public Safety, which had sought La Roquette as a place



Archbishop Darboy in his Cell in La Roquette.
(The cell and surroundings from a photograph made later.)

of refuge, issued an order to shoot in cold blood all the priests, soldiers, and Sergents de Ville who were still in the prison. These fiends installed themselves in the office of the register of the prison for the purpose of seeing their orders carried out. On the afternoon of the 25th of May everything was got ready for this promiscuous assassination. One of the jailers, M. Pinet, who had observed all that was going on, and had been advised of what was to take place, determined, if possible, to save the prisoners, even at the sacrifice of his own life. Just before the order was to be given for them to be taken down into the court, he rushed in and opened all their cells and told the prisoners that it had been determined to murder them, and charged each one to arm himself with whatever he could get into his hands for the purpose of defence.

The guardian took me into the room where a fearful contest had then taken place. The prisoners had fastened the doors, and built barricades inside, behind which they could defend themselves when attacked. Mattresses had been put up, but these were set on fire for the purpose of suffocating the men behind them. The whole place presented to me the most extraordinary appearance. Every possible effort was made by the Communards to capture the prisoners, who defended themselves with the energy of despair; and this desperate attack continued for four days. Finding that they could not capture them by force, they then resorted to seduction, assuring them that they were there simply for the purpose of restoring the prisoners to liberty. Unfortunately, some priests and soldiers who were prisoners allowed themselves to be deceived by these wretches and were persuaded to leave their defences, expecting to be placed at liberty. No sooner, however, were they outside than they were all seized and shot.

The night of Saturday, the 27th, in the prison was one of the most extraordinary and horrible that could be conceived of. The prison was surrounded by howling crowds uttering menacing cries, and as the prisoners began to see some chance of escape, they grew more determined in their defence. At last, at daybreak, on Sunday, May 28th, there came to the besieged victims the sound of the musketry-firing of the Versailles troops, and at half-past five in the morning the barricade opposite the prison was carried by a vigorous attack of the infantry of marine which then took possession of the building. The assassins, who for some time had been on the look-out for the advance of the Versailles troops, prepared themselves for their escape. Unfortunately, too many of them got away. There were ten ecclesiastics, forty Sergents de Ville, and eighty-two soldiers of the line who were restored to liberty after four days of combat and of cruel agony which it is almost impossible to describe.

On the afternoon of May 28, 1871, M. Thiers, Chief of the Executive Power, issued a proclamation, announcing the successful operations in Paris, and complimenting the army for the bravery that had been displayed.

On the same day Marshal MacMahon issued the following proclamation: "Inhabitants of Paris: The army of France came to save you; Paris is delivered; our soldiers carried, at four o'clock, the last positions occupied by the insurgents. To-day the struggle is finished. Our labor and security will now revive."

Later there was also published the following order:

"Soldiers and Sailors: Your courage and devotion have triumphed over all obstacles. After a siege of two months, and after a battle of eight days in the streets, Paris is delivered. In tearing this City from the hands of the wretches who projected burning it to ashes, you have preserved it from ruin; you have given it back to France. The entire country applauds the success of your patriotic efforts, and the National Assembly, by which it is represented, has accorded you the recompense most worthy of you."

Never was so completely demonstrated the vitality and energy of the French people as immediately after the suppression of the insurrection in Paris. The disastrous termination of the war with Germany, followed by the Com-

mune of Paris, was enough to have crushed almost any people. All measures suggested for restoring order were seconded, with an almost inconceivable energy, by the people at large.

Outside of the brigand National Guard, and of the immense insurrectionary population of the city, there was unbounded joy everywhere when the city was delivered from the monstrous oppression of the insurrectionists, which for ten weeks had held the people in terror—murdering, robbing, imprisoning, and making life one continual torment. Then came the reaction; when the orderly and peaceful citizens, relieved from the shocking tyranny of the Commune, began to get the upper hand, they were inspired, as is natural to suppose, with a degree of rage which was almost impossible to control. No sooner was the city captured than the work was begun of arresting the thousands of criminals, of every description, who had so long made the beautiful city a pandemonium. In the most insurrectionary parts of the town the people were arrested *en masse* by the military, and often the innocent included with the guilty. It would take too long to recount all the frightful incidents which followed the capture. There were no less than fifty thousand insurgents arrested; how many were summarily executed will never be known. Great numbers were condemned to death, and shot, and still larger numbers were sent to prison for life; but the great mass of them were deported to the French possessions of New Caledonia. The most of them were pardoned before many years

CABINET
DU
Procureur de la Commune.

COMMUNE DE PARIS.

Paris, le 28 mai 1871

Le Directeur de Mazas
donnera communication aux citoyens
Washburne et Mackean avec le
détenu Darboy
Permanent
Le procureur de la Commune
Raoul Rigault

Vu: le 28 Mai 71.

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
COMMUNE DE PARIS
PROCUREUR DE LA COMMUNE

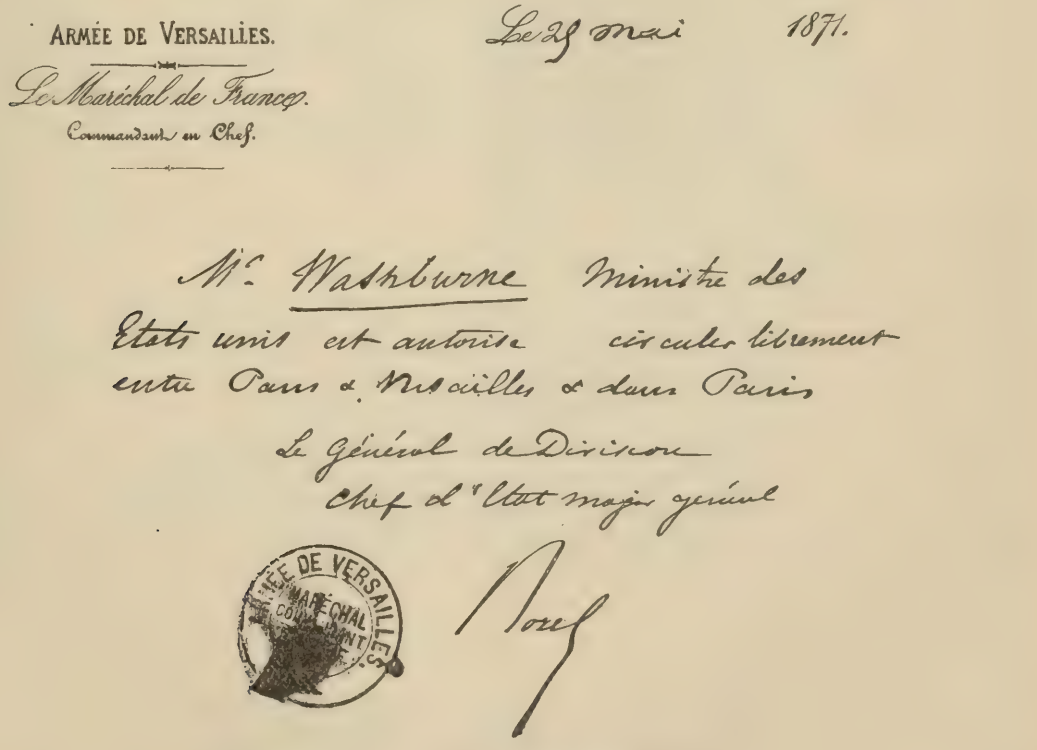
Rigault's Pass.

and many of them are now back in Paris. Not to speak of the immense sacrifice of human life in suppressing the Commune, and all the horrors of the deportation of such a mass of people, the money-loss of property in Paris was estimated at two hundred millions of dollars; but this is really small as compared with other losses which cannot be measured by money, such as the Hôtel de Ville, the Ministry of Finance, the Tuileries, the Legion d'Honneur, the Ministry of War, and many other public buildings, with all their priceless records. But few people are fully aware of the immense proportions which the Paris Commune had taken on before its final suppression. Its military strength was

simply enormous. Cluseret told me of his furnishing rations, at the time he was delegate to the Ministry of War, to one hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers in Paris. And the amount of war material found in possession of the Commune at the time of its collapse was prodigious. There were 548,000 guns, of different models, with sabre bayonets ; 56,000 cavalry sabres, of every form and description; 14,000 Enfield rifles ; 39,000 revolvers ; making a total of nearly 700,000 weapons of every kind taken from the hands of the Communards. Independently of the vast amount of this particular material, the military authorities of the Commune had 1,700 pieces of cannon and mitrailleuses, which they had robbed from the city and which they had used with such terrible effect. But what must ever excite amazement is the knowledge of the vast number of the people in Paris at this time who not only were in sympathy with the Commune, but who abetted and sustained it in its career of crime and blood. The minority, embracing the better class of Paris, was completely cowed and subdued by this vast insurrectionary mass of population.

The losses of the Versailles troops in recapturing Paris amounted to eighty-three officers killed, and four hundred and thirty wounded ; less than one thousand soldiers were killed, but the number of wounded amounted to more than six thousand. The number of missing was insignificant, being less than two hundred.

It would be hardly practicable to attempt to give any details of the loss of public buildings, monuments, churches, and houses damaged and destroyed from May 24 to 29, 1871. Besides the Palace of the Tuileries, the Louvre Museum, the Palais Royal, the Palace of the Legion d'Hônneur, the Council of State, the Court of Exchequer, the Ministry of Finance, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palace of Justice, the Prefecture of Police, the Conciergerie, there were hundreds of other buildings, public and private, which are only superficially known to the public.



Mr. Washburne's Pass between Versailles and Paris.

THE QUIET PILGRIM.

By Edith M. Thomas.

What shall I say ? He hath both spoken unto me and Himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.—ISAIAH XXXVIII. 15.

WHEN on my soul in nakedness
His swift, avertless hand did press,
Then I stood still, nor cried aloud,
Nor murmured low in ashes bowed;
And, since my woe is utterless,
To supreme Quiet I am vowed:
Afar from me be moan and tears—
I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso my quick, light-sandalled feet
Bring me where Joys and Pleasures meet,
I mingle with their throng at will;
They know me not an alien still,
Since neither words nor ways unsweet
Of storèd bitterness I spill:
Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears—
For I go softly all my years.

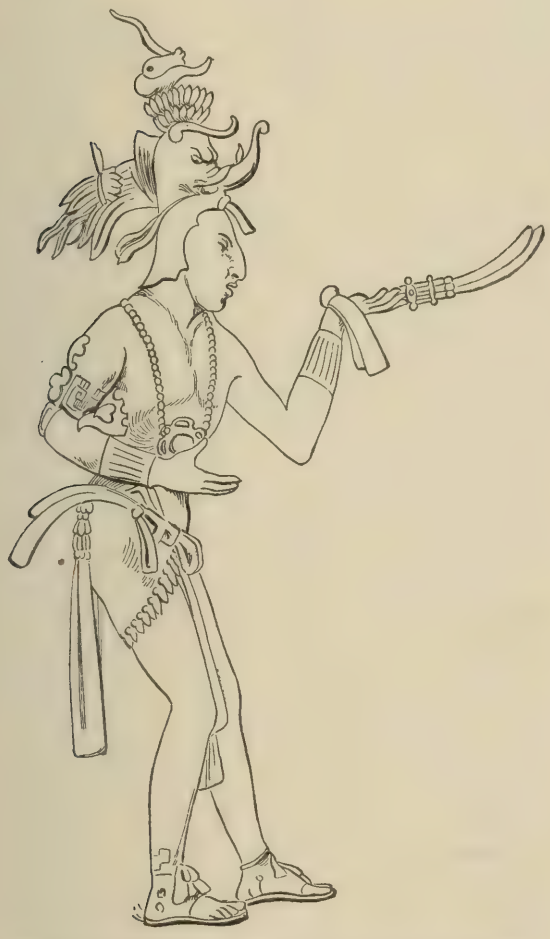
Whenso I come where Griefs convene,
And in my ear their voice is keen,
They know me not, as on I glide,
That with Arch-Sorrow I abide.
They haggard are, and droop'd of mien,
And round their brows have cypress tied:
Such shows I leave to light Grief's peers—
I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly! heart of hearts unknown.
Silence hath speech that passeth moan,
More piercing-keen than breathèd cries
To such as heed, made sorrow-wise.
But save this voice without a tone,
That runs before me to the skies,
And rings above thy ringing spheres,
Lord, I go softly all my years!

AMERICAN ELEPHANT MYTHS.

By W. B. Scott.

Although it is now a well-known fact that the earth was formerly inhabited by many races of animals which have entirely disappeared, it is only within



Priest with Elephant Head-dress Palenque (Waldeck).

the last century that the notion of *extinct* animals has been accepted even by scientific men. The attempts which before that were made to explain the presence of huge bones and teeth in the soil of Europe, America, and Northern Asia, seem very amusing when read by the light of our present knowledge. The range of conjecture was, however, a limited one, and it is interesting to observe the strong likeness of the theories constructed by the sages of Greece and Rome, India and China, mediæval and modern Europe, to the myths and traditions found among the savages of Siberia and the two Americas. The giants, dragons, and griffins and other monsters which abound in the folk-lore of all nations, may often be distinctly traced to conjectures as to the bones of extinct elephants.

The attention of Greek and Roman naturalists was early drawn to the tusks and bones of fossil elephants, which are so abundant in the soil of Europe, from which they constructed vast giants. Thus we have the bones of Orestes dug up at Tegea by the Spartans, the skeleton of Antæus in Mauritania, that of Ajax in Asia Minor, a giant forty-six cubits high found in Crete, and a host of others. Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, and Philostratus give much space to descriptions of these monsters. Even the Christian fathers did not disdain to make use of these tales. St. Augustine, in proof of the greater stature of the Antediluvians, says: "I myself, along with some others, saw on the shore at Utica a man's molar tooth of such a size that, if it were cut down into teeth such as we have, a hundred, I fancy, could have been made out of it."

Mediæval literature abounds in giants. A monstrous one was found in England in 1171; the bones of Polyphemus were dug up in Sicily, and from time to time such remains were discovered all over Europe, and as the finders always knew the particular individual to whom the bones belonged, many duly labelled were hung up in the churches. Thus an elephant's shoulder-blade did duty for St. Christopher in a Venetian church, and the bones of Teutobocchus, king of the Teutons (now known to be a mastodon's skeleton), were, according to Mazuya, found in a brick tomb bearing the inscription, "Teutobocchus rex." Felix Plater's famous giant, which still figures in the arms of Lucerne, arose from some elephant remains found in 1577. A large elephant's tooth was sent from Constantinople to Vienna and offered to the emperor for two thousand thalers. The discoverers pretended to have found it

in a subterranean chamber at Jerusalem which bore the Chaldean inscription: "Here lies the giant Og." But this was too great a strain on the faith of a very credulous age, and the emperor declined to purchase because, as Lambecius quaintly says, "The whole thing looked very like an imposition."

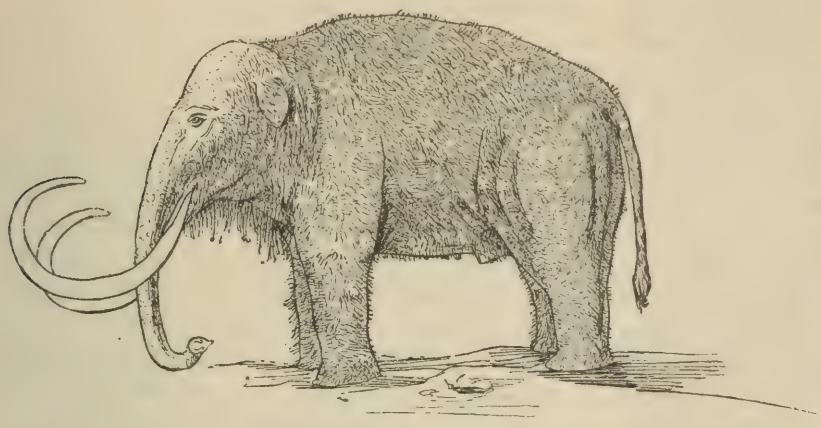
Don Quixote supported his chivalrous beliefs with similar evidence. "In the island of Sicily," he says, "there have been found long bones, and shoulder-bones so huge that their size manifests their owners to have been giants, and as big as great towers; for this truth geometry sets beyond doubt." But the catalogue of mediæval giants would fill a volume, and a very considerable literature on "gigantology" dates from that time. The learned, however, did not always accept these myths. One favorite way of escaping the difficulty was to declare fossil bones and teeth to be mere sports of nature generated in the earth by the "tumultuous movements of terrestrial exhalations," as was held by the famous anatomist of Padua, Falloppio (1550), who even went so far as to consider the remains of Roman art mere natural impressions stamped on the soil. Father Kircher (1680) adopts the same notion, and ridicules the idea of such monstrous giants, adding that he had himself seen these teeth in all stages of manufacture. Swift satirizes this school, whose professors "have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge."

By this time anatomists began to recognize the fact that these great bones and teeth belonged to elephants, and at once a new crop of theories sprang up to account for the new marvel. A prevalent view was that these were the remains of military elephants of the Romans, or of Hannibal, or Alexander the Great. This theory found an ardent advocate in Peter the Great; but, nevertheless, it was found to be insufficient, and that other wonderful solution of all difficulties, Noah's deluge, was called in to account for the anomaly.

The abundance of elephant remains in Siberia had long been known in Europe, as fossil ivory formed an important article of commerce. Isbrand Ides, in his travels from Moscow to China (1692), examined into the matter, and his account is worth quoting: "The heathens of Jakuti, Tungusi, and Ostiaki say that they [the mammoths] continually, or at least by reason of the very hard frost, mostly live under ground, where they go backwards and forward. . . . They further believe that if this animal comes so near the surface as to smell or discern the air, he immediately dies, which, they say, is the reason why so many of them are found on the high banks where they come out of the ground. This is the opinion of the infidels concerning these beasts, which are never seen." Ides states that the Russians, on the other hand, consider the mammoths to be elephants which were drowned in the flood, and Lawrence Lang adds that some believed these to be the behemoth of Job, "the description whereof, they pretend, fits the nature of this beast; . . . those supposed words in particular, *he is caught with his own eyes*, agreeing with the Siberian tradition that the maman beast dies on coming to the light."

The Siberian myths even penetrated to China, as Von Olfers has shown. A Chinese account of a journey to the Caspian in 1712 says: "In the coldest parts of this northern land there is a sort of animal which burrows under the earth, and which dies as soon as it is brought to light or the air. It is of great size, and weighs thirteen thousand pounds. It is by nature not a strong animal, and is therefore not very fierce or dangerous. It is usually found in the mud on the banks of rivers. The Russians usually collect the bones, in order to make cups, dishes, and other small wares of them. The flesh of the animal is of a very cooling sort, and is used as a remedy for fever." Other Chinese versions of the same story are known, and one of the sages, in commenting upon it, remarks that earthquakes are no longer an insoluble problem; the burrowing of the mammoth explains the matter most satisfactorily. In China itself the fossil bones masquerade as the familiar dragon, and some of the dragon bones and teeth figured in Chinese works are plainly the remains of elephants.

Curiously enough, the earliest mention of any American elephant is from the pen of "smattering, chattering, would-be college-president, Cotton Mather" (as Holmes calls him). This is a letter published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1714. The great witch-catcher confirms the scriptural account of antediluvian giants, just as St. Augustine had done before him, by describing elephants' bones and teeth, particularly by a tooth brought to New York in 1705, with a thigh-bone seventeen feet long. "There was another [tooth], near a pound heavier, found near the banks of Hudson's River, about fifty leagues from the sea, a great way below the surface of the earth, where the ground is of a different color and substance from the other ground for seventy-five feet long, which they supposed to be from the rotting of the body to which these bones and teeth did, as he supposes, once belong." Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, wrote of these same bones to Cotton Mather, that he was "perfectly of opinion that the tooth will agree only to a human body, for whom the flood only could prepare a funeral; and, without doubt, he waded as long as he could keep his head above the clouds, but must, at length, be confounded with all other creatures."



Brandt's Restoration of the Mammoth.

The remains of mastodons and elephants are scattered so abundantly over the United States that they very soon attracted the general attention of the settlers, as they had already done in the case of the Indians. The early accounts deal much with the marvellous, the giant theory of Mather and Dudley being the favorite, though the Indian traditions found acceptance with many. The French anatomist, Daubenton, first showed that these were elephants' bones, but William Hunter (in 1767) advanced a theory which has shown an astonishing vitality, being repeated with variations down to a comparatively recent period. Hunter showed to his own complete satisfaction that the mastodon (and he supposed the mammoth to be the same) was not an elephant at all, but a huge carnivorous animal, and concludes: "And if this animal was indeed carnivorous, which I believe cannot be doubted, though we may as philosophers regret it, as men we cannot but thank heaven that its whole generation is probably extinct."

Washington and Jefferson, little as we are accustomed to think of them as men of science, both showed considerable interest in the subject of these curious bones. Robert Annan had a collection of such remains at his house in Central New York, and writes: "His Excellency, General Washington, came to my house to see these relics. He told me he had in his house a grinder, which was found on the Ohio, much resembling these." Jefferson, on the other hand, wrote voluminously on the subject. In his "Notes on Virginia" he breaks a lance with Buffon, who had ventured to cast aspersions on the size of American animals. In speaking of the mastodon, which, like all the writers of his time, he confounds with the mammoth, he says: "That it was not an elephant, I think ascertained by proofs equally decisive. I will not avail myself of the authority of the celebrated anatomist who, from an examination of the form and structure of the tusks, has declared they were essentially different from those of the elephant, because another anatomist, equally celebrated, has declared, on a like examination, that they are precisely the same. But (1) the skeleton of the mammoth bespeaks an animal of five or

six times the cubic volume of the elephant, as M. de Buffon has admitted. (2) The grinders are five times as large, are square, and the grinding surface studded with five or six rows of blunt points, whereas those of the elephant are broad and thin, and the grinding surface flat. (3) I have never heard of an instance, and suppose there has been none, of the grinder of an elephant being found in America. (4) From the known temperature and constitution of the elephant, he could never have existed in those regions where the remains of the mammoth have been found. . . . The centre of the frozen zone may have been their acme of vigor, as that of the torrid is of the elephant. Thus nature seems to have drawn a belt of separation between these two tremendous animals. . . . When the Creator has therefore separated their nature so far as the extent of the scale of animal life will permit, it seems perverse to declare it the same from a partial resemblance of their tusks and bones. . . .

"It may be asked why I insert the mammoth as if it still existed. I ask in return why I should omit it as if it did not exist. Such is the economy of nature that no instance can be produced of her having permitted any one race of her animals to become extinct, of her having formed any link in her great chain so weak as to be broken. . . .

"The northern and western parts of America still remain in their aboriginal state, unexplored by us or by others for us; he may as well exist there now as he did formerly where we find his bones."

This doctrine of the indestructibility of species was an accepted scientific dogma of Jefferson's time, but it pushed him to great extremities when he came later to describe his Megalonyx, which he believed to be a gigantic lion, but which in reality was a huge sloth. To prove that this dreadful creature was still alive, he had recourse to hunters' tales about vast animals whose roarings shook the earth, and which carried off horses like so many sheep. "The movements of nature," he argues, "are in a never-ending circle. The animal species which has once been put into a train of motion is still probably moving in that train. For, if one link in nature's chain might be lost, another and another might be lost, till this whole system of things should evanish by piecemeal."

Amusing and even absurd as all this may seem to us now, it is but justice to say that Jefferson rendered distinguished services to science, by the stimulus which he gave to inquiry and discussion of scientific problems; and the collections of fossil bones which, as President of the United States, he caused to be made in the West, have proved to be of very great value and importance.

It would be tedious to enumerate half the writers who followed Jefferson in discussing the nature of the mammoth. Nearly all of them regarded the creature as a gigantic flesh-eater, and exhausted all the adjectives of the language to describe his fierceness and blood-thirstiness. Some of these savants, not content with nature's handiwork, concocted the most gruesome monsters by putting together bones of many different animals, and then lashed themselves into a frenzy over their own creations. A few specimens will give a sufficient idea of the writings of this school, which make up quite a literature of their own.

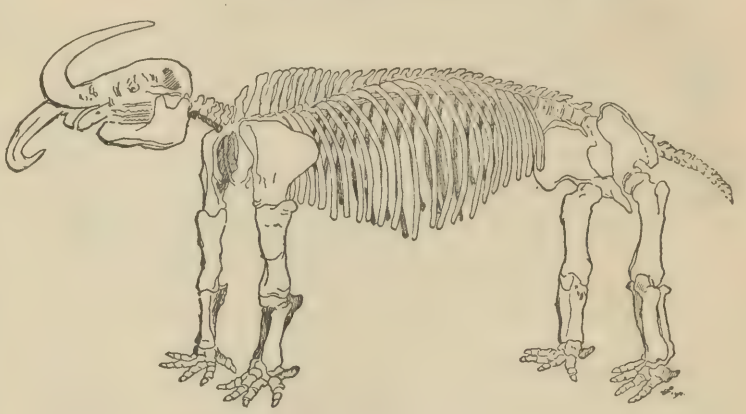
"Now, may we not infer from these facts that nature had allotted to the mammoth the beasts of the forest for his food? How can we otherwise account for the numerous fractures which everywhere mark these strata of bones? May it not be inferred, too, that as the largest and swiftest quadrupeds were appointed for his food, he necessarily was endowed with great strength and activity? That as the immense volume of the creature would unfit him for coursing after his prey through thickets and woods, nature had furnished him with the power of taking it by a mighty leap? That this power of springing to a great distance was requisite to the more effectual concealment of his great bulk, while lying in wait for his prey? The Author of existence is wise and just in all his works; he never confers an appetite without the power to gratify it" (George Turner, 1797).

"With the agility and ferocity of the tiger, with a body of unequalled magnitude and strength, this monster must

have been the terror of the forest and of man. . . . In fine, 'huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the angel of night' must have been this tremendous animal when clothed with flesh and animated with principles of life. . . . From this rapid review of these majestic remains *it must appear that the creature to whom they belonged was nearly sixty feet long and twenty-five feet high"* (Thomas Ashe, 1801).

But all this fine rhetoric was ruthlessly dashed by Cuvier, who early in the present century showed that the dire destroyer was only an extinct elephant. The great lesson which Cuvier taught the world was, that many races of animals were entirely extinct, and that nature's chain of existence had not one, but many missing links. From his recognition of that fact the science of palæontology may be said to date. But the carnivorous nature of the mastodon was too fascinating an absurdity to be so easily killed, and it continued to appear at intervals. As late as 1835 we find a New England medical professor writing as if it were an unquestionable fact. The giant theory lingered still longer, and even yet cannot be considered entirely extinct among the unlearned. The dictum that the superstitions of one age are but the science of preceding ages receives ample confirmation in the history of this subject. Not longer ago than 1846 a mastodon skeleton was exhibited in New Orleans as that of a giant. The cranium was made of raw hide, fantastic wooden teeth were fitted in the jaws, all missing parts were restored after the human model, and the whole raised upon the hind legs. It certainly conveyed the notion of "a hideous, diabolical giant," and was no doubt responsible for many nightmares. As a sad commentary on the state of the medical profession in the Southwest at that time, it may be added that the exhibitor was perfectly honest in his belief, and to support his faith he had a trunk full of physicians' certificates that these were human bones.

In 1840 "Dr." Koch, a German charlatan, created a great sensation by announcing the discovery of the leviathan of Job, which he called the Missourium, from the State where it was found. It



Koch's Missouri Leviathan.

turned out, however, to be nothing but a mastodon preposterously mounted. Koch had added an extra dozen or more joints to the back-bone and ribs to the chest, turned the tusks outward into a semicircle, and converted the animal into an aquatic monster which anchored itself to trees by means of its sickle-shaped tusks and then peacefully slumbered on the bosom of the waves. Like the Siberians, he found interesting confirmations of his views in the book of Job, that refuge of perplexed monster-makers. Koch took his leviathan to London, where it was purchased by the British Museum, and reconverted into a mastodon by Professor Owen, who at once recognized its true nature.

From this time on, discoveries of mastodon bones were so frequently announced that popular interest in the matter gradually died away until it was revived by evidence that these elephants had become extinct since the appearance of man on the continent. This evidence is threefold—geological, traditional, and the proof derived from works of art. In Europe the evidence has been submitted to the most searching examination, and there is no possible room for doubt that, on that continent, the mammoth or hairy elephant coexisted with prehistoric man. Not only are the bones of these animals found in the same

caves and deposits with human bones and implements of human workmanship, but we have a number of unmistakable portraits of the mammoth engraved on ivory and stone. One of these on ivory, from the Madelaine cave in France, is an

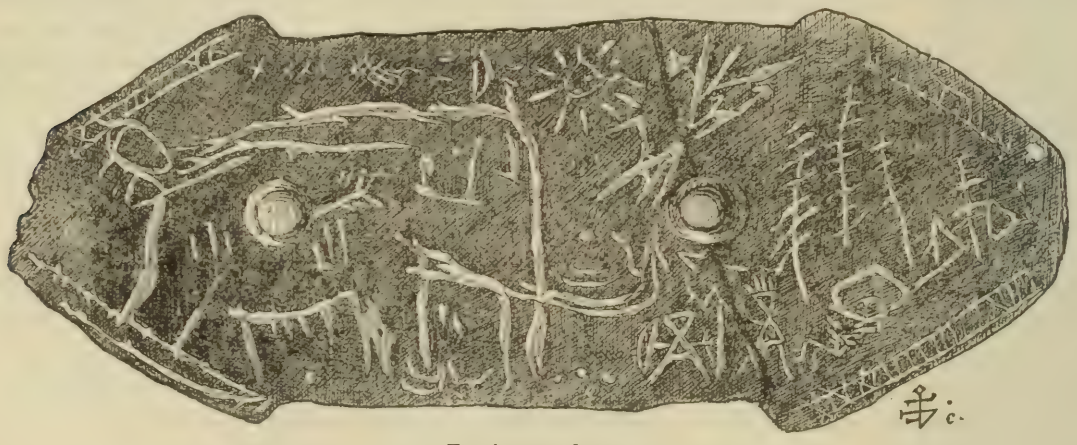


Elephant Carving from La Madelaine Cave, France.

exceedingly spirited and accurate drawing. The prehistoric artist who drew that figure must have been very familiar with the living animal.

In America the evidence was long doubtful, but cannot be considered so any longer. Mastodon bones occur in this country in much more recent deposits than they do in Europe, often covered by only a few inches of soil or peat, and in such a state of preservation as to make it difficult to believe that they are more than a few centuries old. In California human bones and stone implements have been found in the gold-bearing gravels associated with the remains of mastodons, mammoths, and other extinct animals. In Oregon the mastodon bones so abundant near Silver Lake are commingled with flint arrow- and spear-heads; and very recently a human skeleton has been discovered in Mexico embedded in a calcareous deposit which also contained elephant bones. These facts remove all reasonable doubt that man had appeared in America before the disappearance of the elephants. A much more difficult question is to decide what race of men they were. The discoveries in California point to a very high antiquity, as the gold-bearing gravels are covered over with great beds of hard lava which have been completely cut through into cañons by the action of the streams, and the topography of the country materially changed. These processes are slow, and indicate a great lapse of time. In the East there is reason to believe that the antiquity is not so high. In this connection the Indian traditions are of importance.

Longueil, the French traveller, who saw the great skeletons at Big-bone Lick in 1739, mentions the reverence in which the Indians held these, and states that they never removed or disturbed them. Jefferson gives the following tradition of the Delawares, about the "big buffalo:" "That in ancient times, a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone Licks, and commenced a universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians; that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, became so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain on a rock, on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be



The Lenape Stone.

seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereupon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living to this day." Jefferson also quotes the narrative of a Mr. Stanley who was captured by the Indians near the mouth of the Tennessee River and carried westward beyond the Missouri to a place where these great bones were abundant. The Indians declared that the animal to which they belonged was still living in the north, and from their descriptions Stanley inferred it to be an elephant.

Père Charlevoix, a Jesuit missionary, mentions in his history of New France an Indian tradition of a great elk, "beside whom others seem like ants. He has, they say, legs so high that eight feet of snow do not embarrass him; his skin is proof against all sorts of weapons, and he has a sort of arm which comes out of his shoulder, and which he uses as we do ours." As Tyler has remarked, this tradition seems to point to a remembrance of some elephant-like animal, for nothing but observation of the living form could give a savage a notion of the use of an elephant's trunk. Even the perfectly preserved frozen carcasses of Siberia did not give the natives any idea of it, and their myths make no mention of such an organ. An old Sioux who had seen an elephant in a menagerie described it to his friends at home as a beast with two tails, which would certainly be the view suggested to an Indian by the carcass of such an animal.

Still more explicit is a tradition given by Mather of some Ohio Indians, which seems to refer to the mastodon, and according to which these animals were abundant; they fed on the boughs of a species of lime-tree; they did not lie down, but leaned against a tree to sleep. The Indians of Louisiana named one of the streams Carrion-crow Creek, because in the time of their fathers a huge animal had died near this creek, and great numbers of crows flocked to the carcass; a mastodon skeleton was found near the spot indicated by the Indians.

Traditions of a similar import are recorded from the Iroquois, Wyandots, Tuscaroras, and other tribes, and perhaps most interesting of all is a widely spread legend among the tribes of the Northwest British provinces, that their ancestors had built lake-dwellings on piles like those of Switzerland, "to protect themselves against an animal which ravaged the country long, long ago. This, from description, was no doubt the mastodon. I find the tradition identical among the Indians of the Suogualami and Peace Rivers, who have no connection with each other; but in both localities remains of that animal are found abundantly." So suggestive were these Indian tales that on some of the early maps of North America the mammoth is given as an inhabitant of Labrador.

In Mexico and South America we meet with a series of myths which form a curious parallel to those of the Old World. Bernal Diaz del Castillo reports among the Mexicans at the time of the Spanish conquest the existence of legends of giants, founded upon the occurrence of huge bones. The following is related of Tlascalla: "The tradition was also handed down from their forefathers that in ancient times there lived here a race of men and women of immense stature, with heavy bones, and were a very bad and evil-disposed people, whom they had for the most part exterminated by continual war, and the few that were left gradually died away. In order to give us a notion of the huge frame of these people they dragged forth a thigh-bone of one of these giants, which was very strong, and measured the length of a man of good stature. This bone was still entire from the knee to the hip-joint. I measured it by my own person, and found it to be of my own length, although I am a man of considerable height. They showed us many similar pieces of bones, but they were all worm-eaten and decayed; we, however, did not doubt for an instant that this country was once inhabited by giants. Cortes observed that we ought to forward these bones to his Majesty in Spain by the very first opportunity." He also found similar

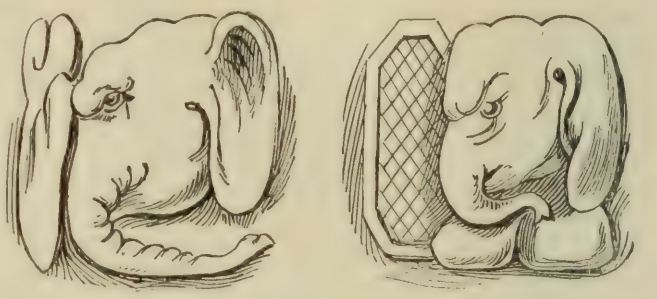
bones placed as offerings in the temple at Cojohuacan, near Mexico.

Humboldt collected similar legends in South America. In Guayaquil the tale of a colony of giants grew out of the mastodon bones which are found there. The finding of such bones near Bogota produced speculations which are a curious repetition of mediæval philosophy. "The Indians imagined that these were giants' bones, while the half-learned sages of the country, who assume the right of explaining everything, gravely asserted that they were mere sports of nature and little worthy of attention."

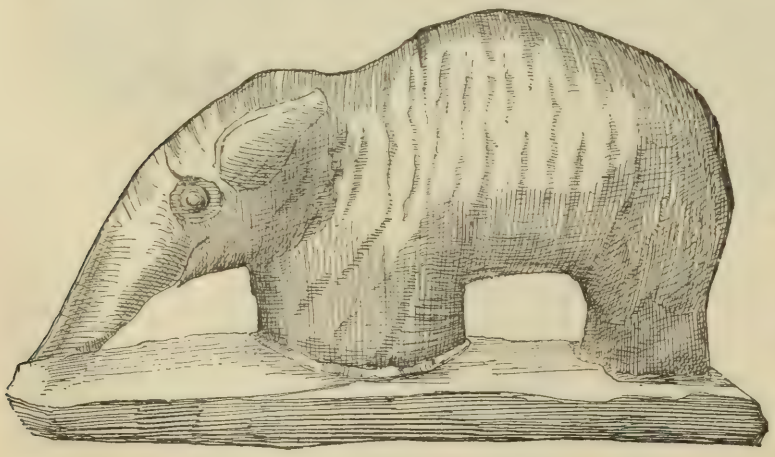
The natives who guided Darwin to some mastodon skeletons on the Parana River had a tradition which is very important as showing how the same myths can arise independently in very widely separated localities. As these bones occurred in the bluffs of the river, the conclusion was reached that the mastodon was a burrowing animal, exactly as the Siberians had inferred from similar evidence in the case of the mammoth. In the pampas, on the other hand, the ever-recurring myth of giants prevails, and such local names as the Field of the Giants, Hill of the Giant, require no comment.

Remains of aboriginal art which point to a knowledge of living elephants are not numerous. None is certainly known of Indian workmanship, as the famous Lenape stone is altogether too questionable to be allowed any weight in the argument. Nor do the Mound Builders seem to have made use of the elephant's form in their pottery or sculptures. The Davenport elephant pipes would seem to remove this difficulty, but very grave doubts have been cast upon their authenticity. There is, however, in Grant County, Wis., a large mound, the shape of which is very suggestive of an elephant, but even here the latest surveys tend to cast doubt upon the elephant theory.

In Mexico there are many indications that elephants were known to the ancient inhabitants. Some of the bas-reliefs of Palenque figured by Waldeck are very strikingly like elephants, and the resemblance can hardly be the result of accident or coincidence. Close to an ancient causeway near Tezcuco, in what may have been the ditch of the road, an entire mastodon skeleton was found, which "bore every appearance of having been coeval with the period when the road was used." Humboldt reproduces a figure from a Mexican manuscript representing a human sacrifice, and says of it: "The disguise of the sacrificing priest presents a remarkable and apparently not accidental resemblance to the Hindoo Ganesa [the elephant-headed god]. . . . Had the peoples of Aztlan derived from Asia some vague notions of the elephant, or, as seems to me much less probable, did their traditions reach back to the time when America was still inhabited by these gigantic animals, whose petrified skeletons are found buried in the marly ground on the very ridge of the Mexican Cordilleras?"



Reliefs from Palenque (Waldeck).



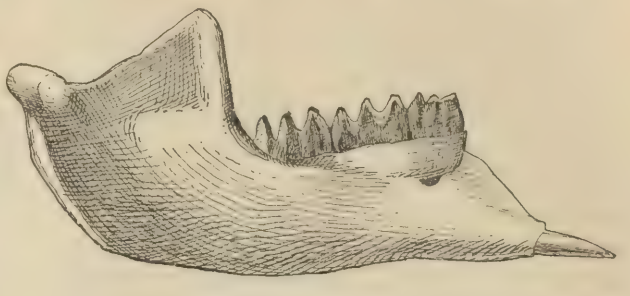
Davenport Elephant Pipe (after Barber).

Taken altogether, the evidence from tradition and art is strongly in favor of the view that the ancestors of

existing American races knew these monstrous animals familiarly. Undoubtedly there is much of fable and absurdity in their legends, but there is something in these tales that is very like truth. The traditions of Europe, Siberia, and South America are plainly derived only from the finding of the bones, and in all the elaborate and often-repeated stories of giants and subterranean monsters we may search in vain for any knowledge of the living animal. The myths of the North American Indians, on the contrary, are irresistibly suggestive of elephants, and, as we have already seen, they convinced some of the early settlers that these animals were still to be found in the north. Traditions from other regions—the burrowers of Siberia, the dragons of China, and the giants of nearly all countries—are plainly nothing but attempts to account for the large bones which occur in the ground; but the Indian legends can be explained in no such way. Other Indian traditions, such as that of the "naked bear," seem to point clearly to the gigantic extinct sloths; and the fact that the mythical animals can be distinguished apart, and referred to appropriate originals in the extinct animals of the continent, speaks strongly for the accuracy of the stories.

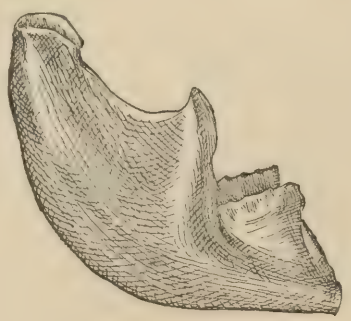
The Mexican sculptures are of less value in this discussion, as there are so many striking correspondences between the ancient Mexican civilization and that of certain Asiatic tribes that, as Humboldt suggests, the form of the elephant may have been derived from Asia. But from the geological evidence this is unlikely. At all events the existence of the giant-myth in Mexico is no argument against a traditional knowledge of the living animals, as the oral tradition of the latter may well coexist with the conjectures about huge bones, resulting in tales of giants. Elephants are certainly familiar enough objects in India, and yet even there the petrified elephant bones of the Sivalik Hills are called by the natives giants' bones, belonging to the slain Rakis, the gigantic Rakshasas of Hindoo mythology.

Altogether, then, the testimony—geological, archæological, and traditional—goes to show that not very many centuries ago elephants were an important element in American life.



Lower Jaw of Mastodon.

Now, what manner of beasts were these American elephants? At least two species, the mammoth and the mastodon, and perhaps others, occurred on this continent after the ice of the glacial period had melted and a more temperate climate again prevailed. The mastodon differed from other elephants in the shape and structure of the grinding teeth, and in the fact that the males possessed a small tusk in the lower jaw. The animal was of a comparatively low stature, averaging less than that of the living species of India; but the body was long and the limbs very massive; there may have been a hairy coat, but this is very uncertain. The mammoth (whose name is a Siberian word of probably Finnish origin) was a very different type of elephant from the mastodon or either of the existing species, though most like the Indian form. It was of vast size, reaching, in some cases, a height of sixteen feet; the tusks were very long, and spirally curved outward and backward, and the body was thick-



Lower Jaw of Mammoth.

ly covered with hair, which formed three distinct coats. The outer coat was long and coarse; beneath this was a layer

of finer fur, and under this again a dense mass of soft, brownish wool. Both of these animals were adapted to a cold climate, and ranged far beyond the Arctic Circle, though the mastodon is rare in the far north; their food, as we may learn from the still preserved contents of the stomach, was chiefly the tender shoots and cones of the pine and fir.

The frozen carcasses of Siberia are in such a wonderful state of preservation that the mammoth is the best known of all extinct mammals, and the following description, by a Russian engineer who had the good fortune to see one of these giants disentombed by a flood, will serve to give a vivid conception of what the creature was like: "Picture to yourself an elephant, with a body covered with thick fur, about thirteen feet in height and fifteen in length, with tusks eight feet long, colossal limbs, and a tail naked up to the end, which was covered with thick, tufty hair. . . . The whole appearance of the animal was fearfully strange and wild; it had not the shape of our present elephants. . . . Our elephant is an awkward animal; but compared with this mammoth it is an Arabian steed to a coarse, ugly dray-horse. . . . I had the stomach separated and brought on one side. It was well filled, and the contents well preserved and instructive. The principal were the young shoots of the fir and pine; a quantity of young fir-cones, also in a chewed state, were mixed with the moss."



Crown of Mastodon Tooth.

It is very difficult to explain why these gigantic animals should have so completely vanished from the New World within (geologically speaking) such recent times. The agency of primeval man may have had something to do with it, but this cause alone is insufficient. Some unfavorable change, of which we do not yet know the nature, swept away a great population of large American mammals, leaving behind them but sparse and pigmy representatives. The strangest, hugest, and fiercest of these forms have entirely disappeared; a fact over which we may well rejoice, as, from our point of view, the world is a much pleasanter place without them, and we can heartily re-echo Hunter's pious ejaculation, and "thank heaven that the whole generation is extinct."

THE OLD EARTH.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

How will it be there if we find no traces—
There in the Golden Heaven—if we find
No memories of the old Earth left behind,
No visions of familiar forms and faces—
Reminders of old voices and old places?
Yet could we bear it if it should remind?

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIRTEEN MONTHS OF IT.

Growing familiarity with his work did not restore to Seth the lofty conceptions of journalism's duties and delights which he had nourished on the hill-side farm, and which had been so ingloriously dimmed and defaced by his first day's experience.

The tasks set before him, to which he gradually became accustomed, seemed almost as unintellectual and mechanical as the ploughing and planting he had forsaken. The rule of condensation, compression, continually dinned into his ears by his mentors, robbed his labors of all possible charm. To "boil down" columns of narrative into a few lines of bald, cold statement; to chronicle, day after day, in the curtest form, fires, failures, crimes, disasters, deaths, in a wearying chain of uninteresting news notes; to throw remorselessly into the journalistic crucible all the work of imagination, of genius, of deep fine thought, which came into his hands, together with the wordy dross spun out by the swarm of superficial scribblers, and extract from good and bad alike only the meaningless, miserable fact—this was a task against which, in the first weeks of experience, his whole soul revolted.

By the time he had become reconciled to it, and had mastered its tricks, his dream of journalism as the most exalted of all departments of activity seemed to him like some far-away fantasy of childhood.

He not only had failed to draw inspiration from his work; it was already ceasing to interest him. Under pleasanter conditions, he felt that he would have at least liked the proof-reading portion of the daily routine; but the printers were so truculent and hostile, and seemed so predetermined to treat him as their natural enemy, that this was irksome, too. There was no relief to the distasteful monotony in the other branches of his work. Even the agricultural column, which he had promised himself to so vastly improve, yielded no satisfaction. The floating, valueless stuff from which his predecessors had selected their store came so easily and naturally to the scissors that, after a week or two, he abandoned the idea of preparing original matter: it saved time and labor, and nobody seemed to know the difference. These words, in fact, came to describe his mental attitude toward all his work. He had no pride in it. If he escaped curses for badly read proofs, and criticism for missing obvious matters of news, it was enough.

Seth did not arrive at this condition of mind without much inner protest, or without sundry efforts to break through the crust of perfunctory drudgery which was encasing him. At the start he bestowed considerable thought and work upon an effort to brighten and improve, by careful reworking of materials, one of the departments intrusted to him, and, just when he expected praise, Tyler told him to stop it. Then he tried to make his religious column a feature by discarding most of the ancient matter which revolved so drolly in the Obago *Evening Mercury*, and picking out eloquent bits from the sermons of great contemporary preachers; but this elicited denominational protest from certain pious subscribers, and Mr. Workman commanded a return to the old rut.

But *the* cruel humiliation came when Seth took to Mr. Samboye an editorial paragraph he had written with great care. It was a political paragraph, and Seth felt confident that it was exactly in the *Chronicle's* line, and good writing as well. The Editor took it, after regarding the young writer with a stony, half-surprised stare, and read it over slowly. He delivered judgment upon it, in his habitual pomposity of phrases: "This is markedly comprehensive in scope and clarified in expression, Mr. Fairchild." Then, as Seth's heart was warming with a sense of commendation and success,

the Editor calmly tore the manuscript in strips, dropped them in his waste-basket, and turned reflectively to his newspaper.

Seth's breath nearly left him: "Then you can't use it?" he faltered. "I thought it might do for an editorial paragraph."

There was the faintest suggestion of a patronizing smile on Mr. Samboye's broad, ruddy face.

"Oh, I am reminded, Mr. Fairchild," he answered, with bland irrelevance; "pray do not allow Porte to pass again with a small *p*, as you did yesterday in the proof of my Turkish article. It should be capitalized invariably."

The beginner went back to his stall both humiliated and angry. The cool insolence with which he had been reminded that he was a proof-reader, and warned away from thoughts of the editorial page, enraged and depressed him. He passed a bitter hour at his table, looking savagely through the window at the automatic motions of the printer directly opposite, but thinking evil thoughts of Samboye, and cursing the fate which had led him into newspaper work. So uncomfortable did he make himself by these reflections that it required a real effort to throw off their effects when Watts came up-stairs and the two left the office for the day. It was impossible not to relate his grievance.

Tom did not see its tragic side, and refused utterly to concede that Seth ought to be cast down by it.

"That's only Samboye's way," he said, lightly. "He won't let any of the fellows get onto the page, simply because he's afraid they'll outwrite him. He'd rather do it all himself—and he does grind out an immense load of stuff—than encourage any rivals. Besides, he never loses a chance to snub youngsters. Don't let it worry you for a minute. If he sees that it does, he'll only pile it on the thicker. In this business you've got to have a hide on you like the behemoth of Holy Writ, or you'll keep raw all the while."

Seth found some consolation in this view, and more still in Tom's cheery tone. The two young men spent the evening together—at Bismarck's.

This came gradually but naturally to be Seth's habitual evening resort. It represented to him, indeed, all that was friendly and inviting in Tecumseh society. He was able to recall dimly some of the notions of coming social distinction he indulged in the farm days—dreams of a handsome young editor who was in great request in the most refined and luxurious home circles, who said the most charming things to beautiful young ladies at parties and balls, who wavered in his mind between wedding his employer's daughter and taking a share in the paper, or choosing some lowlier but more intellectual maid to wife, and leading with her a halcyon and exaltedly literary career in a cottage—but they were as unreal, as indistinct now as the dreams of night before last. All the social bars seemed drawn against him as a matter of course.

This did not impress him as a hardship, because he was only vaguely conscious of it, at first, and then grew into the habit of regarding it as a thing to be grateful for. Tom Watts pointed out to him frequently the advantage of being a Bohemian, of being free from all the fearsome, undefined routine and responsibility of making calls, of dressing up in the evening, and of dangling supine attendance upon girls and their mammas. This "social racket," the city editor said, might please some people; Dent, for instance, seemed to like it. But for his part it seemed quite the weakest thing a young man could go in for—entirely incompatible with the robust and masculine character demanded in a successful journalist.

This presented itself to Seth as an extremely sound position, and he made it his own so willingly that very soon he began to take credit to himself in his own eyes for having turned a deaf ear to the social siren, and having deliberately rejected the advances of fashionable Tecumseh. He grew really to believe that it was by preference, by a wise resolution to preserve his freedom and individuality, that he remained outside the mysterious, impalpable regions which were labelled in his mind as "Society." On the other hand, there was no nonsense at Bismarck's, or at the other similar beer-halls to which Tom introduced him. One dressed as

one chose, and did as one liked; seven-up or penochle provided just the mental recreation a wearied literary brain demanded; and the fellows one met there were cheerful, companionable young men, who likewise had no nonsense about them, who put on no airs of superiority, and who glided swiftly and jovially through the grades of acquaintanceship to intimacy.

Seth was greatly strengthened in his liking for this refuge from loneliness in a strange city by what he saw of Arthur Dent, whom Watts had prepared him to regard as the embodiment of the other and straitlaced side.

This young man was not at all uncivil, but he was delicate, almost effeminate in frame, wore eye-glasses, dressed with fastidious neatness, never made any jokes or laughed heartily at those of others, and rarely joined the daily lounge and smoke around Tyler's table after the paper had gone to press—and in all these things he grated upon Seth's sensitiveness. He was the one member of the staff whom Mr. Workman seemed to like and whom Mr. Samboye never humiliated publicly by his ponderous ridicule, and these were added grievances. He worked very steadily and carefully, and was said to do a good deal of heavy reading at home, evenings, in addition to the slavish routine of high social duties in which Seth indefinitely understood him to be immersed. His chief tasks were the book reviews, the editing of correspondence, and the preparation of minor editorial paragraphs in a smaller type than Mr. Samboye's. Seth thought that his style, though correct and neat, was thin and emasculated, and he came to associate this with his estimate of the writer, and account for it by his habits and associations—which the further confirmed him in his judgment as to the right way to live.

But there was something more than this. The first few days after his return from his vacation, Dent had tried to be courteous and helpful to the new-comer from the country, in his shy, undemonstrative way, and Seth, despite his preconceived prejudice, had gone a little way on the road to friendship. Then one night, as he and Watts were returning arm-in-arm to their joint lodgings from Bismarck's, a trifle unsteadily perhaps, they had encountered Dent walking with a young lady, and Tom had pleasantly accosted them—at least it seemed pleasantly to Seth—but Dent had not taken it in the right spirit at the time, and had been decidedly cool to Seth ever since. This was so unreasonable that the country boy resented it deeply, and the two barely spoke to each other.

His relations with the others were less strained, but scarcely more valuable in the way of companionship. Mr. Tyler did not seem to care much for his company, and never asked him to go to the "Roast Beef"—a sort of combination of club and saloon where he spent most of his evenings, where poker was the chief amusement and whiskey the principal drink. From all Seth could learn, it was as well for him that he was not invited there. As for Murtagh, all his associations outside the office seemed to be with young men of his own race, who formed a coterie by themselves, and frequented distinctively Irish resorts. Like most other American cities, Tecumseh had its large Irish and German elements, and in nothing were ethnographic lines drawn so clearly as in the matter of amusements. There were enough young Americans holding aloof from both these foreign circles to constitute a small constituency for the "Roast Beef," but a far greater number had developed a liking for the German places of resort, and drank beer and ate cheese and rye bread as if to the manner born. Seth found himself in this class on his first step over the threshold of city life; he enjoyed it, and he saw very little of the others.

The two most important men on the *Chronicle*, Mr. Workman and Mr. Samboye, were far removed from the plane upon which all these Bohemian divisions were traced. They belonged to the Club—the Tuscarora Club. Seth knew where the club-house was—but he felt that this was all he was ever likely to know about it. The first few days in Tecumseh had taught him the hopelessness of his dream of associating with his employer. Socially they were leagues apart at the outset, and if the distance

did not increase as weeks grew into months, at least Seth's perception of it did, which amounted to the same thing.

He did not so readily abandon the idea of being made a companion by Samboye, but at last that vanished too. The Editor held himself very high, and if he occasionally came down off his mountain-top, his return to those heights only served to emphasize their altitude. There were conflicting stories about his salary. Among the lesser lights of the editorial room it was commonly estimated at forty-five dollars a week, but some of the printers had information that it was at least fifty—which fatigued the imagination. Seth himself received nine dollars, which his brother supplemented by five, and he found that he was regarded as doing remarkably well for a beginner. But between this condition and the state of Samboye, with his great income, his fine house on one of the best streets, his influential position in the city, and his luxurious amusements at the Club, an impassable gulf yawned.

There is no pleasure in following further the details of the country boy's new life. He lost sight of his disappointment in the consolations of a phase of city existence which does not show to advantage in polite pages. He did not become vicious or depraved. The relentless treadmill of a daily paper forbade his becoming indolent. By sheer force of contact his mind expanded, too, more than even he suspected. But it was a formless, unprofitable expansion, which did not help him to get out of the rut. He performed his work acceptably—at least he rarely heard any criticisms upon it—lived a trifle ahead of his small income, and ceased to even speculate on the chance of promotion.

When, thirteen months after his advent in Tecumseh, the news came to him from the farm that his father was dying, he obtained leave to go home. Mr. Workman remarked to Mr. Samboye that afternoon :

"I sha'n't mind much if Fairchild doesn't come back."

"Is that so? He seems to get through his work decently and inoffensively enough. He will never set the North River ablaze, of course, but he is civil and all that."

"Yes, but I can't see that there's anything in him. Beside, I don't like his influence on Watts. I'm told you can find them together at Bismarck's every night in the week."

"Of course, that makes it bad," said Mr. Samboye.

Then the proprietor and the editor locked up their desks, went over to the Club, and played pyramid pool till midnight.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK ON THE FARM.

The farm seemed very little like home to Seth, now that he was back once more upon it. He could neither fit himself familiarly into such of the old ways as remained nor altogether appetize the changes which he felt rather than discerned about him.

Of all these alterations his father's disappearance was among the least important. Everybody had grown out of the habit of considering Lemuel as a factor in any question. Nobody missed him now that he was gone, or felt that it was specially incumbent to pretend to do so—nobody save Aunt Sabrina. Those who cared to look closely could see that the old maid was shaken by her weak brother's death, and that, though she said little or nothing about it, an augmented sense of loneliness preyed upon her mind. For the rest, the event imposed a day or two of solemnity, some alterations of dress and demeanor, a sombre journey with a few neighbors to the little burial-plot beyond the orchard—and then things resumed their wonted aspect.

To the young journalist this aspect was strange and curious. The farm had put on a new guise to his eyes. It was as if some mighty hand and brush had painted it all over with bright colors. It was not only that the house had been restored and refurnished, that new spacious buildings replaced the ancient barns, that the fences had been rebuilt, the farm-yard cleaned up and sodded, the old well-curb and reach removed—the

very grass seemed greener, the bending of the boughs more graceful, the charm of sky and foliage and verdure far more apparent. The cattle were plumper and cleaner; there were carriage-horses now, with bright harness and sweeping tails, and a costly black mare for the saddle, fleet as the wind; the food on the table was more uniformly toothsome, and there were now the broad silver-plated forks to which Seth had somewhat laboriously become accustomed in his Tecumseh boarding-house. He admired all these changes, in a way, but somehow he could not feel at home among them. They were attractive, but they were alien to the memories which, in his crowded, bricked-up city solitude, had grown dear to him.

There were droll changes among the hired people. For one thing, they no longer all ate at the table with the family. An exception was made in favor of Milton Squires, who had burst through the overalls chrysalis of hired-manhood, and had become a sort of superintendent. He had not learned to eat with a fork, and he still talked loudly and with boisterous familiarity at the table, reaching for whatever he wanted, and calling the proprietor "Albert," and his aunt "Sabriny." He did not bear his social and industrial promotion meekly. He bullied the inferior hired men—Leander had a colleague now, a rough, tow-headed, burly young fellow named Dana Pillsbury—and snubbed loftily the menials of the kitchen. This former haunt scarcely knew him more, and his rare conversations with Alvira were all distinctly framed in condescension. This was only to be expected, for Milton wore a black suit of store-clothes every day, with a gold-plated watch-chain and a necktie, and met the farmers round about on terms of practical equality. He was reputed to be a careful and capable manager; his wrath was feared at the cheese-factory; his judgment was respected at the corners' store. Naturally, such a man would feel himself above kitchen associations.

Of course this defection evoked deep wrath in Alvira's part of the house, some overflowings of which came to Seth's notice before he had been a day at the farm. Alvira was not specially changed to the young man's eyes—indeed, her sallow, bilious visage, dark, snapping eyes, and furrowed forehead, seemed the most familiar things about the homestead, and her acidulous tones struck a truer note in his chords of memory than did any other sound.

Aunt Sabrina, wrapped as of old in her red-plaid shoulder-shawl, but seemingly less erect and aggressive, spent most of her time in the kitchen, ostentatiously pretending to pay her board by culinary labor. Behind her back Alvira was wont to say to her assistant, a slatternly young slip from the ever-spreading Lawton family tree, that the old lady only hindered the work, and that her room would be better than her company. But when Aunt Sabrina was present, Alvira was customarily civil, sometimes quite friendly. The two were drawn together by community of grievance.

They both hated Isabel, with her citified notions, her forks and napkins, and stuck-up airs generally. It had pleased Aunt Sabrina's mood to regard herself as included in the edict which ordained that servants should eat in the kitchen, and only the sharpest words she had ever heard Albert speak had prevented her acting upon this. She had come to the family table then, but always with an air of protest; and she had a grim pleasure in leaving her napkin unfolded, month after month, and in keeping everybody waiting while she paraded her inability to eat rapidly or satisfactorily with the new-fangled "split spoon."

She and Alvira had a never-failing topic of hostile talk in the new mistress. To judge by their threats, their gibes, and their angry complaints, they were always on the point of leaving the house on her account. So imminent did an outbreak seem to Seth, when he first heard their joint budget of woes and bitter resolves, that he was frightened, but the Lawton girl reassured him. They had talked just like that, she said, every day since she had been there, which would be "a year come August," and she added, scornfully: "They go away? You couldn't chase 'em away with a clothes-pole!"

The two elderly females had another

bond of sympathy, of course, in Milton's affectation of superiority. They debated this continually; though as Sabrina had the most to say about her niece-in-law, with Alvira as a sympathetic commentator, so the hateful apotheosis of the whilom hired-man was recognized to be Alvira's special and personal grievance, in girding at which Sabrina bore only a helping part.

Seth accounted for this by calling up in recollection an old, vague understanding of his youth that Milton was some time going to marry Alvira. He could remember having heard this union spoken of as taken for granted in the family. Doubtless Alvira's present attitude of ugly criticism was due to the fear that Milton's improved prospects would lead him elsewhere. The Lawton girl, indeed, hinted rather broadly to him that there were substantial grounds for Alvira's rage. "I'd tear his eyes out if I was her, and he wouldn't come up to the scratch," she said, "after all that's happened." Seth understood her suggestion, but he didn't believe it. The Lawtons were a low-down race, anyway. He had seen one of the girls at Tecumseh once, a girl who had gone utterly to the bad, and this sister of hers seemed a bold, rude hussy, with a mind prone to mean suspicions.

It was a relief to go back again to the living-room, where Isabel was, and he both verbally and mentally justified her gentle hint that the kitchen was not a good place for young men to spend their time.

"You have no idea," she said, letting her embroidery fall in her lap for the moment, "how ruinous to discipline and to household management generally this country plan of making companions of your servants is. I had to put a complete stop to it, very soon after I came. There would be no living with them otherwise. There's not much comfort in living with them as it is, for your aunt sits out in the kitchen all day long, pretending that she is abused—and encouraging them to think that they are ill-used, too. She makes it very hard for me—harping all the time on my being a Richardson, just as she did with your mother.

"Then, there's Milton. I did not want to make any difference between him and the other hired people, but your brother insisted on it—on having him at the table with us, and treating him like an equal. He is as coarse and rough and horrid as he can be, but it seems that he is very necessary on the farm, and your brother leaves so much to him and relies so much on him that I couldn't help myself. He hasn't got to calling me 'Isabel' yet, but I expect him to begin every day of my life. You can't imagine what an infliction it is to see him eat—or rather, to hear him, for I try not to look."

Isabel took up her work again, and Seth looked at her more closely than he had done before. She sat at the window, with the full summer light on her bright hair and fair, pretty face. Her tone had been melancholy, almost mournful; looking at her, Seth felt that she was not happy, and more—for he had never supposed her to be particularly happy—that she was bitterly disappointed with the result of the farm experiment. She had not said so, however, and he was in doubt whether it would be wise for him to assume it in his conversation.

"Albert seems to thrive on country fare," he said, perhaps unconsciously suggesting in his remark what was turning in his mind—that she herself seemed not to have thrived. The rounded outlines of her chin and throat were not so perfect as he remembered them. She looked thin and tired now, in the strong light, and there was no color to speak of in her face.

"Oh, yes," she said, with that falling inflection which is sister to the sigh, and keeping her eyes bent upon her work, "*he* grows fat. I did not imagine that a man who had always been so active, who was so accustomed to regular office work and intellectual professional pursuits, could fall into idle ways so easily. But it is always a bore to him now when he has to go down to New York at term time. Once or twice he has had a coolness with his partners because he failed to go at all. I shouldn't be surprised if he gave New York up altogether. He talks often of it—of practising at Tecumseh instead. Oh, and that reminds me. You can tell. What relation does Te-

cumseh bear to this place? I know they have some connection in his mind, because he spoke once of the 'pull'—whatever that may mean—being a Tecumseh lawyer would give him here. I know they are not in the same county, for I looked on the map. Whatever it is that would be his purpose in going there, I am curious to learn. You know," she added, with a smile and tone pathetic in their sarcasm, "a wife ought to be interested in whatever concerns her husband."

"They are in the same Congressional district," Seth replied. "There are three counties in the district—Dearborn (where we are now), Jay, which lies east of us, and then Adams, which is a long, narrow county, and runs off south of Dearborn. Tecumseh is away at the extreme southern end of Adams County. Perhaps that is what you have in mind."

"It is what *he* has in mind," she said.

"But how does Albert fill his time here—what does he do?"

"In about equal parts," she made answer, lifting her eyes again, with the light of a little smile in them now, "he reads novels here in the house, and drives about the neighborhood. What time he is not in the easy-chair up-stairs, devouring fiction, he is in his buggy on the road. He won't let me have anybody up from New York, even of the few I know, but he has developed a wonderful taste for striking up acquaintances here. He must by this time know every farmer for twenty miles around. First of all, in buying his stock when he took the farm, he spread his purchases around in the queerest way—getting a cow from this man, a colt from another, a pig here and a bull there. Milton and he went together, and they must have driven two hundred miles, I should think, collecting the various animals.

"I didn't understand it at first, but I begin to now. He wanted to establish relations with as many men here as he could. And the farmers he invites here to dinner—you should see them! Sometimes I think I shall have to leave the table. It's all I can do, often, to be decently civil to them—rough, vulgar men, unwashed and untidy, whom he waylays out on the road and brings in. He thinks I ought to exert myself to make them feel at home, and chat with them about their wives and children, and ugh! call on them and form friendships with them. But I draw the line there. If he enjoys bringing them here, why I can't help it; and if he likes to drive about, and be hail-fellow-well-met with them, that is his own affair. But——"

She stopped, and Seth felt that the silence was eloquent. He began to realize that his pretty sister-in-law was in need of sympathy, and to rank himself, with indignant fervor, on her side.

Annie Fairchild came in. Seth had seen and spoken with her several times, during the period of his father's death and funeral, but hurriedly and in the presence of others. Her appearance now recalled instantly the day of the fishing trip—a soft and pleasant memory, which during his year's exile had at times been truly delicious to him.

The women thought of it too, now, and talked of it, at Seth rather than to him, and with a playful spirit of badinage. As of old, Isabel did most of the talking. Annie had become quite a woman, Seth said to himself, as she took off her hat, tidied her hair before the glass, and laughingly joined in the conversation. She talked very well, too, but she seemed always to think over her words, and there appeared to be in her manner toward him a certain something, intangible, indefinite, which suggested constraint. He could feel, though he could not explain, it.

During his stay in Tecumseh he had seen almost nothing of the other sex. There were often some young women at the boarding-house, but he had not got beyond a speaking acquaintance at the table with any of them, in the few instances where his shyness had permitted even that. His year in a city had improved him in many ways. He could wear good clothes now without awkwardness; he spoke readily among men, and with excellent choice of language; he knew how to joke without leading the laughter himself. But he had had no chance to overcome by usage his diffidence in female company, and he had not been quite at ease in his mind since

Annie came in. She seemed to make a stranger of him.

He thought upon this, and felt piqued at it. He wondered, too, if he was not sitting clumsily in his chair—if it was not impolite in him to cross his legs. Gradually, however, he grew out of his reserve. It dawned upon him that Annie was timorous, nervous, about the impression she was making on him, and that Isabel listened with real respect and deference to what he had to say. He grew bold, and took the lead of the conversation, and the two women followed meekly. It was a delightful sensation. He said to himself: "It is the easiest thing in the world, once you make the plunge. I could talk with women now in the finest drawing-room in the land." He sat back in his chair, and told them some anecdotes about Mr. Samboye, from which somehow they gathered the notion that he was, at the best, co-ordinate in rank with Seth. They were more than ever proud of their relative, who had so rapidly conquered a high and commanding position for himself in that mystic, awesome sphere of journalism. Seth expanded and basked in this admiration.

He had heretofore found the evenings on the farm stupidly tedious. To sit at the big table till bedtime, reading by the light of a single kerosene-lamp, or exchanging dry monosyllables with Albert, offered a dismal contrast to the cheerful street-lamps, the bright store-windows, the noise and gayety and life of the places of evening resort in Tecumseh. But this evening revealed a far more attractive side of country life than he had known before. Annie stayed after tea, and the three played dominoes. Albert seemed somewhat out of sorts, but they did not mind his silence in the least. They chatted gayly over their games, and time flew so merrily and swiftly that Seth was surprised when Annie said she must leave, and he discovered that it was a quarter to ten.

"How pleasantly the evening has passed!" Isabel said, and smiled at him; and Annie answered, "Hasn't it! I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much," and she, too, smiled at him.

The old walk over the fields, down the poplar lane, to see Annie home—how like the old times it seemed! And yet how far away they were! Sometimes in these by-gone walks, as they came up now in Seth's memory, he and Annie had been almost like lovers—not, indeed, in words, but in that magnetic language which the moon inspires. It occurred to neither of them to saunter slowly, now. They walked straight ahead, and there were no "flashes of eloquent silence." Their conversation was all of Isabel.

"Not as happy as she expected?" said Annie, repeating a question of Seth's; "you can't guess how wretched she is! Sometimes it's all she can do to keep from breaking down. I am literally the only person she has to talk to, that she cares about, week in and week out. Albert is away a great deal. I don't think he is much company when he *is* home. She did try, when she first came, to make some acquaintances round about, among the well-to-do farmers' wives. But she couldn't bear them, and they said she was stuck-up, and so *that* came to nothing. She doesn't get on at all with Aunt Sabrina, either. Poor girl! she is so blue at times that my heart aches for her. Of course she wouldn't let you see it. Besides, she has been ever so much more cheerful since you came. I *do* hope you will stay as long as you can—just for *her* sake."

She added this explanation with what sounded to Seth's ear like gratuitous emphasis. The disposition rose swiftly within him to resent this.

"You are very careful," he said, "to have me understand that it's for her sake you want me to stay." Then he felt, even while the sound of his voice was in the air, that he had made a fool of himself.

His cousin did not accept the individual challenge.

"No, of course we are all glad to see you. You know we are. But *she* specially needs company; it's a mercy to her to have somebody to brighten her up a little. Really, I get anxious about her at times. I try to run over as much as I can, but then I have grandmother to tend, you know."

"How is the old lady, by-the-way? And oh—tell me, Annie, what it was

that all at once set her against me so. You remember—the day before we went fishing and Isabel saved my life."

The answer did not come immediately. In the dim star-light Seth could see that his cousin's face was turned away, and he guessed rather than saw that she was agitated.

"I will tell you," she said at last, nervously, "why grandmother—or, no, I will *not* tell you! You have no right to ask. Don't come any farther—I am near enough to the house now. Good-night."

She had hurried away from him. He watched her disappear in the darkness, then turned and walked meditatively home.

He was not so sure as he had been that it was easy to understand women.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. RICHARD ANSDELL.

It was no light task to spend a vacation contentedly on the farm. There were thousands of city people who did it, and seemed to enjoy it, but Seth found it difficult to understand how they contrived to occupy themselves. What work on a farm meant, he knew very well; but the trick of idling in the country was beyond him. It was too hot, in these July days, for driving much, and besides, Albert rarely invited him into the buggy when the grays were brought around to the step. The two brothers saw little of each other, in fact. It was not precisely a coolness, but Albert seemed to have other things on his mind beside fraternal entertainment. The old pastime of fishing, too, failed him. In the renovation of the house his fine pole and tackle had somehow disappeared, and he had no money wherewith to replace them. He had entered upon his vacation unexpectedly, at a time when he happened to be particularly short of cash—and there was something in Albert's manner and tone which rendered it impossible to apply to him, even if pride had not forbidden it.

There was, it is true, the increasing delight of being in Isabel's company, but alongside this delight grew a doubt—a doubt which the young man shrunk from recognizing and debating, but which forced its presence upon his mind, none the less—a doubt whether it was the part of wisdom to encourage too much of a friendship with his sister-in-law. This friendship had already reached a stage where Aunt Sabrina sniffed at its existence, and she hinted dimly to Seth of the perils which lurked in the lures of a citified siren, with an expression of face and a pointedness of emphasis which clearly had a domestic application. There was nothing in this, of course, but the insensate meddlesomeness of a disagreeable old maid, Seth said to himself, but still it annoyed him.

More serious, though, was his suspicion—lying dormant sometimes for days, then suddenly awakened by a curt word or an intent glance—that Albert disliked to see him so much with Isabel. Often this rendered him extremely nervous, for Isabel had no discretion (so the young man put it to himself), and displayed her pleasure in his society, her liking for him, quite as freely in her husband's presence as when they were alone. There was nothing in this, either, only that it made him uneasy. Hence it came about that, just when one set of inclinations most urgently prompted him to stay about the house, another set often prevailed upon him to absent himself. On these occasions he generally walked over to Thessaly and chatted with John.

"John and I have so much to talk about, you know, being both newspaper men," he used to say, with a feeling that he owed an explanation of some sort to Isabel. "And then I can see the daily papers there. That gets to be a necessity with a journalist—as much so as his breakfast."

"I scarcely dare to read a paper now," Isabel once replied. "It drives me nearly mad with longing to get back among people again. I only read heavy things, classic poetry and history—and then, thank Heaven! there is this embroidery."

It was at John's, or rather on the way there, that Seth met one day a man of whom he was in after-life accustomed to

say, "He altered the whole bent of my career." Perhaps this was an exaggerated estimate of the service Richard Ansdell really rendered Seth; but it is so difficult, looking back, to truly define the influence upon our fortunes or minds by any isolated event or acquaintance, and, moreover, gratitude is so wholesome and sweet a thing to contemplate, and the race devotes so much energy to civilizing it out of young breasts, that I have not the heart to insist upon any qualification of Seth's judgment.

Mr. Ansdell, at this time was nearly forty years of age, and looked to be under thirty. He was small, thin-faced, clean-shaven, dark of skin and hair, with full, clear eyes, that by their calmness of expression curiously modified the idea of nervousness which his actions and mode of speech gave forth. He was spending his fortnight's vacation in the vicinity, and he was strolling with his friend the school-teacher, Reuben Tracy, toward the village, when Seth overtook them. Seth and Reuben had been very intimate in the old farm days—and *here* was a young man to the latent influence of whose sobriety of mind and cleanliness of tastes he never fully realized his obligation—but since his return they had not met. After greetings had been exchanged, they walked together to the village, and to the *Banner of Liberty* office.

It was the beginning of the week, and publication day was far enough off to enable John to devote all his time to his visitors. There was an hour or more of talk—on politics, county affairs, the news in the city papers, the humors and trials of conducting a rural newspaper, and so forth. When they rose to go, John put on his hat, and said he would "walk a ways" with them. On the street he held Seth back with a whispered, "Let us keep behind a bit, I want to talk to you." Then he added, when the others were out of hearing:

"I have got some personal things to say, later on. But—first of all—has Albert said anything since to you about the farm?"

"Not a word."

"Well, I have been thinking it all over, trying to see where the crookedness comes in—for I feel it in my bones that there *is* something crooked. But I am not lawyer enough to get onto it. I've had a notion of putting the whole case to Ansdell, who's a mighty bright lawyer, but then, again, it seems to be a sort of family thing that we ought to keep to ourselves. What do you think?—for, after all, it is mostly your affair."

"I can't see that Albert isn't playing fair. It must be pretty nearly as he says—that he has put as much money in the farm as it was worth when he took it. It's true that father's will leaves it to him outright—and that wasn't quite as Albert gave us to understand it should be—but Albert pledges us that our rights in it shall be respected, and it seems to me that that is better than an acknowledged interest in a bankrupt farm would be, which we hadn't the capital to work, and which was worthless without it."

"Perhaps you are right." John paused for a moment, then began again in a graver tone: "There's something else. How are you getting on on the *Chronicle?*"

"Oh, well enough; I get through my work without anybody's finding fault. I suppose that is the best test. A fellow can't do any more."

"That is where you are wrong. 'A fellow' can do a great deal more. And when you went there I, for one, expected you were going to do a deuced sight more. You have been there now—let's see—thirteen months. You are doing what you did when you went there—sawing up miscellany, boiling down news notes, grinding out a lot of departments which the office-boy might do, if his own work weren't more important. In a word, you've just gone onto the threshold, and you've screwed yourself down to the floor there—and from all I hear you are likely to stay there all your life, while other fellows climb over your head to get into the real places."

"From all you *hear?* What do you mean by that—who's been telling you about me?"

"That you sha'n't know, my boy. It is enough that I *have* heard. You haven't fulfilled your promise. I thought

you had the makings of a big man in you; I believed that all you needed was the chance, and you would rise. You were given the chance—put right in on the ground-floor, and there you are, just where you were put. You haven't risen worth a cent."

"What do you expect a fellow to do? Get to be editor-in-chief in thirteen months? What could I do that I haven't done? There have been no vacancies, so no one has climbed over my head. I've done the work I was set to do—and done it well, too. What more can you ask?"

Seth spoke in an aggrieved tone, for this attack seemed as unjust as it had been unexpected.

John replied: "Now keep cool, youngster! Nobody expected you to get to be editor-in-chief in thirteen months, so don't talk nonsense. And I am not blaming you for not getting promotion, when there have been no vacancies. What I do mean, if you want to know, is that you have failed to make a good impression. You are not in the line of promotion. Workman doesn't say to himself, when he thinks of you, 'There's a smart, steady, capable young man on whom we can count, who's able to go as high as we are able to put him.' No! instead of that he says—but no, never mind. I don't want to hurt your feelings."

"Oh, you are mighty considerate, all at once," retorted Seth, angrily. "Go on! Say what you were going to say! What is it that Workman says, since you've been spying on me behind my back?"

"Now you are talking like a fool," said the elder brother, keeping his temper. "I haven't been spying on you. I have only been commenting on facts which have come to my knowledge without seeking, and which were brought to me by one who has your interest at heart. I have only been talking to you as I ought to talk, with the sole idea of benefiting you—helping you. If you don't want to hear me, why I can shut up."

Seth did not reply for a minute or so; then he growled, moodily: "Go ahead! Let's hear it all."

"The 'all' can be said in a few words. You have been wasting your time. I grant that you have done your work well enough to escape blame—but what credit is there in that? a million mechanics do that every day. Instead of improving yourself, elevating and polishing yourself, by good reading, by studying the art of writing, above all by choosing your associates among men who are your superiors, and from whom you can learn, you have settled down in a Dutch beer-saloon, making associates out of the commonest people in town, and having for your particular chum that rattle-headed loafer Tom Watts. Do you suppose Mr. Workman doesn't know this? Do you suppose he likes it, or that it encourages him to hope for your future?"

Seth was silent longer than ever, this time. When he spoke it was to utter something which he instantly regretted: "I haven't been able to gather from your old friends that you were altogether a bigot, yourself, on the subject of beer, when you were my age."

Fortunately, John did not get angry; Seth honestly admired and envied his elder brother's good temper as he heard the reply:

"That's neither here nor there. Perhaps I did a good many things that I want you to avoid. Besides, there was nothing in me. I am good enough as far as I go, but if I had worked on a daily paper till my teeth all fell out I should never have got any higher than I was. With you it is different; you can go up to the head of the class if you are a mind to. But the beer-saloon isn't the way—and Tom Watts isn't the guide."

"He is the only friend I have got. What was I to do? It is easy enough to talk, John, about my knowing good people and all that, but *how?* That is the question. It isn't fair to blame me as you do. All the men like Workman and Samboye—I suppose you mean them—hold themselves miles above me. Do you suppose I've ever seen the inside of their houses or of their club? Not I! You dump a young countryman in a strange city, new at his work, without knowing a solitary soul—and then you complain because he gets lonesome, and makes friends with the only people who show any disposition to be friendly with him. Do you call that fair play?"

"Well, there's something in that," John replied, meditatively. "Some time I'm going to write a leader on the organized indifference of modern city society to what becomes of young men who deserve its good offices, and drift into beer-saloons because they are not forth-coming. It would make the *Banner* immensely solid with orthodox people."

"You wouldn't have wanted me to go to the Young Men's Christian Association, I suppose?"

"No-o, I don't know that I would. I don't know, after all, that you could have done much differently. But you've done enough of it, do you understand? You have served your time; you have taken your diploma. It is time now to quit. And I can put you onto a man now who will help you on the other tack. Do you see Ansdell, ahead there?"

"Yes—is he the man who told you about Workman and me?"

John ignored the question. "Ansdell is one of the cleverest men going; he's head and shoulders over anybody else there is in Tecumseh, or in this part of the State. For you to know him will be a college education in itself. He is more than a big lawyer, he is a student and thinker; more than that, he is a reformer; best of all, he is a man of the world, who has sown more wild-oats than would fill Albert's new bins, and there's not an atom of nonsense about him. He knows about you. We've talked you over together. He understands my idea of what you ought to be, and he can help you more than any other man alive—and what is more, he will."

"It was he who told you about me, wasn't it?" Seth persisted.

"If you will know, it was and it wasn't. All he said was that he had heard Workman speak of you; that he had got the idea from his tone that you were not making the most of your opportunities; that he thought this was a great pity; and that if he could be of any use to you he would be very glad. That is all—and not even your sulkiness can make anything but kindness out of it."

This practically ended the dialogue, for the others had stopped to let the brothers come up, and John shortly after left the party.

The three men had a long stroll back to the hill-side road, with a still longer lounge on the grass under the elms by the bridge. Seth watched and listened to this swarthy, boyish-looking mentor, who had, so to speak, thrust himself upon him, very closely, as was natural. Did he like him? It was hard, he found, to determine. Mr. Ansdell was extremely opinionated. He seemed to have convictions on almost every subject, and he clung to them, defended them, expanded them with almost tearful earnestness. His voice was as strong and powerful as his figure was diminutive; he talked now chiefly about the Tariff, which he denounced with a vibrating intensity of feeling. Seth knew nothing about the Tariff, or next to nothing, but he admired what Ansdell said, mainly because it was said so well. But he grew quite enthusiastic in his indorsement when he heard his editor, Mr. Samboye, used as a typical illustration of the dishonesty with which public men treated that question. After that he felt that it would be easy to make friends with Mr. Ansdell.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEAR ISABEL.

It was the last day but one of Seth's vacation on the farm. He was not sorry, although the last week, by comparison, had been pleasant enough. He had seen a good deal of Mr. Ansdell, who interested him extremely, and who had come for him three or four times for long walks in the fields. He sat now in the living-room, near Isabel, dividing his attention between her and his book—one of Albert's innumerable novels. The desultory conversation mixed itself up with the unfolding work of fiction so persistently that he presently gave over the attempt to read, and drew his chair nearer to his sister-in-law. It was raining outside, and wet weather always made her want to talk. She said:

"Tell me, Seth, if you have noticed any change in Alvira."

"No, I can't say that I have. In fact, she seems to me the one person about the place who has *not* altered a bit."

"See what eyes men have! Why, she has grown ages older. She goes about now muttering to herself like an old, old woman. And the way she looks at one, sometimes—it is enough to give one the chills. I tell Albert often that I am almost afraid to have her in the house."

Seth chuckled audibly, in good-natured derision. "What a mountain out of a mole-hill! Why, Alvira has glared at people that way, with her little black-bead eyes, ever since I was a boy. She doesn't mean anything by it—not the least in the world. The trouble is, Isabel, that you let your imagination run away with you. You are desperately lonesome here, and you amuse yourself by conjuring up all sorts of tragic things. You will have Aunt Sabrina a professional witch next thing you know, and Milton a mystic conspirator, and this plain old clap-boarded farm-house a castle of enchantment."

He had never before assumed even this jocose air of superiority over his blonde sister-in-law, and he closed his sentence in some little trepidation lest she should resent it. But no, she received it with meekness, and only protested mildly against the assumption underneath.

"No, I am sure there is something in it. She is brooding about Milton. Not in any sentimental way, you know, but it used to be understood, I think, that they were to marry, and now he carries himself way above her. Why, I can remember, as long ago as when I visited here that summer, when we were all boys and girls and cousins together, I heard your mother say they would make a match of it some time. But now he avoids the kitchen and her. It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, for me to be speculating in this way about the love-affairs of the servants. But you are driven to it here. You have no idea how grateful one gets to be, here in the country, for the smallest item of human gossip."

Seth was still considering whether it was possible for him, in careful language, to suggest his own—or rather the Lawton girl's—view of the Milton-Alvira affair, when Isabel spoke again:

"Speaking of gossip, there is something I have been tempted half a dozen times to mention to you—something I heard almost every day during the little time that the women round about were calling on me. You will guess what I mean—the talk about you and Annie."

Seth did not immediately answer, and she continued:

"Of course you know, Seth, that I wouldn't speak of it if I thought it would be distasteful to you. But I know it used to be the idea that you two were marked for each other. I have heard ever so much about it since we have lived here. And yet you don't seem to me to be at all like lovers—hardly even like affectionate cousins. I think she has rather avoided the house since you have been here, although that, of course, may be only imagination. She is such a dear, good girl, and I am *so* fond of her, but still I can hardly imagine her as your wife. You don't mind my speaking about it, do you?"

Seth was still at a loss what to say, or, better, how to say it. While she had been speaking, the contrast between the two young women, which had been slumbering in his mind for a year, had risen vividly before him. The smile, half-deprecating, half-inviting, with which she looked this last question at him, as she laid the everlasting embroidery down, and leaned slightly forward for a reply, gave the final touch to his vanishing doubts.

"Mind *your* speaking about it? No, no, Isabel." He scarcely knew his own voice, it was so full of cooing softness. "I am glad you did—for—for who has a better right? No, there is nothing in the gossip. Our people—my mother, her grandmother—had it in mind once, I believe, but Annie and I have never so much as hinted at it between ourselves. Ever since mother's death old Mrs. Warren has, however, taken a deep dislike to me—you remember how she forbade Annie to go with us on that fishing trip—but even without that——"

"Ah, I sha'n't forget that fishing trip," Isabel whispered, still with the tender smile.

"Nor I, you may be very sure." The

caressing tone of his voice sounded natural to him now. "As I was saying, even if we two young people had once thought of the thing, I fancy it would be different now, anyway. *Then*, I was going to be a farmer. *Now*, of course, that is all changed. My career is in the city, in circles where Annie would not be at home. She is a dear, good girl, as you say: nobody knows that better than I do. But you must admit she *is*—what shall I say?—rural. Now that I have got my foot on the ladder, there is no telling how far I may not climb. It would be simply suicide to marry a wife whom I perhaps would have to carry up with me, a dead weight."

The youngster was not in the least conscious of the vicious nonsense he was talking. In the magnetic penumbra of Isabel's presence his words seemed surcharged with wisdom and good feeling. And the young woman, too, who was four years his senior, and who should have known better, never suspected the ridiculous aspect of the sentiments to the expression of which she listened with such sweet-faced sympathy. We *are* such fools upon occasion.

"Besides, there is no reason why I should think of marriage at all, for a long time to come—at least not until I have made my way up in my profession a bit. When the time does come, it will be because I have found my ideal—for I have an ideal, you know, a very exalted one."

He looked at her keenly, blushing as he did so, to discover if she had caught the purport of his words; then he addressed himself, with an absence of verbal awkwardness at which he was himself astonished, to making it more clear.

"I mean, Isabel, that my brother has won a prize which would make anything less valuable seem altogether worthless in my eyes. If there is not another woman in the world like my brother Albert's wife, then I shall never marry."

"Brother Albert's wife" looked up at the speaker for an instant—a glance which seemed to him to be made of smiles, sadness, delight, reproach, and many other unutterable things; then she bent over her work, and he fancied that the pretty fingers trembled a little between the stitches. There was a minute of silence, which seemed a half-hour. At last she spoke:

"Does your brother impress you as being a particularly happy man? I won't ask a similar question about his wife."

Seth found it necessary to stand up to do this subject justice. "No!" he answered. "He doesn't deserve such a wife. But because one man is incapable of appreciating a treasure which he has won, it's no reason why another man shouldn't—shouldn't say to himself, 'I will either marry that kind of woman or I'll marry none.' Now, *is* it, Isabel?"

"Perhaps this wife is not altogether the treasure you think she is," the young woman answered, with the indirection of her sex.

Seth found words entirely inadequate to express his dissent. He could only smile at her, as if the doubt were too preposterous to be even suggested, and walk up and down in front of her.

Still intent upon her work, and with her head inclined so that he saw only a softened angle of face beneath the crown of glowing light-hued hair, she made answer, speaking more slowly than was usual with her, and with frequent pauses:

"I don't think you know all my story, though it is a part of your family's history on both sides. You remember my father—a sporting, horse-racing man of the world, and you know that my mother died when I was a baby. You knew me here, one summer, as a visiting cousin, and we played and quarrelled as children do. Now you know me again as your brother's wife—but that is all. You know nothing of the rest—of how my father, proud about me as he was common in other things, kept me mewed up among governesses and house-keepers in one part of the house, while his flash companions rioted in another part; of how my wretched, chafing girlhood was spent among servants and tutors, with not so much as a glimpse of the world outside, like any Turkish girl; of how, when your brother, because he was a cousin, did become the one friend of my father's who might be invited into the drawing-room, and be introduced

to me, and took a fancy that he would like to marry me, I welcomed even such a chance for emancipation, and almost cried for joy; and of how I woke up afterward—no, this is what you do not know." There was a considerable pause here. "And I do not know why I tell this to you now, except that I want you to understand."

"I *do* understand, Isabel."

As a matter of fact, he did not understand at all, but he thought he did, which, for present purposes, came to the same thing.

"And you can realize," she went on, "how I feel at the thought of staying here the rest of my life—or, even if we go elsewhere—of having my life mapped out for me without any regard to my wishes and aspirations, while you are just pluming your wings for soaring, and can fly as high as you like, with no one to gainsay you. Oh, what it must be to be a man!" She was looking up at him now, with enthusiasm supplanting the repining in her eyes. "And you love your work so, too! You are so clever and capable! You can be anything you like in your profession—and it is impossible that I should ever be anything that I want to be."

A month ago, when he first came to the farm, this calm assumption of his ability to carve whatever part he desired out of the journalistic cake would have fallen upon Seth like cruel and calculated sarcasm. As it was, he winced a little under its exaggeration, but the substance pleased him. He squared his shoulders unconsciously as he answered:

"Well, I am only at the threshold as yet, but if there is any such thing as doing it, I am going to push my way on. It doesn't seem so easy always, when you are right in the thick of the fight, but now, after my rest here, I feel like an eagle refreshed. I am full of new ideas and ambitions. I owe a good deal of it to Ansdell, I suppose. You never saw such a fellow for making everybody believe as he does, and take an exalted view of things, and long to be doing something great. John prescribed him to me as a doctor would some medicine, and I took him more or less under protest, but I feel immensely better already."

Isabel took only a languid interest in the inspiring qualities of this prodigy, and reverted to her own grievance:

"Yes, you will go and conquer your position. I will stay here and count those miserable poplars across the road—did you ever see a more monotonous row?—and work antimacassars for no one to see, and mope my heart out. Why, do you know, I haven't one single correspondent!"

The full enormity of the situation thus revealed was lost upon Seth, who had never written more than half a dozen letters in his life, and did not see why people who did not have to write letters should want to do so. But he said "Indeed!" as compassionately as he could.

"No, not one. I did think you might have taken pity on me; but for all the year that you have been away, I have never heard a word from you."

"I wrote once or twice to Albert," Seth answered, tentatively, to occupy time until he could turn around in his mind the immense suggestion involved in this complaint.

"Yes, and I used to hear at the breakfast-table—'Oh, by-the-way, Aunt Sabrina, Seth sends his love to you and Isabel'—only this and nothing more! What is the good of having a literary man in the family if he doesn't write you long, nice letters?"

The vista which had flashed itself before Seth's mental vision was filled with dazzling light. He could not mask the exultation in his voice as he asked:

"Do you really want me to write to you?"

"You ought not to have waited to be asked," she said, smiling again. "Yes, you shall write me—and long letters too, mind—as often as you like." She added, after a moment's pause, in which both had been turning over the same idea: "You needn't be afraid of writing too often. The bundle from the post-office always comes to me in the morning hours before *he* gets down-stairs. Dana brings it up when he comes back from the cheese-factory, and it never goes into any one's hands but mine. Besides, henceforth I shall watch for it all the more carefully."

Next morning Seth prepared once again to leave the homestead, but this time with a light heart and a gay demeanor. A month's absence had served so to remodel his views of the *Chronicle* that he already felt himself to be a personage of importance in its control. He had been constantly spoken of in the village as "one of the editors" of that journal, and found so much pleasure in the designation that he had come to use it in thinking of himself. He felt himself fired, too, with new enthusiasm and power by his talks with Ansdell, and he believed, not only that he saw where his past errors had lain, but that he knew now the trick of success. Above all, he was to write long letters to Isabel, and receive answers equally long and nice from her, and—this gave him an especial sense of delight—it was all to be a secret between them.

The sun shone brightly, too, after the rain, as if to be in harmony with his mood. Albert was more affable than he had been before, and after breakfast, and while the carriage was being brought around, gave him some cigars for the journey, and a twenty-dollar bill for pocket-money. These were pleasant preludes to a little brotherly conversation.

"I wish you would hurry up and get to have a say on the *Chronicle* as soon as you can, Seth," said the lawyer, holding him by the lapel in fraternal fashion. "You can help me there—help me very materially. I am going to be nominated for Congress in this district next year—don't whisper about it yet, but I've got it solid. I haven't let any grass grow under my feet since I moved here, and they can't beat me in the Convention. But the *Chronicle* can do a good deal in the election, and I look to you for that. I am not going to Washington without knowing my business after I get there. There is a big thing on hand—big for me, big for you too. Good-by now, my boy; I must get up-stairs to my writing. You won't forget!"

No, Seth promised, very cordially and heartily, he would not forget.

When his traps had been piled again into the carriage, and he said good-by to his aunt and to Alvira, no Isabel was to be seen. She had been at breakfast, but had subsequently disappeared. Seth went into the living-room—no one was there. He opened the door to the stairs and called out her name—no answer. As he closed the door again, he heard the faintest tinkle imaginable from a piano-key. He had not thought of the parlor, which was ordinarily unused, but he hastened to it now. Isabel stood at the instrument, her head bowed, her finger still pressing the key. She turned with a dear little exclamation, which might be either of surprise or satisfied expectancy, and held out her hand.

"So you *wouldn't* go, after all, without saying good-by to me!"

"Why, Isabel, you know better!" answered Seth, still very downright for his years. He was actually pained at her having fancied him capable of such a thing, and while he held her hand he looked at her with mild reproach in his eyes.

"Oh, do I?" she answered, rather inconsequently. Then she sighed, and bowed her fair head again. "Have you given it a thought at all—how lonely it will be after you are gone for—for those who are left behind? I can't bear to think of it—I came in here because I couldn't stand and see the horses at the door, and the preparations for your going. It is as if the tomb-door were swinging back on me again. I am foolish, I know"— here the words were much hampered in their flow by incipient sobs —"but if you could realize my position —the awful desolation of it, the—the——" She broke down altogether, and, with the disengaged hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Seth had never seen a young and beautiful woman in tears before, off the stage, but his racial instincts served him in the emergency. He gently took her hand down again, holding them both, now, in his. He told her, again surprising himself by the smoothness and felicity of his words, how delightful she had made his visit, how deeply he prized her sympathy and compassionated her lot, and how the pangs of regret at parting were only solaced by the thought that she had permitted him to write. Then he kissed her—and hurried out to the carriage.

The handsome, high-bitted grays

made short work of the drive to Thessaly station, where John was waiting to have a parting word, so that Seth scarcely had time to collect his thoughts and settle accounts with himself before the train started. Three hours later, when he got off at Tecumseh, he had progressed no further in his work of striking a moral balance than:

"After all, she is my cousin as well as my sister-in-law."

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UPWARD LEAP.

"WHAT man of achievement cannot recall some one short period of his life which seems to transcend in significance and value all the rest of his career—when great things, for which he had only unconsciously waited, came to him without the asking; when the high court of events rendered its sudden, unexpected verdict of success, without costs to him who had never made a plea; when the very stars in their courses seemed to have privily conspired to fight for him? How swift, inexplicable, even amazing it all was! And yet how simple, too! And when the first flush of astonishment—half delight, half diffidence—had passed, how natural it all seemed; how mind and manners and methods all expanded to meet the new requirements; how calmly and as a matter of course the dignity was worn, the increment appropriated the mental retina adapted to the widened focus! How easily, too, he sloughed off his own conviction that it was all pure luck, and accepted the world's kind judgment of deserved success! Who is it that accuses the world, and rails at its hardness of heart? What man among us all, in the hour of honest introspection, does not know that he is rated too high, that he is in debt to the credulity, the generosity, the dear old human tendency to hero-worship, of his fellows?"

This is an extract from a letter which the successful Seth Fairchild wrote a few months ago. Chronologically, it is dated only a couple of years after the occurrences with which we are now concerned—but to him an interval of decades doubtless seemed to separate the periods. Perhaps the modesty of it is a trifle self-conscious, and the rhetoric is of a flamboyant kind which he will never, apparently, outgrow; but at all events it shows a disposition to be fair as between himself and history. The period of great fortune, to which he alludes, is to be glanced at in this present chapter—to be limned, though only in outline, more clearly no doubt than he himself could be trusted to do it. For, though a man have never so fine a talent for self-analysis, you are safe to be swamped if you follow him a step beyond your own depth. In cold fact, Seth could no more tell how it was that, within one short year, he rose from the very humblest post to become editor of the *Chronicle*, than Master Tom here can explain why he has outgrown his last summer's knickerbockers while his twin brother hasn't.

He had been back at his work in Tecumseh only a month when word came to the office one morning that Mr. Tyler could not come—that he had been seriously injured in the havoc wrought by a runaway horse. It was too early for either editor or proprietor to be on the scene, and Arthur Dent at that hour was the visible head of the staff. He and Seth had scarcely spoken to each other for months—in fact, since that disagreeable evening encounter—but he walked over now to our young man's desk and said:

"Mr. Fairchild, you would better take the News to-day. Tyler has been badly hurt."

Marvelling much at the favoritism of the selection, for Dent had not only passed Murtagh over, but had waived his own claims of precedence, Seth changed desks. He got through the work well enough, it appeared, but he mistrusted deeply his ability to hold the place. Mr. Samboye did not seem to approve his promotion, though he said nothing, and the manner in which Mr. Workman looked at him in his new chair seemed distinctly critical.

After the paper had gone to press, and some little routine work against the next morning's start was out of the way, he wavered between idling the re-

maining two hours away among the exchanges or attempting an editorial article for the morrow, such as Mr. Tyler occasionally contributed. His former experience with Mr. Samboye dismayed him a bit, but he concluded to try the editorial experiment again. Some things which Ansdell had said one day on the silver question remained in his mind, and he made them the basis of a half-column article. He was finishing this when the office-boy told him Mr. Workman wished to see him below. He took his silver article with him, vaguely hoping, hardly expecting, to be congratulated on his day's work, and told to keep the desk.

Seth's impressions of his employer were that he was a hard, peremptory man, and he searched his face now for some sign of softness in vain. Mr. Workman motioned him to a seat, and said, abruptly:

"You were on the News desk to-day. Did you take it yourself, or were you sent there?"

"Mr. Dent told me to take it, sir."

"Why didn't he take it himself, or put Murtagh on?"

Seth had it in mind to explain that Murtagh did not come down early enough, but he remembered how strenuous the rules were in the matter of matutinal punctuality, and concluded to say simply that he didn't know. Mr. Workman looked at him for a moment, made some arabesque figures with his pencil on the edge of the blotter, looked at him again, and then said, in a milder tone than Seth had supposed his voice capable of:

"I may as well be candid with you. I have been very much disappointed in you so far. You haven't panned out at all as your brother led me to expect you would."

This was a knock-down blow. Poor Seth could only turn his copy about in his hands and stammer: "I am very sorry. In what way have I failed?"

"It would be hard to tell exactly in what way. I should say it was in a general failure to be the sort of young man I thought you were going to be. You have shown no inclination, for example, to write anything—and yet your brother praised you up to the skies as a writer."

"But what was the good? I did write a long paragraph when I first came here, and handed it in to Mr. Samboye, and he tore it up before my eyes! That would be enough to discourage anybody!"

"Oh, he did that with you, too, did he?" Mr. Workman made more arabesques on his blotter, shading them with great neatness.

Seth thought this was a favorable opportunity to get in his Silver article, and handed it to the proprietor with a word of explanation. Mr. Workman read it over carefully, and laid it aside without a syllable of comment. There was nothing in his face to show whether he liked it or not. He surrounded all his pencilled figures with a wavy border, and said again:

"Then, there are your associations. Before ever you came I was discouraged at the amount of money and time and health my young men were squandering in saloons. It had become a scandal to the town. I get a young man in from the country whose habits are vouched for as perfect, with an idea that he will influence the rest, and lo and behold! he becomes the boss guzzler of the lot!"

"There is a good deal of justice in that, Mr. Workman—or there was. But since I've been back this time it has been changed. I have moved into another boarding-house where I have a room to myself, and I have read at home almost every evening when I was not with Mr. Ansdell. I think I see the folly of that old way as clearly as anyone can."

"Ansdell and I had a long talk about you the other day. It was he who gave me my first idea that there was anything in you. He is something of a crank on certain subjects, but he knows men like a book. I have been saying to myself that if he liked you there must be more in you than I had discovered. If I am right in this, now is your time to show it. It is a toss up, the doctors say this afternoon, whether poor Tyler lives or dies. In any case he won't be about in months. You can keep on at the desk for a while. We'll see how you make it go."

The next afternoon, when the inky

boy brought up the damp first copies from the clanging, roaring region of the press, Seth was transfixed with bewilderment at seeing his article in the position of honor on the editorial page. While he still stared at it, amazed and troubled, Mr. Samboye, with an angry snort, swung around in his chair to face him.

"Is this Silver thing yours?"

"Yes."

"And it is your conception of the ethics of journalism, is it, to sneak leaders into the composing-room without authority?"

"I sneaked nothing in! I gave the copy to Mr. Workman last night. I am as much surprised to see it the leader as you are."

Mr. Samboye rose abruptly, and strode through the room to the stairs. They were rickety at best, and they trembled, the whole floor trembled, under his wrathful and ponderous tread.

The fat-armed foreman, who was in on his eternal quest for copy, had heard this dialogue. He grinned as the Editor slammed the door below, and chuckled out, "He'll get his comb cut now. The boss ordered your thing to be the leader himself."

Mr. Samboye presently returned, with his broad face glowing crimson, and seated himself at his work again in gloomy silence. He made more erasures than usual, and soon gave it up altogether, taking his hat and stick with an impatient gesture, and stamping his way out.

Time went on. The luckless Mr. Tyler died, and Seth became confirmed in his place. He had developed, more strongly, perhaps, than any other one trait, the capacity for system, and he was able to so remodel and expedite the routine work of the News desk that he had a good deal of time for editorial writing. His matter was never again given the place of honor, but it came to be an important and regular feature of the page. He worked hard on the paper—and almost equally hard, by spells, at home evenings. He did drop in at Bismarck's, or some like place, for a few moments now and then, but he was careful to avoid games, or any further intimacy with habitués. Had it not been for Ansdell and Dent, this part of his new regimen would have been well-nigh impossible, for the gregarious instinct was strong in him—as it is in any young man worth his salt—and associations of some sort were as necessary as food to him. He had discovered, long before this, that Dent was an old acquaintance of Ansdell's, and that he, in fact, had told the latter about Seth and his profitless courses, and interested the lawyer in his case.

He had learned, too, that this pale "Young Man Christian," as Watts had called him derisively, had from the first been well-disposed toward him, and when the emergency of Tyler's absence came up, had waived alike his own claims to preferment and his justifiable personal pique, and thrust Seth forward into the place because he felt that he needed some such incentive to make a man of himself. This was very high conduct, and Seth tried hard to like Dent a great deal in return. He never quite succeeded. They were too dissimilar in temperament to ever become close friends. Seth explained it to himself by saying that Dent was too cold and non-emotional. But Dent himself never seemed conscious of anything lacking in their relations, and they were certainly cordial and companionable enough when they met, generally two evenings a week, at Mr. Ansdell's chambers.

Nothing less like the bachelor's den dear to tradition can be imagined. There were no pipes, for the lawyer smoked cigars and nothing else; there was no litter of papers, opened books, pamphlets, scraps, and the like, for he was the soul of order; no tumbled clothes, odd boots, overflowing trunks, etc., for he was the pink of neatness. He used to like to describe himself in the words with which Evelyn paints his father, as "of a thriving, neat, silent, methodical genius," but it was always with a twinkling eye, for surely no man was ever less silent. He was a born talker—nervous, eager, fluent, with a delicate sense of the sound and shading of words, a keen appreciation of all picturesque and salient points, a rare delight in real humor, and, above all, with tremendous capabilities of ear-

nestness. Conceive such a man, if you can—for there will never be another like him—and then endow him in your mind with a marvellous accumulation of knowledge, with convictions upon every conceivable subject, and with nothing short of a passion for enforcing these upon those of whom he was fond—and some idea of the perfect ascendency he gained over Seth will have been obtained.

Mr. Ansdell was neither impeccable nor omniscient. There was much in both his theories and his practice which would not commend itself to the moral statutes of the age; he attempted no defence, being incredulous as to the right of criticism upon personal predilections. But he had a flaming wrath, a consuming, intolerant contempt, for men who were unable to distinguish between private tastes and public duty. On this subject of public duty he was so strenuous, so deeply earnest, that often there seemed but a microscopic line between his attitude and fanaticism. But this zeal had its magnificent uses. Often it swayed, despite themselves, the politicians of his party who had least in common with him, and who disliked him and vaunted their conventional superiority to him even while they were being swept along toward nobler purposes than their own small souls could ever have conceived, in the current of feeling which his devotion had created.

He took complete possession of Seth's mind, and he worked wonders upon it. There is neither room here, nor power, to analyze these achievements. The young man, heretofore through circumstances slow and mechanical, revealed under the inspiration of this contact his true temperament. He became as receptive as a sensitized plate in the camera. He seemed to take in facts, theories, emotions, prejudices, beliefs, through the very pores of his skin. He found himself hating one line of public action, and all its votaries, vividly; he found himself thrilling with violent enthusiasm for another line, and its exponents—such an enthusiasm as exiled men tremble under when they hear the national air of their native land.

He was not always right. Very often, indeed, he did injustice, in his mind, and in the types as well, to really well-meaning men who, after their lights, were just as patriotic as he was. He condemned with undue ferocity where he could not unreservedly praise, and, like most men of three-and-twenty who sit on the tripod of judgment upon their fellow-mortals, he made many mistakes. But his mental and moral advance, despite these limitations, was tremendously swift, and, in the main, substantial. No man ever made the world budge an inch ahead who had not well developed the capacity for indignation at weak and wrong things. This indignant faculty grew and swelled in Seth's nature like a strong vine, spreading upon the tree of his admiration for his ideals.

He had a fair income now—twenty dollars a week—and he lived very well, having a room in a good house, and taking his meals down-town. This was a condition of life which had always commended itself to his imagination, and he revelled now in realizing it. Of course he saved no money. Through Ansdell and others he had made the acquaintance of a number of Tecumseh men of position, and he had been asked a little to their houses, but he had not gone more than once. This single experience did not dismay or humiliate him; he flattered himself that he came out of it with credit. But it did not interest him; it was wofully difficult to talk to the women he met—to know what to say to them. It was the easier to come back from this one excursion to his old Bohemian bachelor notions, and justify them to himself.

The correspondence with Isabel had not been altogether so attractive as he had anticipated. It had its extremely pleasant side, of course, but there were drawbacks. She wrote well, but then most of her writing was about herself, which grew wearisome after a time. It was difficult, too, to find time to answer her letters always when the philandering mood was upon him, and in this matter he found himself curiously the creature of his moods. The routine of daily newspaper toil had rendered him largely independent of them in his ordinary work. He wrote about as well one day as another. But there were seasons when he could not write to Isabel at all. Then he would say to himself that the

need of doing so was a nuisance, and in this frame of mind he would generally end by reproaching himself for even entertaining the idea of a mild flirtation with his brother's wife. Not that there was anything wrong in it, of course ; he was quite clear on this point ; but it was so useless, such a gratuitous outlay of time and talent !

But then next day, perhaps, a good dinner, or a chance glimpse of fresh romance in the exchanges, or some affecting play at the theatre of an evening, would bring back all the glamour of her pretty, tender face, the magic of her eyes, the perfume of her tawny hair. And then he could write, and did write, often with a force of sweet rhetoric, a moving quality of caressing ardor, which it is difficult to distinguish from love-making.

To him these letters did not mean that at all ; they were really abstract reflections of the sentimental side of his nature, which might have been evoked by almost any likable, intelligent woman.

But to the wife on the farm they seemed deeply, deliciously, personal.

(To be continued.)

TEDESCO'S RUBINA.

By F. D. Millet.

Anyone may see among the fragments of antique sculpture in one of the museums of Rome a marble head of a young maiden which has been rudely broken off at the neck. It bears no marks of restoration, and is mounted on the conventional pedestal or support. There is a half-coquettish twinkle in the lines of the mouth and eyes, and a most bewitching expression of innocent youthful happiness about the face, which at once attracts and fascinates the eye of even the most careless observer of these relics of ancient art. The head is gracefully poised and exquisitely proportioned, but is not conventionalized to the degree usual in busts of a similar character. Indeed, notwithstanding its classical aspect, there is a marked individuality of treatment noticeable in its composition, if I may so call the arrangement of the hair and the pose of the head. The features are small and regular, the chin a trifle too delicate, if possible, to complete the full oval suggested by the upper part of the face, and the hair, in which a wreath of ivy is twined, clusters in slender, irregular curls around a low forehead, and is gathered behind in a loose knot. One tress of hair, escaping from the embrace of the ivy-branch, caressingly clings to the neck. On the pedestal is the label :

A Roman Nymph—Fragment.

Visiting the museum one day in company with two artist friends, I pointed this head out to them as we were hastily passing through the room. Like myself, they were enchanted with the fragment, and lingered to sketch it. They were very long in making their sketches, and after they declared them finished, shut their books with a resolute air, walked briskly off, but returned again, one after the other, to take another look. At last I succeeded in dragging them away ; but while we were examining another part of the collection, in an adjoining room, each disappeared in turn, and came back, after a few minutes' absence, with the volunteered excuse that he had found it necessary to put a last touch on his drawing of the attractive fragment. When we left the museum both of my infatuated friends had made arrangements with the custodian to permit a moulder to come and take a cast of the head.

The island of Capri is the most delightful spot in the Mediterranean. Blessed with a fine climate, a comparatively fertile soil, and a contented population, it is one of the best places in which to spend a season that is accessible to the ordinary traveller. In this refuge life does not sparkle, but stagnates. Tired nerves recover their tone in the eventless succession of lazy days. Overtaxed digestion regains its normal strength through the simple diet, the pure air, and the repose of mind and body which is found in this paradise. Of late years the island has become a great resort for artists of all nationalities. Many good studios are to be had there, plenty of trained models of both sexes and all ages are eager to work for trifling wages, living is cheap, rents are by no means exorbitant, and subjects for pictures abound at every step.

A few modern buildings of some pretensions to size and architectural style have been erected within the last twenty or thirty years, but the greater part of the houses on the island, both in the town of Capri and in the village of Anacapri, are very old and exceedingly simple in construction. The streets of the town are narrow and crooked, and twist about in a perfect maze of tufa walls and whitewashed façades, straggling away in all directions from the piazza. The dwellings of the poorer classes are jumbled together along these narrow streets as if space were very valuable. They overhang and even span the roadway at intervals, and frequently the flat roof of one house serves as a loggia, or broad balcony, for the one above it. Small gardens are sometimes cultivated on these housetops, and the bleating of goats and cackling of hens is often heard in the shrubbery there. Not the least among the many attractions of Capri are its historical relics. Ruined Roman villas and palaces abound all over the hills, traces of ancient baths and grottos of the nymphs may be seen along the water's edge, and fragments of Roman architecture are built into every wall and into almost every house. The peculiar geological formation of the island furnishes the excuse for a variety of short and pleasant excursions; for there are numbers of interesting caves, strange rock forms, and grandly picturesque cliffs and cañons within easy reach by sea or by land.

When I was in Capri, there was one remarkably pretty girl among the models, called Lisa. She was only fifteen years old, but, like the usual type of southern maiden, was as fully developed as if she were three or four years older. Her father and mother were dead, and she lived with her great-grandmother in a small house of a single room in a narrow street which ran directly under my bedroom. None of the houses of the quarter where my studio and apartment were situated had glass in the windows, but the interiors were lighted, like those of the ancient Romans, by square holes provided with wooden shutters. From the rude window in my bedroom, and also from the loggia in front of the studio, I could look directly down into the small dwelling below, and at all times of the day could see the old woman knitting in the shadow just inside the open door, and Lisa flitting about busy with the primitive housekeeping. Whenever I wanted the girl to sit for me, I had only to call down and she would come up to the studio. It takes but a few days to become intimately acquainted with the simple-hearted islanders, and in a short time the old woman grew very friendly and communicative; and at my invitation frequently came to sit on the loggia, whence she could look over the sea, toward the south, to watch for returning coral fishermen, or on the other side, to the north and east, where Naples shimmered in the sun and Vesuvius reared its sombre cone. She was not comely to look upon, for she was wrinkled beyond belief, and her parchment-skin was the color of oak-tanned leather. She often said that Lisa was the image of her own family, but I could trace no resemblance between the blooming maid and the withered dame. The chief beauty of the young girl's face, or at least the most remarkable feature of it, was the eyes, which were of a deep-blue gray, almost as brilliant as the rich, dark ones common to the Italian type, but more unique and more charming in contrast with the olive-tinted skin and black hair. The old woman's eyes were as dark as those of the gener-

ality of her race, and apparently but little dimmed by her great age. All over the island she had the reputation of being the oldest inhabitant; but as she could not remember the date of her birth—if, indeed, she ever knew it—and as there had been no records kept at the time she was born, there was no means of proving the truth or the falsity of the tales about her wonderful age. She bore everywhere the peculiar name of La Rubina di Tedesco—Tedesco's Rubina—the significance of which, although it was variously explained by common tradition, had really been forgotten more than a generation before, and was now known only to herself. The islanders are fond of giving nicknames, and I should not have remarked this one among so many others if it had not been for the word Tedesco, which in Italian means German. My curiosity was excited on this account, to discover what the name really meant and why it had been given to her.

In the long summer twilights I used to talk with the old woman by the hour, or rather I used to listen to her by the hour, for without a word from me to encourage her she would drone on in her queer patois in the garrulous way very old people have, elaborating the details of the most trivial incidents, and rehearsing the intimate family history of all her numerous acquaintances. She looked upon me with the more favor because it happened that I was the only artist who employed Lisa, and consequently furnished all the money for the support of the small household. Relying on the position I held in her esteem as patron, and cannily increasing her obligation to me by various small presents, I schemed for a long time to make her tell the history of her own life. She had an aggravating way of either utterly ignoring all questions on this subject, or else of taking refuge in a series of wails on the change in the times and on the degeneracy of the islanders. By degrees and at long intervals I did, however, succeed in getting a full account of her early life and of the origin of her popular name.

Long ago, even long before any steamers were seen on the bay of Naples, two young Germans—a sculptor and an architect—wandered down to Capri, to study the antiquities of the island. They were both captivated by the beauties of the spot, by the delights of the pastoral life they led there, and possibly also by the charms of the island maidens, who even then had a wide reputation for beauty, and they consequently stayed on indefinitely. Rubina was then a girl of fourteen, and held the enviable position of belle of Anacapri. The sculptor, whose name was Carl Deutsch, somehow made the acquaintance of the beauty, and after a time persuaded her to sit for him. He first made a bust in wax and then began to work it out in marble, using for his material an antique block found in one of the ruined palaces of Tiberius. Days and weeks he toiled over this bust, and as he worked he grew hopelessly in love with his model. As time passed, the islanders, with their usual freedom with foreigners' names, translated Carl Deutsch into its Italian equivalent, Carlo Tedesco, and Rubina, who was constantly employed by the sculptor as a model, was naturally called Tedesco's Rubina.

Then on the peaceful island was enacted the same old tragedy that has been played all over the world myriads of times before and since. Tedesco's friend, the architect, also fell in love with the model, and took advantage of the sculptor's preoccupation with his work to gain the girl's affection. Early in the morning, while his friend was engaged in sharpening his tools and preparing his studio for the day, he would toil up the six hundred stone steps which led to the village of Anacapri, on the plateau above, meet Rubina, and accompany her down as far as the outskirts of the town. Then often, at the close of the day, when the sculptor, oppressed with that hopeless feeling of discouragement and despair which at times comes over every true artist, would give up his favorite stroll with Rubina and remain to gaze at his work and ponder over it, the architect would be sure to take his place. So it went on to the usual climax. Rubina, flattered by the assiduous attentions of the one, and somewhat piqued by the frequent fits of absent-mindedness and preoccupation of the other, at last reluctantly

gave her consent to marry the architect, who planned an elopement without exciting a suspicion on the part of the sculptor that his idol was stolen from him. The faithless friend pretending to the innocent girl that, being of different religions, it was necessary for them to go to the mainland to be united, sailed away with her one morning at daybreak without the knowledge of anyone save the two men who were hired to row them to Naples. Where they went, and how long they lived together, I could not find out, for she would not open her lips about that portion of her history. Only after a great deal of persuasive interrogation did I learn that when she came back she brought with her a girl baby a few months old. It was always believed in the village that her husband had died. I drew my own inference about the circumstances of her return.

When she reached the island, Tedesco had long since disappeared, and, although there were no absolute proofs, he was thought to be dead. For months after he had learned of the faithlessness of both sweetheart and friend he had been seen very little outside his studio. What he did there was not known, for he invited nobody to enter. Even the neighbor's wife, who had done the housekeeping for the two young men, did not see the interior of the studio after Rubina ran away. She gossiped of the sculptor to the women down the street, and they all shook their heads, touched their foreheads significantly with index-fingers, and sadly repeated, "Un po' matto, un po' matto "—"A little mad." Several weeks passed after the flight of the young couple, and then the sculptor was observed nearly every morning to walk over one of the hills in the direction of a high cliff. Sometimes he was absent but a few hours, but on other days he did not return until night. At length, toward the end of winter, he gave up his studio and apartment without a word of his plans to anyone. When he had departed, carrying the few articles of clothing which were kept in the outer room, the housekeeper entered the studio and found, to her astonishment, that, with the sculptor, all traces of his work had disappeared.

After a while it was discovered that he had taken up his abode in a certain cave, near the water's edge, at the foot of the cliff, along the top of which he had been frequently seen walking. This cave had always been considered approachable only from the water side; but some men who were fishing for cuttlefish near the shore had seen the mad sculptor clamber down the precipice and enter the mouth of the cave, which was half closed by accumulated rubble and sand. The fishermen, of course, exaggerated their story, and the simple islanders, who always regard a demented person with awe, came to believe that the sculptor possessed superhuman strength and agility, and, although their curiosity concerning his mode of life and occupation was much excited, their superstitious fears prevented them from interfering with him or attempting to investigate his actions. At long intervals the hermit would appear in the piazza, receive his letters, buy a few articles of food, and disappear again, not to be seen for weeks.

Summer passed and a second winter came on, and with it a succession of unusually severe storms. During one of these long gales the sea rose several feet, and the breakers beat against the rocks with terrific force. All the boats which had not been hauled up much higher than usual were dashed to pieces. Several houses near the beach were washed away, and there was no communication with the mainland for nearly two weeks. After that storm the sculptor was never seen again. Some fishermen ventured into the mouth of the cave, now washed clear of rubbish, but discovered nothing. It was therefore believed that the hermit, with all his belongings, was swept out to sea by the waves. Of late years no one had visited the cave, because the military guard stationed near by to prevent the people from gathering salt on the rocks, and thus evading the payment of the national tax on this article, had prohibited boats from landing there. This prohibition was strengthened by the orders which forbade the exploration of any of the Roman ruins or grottos on the island by persons not employed for that purpose by the government. Several years before the authorities had exam-

ined all the ruins. They had carried to Naples all the antiquities they could find, and then had put a penalty on the explorations of the islanders, to whom the antiquities are popularly supposed to belong by right of inheritance. This regulation had created a great deal of bad feeling, particularly since several peasants had been fined and imprisoned for simply digging up a few relics to sell to travellers.

I asked the old woman what became of her child, for she did not readily volunteer any information concerning her.

"Ah, signor' padrone," she said, "she was a perfect little German, with hair as blond as the fleece of the yellow goats. She was a good child, but was never very strong. She married a coral fisherman when she was seventeen, and died giving birth to Lisa's mother. Poor thing! May the blessed Maria, mother of God, rest her soul! Lisa's mother was blond also, but with hair like the flame of sunset. She was a fine, strong creature, and could carry a sack of salt up the steps to Anacapri as well as any girl in the village—yes, even better than any other. She married a custom-house officer and moved to Naples, where she had meat on her table once every blessed week. But even in her prosperity the misfortunes of the family followed her, and the cholera carried off her husband, herself, and a boy baby—may their souls rest in Paradise!—leaving Lisa alone in the world but for me, who have lived to see all this misery and all these changes. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Lisa resembles her mother only in her eyes. All the rest of her is Caprian. Ah me! ah me! She's the image of what I was, except her eyes. By the grace of God I am able to see it! May the Virgin spare her to suffer—" and so on to the end of the chapter of mingled family history and invocations.

Lisa resemble her? I thought. Impossible. What! that wrinkled skin ever know the bloom of youth like that on Lisa's cheek, that sharp chin ever have a rounded contour, that angular face ever show as perfect an oval as the one fringed by the wavy hair straggling out from Lisa's kerchief? Did that mask, seared with the marks of years of suffering, privation, and toil, ever bear the sweet, bewitching expression which in Lisa's face haunts me with a vague, half-remembered fascination? Never! It cannot be!

This history of a love-tragedy enacted when Goethe was still walking among the artificial antiquities in the groves of Weimar had a curious charm for me. I patiently listened to hours of irrelevant gossip and uninteresting description of family matters before I succeeded in getting together even as meagre a thread of the story as the one I have just repeated. The old woman had a feeble memory for recent events and dates, but she seemed to be able to recollect as well as ever incidents which took place at the beginning of the century. She retailed the scandals of fifty years ago with as much delight as if the interested parties had not all of them long since been followed to the hillside graveyard or been buried in the waste of waters in that mysterious region known as the coral fisheries.

Partly in order to test the accuracy of her memory, and partly to satisfy my curiosity, I persuaded her to show me the place where the sculptor used to walk along the edge of the cliff. I had previously taken a look at the cave from the water, and knew its position in relation to the cliff, but had never been able to discover how the German had succeeded in clambering up and down. Accordingly, one Sunday forenoon, when most of the islanders were in church, she hobbled along with me a short distance up the hillside and pointed out the spot where the children had seen the mad sculptor vanish in the air. This place was marked by a projecting piece of ledge, which cropped out of the turf on the very edge of the cliff, not at its highest point, but at some distance down the shoulder of the hill, where it had been broken sheer off in the great convulsion of nature which raised the isolated, rocky island above the sea. I could not induce her to go within a dozen rods or more of the edge of the cliff, and, having shown me the spot I wished to find, she hobbled homeward again.

There was no path across the hill in any direction, and the scant grass was

rarely trodden except by the goats and their keepers. On that Sunday forenoon there was no one in sight except, a long distance off, a shepherd watching a few goats. Thinking it a favorable opportunity to investigate the truth of the story about the sculptor, I walked up to the very brink of the precipice and lay down flat on the top of the piece of ledge pointed out by the old woman, and cautiously looked over the abyss. The cliff below me was by no means sheer, for it was broken by a number of irregular shelf-like projections, a few inches wide, upon which loose bits of falling rock had caught from time to time. Cautiously looking over the cliff, I saw at once that it would be possible for me to let myself down to the first irregular projection, or bench, provided I could get some firm hold for my hands. The turf afforded no such hold, and at the very edge, where it was crumbled by the weather, it was so broken as to be dangerous to stand on. I looked along the smooth perpendicular ledge, but found no ring to fasten a rope to and no marks of any such contrivance. A careful search in the immediate neighborhood did not disclose a projecting piece of rock firm enough to attach a rope upon. I lay down and hung over the cliff, to see if I could see any traces of a ladder, marks of spikes, tell-tale streaks of iron-rust, or anything to show how the descent had been made. Nothing of the kind was visible.

Far below, the great expanse of turquoise sea, stained with the shadows of summer clouds, seemed to rise with a convex surface to meet the sky at the distant horizon line. Away off to the south, toward Stromboli and Sicily, a few sails, minute white dots relieved against the delicate blue water, hung motionless, as if suspended in an opalescent ether. To the left the green shores of the mainland stretched away to hazy Pæstum. To the right the headland of Anacapri rose majestically against the tender summer sky, and a bank of cumulus clouds reflected in the smooth sea. Beneath screamed a flock of seagulls, sailing hither and thither in graceful flight.

While dreaming over the beauty of the scene before me, I suddenly caught sight, as it were, out of the very corner of my eye, of a crevice in the ledge beside me almost hidden by the grass which grew tall against the rock. Hastily tearing the grass away with my right hand, I found that this cleft, which was only a couple of inches wide at the most, continued downward along the face of the cliff in a slanting direction, rapidly diminishing in width until it lost itself or became a simple crack in the rock. With my knife and fingers I dug the cleft out clean, as far inas I could reach, expecting to find an iron rod or a spike or something to which a rope could be fastened. But I was again disappointed, for there were no signs of iron and no visible marks of man's handiwork. Whether this was an artificial excavation in the rock or merely an accidental irregularity I could not determine, but it made a perfect hold for the hand, like an inverted draw-pull. The moment I discovered this I saw how the descent could easily be accomplished, and without stopping to reflect I clutched my right hand firmly in the cleft and swung off the cliff. My feet struck a pile of loose stones, but I soon kicked them off, made a solid foothold for myself, and then turned cautiously around. The wall of rock pitched backward sufficiently for me to lean up against it, with my face to the sea, and stand there perfectly secure. When I turned again and stood facing the rock, my head was above the edge of the cliff so that I could overlook quite an area of the hilltop. Before attempting to descend the cliff I thought it prudent to test my ability to reach the turf again. Seizing the cleft with the fingers of my right hand, and clutching the irregularities of the edge of the rock with my left, I easily swung myself upon my chest, and then upon my knees, and stood on the turf. Elated now by my success, I let myself over the edge again and began the difficult task of picking my way down the face of the cliff. By diligently kicking and pushing the rubble from the bench I was on I slowly made my way along, steadying myself as well as I could by putting my fingers in the crevices of the rock. In two places I found three or four holes, which had the appearance of having been artifi-

cially made, and by the aid of these I let myself down to the second and third projecting benches. From this point the descent was made without much difficulty, although I carefully refrained from casting my eyes seaward during the whole climb. Fortunately I was on the face of the cliff, which was at a receding angle and consequently was not swept by the telescope of the guard on the beach to the right, and I finished the descent and reached a point to the left of the mouth of the cave, and on a level with it, without any interruption. I was too much fatigued to care to risk discovery by the guard in entering the cave, which was in full sight of his station, so, after resting a while on the rocks, I clambered up the path I had come, and found that the ascent, though toilsome, was not particularly difficult.

I told no one of my adventure, not even the old woman; but early the next Sunday morning I went down the cliff again, unobserved as before, and, watching my chance when the guard was sweeping the shore to the right with his glass, I stole into the cave. It was an irregular hole, perhaps thirty feet deep at its greatest length, and not over ten feet high in any part. Three shallow, alcove-like chambers led off the main room. These were all three nearly full of gravel, sand, and disintegrated rock, and the floor of the whole cavern was covered with this same accumulation. There were plentiful marks of the labors of the Italian antiquarians, for the ground had all been dug up, and the last shallow pits which had been excavated to the bed-rock had not been refilled.

With no settled purpose I took up a piece of an old spade I found there, and began to dig on one side of the cave near the largest alcove. The accumulation was not packed hard, and I easily threw it aside. I had removed a few feet of earth without finding anything to reward my labors, and then began to dig in the heap of rubbish which was piled in the alcove, nearly touching its low ceiling. Almost the first shovelful of earth I threw out had a number of small gray tesseræ in it. Gathering these up and taking them to the light, I found that part of them were of marble, or other light-colored stone; but that a few were of glass with a corroded surface, which could be clipped off with great ease, disclosing beautiful iridescent cubes underneath. The whole day was passed in this work, for I was much interested in my discovery. The tesseræ were of no great value, to be sure, but they proved that the cave had been used by the Romans, probably as a grotto of the nymphs, and they were certainly worth keeping in a private collection. Possibly not a little of the charm of the operation of excavating was due to the element of danger in it. The guard was stationed less than a rifle-shot away, and if I were discovered, fine and possibly imprisonment would be my lot.

To make a long story short, I made several excursions to the cave in the same manner and dug nearly the whole ground in a systematic way, leaving until the last a small alcove near the mouth of the cave, because I found very few tesseræ anywhere in the strong daylight. Everything which was not a simple, uninteresting piece of stone or shell I stowed away in a bag and carried to my studio. In a few Sundays I had a peck or more of tesseræ, a quarter of them glass ones, and a great many bits of twisted glass rod and small pieces of glass vessels. One day the spade turned out, among other things, several small pieces of brown, porous substance which looked in the dim light like decayed wood. I put them in the bag with the rest, to be examined at my lesiure at home. The next morning, when I came to turn out the collection gathered the day before, these curious pieces fell out with the rest and immediately attracted my attention. In the strong light of day I saw at once what they were. They were the decayed phalanges of a human hand. The story of Tedesco and Rubina was always in my mind; and I compared the bones with my own fingers and found them to be without doubt the bones of an adult, and probably of a man.

I could scarcely wait for the next Sunday to arrive, but I did not dare to risk the descent of the cliff on a week-day lest I should be seen by the fishermen. When at last I did reach the cave

again, I went at my work with vigor, continuing my search in the place where I left off the previous week. In a short time I unearthed several more bones similar to those I already had, but, although I thoroughly examined every cubic foot of earth which I had not previously dug over, I found no more of the skeleton.

In my studio that evening I arranged the little bones as well as I could in the positions they had occupied in the human hand. As far as I could make out, I had the thumb, the first and third fingers and one joint of the second, three of the bones of the hand, and one of the wrist-bones. There could be no question but these had once belonged to a human hand, and to the right hand, too. There was no means of knowing how long ago the person had died, neither could there be any possible way of identifying these human relics. The possession of the grewsome little objects seemed to set my imagination on fire. After going to bed at night I often worked myself into a state of disagreeable nervous tension by meditating on the history of the sculptor, and revolving in my mind the theories I had formed of the mystery of his life and the manner of his death. For some reason the old woman had never told me where his studio had been, and it never occurred to me to ask her until the thought suddenly came during one of these night-hours of wakefulness. When I put the question to her, the next afternoon, she replied simply :

"This studio was his, signor padrone."

The poor old soul had been living her life over again, day after day, as she sat knitting and looking out to sea, her imagination quickened and her memory refreshed by the surroundings which many decades had but little changed.

This information gave a new stimulus to my thoughts, and I lay awake and pondered and surmised more than ever. There seemed to be something hidden away in my own consciousness, which was endeavoring to work its way into recognition. It would almost come in range of my mental vision, and then would lose itself again, just as some well-known name will coquettishly elude the grasp of the memory. While lying awake in a real agony of thought, a vague feeling would enter my mind for an instant, that I had only to interpret what I already knew and the mystery of my imagination would be clear to me. Then I would revolve and revolve again all the details of the story, but the fugitive idea always escaped me. With that discouraging persistence which is utterly beyond our control, whenever great anxiety weighs upon our minds, I repeated again and again the same series of arguments, and the same line of theories, until at last, utterly worn out, I would go to sleep. It was quite inexplicable that I should think so much about a sculptor of whom I had never heard, except from Tedesco's Rubina, and who died long before I was born ; but, in spite of my reason, I could not rid myself of the vague consciousness that there was something I was unwittingly hiding from myself.

One warm night in summer I sat up quite late writing letters, and then, thinking I should go to sleep at once on account of my fatigue, went to bed. But sleep came only after some hours, and even then not until I had stood for a long time looking out of the window on the moonlit houses below, with my bare feet on the cool stone floor. The first thought that came to my head as I awoke the next morning was about that marble head I had seen in Rome a year before. The dark page of my mind became illuminated in an instant. I did not need to summon Lisa to note the resemblance of her face to the marble one which had so fascinated me, for I was familiar enough with her features to require no aid to my memory. Besides, I had a fairly accurate study of her head on my easel, and I compared the face on the canvas with the marble one which I now remembered so vividly. There was the identical contour of the cheeks and forehead, with the hyper-delicate chin ; the nose, the mouth, the eyes each repeated the forms of the marble bust. It was the color alone that gave the painting its modern aspect, and it had been, I now saw, my preoccupation with the color which had prevented my observing the resemblance before. The only thing my portrait lacked, as a representation of the model from whom

the marble was made, was that fascinating expression of girlhood, which, I was obliged to confess to myself, I had not succeeded in catching.

Full of my discovery, I wrote at once to the authorities in Rome, asking for a history of the fragment.

In a few days I received the not unexpected information that it had been given by the Naples museum in exchange for another piece of antique sculpture. I hurried across to Naples and interviewed the authorities there, requesting precise statements about the bust, on the plea that I was interested in the particular period of art which it represented. In the list of objects of antiquity excavated in the summer of 18— I found this entry, under the head of Capri:

"Female head with ivy wreath in hair —Marble—Broken off at neck—No other fragments discovered. Mem.: This probably belonged to a statue of a sea-nymph, as it was found in a grotto with the remains of mosaic pavement and ceiling."

In return for this information I gave the authorities my sincere thanks, but not my secret.

Three years later I met my two artist friends in New York. Like all who have torn themselves away from the enchanting influences of Italy, we reviewed with delight every incident of our sojourn there, not forgetting the visit to the museum in Rome. Two plaster copies of the head had been made, and the mould then broken.

In each of the studios the plaster head occupied the place of honor, and its owner exhausted the choicest terms of art phraseology in its praise. Foolish fellows, they could not escape from the potent spell of its bewitching expression, and, burdened with the weight of the sentimental secret, each of them took occasion, privately and with great hesitation and shamefacedness, to confess to me that he had stolen away while we were together in the museum in Rome to kiss the marble lips of the fascinating fragment.

To each of them I made the same remark.

"My dear fellow, if you were so foolish as to fall in love with a marble head, and a fragment at that, what would you have done in my place? I made the acquaintance of the model who sat for it."

ENGLISH IN OUR COLLEGES.

By Adams Sherman Hill.

In most, if not all, American colleges the teaching of English stands better than it did ten years ago. English is no longer looked down upon, no longer deemed unworthy to be on the same footing with Latin, Greek, and mathematics. It is recognized as forming, and as deserving to form, an important part of the higher education; and this recognition has stimulated teachers already in the profession to better work, and has recruited their ranks with young men and women of ability and enthusiasm.

In one shape or another, English now has an honored place in every institution which is, or pretends to be, a college or a university; but in this curriculum it means one thing, in that another. Some institutions class English with French and German, Italian and Spanish, under the head of modern languages; and the advocates of the study in this sense are fond of pitting the modern languages against the ancient ones, or of using English alone as a weapon to brain Greek with. Some institutions make all their students give two or three hours a week for a whole year to Anglo-Saxon, apparently on the ground that the earlier the English, the purer and the better worth knowing it

is; and the more barren the literature, the less the probability that a student will be diverted by some literary *ignis fatuus* from the study of the forms of words. Others, which do not take this extreme view, neglect every English author since Shakspere, as if he were the latest one worth studying, or devote themselves to Browning, as to the Shakspere of the nineteenth century. There are teachers who identify English with rhetoric taught as a science—that is, as matter of knowledge valuable, not for the use to be made of it, but for its own sake; others identify it with rhetoric taught as an art composed of certain principles, which they strive to apply to the essays of their pupils; others content themselves with demanding a certain number of essays from each student, but make no provision for the study of principles, whether as formulated in a text-book on rhetoric or as embodied in literature; and there are some, I am told, who treat "forensic disputation," or even elocution, "oratory," "vocal expression," as the English most important to know.

In these and other fields too numerous to mention, admirable work has been done without doubt; but to get the good of it all, an enthusiastic student of English would have to betake himself to several centres of intellectual life. No college in the country, so far as I know, gives instruction on all matters included in the study of English in its widest sense. None provides the requisite facilities for a student who desires to master his mother tongue in its history as a language, in its completeness as a literature, and in its full scope as a means of expression with the pen and with the lips. This state of things is not, and has not been for many years, the case with Greek, Latin, or mathematics. It is no longer the case with many branches of natural science, with some of the modern languages, or with some of the most ancient ones. Why should it be so with English? Why should a man who wishes to know all that is to be known about the language he is going to use all his life be at a disadvantage in the pursuit of his favorite species of knowledge, as compared with him whose tastes lead him to regions into which only a few specialists are privileged to enter?

The question answers itself. There is every reason why every college in the country should do for English all that it does for its most favored studies; and the time will come, or I greatly misread the signs of the future, when no American institution of learning can afford to economize in this direction. Now that learned men and learned bodies are, like clergymen and churches, no longer too far above the rest of the world to be weighed in the same scales in which other men and other bodies are weighed, and to be criticised with equal freedom, they can no longer apply the resources supplied by public or by private beneficence to the nourishment of hobby-horses whose bones are marrowless, in whose eyes there is either no speculation in the old sense of that word, or too much speculation in the modern sense. A college which is to live by the people must supply the education needed for the people, and for the leaders of the people; and what is so much needed as English? In these days of multifarious knowledge, of intellectual activity in so many directions, there are many things of which a man need know only the rudiments: but of English an educated man should know more than the rudiments, because —if for no other reason—everybody knows, or half-knows, or thinks he knows them; because everybody deems himself capable, not only of criticising the English of others, but also of writing good English himself. Therefore, educated men should know enough to be able to protect pure English against the numerous foes that beset it on every side in these days of free speech and a free press. *Noblesse oblige.* Superior advantages bind those who have enjoyed them to superior achievement in the things in which self-taught men are their competitors, as well as in the work of scholarship.

Taking for granted, then, that English should form an important part of every college curriculum, and should be a prescribed study for all students in every college in which any subject is prescribed, we have still to ask whether the objective point, toward which the work as a whole ought to tend, should

be English as language, English as literature, or English as a means of communication between man and man. Not that it is either practicable or desirable to teach English in one sense without teaching it in the other senses also. Students of a language cannot go far without taking up the literature in which that language finds its most characteristic expression; students of a literature cannot fail to note some of the peculiarities of the language it is written in, and are likely to have some curiosity as to points in the history and development of language; students of the art of composition will be greatly helped to handle the language in a practical way by knowing the exact meaning of the words, and by familiarizing themselves with the classics, of their native tongue; and students, whether of language or of literature, can do little with the results of their labors, unless they are able to communicate them to others clearly and effectively.

What, however, should be the primary aim in a course framed to supply the needs, not of specialists, but of the main body of students? Should the purpose be to make them know English as philologists know it? or as literary historians and critics know it? or as it is known by those who can say what they wish to say, whether in speech or in writing, in such a fashion that the persons addressed shall readily and fully and exactly understand what is meant, and shall see what the writer desires them to see as vividly, follow a narrative or a piece of reasoning as closely, and feel the force of argument or of emotion as strongly and deeply, as it is in the power of language to make them?

Can there be any doubt on this question in the mind of anybody who looks at it with unprejudiced eyes—the question, it is to be borne in mind, relating to prescribed studies solely? Every student who chooses to pursue the history of the English language as far back as books will take him, and every student who chooses to devote himself to the study of the literature of his native tongue, whether in its broad outlines or in its minutest details, should have all the opportunities and all the facilities for his specialty that his college can supply. In optional studies there should be no discrimination, no favoritism; so far as possible, every reasonable demand for instruction in any subject should be granted: but a prescribed curriculum, which is necessarily limited on every side, can contain only those courses which the authorities believe to furnish the greatest good to the greatest number.

Among these courses, one in the art of composition should surely be included, rather than one in philology, or in literary history, or even in literature, except literature that will serve as a means of stimulating the powers of production, and of turning them in the right direction. Rhetoric may be prescribed as a part of the course, not for its own sake, but as one of the means by which a student is taught to write. Knowledge of the principles of the art of composition, as applied by the best writers, ought to help the student to communicate what he has to say in a better form than he would otherwise employ. By the shortcomings of others he should learn what to avoid, and by their achievements what to seek, in his own compositions. Familiarity with superior writers ought to help him to do unconsciously what the text-book helps him to do consciously. Surrendering himself to the influence of genius, he will be carried beyond himself, his mind will work more freely than usual, and his sentences will reproduce his thoughts in more perspicuous and more telling language. A man's mind cannot but be stimulated by contact with greater minds, whether living or dead. Shakspere, Bacon, Burke, George Eliot, feed the powers of thought and the powers of expression at the same time, and thus enable one to think, to talk, and to write to more purpose.

If, then, we may assume that English in the form of English composition should be a prescribed subject in every college curriculum in which any subject is prescribed, we have next to consider what may and what may not be profitably done by a teacher of this onerous and often thankless subject. On this matter two extreme theories are held: one, that a teacher can do nothing; the other, that a teacher can do everything.

According to the do-nothing school,

"To learn how to write, you have only to write." "When you have something to say, you will be able to say it well enough." "A clear thinker will be a clear writer, a forcible thinker a forcible writer," and so on. Those who favor this view admit, indeed, that an intelligent critic may root up faults of style, repress bad tendencies, smooth rough places; but they add that he is likely to kill the wheat with the tares, to discourage inclinations in the right direction, to cultivate elegance at the cost of strength, and, above all, to make a young writer self-conscious, self-critical, and, therefore, more and more artificial—the effort to follow rules and avoid faults depriving him of the inspiration and the guidance that would otherwise have been furnished by his own healthy natural self. They declare that under such discipline an original writer, or one who might have become such if left to himself, is reduced almost to the level of an accomplished proof-reader. They point to authors of acknowledged merit who never received any instruction but such as they gave themselves, and to youths of later days whose written work in college was rated very low, but who soon after leaving college showed that they could express themselves so as to command attention to what they wrote on subjects with which they were familiar and in which they took a living interest.

In this view there is, no doubt, a kernel of truth. Bad instruction is worse than none. A teacher who confines his efforts to the eradication of faults is likely to do more harm by discouragement than he does good by emendation; but the wise teacher will constantly endeavor to make the soil he cultivates produce all it can, taking pains all the time to quicken the good seed, and to help his pupils to see that weeds are removed, not so much because they are weeds as because they choke the good grain. Even such a teacher may at first seem to be doing more harm than good to his pupils; for the novice has to pass through a period of transition, during which, like a boy who has taken half a dozen lessons in dancing, he is awkwardly conscious of his short-comings, but does not see how to improve. In a few weeks, however, a teacher who combines tact with good sense will be able to do for his pupils, or rather to help them to do for themselves, what the great writers who had no instructors did for themselves; and the young men under him need not wait till they get out of college before writing good English.

The do-everything school, on the other hand, talk as if an instructor in English composition had it in his power, not merely to help a pupil to express what he has to say so as to make it tell for all it is worth, but also to supply him with something worth saying; not only, if I may use the expression, to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but to fill it with gold fresh from the mint. Some who do not go quite to this length in their demands upon the teacher of English, nevertheless do expect him to turn out from his mill "finished writers," however poor the grain put into the hopper. "Why," ask the men of this school, "why, if the colleges do their duty, have we so few great writers in this country? Why are so few of the men who do good work with the pen college-bred? Surely the teachers of English either slumber at their posts, or

> 'painful vigils keep,
> Sleepless themselves to give their [pupils] sleep.'"

In this view, too, there is a kernel of truth. No teacher should ignore the fact that good English with nothing or next to nothing behind it is sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal—the brass of loud-mouthed declaimers or the tinkle of soft-mouthed poetasters. A teacher should make his pupils understand that they must think before writing, must have something clearly in view which they are to put into language; but it is not his business as teacher of composition to provide them with materials. He may do so if he will; but, other things being equal, young writers do better with topics that interested them before they thought of writing upon them than with those imposed as subjects of composition, with knowledge gathered as knowledge rather than as so much grist for the English mill. So far as possible, a teacher should bend his efforts to the task of making the materials already in his pupils' possession into as good an

article as possible. If the materials are meagre, it is his misfortune but not his fault; and he will make a poor use of his talents if he shows young men how to hide poverty of thought in "finish" of style.

In my judgment, the work of an instructor in English composition is, indeed, limited in range, but is very important within its range. His office is not so much to provide his pupils with matters for thought, or with machinery for thinking, as to show them how to communicate their thoughts to others in the clearest, strongest, and most effective manner. To this end he should strive, in the first place, to stimulate their minds, so that they may put forth their full powers when they write, and put them forth naturally and with the force of their individuality; and, in the second place, he should, so far as in him lies, remove the obstructions which ignorance, half-knowledge, bad training, mannerism, self-consciousness, imitation of poor models, the thousand and one forces that fight against good English, place between the thought and its free and natural expression.

Over some of these obstacles a student's mental energy will, if roused to its full power, carry him by its own momentum; for, as everyone knows, a writer is less likely to make egregious errors in spelling or punctuation, for instance, if he be so absorbed in the matter of what he is writing as to give no conscious attention to forms of words or construction of sentences. The more firmly, moreover, his mind grasps the subject in hand, and the more rapid the movement of his train of thought, the more likely he is to hit upon the best words and the best arrangement of words.

If a teacher, then, is able to interest his pupils in what they are writing so fully that they put their best selves into their work with the pen, he will succeed, not only in giving to it continuity and individuality not otherwise to be attained, but also in diminishing the number of errors and defects. Those which remain should be dealt with firmly but considerately. The student should be made to feel that they are removed in order that the free flow of his thought may be unimpeded, and that they are of no account as compared with lack of life and of unity in the composition as a whole.

Every teacher will decide for himself how to stimulate his pupils. The means are as various as the conditions of life and the idiosyncrasies of human nature. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. What is successful with a small class will fail with a large one. In all cases, and under all conditions, the one thing needful is that the teacher should have the power to awaken interest and inspire enthusiasm. If he does not throw himself into his work, the minds of his pupils will be cold and sluggish. They must catch fire from him.

Under the most favorable conditions, the results of English composition as practised in college are, it must be confessed, discouraging. The shadow of generations of perfunctory writers seems to rest upon the paper, and only here and there is it broken by a ray of light from the present. I know no language —ancient or modern, civilized or savage—so insufficient for the purposes of language, so dreary and inexpressive, as theme-language in the mass. How two or three hundred young men, who seem to be really alive as they appear in the flesh, can have kept themselves entirely out of their writing, it is impossible to understand—impossible for the instructor who has read these productions by the thousand, or for the graduate who looks at his own compositions ten years after leaving college.

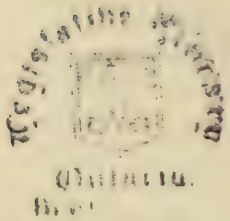
Perhaps the most potent cause of this deplorable state of things has been the practice of forcing young men to write on topics of which they know nothing and care to know nothing—topics, moreover, that present no salient point for their minds to take hold of. An improvement—for improvement there is—has been noticed since students have been given greater freedom in the choice of subjects, have been encouraged to choose a topic which has already engaged their attention for its own sake, and have been told to limit and define the topic they choose so as to keep themselves strictly to one line of thought —whether in defending or attacking a proposition clearly stated, or in arranging facts in accordance with some prin-

ciple of method, or in telling a story or describing a scene in a coherent and vivid manner.

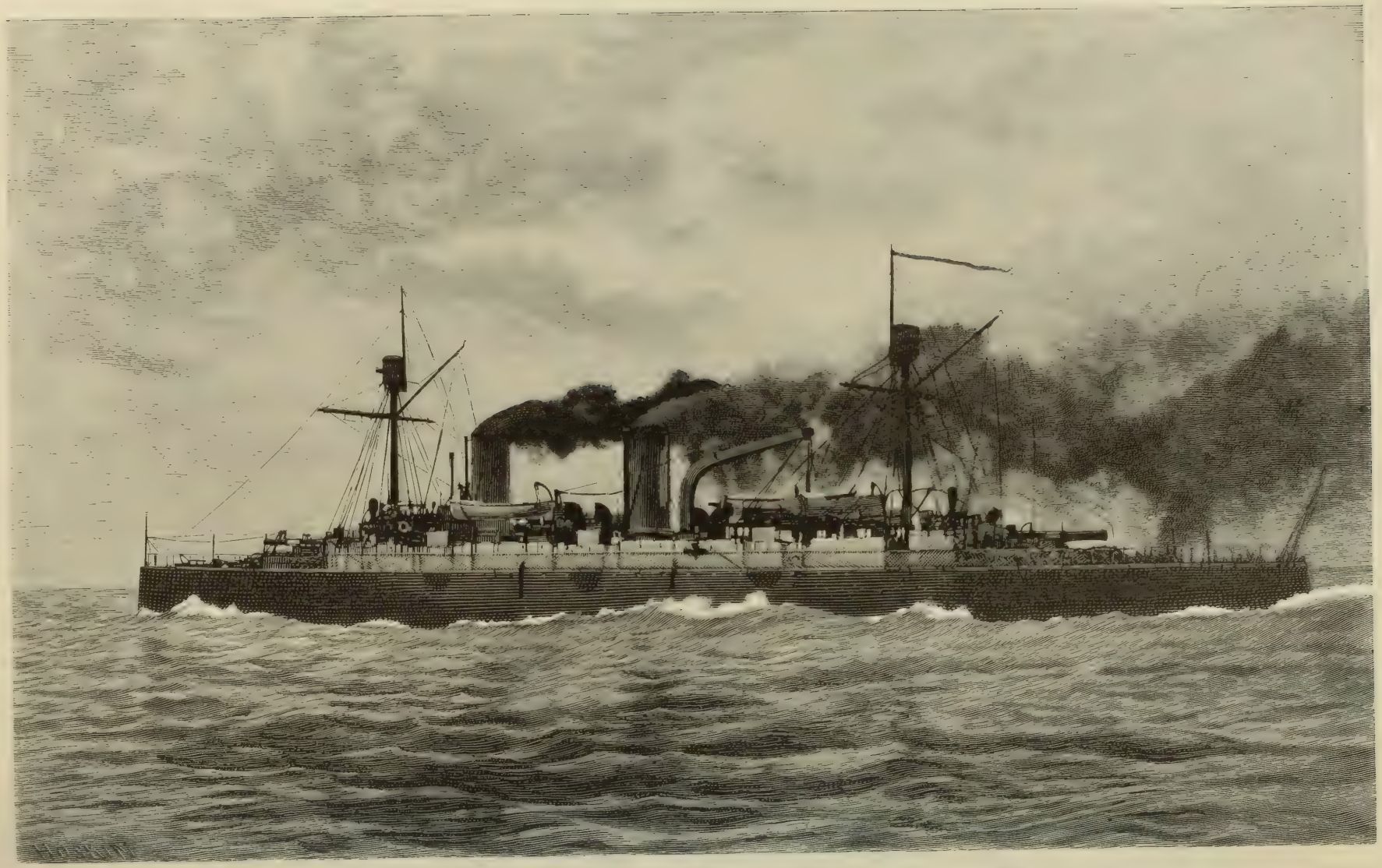
I have found, too, that most young men do better under pressure than when left to their own devices as to time and space. This year, for example, with an elective class of thirty seniors and juniors, I am making an experiment, which has proved unexpectedly successful. A part of the work consists of papers a page long, written in the classroom. No manuscript is to be brought in; but students are advised to select their subjects beforehand, and to find out exactly what they want to say. Any subject will answer; but they are urged to avoid the commonplace, the bookish, and the profound, and to choose topics which can be disposed of within the prescribed limits.

At first, "time up" at the end of the manuscript often signified that the writer had undertaken more than he could do in the ten minutes allowed; but experience soon showed each man what could and what could not be put into a paragraph, and practice gave facility in composition. Having no space for prefaces, or digressions, or perorations, the members of the class usually begin at the beginning and go straight to the end. Having no time to be affected, they are simple and natural. Theme-language, which still haunts too many of their longer essays, rarely creeps into the ten-minute papers. Free from faults of one kind or another these papers are not; but the faults are such as would be committed in conversation or in familiar correspondence. The great point has been gained that the writers, as a rule, forget themselves in what they are saying; and the time will come, it is to be hoped, when they will be correct as well as fluent, and will unite clearness in thought with compactness in expression, and vigor with well-bred ease.









THE GIOVANNI BAUSAN, OF THE ITALIAN NAVY. (From an Instantaneous Photograph.)

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STEAMSHIP,

AND THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION OF 1886.

By Commander F. E. Chadwick, U. S. Navy.

IT is a wonderful fact in the swift expansion of mechanical knowledge and appliances of the last hundred years that while for unknown ages the wind was the only propelling force used for purposes of navigation, apart from the rude application of power through oars worked by men, the whole scheme of steam transport has grown, practically, to its present wonderful perfection within the lifetime of men yet living.

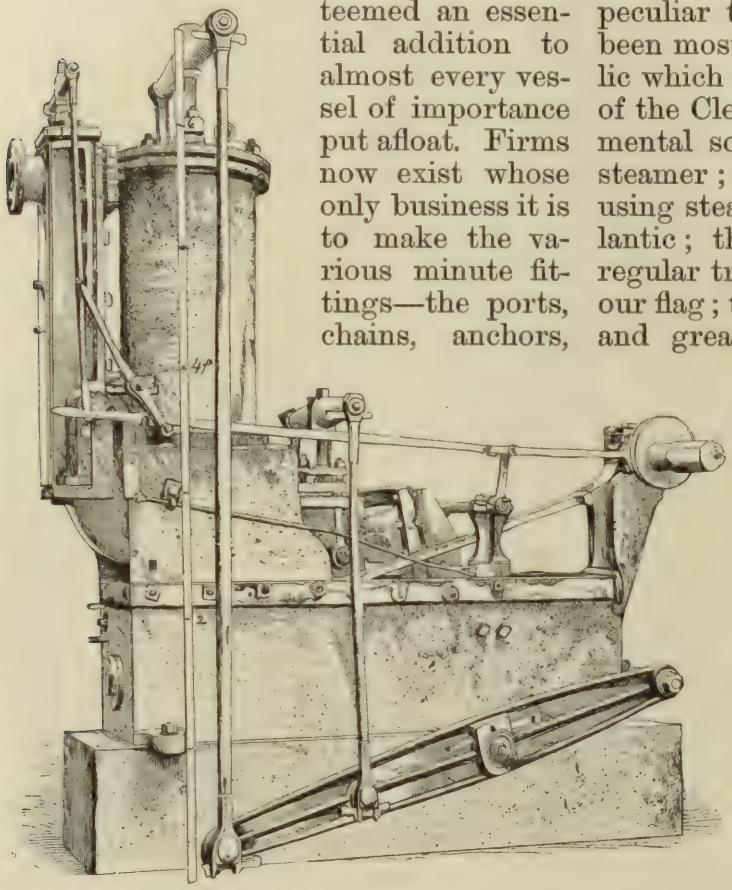
Of course, the idea, as is that of all great inventions, was one of slow growth. It cropped up at various stages through the eighteenth century, and there are faint evidences of gropings in this direction in the latter part of the seventeenth; but these latter were not much more definite than the embodiment of the idea of the telegraph in Puck's girdle round the earth, and the evidence that men really thought of propelling boats by steam is very meagre until we come to the pamphlet written by Jonathan Hulls, in 1737, in which he gave utterance to a very clear and distinct idea in the matter. It struggled through a very backward infancy of fifty years and more, certain memorable names appearing now and then to help it along, as that of Watt (without whose improvements in the steam-engine it must still have remained in swaddling-clothes), Fitch, De Jouffroy, Rumsey, Symington, and finally Fulton, who, however much he may have learned from his predecessors, has unquestionably the credit of putting afloat the first commercially successful steamboat. He is thus worthy of all the honor accorded him: much of it came too late, as he died at the comparatively early age of fifty, after passing through the harassments which seem naturally to lie in the path of the innovator.

A graphic history of the wonderful changes wrought in this great factor of the world's progress was set forth during the summer of 1886, at the International Exhibition at Liverpool, where, by model and drawing, the various steps were made more completely visible and tangible than, perhaps, ever before. True, the relics of the earlier phases of the steamship age, when its believers were but few and generally of small account, were sparse, but the exhibits of later models, from the date of the inception of transatlantic traffic, preparations for which were begun in earnest by laying down the steamship Great Western exactly fifty years ago, were frequent enough, and the whole of the steps in the development of the means of ocean traffic from then till now are sufficiently well shown.

The exhibition, of course, did not confine itself to the steam era alone. It even had a model of an Egyptian vessel, which was exhibited by the Liverpool Library Society, as taken from Thebes, and estimated to date about 1,500 years

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B.C., and which Moses himself might thus have seen. It was a long stretch, however, to the next in date, as no others antedated 1700 A.D. There were many of the handsome and dignified eighteenth-century men-of-war, built at a time when men began to preserve a record of their work in the miniature ships which are now esteemed an essential addition to almost every vessel of importance put afloat. Firms now exist whose only business it is to make the various minute fittings—the ports, chains, anchors, blocks, etc.—of the Lilliputian craft, so that every detail of the original is given with an exact verisimilitude in very often most beautiful and elaborate work.



Engines of the Comet.

It would have been very interesting had the early struggles of the steamboat been thus illustrated *in extenso*, but there is nothing of its concrete history earlier than a small model of the original Comet, built by Henry Bell, at Glasgow, in 1812, and so named because of the extraordinary comet of that year, and the engines of her successor, built in 1820. These recall, however, the vessel which was the first steamer engaged in passenger traffic in Europe, and are thus worthy of honor.

In looking over the beautiful array of models which thus represented almost every stage of progress in British steamship building, from the Comet onward, one cannot help regretting that an effort had not been made by our Government to bring together models, of which there must be some, at least, available, illustrative of our earlier practice, particularly as there is much in it peculiar to us, and which would have been most interesting to the great public which visited the exhibition. Models of the Clermont; of the Stevens experimental screw boat; a later Mississippi steamer; the Savannah—the first vessel using steam which ever crossed the Atlantic; the Washington, the pioneer of regular transatlantic steam traffic under our flag; the Adriatic; the Hudson River and great Sound steamers of to-day, would, apart from any warship models of interest which could have been sent, have made a most interesting and attractive collection. The only things, however, which were visible were the drawings of a New York ferry-boat (the type of which, by the way, we owe to Fulton), so placed as to be scarcely discoverable. These boats are so typical, so different from anything found in Europe, and so interesting to any student of steam ferriage, that a complete model of the boat and its ferry slip would have been a most satisfactory addition.

Ships, both for war and for peaceful pursuits, of almost every European type were present, with the exception of the great armor-clads of France; but the examples I have just mentioned were certainly needed to round out the exhibition to a complete show of the varieties employed in passenger traffic. It must be remembered that the steamboat had in its earlier days a much greater extension in America than elsewhere. Our great rivers were an especially attractive field for its use. The Mississippi had but lately come under our control, and the beginning of the great tide of Western emigration and exploration was almost coincident with the steamboat's advent, so that through

these favoring conditions it had a much more rapid growth among us than elsewhere.

The display, however, of British models was as complete as it could well be made. Private owners and builders, the Admiralty, and Lloyds' Registry, united to make the collection a very complete and perfect one. Of continental European exhibits, that of the Italian Government, which sent a very splendid collection of models of its great war-ships, was the most important. Associated with it was the exhibit of the Fratelli Orlando of Leghorn who have done much of both the public and private building of Italy. The only French exhibit was that of the Bureau Veritas, which followed the example of its English rival, Lloyds, in making a very striking and instructive show.

and comprehensive as can be made in some time to come. It is one also in which Britain may well take pride, as, however great we ourselves were as pioneers or as more than equals in the beginning of the race, we have long since been distanced by our kinsmen, and we must refer to Great Britain to study the principal changes in hull and machinery of the last half-century.

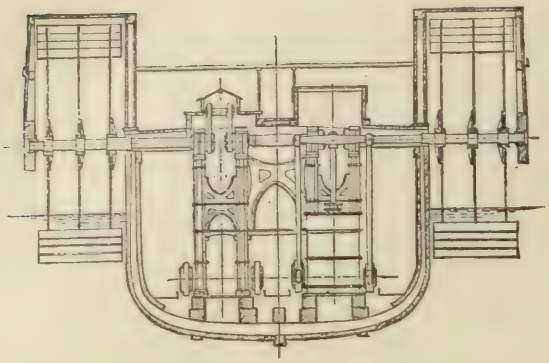
It is useless to draw comparisons between the value of claims of precedence in the history of steam navigation. The fact that Fulton's efforts finally started the world to building steamboats is indisputable. All preceding cases were simply sporadic, and had none of the contagious power possessed by the experiments on the Hudson. Fulton himself had already built six steamboats



The Great Western, from an old painting.

The only exhibits of modern war-ships were those of England and Italy, unless we except the numerous vessels built for foreign powers by English builders. The remainder of the display was chiefly connected with the strife of commerce, and in this it is likely to remain as complete

before one was built elsewhere than in America. His boats, too, from the beginning were of practical value, and not small experiments, the Clermont herself being 136 feet long, 18 feet broad, 7 feet deep, of 160 tons ; and the diameter of her wheels was 15 feet.



Cross-section of the Great Western.

In 1809 the first steamboat, the Accommodation, was seen on the St. Lawrence, and in 1811 the first (built at Pittsburgh) appeared on the Mississippi. A year after this the Comet, already alluded to, was put upon the Clyde by Henry Bell. She was only 40 feet long on the keel, and 10½ broad, with 2 small paddle-wheels on each side, driven by a gearing which geared into a wheel on the axle of each set of paddle-wheels. Her original engines are still in existence, and are deposited in the Museum at South Kensington, where they were set up by the same engineer (Mr. John Robertson) who placed them in the Comet.

Fulton also has the honor of being the first to design and build a war steamer, which for her time was a most remarkable production, and by far the largest steam vessel built before 1838. She was a fitting monument to the genius of the man who unfortunately did not live to see her completion and successful trials.

The Demologos, or Fulton the First, was laid down June 20, 1814, and launched October 29th of the same year. "Her dimensions were: length, 150 feet; breadth, 56 feet; depth, 20 feet; water-wheel, 16 feet diameter, length of bucket 14 feet, dip 4 feet; engine, 48-inch cylinder, 5 feet stroke; boiler length 22 feet, breadth 12 feet, and depth 8 feet; tonnage, 2,475."

The commissioners appointed to examine her say in their report:

"She is a structure resting upon two boats, keels separated from end to end by a canal 15 feet wide and 66 feet long. One boat contains the caldrons of copper to prepare her steam. The vast cylinder of iron, with its piston, levers, and wheels, occupies a part of its fellow; the great water-wheel revolves in the space between them; the main or gun deck supporting her armament is protected by a bulwark *four feet* ten inches thick of solid timber. This is pierced by 30 port-holes, to enable as many 32-pounders to fire red-hot balls. . . . She is rigged with 2 short masts, each of which supports a large lateen yard and sails. She has 2 bowsprits and jibs, and 4 rudders, 2 at each extremity of the boat, so that she can be steered with either end foremost. Her machinery is calculated for the addition of an engine which will discharge an immense column of water, which it is intended to throw upon the decks and through the ports of an enemy." She was also intended to carry 4 100-pounders.

She made her first trial on June 1, 1815, and on the Fourth of July she steamed outside of Sandy Hook and back, a distance of 53 miles, in 8 hours and 20 minutes. She was then supposably light, as it is stated that she was again tried September 11, 1815, with 26 of her guns on board, and ammunition and stores to bring her down to nearly 11 feet draught. She steamed from 4½ to 5 miles an hour, Fulton having only promised 3, and may certainly be considered to have been a success. She was never commissioned, but was used as a receiving ship at New York until June 4, 1829, when she accidentally blew up.

The general slowness with which men in the early part of the century received the idea of the mighty changes impending may be recognized when we look over the few publications connected with navigation then published. Mind seemed to move more slowly in those days; communication was tedious and difficult. Edinburgh was as far from London in length of time taken for the journey as is now New York from New Orleans; few papers were published; there were no scientific journals of value; no great associations of men given to meeting and discussing scientific questions excepting the few ponderous societies which dealt more in abstract questions than in the daily advances of the mechanical world.

It was thus that the steam vessel came slowly to the front, and that it took more than a third of the whole time which has elapsed since Fulton's successful effort to convince men that it might be possible to carry on traffic by steam across the Atlantic. Dr. Lardner is almost chiefly remembered by his famous unwillingness to grant the possibility of steaming directly from Liverpool to New York; and by his remark, "As to the project, however, which was announced in the newspapers, of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it was, he had no hesitation in saying, perfectly chimerical, and that they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon."* He strongly urged dividing the transit by using Ireland as one of the intermediate steps, and going thence to Newfoundland. He curiously limited the size of ships which might be used, and their coal-carrying powers. Though a philosopher, he did not seem to grasp that if the steamship had grown to what it was in 1835 from the small beginnings of 1807 it might grow even more, and its machinery be subject to development in later times as it had been in the earlier. Lardner seems to have typified the general state of mind when in 1836 the Great Western Steamship Company was formed, from which really dates transatlantic traffic.

A slight retrospect is necessary to enable us to understand the status of steam at the time. Little really had been done beyond the establishment of coast, river, and lake navigation in the United States and coastwise traffic in Great Britain; a few small vessels had been built for the British navy. In 1825 the Enterprise (122 feet length of keel and 27 feet beam) had gone to Calcutta from London in 113 days, 10 of which had been spent in stoppages; and steam mail communication with India was about being definitely established when the keel of the Great Western was laid.

Up to this time America had undergone much the greater development, both in number of steam vessels and tonnage.

In 1829 our enrolled tonnage was 54,037 tons, or rather more than twice that of the United Kingdom. Charleston and Savannah had regular steam communication with our northern ports.



The Great Britain.

A few years later, in 1838, returns show that the former had 14 steamers, the largest being of 466 tons; Philadelphia had 11, the largest being of 563 tons; New York had 77, of which 39 were of a large class, exceeding generally 300 tons

* Report of Lecture in the Liverpool Albion, delivered in Liverpool, December, 1835.

—the largest was the President, of 615 tons, built in 1829. Liverpool had at this date 41 steamers; the largest was of 559 tons, 4 others exceeded 200 tons, and all the others were much smaller. London had 169, of which the largest was the British Queen, just built, of 1,053 tons; the next largest was of 497 tons. Glasgow and Belfast had been in regular steam communication since 1818; Glasgow and Liverpool, London and Leith, since 1822. The first ferry-boat on the Mersey, it may be noted, the Etna, 63 feet long, with a paddle-wheel in the centre, began her trips in 1816.

In 1819 the Atlantic was first crossed by a ship using steam. This was the Savannah, of 380 tons, launched at Corlear's Hook, New York, August 22, 1818.*

deck when not in use, her shaft also having a joint for that purpose. She left Savannah on the 26th of May, and reached Liverpool in 25 days, using steam 18 days. The log-book, still preserved, notes several times taking the wheels in on deck in thirty minutes.

In August she left Liverpool for Cronstadt. An effort was made to sell her to Russia, which failed. She sailed for Savannah, touching at Copenhagen and Arendal, and arrived in 53 days. Her machinery later was taken out, and she resumed her original character as a sailing-packet, and ended her days by being wrecked on the south coast of Long Island.

But steam power had by 1830 grown large enough to strike out more boldly. The Savannah's effort was an attempt in which steam was only an auxiliary, and



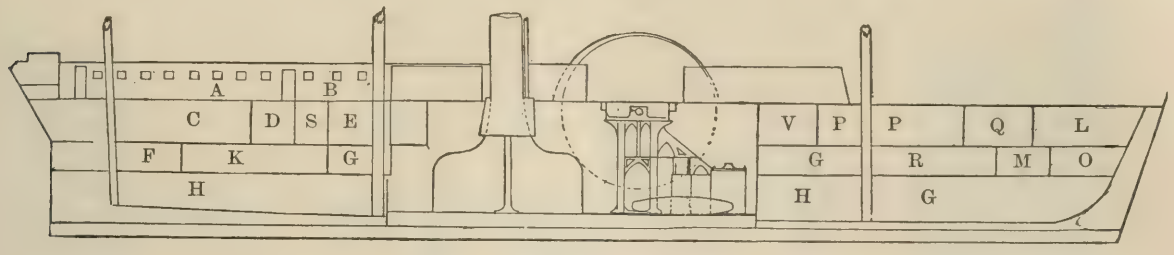
The City of Rome.

She was built to ply between New York and Savannah as a sailing-packet. She was, however, purchased by Savannah merchants and fitted with steam machinery, the paddle-wheels being constructed to fold up and be laid upon the one, too, of a not very powerful kind. Our coastwise steamers, as well as those employed in Great Britain, as also the voyage of the Enterprise to Calcutta in 1825 (though she took 113 days in doing it), had settled the possibility of the use of steam at sea, and the question had now become whether a ship

* The account given of the Savannah is condensed from Admiral Preble's Notes for a History of Steam Navigation.

could be built to cross the Atlantic depending entirely on her steam power. It had become wholly a question of fuel

Brunel's large ideas were shown in this ship, though in comparatively a less degree, as well as in his later ones.



Plan of the Hibernia and Cambria.

A, saloon; B, pantry; C, centre state-rooms; D, gentlemen's cabin; E, ladies' cabin; S, stairs; F, wine cellar; G, G, G, goods; K, stewards' berths in centre; H, H, coal hold; P, P, fore-cabin; Q, steerage; L, forecastle; R, store-room; M, mail-room; O, sail-room; V, engineers and firemen.

consumption. The Savannah, it may be said, used pitch-pine on her outward voyage, and wood was for a very long time the chief fuel for steaming purposes in America. How very important this question was will be understood when it is known that Mr. McGregor Laird, the founder of the Birkenhead firm, in 1834, laid before the committee of the House of Commons, on steam navigation to India, the following estimate of coal consumption:

Under 120	horse-power,	10½	lbs.	per h.-p.
160	"	9½	"	"
200	"	8½	"	"
240	"	8	"	"

Or more than four times what is consumed to-day in moderately economical ships. In other words, to steam at her present rate across the Atlantic the Umbria would need to start with something like 6,000 tons of coal on board were her consumption per indicated horse-power equal to that of the best sea practice of that date, which could hardly have been under 6 pounds per indicated horse-power per hour.

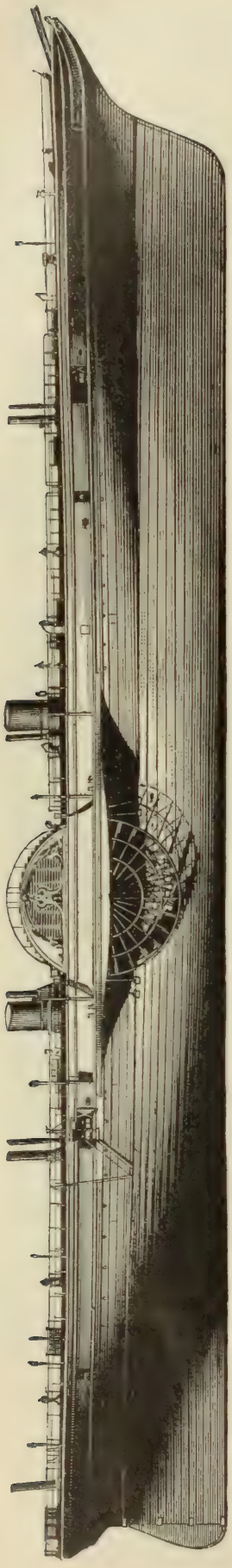
This may be said to have been the status of affairs when, in 1836, under the influence of Brunel's bold genius, the Great Western Steamship Company was founded as an off-shoot of the Great Western Railway, whose terminus was then Bristol. Brunel wished to know why the line should not extend itself to New York, and the result of his suggestion was the formation of the steamship company and the laying down at Bristol of their first ship, the Great Western (see pages 517 and 518).

She was of unprecedented size, determined on by Brunel as being necessary for the requisite power and coal-carrying capacity. The following were her principal dimensions: Length over all, 236 ft.; length between perpendiculars, 212 ft.; length of keel, 205 ft.; breadth, 35 ft. 4 in.; depth of hold, 23 ft. 2 in.; draught of water, 16 ft. 8 in.; length of engine-room, 72 ft.; tonnage by measurement, 1,340 tons; displacement at load-draught, 2,300 tons.

Dimensions of engines: Diameter of cylinders, 73½ in.; length of stroke, 7 ft.; weight of engines, wheels, etc., 310 tons; number of boilers, 4; weight of boilers, 90 tons; weight of water in boilers, 80 tons; diameter of wheel, 28 ft., 9 in.; width of floats, 10 ft.

Her engines (side-lever) were built by the great firm of Maudslay & Field, who had been for some time one of the most notable marine-engine building firms of the period in Great Britain. They had, up to 1836, built 66 engines for steamers; the first being in 1815, when they built those of the Richmond, of 17 horse-power. The indicated power of the Great Western was 750; and a notable measure of the stride which steam has taken in the half-century since they undertook this contract is that to-day they have in construction twin-screw engines from which they have guaranteed to produce 19,500 horse-power, but from which they expect to obtain 24,000. These are to drive a great armor-clad, which has six times the displacement of the Great Western and will have twice her ordinary speed.

The Great Western was launched on



Model of the Persia and Scotia.

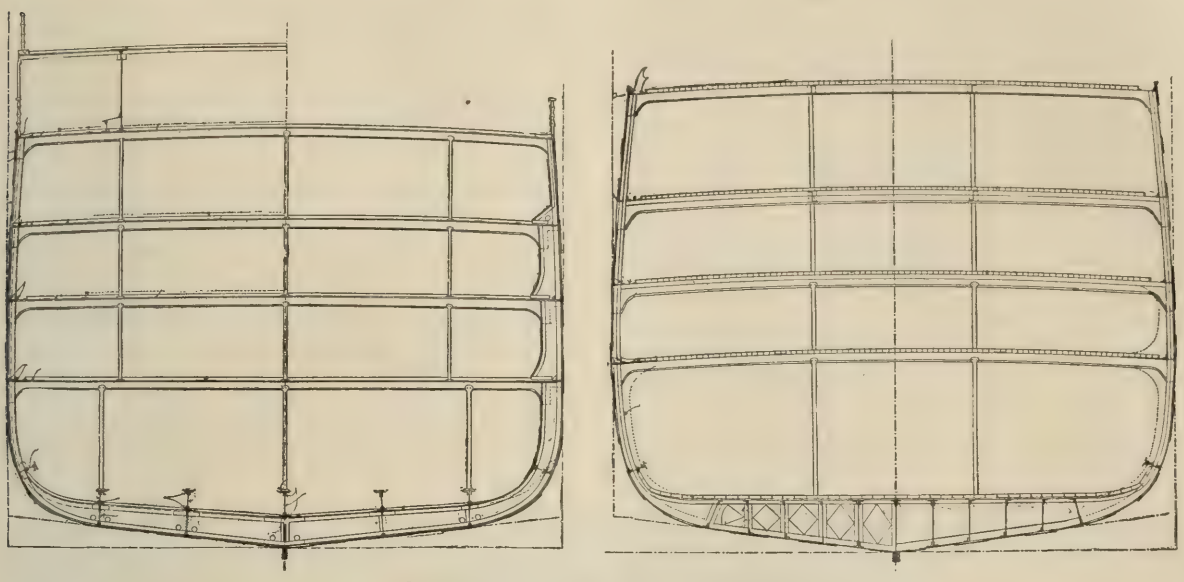
July 19, 1837, and was towed from Bristol to the Thames to receive her machinery, where she was the wonder of London. She left for Bristol on March 31, 1838 ; and arrived, after having had a serious fire on board, on April 2d.

In the meantime others had been struck with the possibility of steaming to New York ; and a company, of which the moving spirit was Mr. J. Laird, of Birkenhead, purchased the Sirius, of 700 tons, employed between London and Cork, and prepared her for a voyage to New York. The completion of the Great Western was consequently hastened ; and she left Bristol on Sunday, April 8, 1838, at 10 A.M., with 7 passengers on board, and reached New York on Monday, the 23d, the afternoon of the same day with the Sirius, which had left Cork Harbor (where she had touched en route from London) four days before the Great Western had left Bristol. The latter still had nearly 200 tons of coal, of the total of 800, on board on arrival ; the Sirius had consumed her whole supply, and was barely able to make harbor.

It is needless to speak of the reception of these two ships at New York. It was an event which stirred the whole country, and with reason ; it had practically, at one stroke, reduced the breadth of the Atlantic by half, and brought the Old and New World by so much the nearer together. The Great Western started on her return voyage, May 7th, with 66 passengers. This was made in 14 days, though one was lost by a stoppage at sea. Her average daily run out was 202 miles, or about 8½ knots per hour ; in returning she made an average of close upon 9. Her coal consumption to New York was 655 tons, though in returning it was but 392 tons—due no doubt to the aid from the westerly winds which generally prevail in the North Atlantic in the higher latitudes. She made in all, between 1838 and 1843, 64 voyages across the Atlantic, her average time from Bristol or Liverpool to New York, with an average distance of 3,062½ knots, being 15 days 12 hours, and from New York eastward, over an average distance of 3,105 knots, 13 days 6 hours. Her fastest westward passage was in 12 days 18 hours ; her longest, in 22 days 6 hours. Her fastest eastward was in 12 days 7½ hours ; and longest, in 15 days. The largest number of passengers carried was 152, and she averaged throughout 85. In 1847 she was sold to the West India Steam Packet Company, and in 1857, about the time that Mr. Brunel was launching his last and greatest ship, she was broken up at Vauxhall ; and her final province no doubt was to feed the drawing-room fires of the West End of London, a fate to which many a worn-out wayfarer of the seas is yearly devoted.

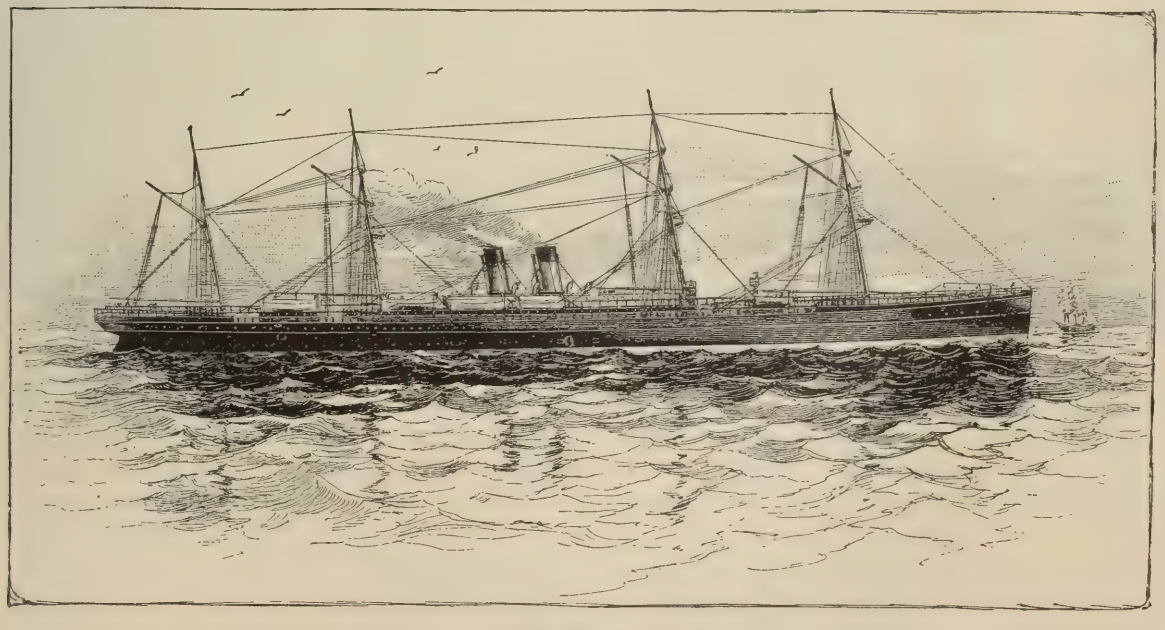
Steam communication between England and America had thus been demonstrated as possible beyond a doubt, and others were not slow to make the venture. The Great Western Company themselves determined to lay down a second ship ; and it having been quickly seen that the mails must be henceforth carried by steam, a gentleman from

Halifax, Nova Scotia, appeared upon the scene, who was destined to connect his name indelibly with the history of steam



Cross-sections of the Oregon and Servia.

upon the Atlantic. This was Mr. Samuel Cunard, who had nursed the idea of such a steam line for some years, and who now, with Mr. George Burns, of Glasgow, and Mr. David McIver, of Liverpool, founded the great company known by Mr. Cunard's name. The establishment of this line and the building of the Great Britain (page 519) by the Great Western

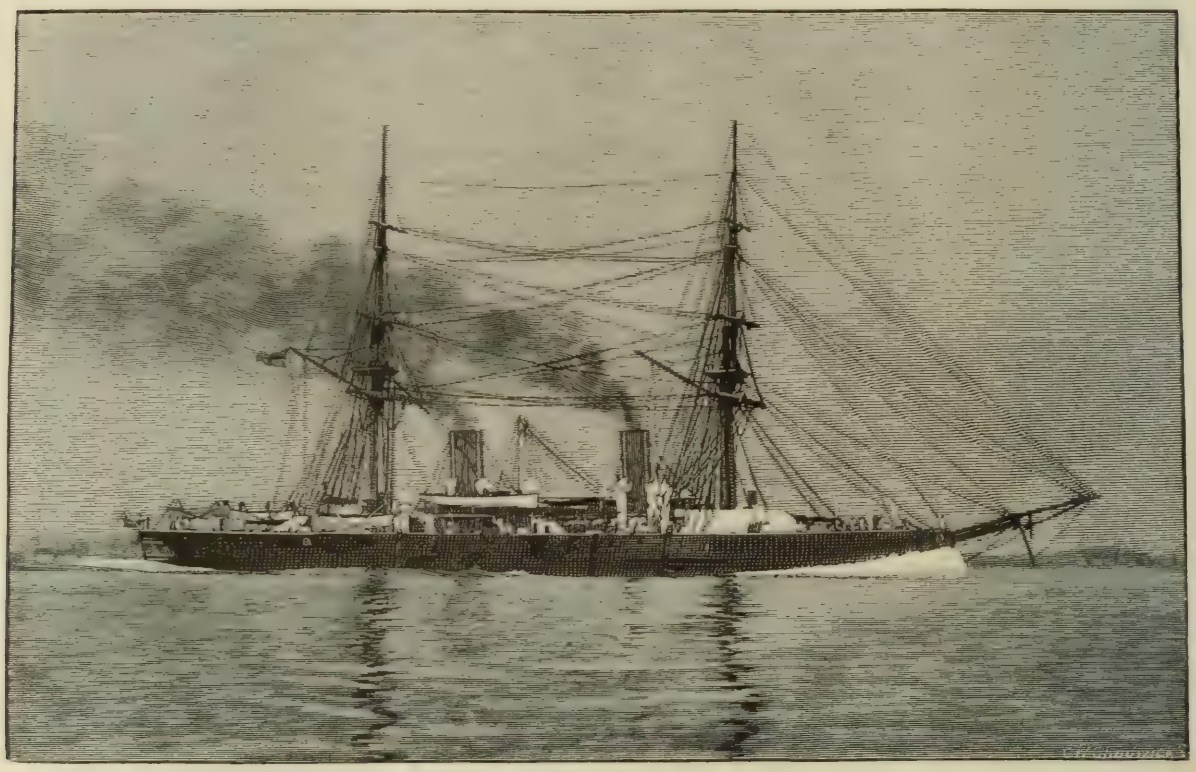


The Britannic.

Company are two most notable events in steam navigation—the one putting the steam traffic between the two

countries on a firm and secure basis; the other marking a notable step in the revolution in construction and means of applying the propelling power, destined before many years to be completely accepted to the exclusion of the wooden hull and the paddle-wheel. It is not fair to speak of the use of iron in the Great Britain for the hull, in a general way, as the beginning of the change; she was only the first large ship to be built of this material. The credit of the introduction of iron is largely to be awarded to Mr. John Laird, of Birkenhead, who in 1829 built a lighter

60 feet long, 13 feet 4 inches in breadth, and 6 feet depth of hold; and in 1833, a paddle-wheel steamer, the Lady Lansdowne, of 148 tons, 133 feet long, 17 feet broad, and 9 feet 6 inches deep. "In the following year Mr. Laird constructed a second paddle-steamer, for G. B. Lamar, Esq., of Savannah, United States, called the John Randolph. This was the first iron vessel ever seen in American waters. She was shipped in pieces at Liverpool, and riveted together in the Savannah River, where for several years afterward she was used as a tug-boat." Though Mr. Laird was the ablest upholder of iron as a material for shipbuilding, and was the largest builder in it, the idea existed before him—Richard Wilson, near Glasgow—the first steam vessel being the Aaron Manby, "constructed in 1821 at Horsley" (Lindsay). "Up to 1834, Mr. Laird had constructed six iron vessels altogether;" the largest of these was the Garryowen, of 300 tons, for the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company. Others of considerable size by the same builder followed, and the material began to come into use elsewhere. In 1837 the Rainbow, of 600 tons, by far the largest iron steamer which had yet been built, was laid down at Birkenhead. It will thus be seen how bold was the step taken by Mr. Brunel when, in 1838, he advised the Great Western Company to use iron as the material for their new ship, which was to



The Impérieuse going at Full Speed. (From an instantaneous photograph.)

Trevithick and Robert Stevenson so early as 1809 proposing iron vessels, "and even suggested 'masts, yards, and spars to be constructed in plates, with telescope-joints or screwed together;' and in 1815 Mr. Dickenson patented an invention for vessels, or rather boats, to be built of iron, with a hollow water-tight gunwale" (Lindsay, vol. iv., p. 85). But nothing came of these proposals, and the first iron vessel mentioned was built in 1818 by Thomas

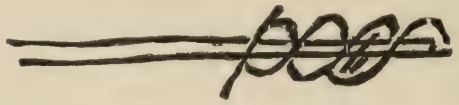
be of the startling size of 3,443 tons displacement. Nor were his innovations to stop with size and material. On his earnest recommendation to the company it was decided, in 1839, to change from the first design of the usual paddle-wheels to a screw.

Three years before (in 1836), a Swede, whose name was destined to become much more famous in our own land, had successfully shown the practicability of screw propulsion, in the Francis B.

Ogden, on the Thames. "She was 45 feet long and 8 feet wide, drawing 2 feet 3 inches of water. In this vessel he fitted his engine and two propellers, each of 5 feet 3 inches diameter" (Lindsay). She made ten miles an hour, and showed her capabilities by towing a large packet-ship at good speed. There was no question of the success of this little vessel, which was witnessed on one occasion by several of the lords of the admiralty. Notwithstanding her unqualified success, Ericsson had no support in England. It happened, however, that Commodore Stockton, of our navy, was then in London; and witnessing a trial of the Ogden, ordered two small boats of him. One, the Robert F. Stockton, was built in 1838, of iron, by Laird—63 feet 5 inches in length, 10 feet in breadth, and 7 feet in depth. She was taken—April, 1839—under sail, to the United States by a crew of a master and four men. This little vessel was the forerunner of the famous Princeton, built after the designs of Ericsson, who had been induced by Commodore Stockton to come to America as offering a more kindly field for his talents.

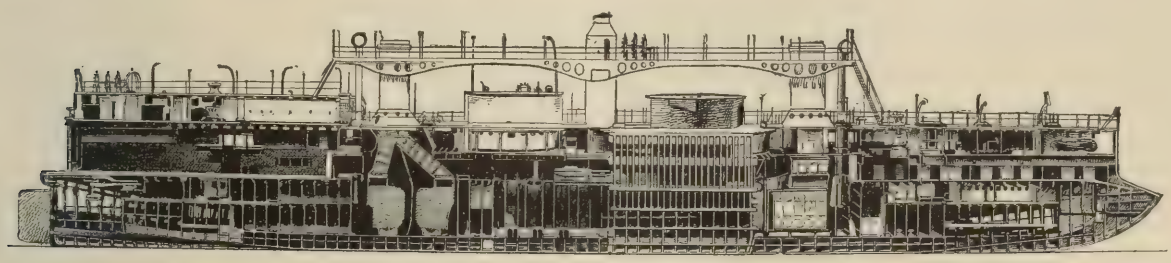
In the same year with Ericsson's trial of the Ogden, Mr. Thomas Pettit Smith took out a patent for a screw; and it was by the company formed by Smith that the screw propeller was first tried on a large scale, in the Archimedes, of 237 tons, in 1839. Of course the names mentioned by no means exhaust the list of claimants to this great invention. Nor can it be said to have been invented by either of these two, but they were the first to score decisive successes and convince the world of its practicability.

In 1770, Watt wrote to Dr. Smalls (who, a Scot, was at one time a professor at William and Mary College, in Virginia, but returned to England in 1785) regarding the latter's experiments in relation to canal navigation, asking him, "Have you ever considered a spiral oar for that purpose, or are you for two wheels?" In the letter is the sketch, a fac-simile of which is here shown.



Dr. Smalls answers that, "I have tried models of spiral oars, and have found them all inferior to oars of either of the other forms" (Muirhead's "Life of Watt," p. 203).

Joseph Bramah, in 1785, took out a patent for propelling vessels by steam, wherein, after describing the method figured in his specification of using a wheel at the stern of a vessel, in which he places the rudder at the bow, he proceeds as follows:



Longitudinal Section of the Gallia.

"Instead of this wheel A may be introduced a wheel with inclined fans, or wings, similar to the fly of a smoke-jack, or the vertical sails of a wind-mill. This wheel, or fly, may be fixed on the spindle C alone, and may be wholly under water, when it would, by being turned round either way, cause the ship to be forced backward or forward, as the inclination of the fans, or wings, will act as oars with equal force both ways; and their power will be in proportion to the size and velocity of the wheel, allowing the fans to have a proper inclination. The steam-engine will also serve to clear the ship of water with singular expedition, which is a circumstance of much consequence."

Bramah thus very clearly describes the screw, and in so doing must unquestionably be numbered as one of the many fathers of this system of propulsion. Fitch, as before stated, is recorded, on

most trustworthy evidence, to have been another ; and Mr. Stevens, of Hoboken, not only carried out successful experiments with the screw in 1804, at New York, but even experimented with twin screws. Charles Cummerow, "in the City of London, merchant," patented, in 1828, "certain improvements in propelling vessels, communicated to me by a certain foreigner residing abroad," in which the screw is set forth in a manner not to be questioned. Who the "certain foreigner" was, who communicated the invention to Mr. Cummerow, has not come down to us.

It had, however, like the steamboat as a whole, to wait for a certain preparedness in the human intellect. Invention knocked hard, and sometimes often, in the early years of the century, before the doors of the mind were opened to receive it; and too frequently then the reception was but a surly one, and attention deferred from visitor to visitor until one came, as did Fulton, or Ericsson, who would not be denied.

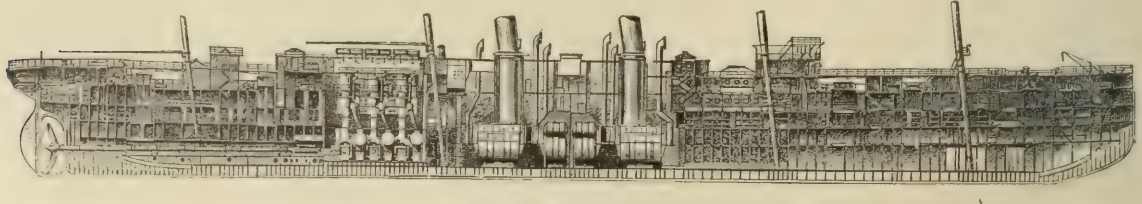
The transfer of Ericsson to America left an open field for Mr. Pettit Smith, and the experiments carried out by the Screw Propeller Company had the effect of permanently directing the attention in Great Britain of those interested in such subjects. The screw used in the Archimedes "consisted of two half-threads, of an 8 feet pitch, 5 feet 9 inches in diameter. Each was 4 feet in length, and they were placed diametrically opposite each other at an angle of about 45 degrees on the propeller-shaft" (Lindsay). She was tried in 1839, and in 1840 Mr. Brunel spent some time in investigating her performance. His mind, bold and original in all its own conceptions, was quick to appreciate the new method ; and, although the engines of the Great Britain were already begun, designed for paddle-wheels, he brought the directors of the company, who had undertaken the building of their own machinery, to consent to a change. The following details of the ship are taken from the "Life of Brunel :" Total length, 322 ft. ; length of keel, 289 ft. ; beam, 51 ft. ; depth, 32 ft. 6 in. ; draught of water, 16 ft. ; tonnage measurement, 3,443 tons ; displacement, 2,984 tons ; number of cylinders, 4 ; diameter of cylinder, 88 in. ; length of stroke, 6 ft. ; weight of engines, 340 tons ; weight of boilers, 200 tons ; weight of water in boilers, 200 tons ; weight of screw-shaft, 38 tons ; diameter of screw, 15 ft. 6 in. ; pitch of screw, 25 ft. ; weight of screw, 4 tons ; diameter of main drum, 18 ft. ; diameter of screw-shaft drum, 6 ft. ; weight of coal, 1,200 tons.

"In the construction of the Great Britain, the same care which had been spent in securing longitudinal strength in the wooden hull of the Great Western was now given to the suitable distribution of the metal."

A balanced rudder was a part of her original construction, and the unusual method of lapping the plates will be noticed. "Apart from their size, the design of the engines of the Great Britain necessarily presented many peculiarities. The boilers, which were 6 in number, were placed touching each other, so as to form one large boiler about 33 feet square, divided by one transverse and two longitudinal partitions.

"It would seem that the boiler was worked with a pressure of about 8 pounds on the square inch.

"The main shaft of the engine had a crank at either end of it, and was made hollow ; a stream of water being kept running through it, so as to prevent heating in the bearings. An important part in the design was the method by which motion was transmitted from the engine-shaft to the screw-shaft, for the screw was arranged to go three revolu-

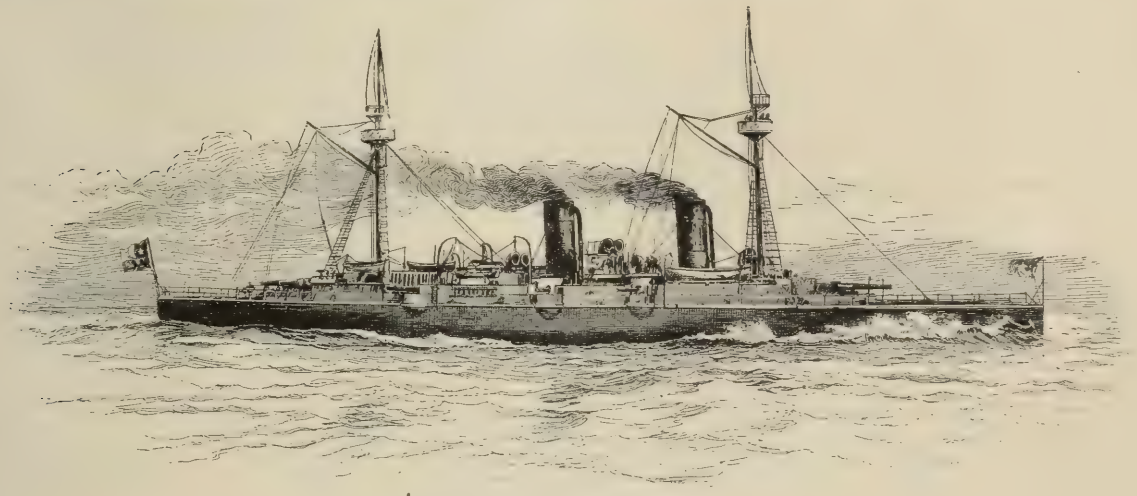


Longitudinal Section of the Champagne,

tions to each revolution of the engines. Where the engines do not drive the screw directly, this is now universally effected by means of toothed gearing; but when the engines of the Great Britain were made, it was thought that this arrangement would be too jarring and noisy. After much consideration, chains were used, working round different-sized drums, with notches in them into which fitted projections on the chains."

On July 19, 1843, this (for the time) great ship was floated out of dock; but it was not until January 23, 1845, that she left Bristol for London, making on her voyage an average of $12\frac{1}{3}$ knots an hour. She left Liverpool for New York on August 26th, and arrived on September 10th, having made the passage out in 14 days and 21 hours; she returned in $15\frac{1}{2}$ days. During the next winter, after one more voyage to New York, alterations were made, to give a better supply of steam, and a new screw was fitted. She made two voyages to New York in 1846; and on September 22d she left Liverpool on a third, but overran her reckoning and stranded in Dundrum Bay, on the northeast coast of Ireland, when it was supposed she was only rounding the Isle of Man. This unfortunate event completed the ruin of the company, already in financial straits through the competition of the Cunard line; and the ship, after her rescue, effected August 27, 1847, almost a year after grounding, was "sold to Messrs. Gibbs, Bright & Co., of Liverpool, by whom she was repaired and fitted with auxiliary engines of 500 nominal horse-power. On a general survey being made it was found that she had not suffered any alteration of form, nor was she at all strained. She was taken out of dock in October, 1851, and since that time she has made regular voyages between Liverpool and Australia."

These last few lines appear in the "Life of Brunel," published in 1870. But she was later changed into a sailing-ship, and only last year (1886) stranded again at the Falkland Islands. She has been floated; but being badly injured, was sold to serve as a hulk, and there no doubt will be passed the last days of what may be regarded one of the famous ships of the world. She was, for the time, as bold a conception as was her great designer's later venture, the Great Eastern.



The Chilian Cruiser Esmeralda.

The acceptance by the English Government of the Cunard company's bid for the contract for carrying the mails to America resulted in putting afloat, in 1840, the Acadia, Britannia, Columbia, and Caledonia. The first vessels of the Cunard line were all wooden paddle-wheel steamers, with engines by Napier, of Glasgow, of the usual side-lever class; the return-flue boilers and jet-condensers were used, the latter holding their place for many years to come, though surface condensation had already appeared as an experiment. The company was to carry the mails fortnightly between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, regular sailings to be adhered to, and



The Etruria.

four vessels to be employed, for the sum of £81,000 ($400,000) per annum. The contract was made for seven years, but was continued from time to time for forty-six—no break occurring in this nearly half-century's service until within a short time of the present writing, when the Umbria—November 4, 1886—was the first ship in the history of the company to leave Liverpool on the regular day of sailing for America without mails.

The Britannia was the first of the fleet to sail; and, strange to say (from the usual seaman's point of view), Friday, July 4, 1840, was the day selected. She arrived at Boston in 14 days and 8 hours, a very successful passage for the time.

It must have required considerable moral courage in the projectors to inaugurate such an undertaking on a day of the week which has been so long on the black-list of sailor superstition, notwithstanding it had the advantage of being the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. The success of this line ought certainly to rehabilitate Friday to a position of equality among the more fortunate days, though it will be observed that none of the transatlantic lines have yet selected it as a day of sailing.

The Britannia, which was representative of the quartette, was of the following dimensions: Length of keel and fore rake, 207 ft.; breadth of beam, 34 ft. 2 in.; depth of hold, 22 ft. 4 in.; mean draught, 16 ft. 10 in.; displacement, 2,050 tons; diameter of cylinder, 72½ in.; length of stroke, 82 in.; number of boilers, 4; pressure carried, 9 lbs. per sq. in.; number of furnaces, 12; fire-grate area, 222 ft.; indicated horse-power, 740; coal consumption per indicated horse-power per hour, 5.1 lbs.; coal consumption per day, 38 tons; bunker capacity, 640 tons; cargo capacity, 225 tons; cabin passengers carried, 90; average speed, 8.5 knots.

It will thus be seen that these ships were not an advance upon the Great Western, but were even slightly smaller, with about the same coal consumption and with rather less speed.

The Hibernia and Cambria followed in 1843 and 1845, 530 tons larger in displacement, with 1,040 indicated horse-power, and steaming about 9½ knots per hour. The plan (shown on page 521) gives an idea of these vessels which is far from fulfilling the ideas of the present Atlantic traveller, who considers himself a much-injured person if he has not electric lights and bells, baths *ad libitum*, and a reasonable amount of cubic space in which to bestow himself. None of the least of these existed in the earlier passenger ships; a narrow berth to sleep in and a plentiful supply of food were afforded, but beyond these there was little—notwithstanding the whole of the ship was given up to first-cabin passengers, emigrants not being carried in steamers until 1850, and it was not until 1853 that any steamer of the Cunard line was fitted for their accommodation.

How little it was possible to do for the wanderer to Europe in those days may be seen when comparison shows the Britannia to have been but half the length of the Umbria, but two-thirds her breadth, but six-tenths her depth, with much less than half her speed, and less than one-twentieth her power.

The establishment of the Cunard line marked the setting of ocean steam traffic firmly on its feet. What in 1835 had been stated by one of the most trusted scientific men of that time as an impossibility, and even in 1838 was in doubt, had become an accomplished fact; and while the proof of the practicability of the American route was making, preparations were in progress for the extension of steam lines which were soon to reach the ends of the world. A detailed statement of historic events is, of course, here out of place, but a mere mention of other prominent landmarks in steam navigation is almost a necessity. The founding of the Peninsular Company, in 1837, soon to extend its operations, under the name of the Peninsular and Oriental, to India, and the establishment, in 1840, of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, are dates not to be passed by. The establishment of the latter line was due to one of our own countrymen—William Wheelright, of Newburyport, who, when consul at Guayaquil, grasped the conditions of the coast, and through his foresight became one of its greatest benefactors, and at the same time one of its most successful men. He failed in in-

teresting our own people in the venture, and turned to London, where his success was greater. The Chili and Peru, the first vessels of this now great fleet, despatched in 1840, were but 198 feet long and of 700 tons. It was not until 1868 that the line was brought into direct communication with England by the establishment of monthly steamers from Liverpool to Valparaiso, *via* the Straits of Magellan. They had to await the diminished fuel consumption, which the company itself did so much to bring about through compound engines and surface condensation.

In the following years we ourselves were not idle. In 1843 the celebrated screw steamer Princeton—whose name is connected in so melancholy a manner with the bursting of the "Peacemaker" and the death of the then Secretary of the Navy, when he and a number of other high officials were visiting the ship—was built for the navy after Ericsson's designs, and fitted with one of his propellers. She was 164 feet long, with 30 feet 6 inches beam, and a displacement, at 18 feet draught, of 1,046 tons. She had a very flat floor, with great sharpness forward and excessive leanness aft. She may almost be taken as representative of the later type in model. She had three boilers, each 26 feet long, 9 feet 4 inches high, and 7 feet wide, with a grate-surface of 134 square feet. In 1845, Mr. R. B. Forbes, of Boston, so long known for his intimate and successful connection with shipping interests, built the auxiliary screw steamers Massachusetts and Edith, for transatlantic trade. The former was somewhat the larger, and was 178 feet long and 32 broad. Her machinery was designed by Ericsson, and had two cylinders, 25 inches diameter, working nearly at right angles to each other. The machinery was built by Hogg & Delamater, of New York, and had the peculiarity of having the shaft pass through the stern at the side of the stern-post, under a patent of Ericsson's. The propeller, on Ericsson's principle, was 9½ feet diameter, and could be hoisted when the ship was under sail. She made but one voyage to Liverpool, and was then chartered by our Government to carry troops to Mexico, in 1846; but was later bought into the naval service, and known as the Farralones.

In June, 1847, the same year which witnessed the establishment of the Pacific Mail Company, the Washington, of 4,000 tons displacement, and of 2,000 indicated horse-power, was the pioneer of a line between New York and Bremen, touching at Southampton. The Hermann followed a little later, but was somewhat larger, the dimensions of the two ships being:

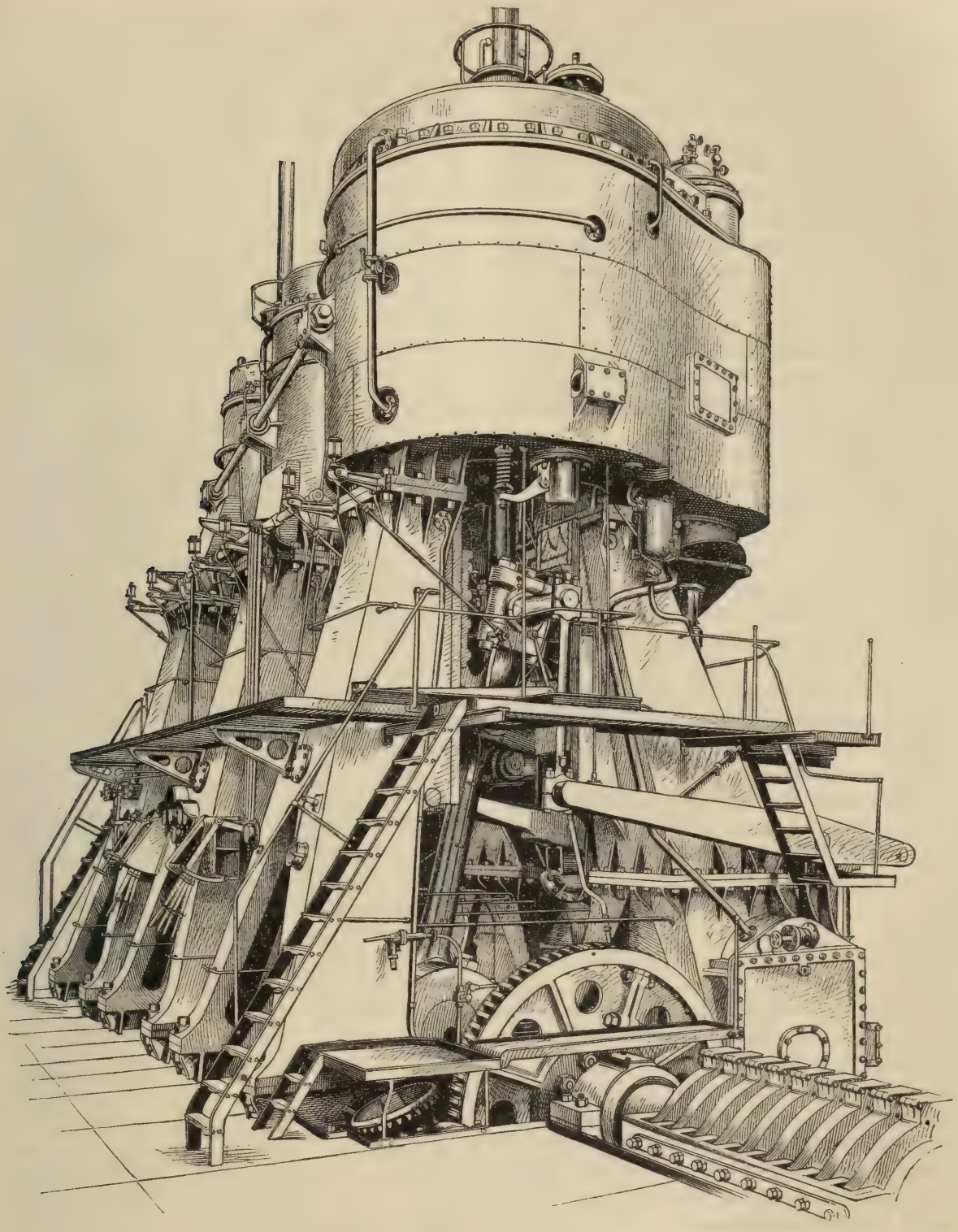
	Washington.	Hermann.
Total length	236	241
Beam	39	40
Depth.....	31	31

Their displacement was about 4,000 tons. The Franklin followed in 1848, and the Humboldt in 1850, both being a good deal larger than the two preceding The latter two were, however, employed only between New York and Havre.

In 1850 the Collins line was formed, with a large Government subsidy. In the same year the Inman line was established, with screw steamers built of iron—two differences from the prevailing construction, which were to bear so powerful an influence in a few years against the success of steamers of the type brought out by the Collins company. In 1858 came the North German Lloyd, with the modest beginnings of its now great fleet, and in 1861 the French Compagnie Transatlantique. In 1863 the National line was established; in 1866 the Williams & Guion (now the Guion), which had previously existed as a line of sailing-packets; and in 1870 the White Star.

These are those in which we are most interested, as they touch our shores; but in the interval other lines were directed to all parts of the world, few seaports remaining, of however little importance, or lying however far from civilization, that cannot now be reached by regular steam communication.

The establishment of the Collins line was one of the great events of steamship history. We had been so successful upon our coasts, rivers, and lakes, that it was but natural we should make some effort to do our part with steam upon the greater field of international trade.



Triple-expansion Engine of the Aller, Trave, and Saale.

It was impossible that the monopoly which had existed for ten years in the hands of the Cunard company should not be combated by someone, and with the advent of the Collins line came a strife for supremacy, the memories of which are still vivid in the minds of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Cunard company at this time had increased their fleet by the addition of the America, Niagara, Europa, and Columbia, all built in 1848. Their machinery did not differ materially from that of the preceding ships, in general design, but there had, in the course of practice, come better workmanship and

design of parts, and the boiler pressure had been increased to 13 pounds, bringing the expenditure per horse-power down to 3.8 pounds per hour. In these ships the freight capacity had been nearly doubled, fifty per cent. had been added to their passenger accommodation, and the company was altogether pursuing the successful career which was due a line which could command $35 a ton for freight from Liverpool to New York—a reminiscence which must make it appear the Golden Age to the unfortunate steamship-owner of to-day, who is now most happy with a seventh of such earnings.

The Collins steamers were a new departure in model and arrangement; they were designed by Steers, famous also as the designer of the America and Niagara; exceeded in size and speed anything then afloat, and reduced the journey in 1851 and 1852 to about 11 days—though some voyages were made in less than 10 days. The Cunard line put afloat the Asia and Africa, as competitors, but they neither equalled the American steamers in size nor speed. The former were of 3,620 tons displacement, with 1,000 indicated horse-power. The comparison of size between them and the Collins steamers is as follows:

	Length. ft.	Depth. ft.	in.	Beam. ft.	Draught. ft.	in.
Arctic	282	32		45	20	
Asia	266	27	2	40	18	9

The three other vessels of the Collins line were the Baltic, Atlantic, and Pacific. They formed a notable fleet, and fixed for many years to come the type of the American steamship in model and arrangement. They were the work of a man of genius who had the courage to cast aside tradition where it interfered with practical purposes. The bowsprit was dispensed with; the vertical stem, now so general, was adopted, and everything subordinated to the use of the ships as steamers.

But great disaster was in store for these fine ships. The Arctic, on September 21, 1854, while on her voyage out, was struck by the French steamer Vesta, in a fog off Cape Race, and but 46 out of the 268 persons on board were saved. The Pacific left Liverpool on June 23, 1856, and was never heard of after. The Adriatic, a much finer ship than any of her predecessors, was put afloat; but the line was doomed. Extravagance in construction and management, combined with the losses of two of their ships and a refusal of further aid from the Government, were too much for the line to bear, and in 1858 the end came. Ever since, the European companies, with the exception of the time during which the line from Philadelphia has been running and the time during which some desultory efforts have been put forth, have had to compete among themselves. The sworn statement of the Collins company had shown the first four ships to have cost $2,944,142.71. The actual average cost of each of the first 28 voyages was $65,-215.64; and the average receipts, $48,-286.85—showing a loss on each voyage of $16,928.79.

To discuss the causes of our failure to hold our own in the carrying trade of the world may seem somewhat out of place, but the subject is so interesting in many ways that a few words may not be amiss.

The following is a comparative table showing the steam tonnage of the United States and of the British Empire, beginning with the year in which ocean steam navigation may be said to have been put fairly on its feet. Our own is divided into "oversea," or that which can trade beyond United States waters, and "enrolled," which includes all in home waters:

	United States.		Total.	British Empire (including colonies).
	Oversea.	Enrolled.		
1838	2,791	190,632	193,423	82,716
1840	4,155	198,184	202,339	95,807
1842	4,701	224,960	229,681	118,930
1844	6,909	265,270	272,179	125,675
1846	6,287	341,606	347,893	144,784
1848	16,068	411,823	427,891	168,078
1850	44,942	481,005	525,947	187,631
1852	79,704	563,536	643,240	227,306
1854	95,036	581,571	676,607	326,484
1855	115,045	.....	.....	.....
1856	89,715	583,362	673,077	417,717
1858	78,027	651,363	729,390	488,415
1860	97,296	770,641	867,937	500,144

It will be seen from this table how great the extension of the use of the steamboat had been in the United States in these earlier years, as compared with that elsewhere. In 1852 our enrolled

tonnage had grown to more than half a million tons, or well on to three times the whole of that of the British Empire, and our oversea tonnage was about one-third of that of Great Britain and her dependencies.

One reason for this very rapid increase in the enrolled tonnage was, of course, the fact that railroads had not yet begun to seam the West, as they were shortly to do ; the steamboat was the great and absolutely necessary means of transport, and was to hold its prominence in this regard for some years yet to come. When this change came, there came with it a change in circumstances which went far beyond all other causes in removing our shipping from the great place it had occupied in the first half of this century. But great as was the effect worked by this change, there were certain minor causes which have to be taken into account. We had grown in maritime power through the events of the Napoleonic wars—which, though they worked ruin to many an unlucky owner, enriched many more—as we were for some years almost the only neutral bottoms afloat ; we had rapidly increased this power during the succeeding forty years, during which time our ships were notably the finest models and the most ably commanded on the seas ; the best blood of New England went into the service, and one has but to read the reports of the English parliamentary commissions upon the shipping subject to realize the proud position which our ships and, above all, our ships' captains held in the carrying trade. We had entered the steam competition with an energy and ability that promised much, but we gave little or no heed to changes in construction until long after they had been accepted by the rest of the world ; and it is to this conservatism, paradoxical as the expression may seem applied to our countrymen, that part of our misfortune was due.

The first of the changes we were so unwilling to accept was that from wood to iron ; the other was that from paddle to screw. Even so late as the end of the decade 1860–70, while all the world else was building ships of iron, propelled by screws, some of which were driven by compound engines, our last remaining great company, the Pacific Mail, put afloat four magnificent failures (from the commercial point of view), differing scarcely in any point, except in size, from those of 1850–56. They were of wood, and had the typically national overhead-beam engine. They were most comfortable and luxurious boats ; but the sending them into the battle of commerce, at such a date, was like pitting the old wooden three-decker with her sixty-four pounders against the active steel cruiser of to-day and her modern guns. Many of the iron screws built at the same time are still in active service ; but the fine old China, America, Alaska, and Japan are long since gone, and with them much of the company's success and fortune.

Of course, one great reason for this non-acceptance was the fact that, with us, wood for ship-building was still plentiful, and that it was cheaper so to build than to build in iron, to which material English builders were driven by an exact reversal of these conditions ; and the retention of the paddle over the screw was due in a certain degree to the more frequent necessity of repair of wooden screw ships, to which it is not possible to give the necessary structural strength at the stern to withstand successfully the jarring action of the screw at high speeds.

The part in advancing the British commercial fleet played by the abrogation of the navigation laws, in 1849, which had their birth in the time of Cromwell (and to which we have held with such tenacity, as ours were modelled upon theirs), need only be barely mentioned. British ship-owners were in despair at the change, and many sold off their ship property to avoid what they expected to be the ruin of the shipping trade, but the change was only to remove the fetters which they had worn so long that they did not know them as such.

But the great and overwhelming cause, to which the effect of our navigation laws was even secondary, was the opening up of the vast region lying west of the earlier formed States ; the building of our gigantic system of railways ; the exploitation, in a word, of the great in-

terior domain, of the possibilities of which, preceding 1850, we were only dimly conscious, and so much of which had only just been added by the results of the Mexican War. It is so difficult, from the standpoint of this present year of 1887, to realize the mighty work which has been done on the American continent in this short space of thirty-seven years, that its true bearings on this subject are sometimes disregarded. The fact that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at this date, was not running its trains beyond Cumberland, Md., will give an impression of the vastness of the work which was done later.

The period 1850–60 cannot be passed over without a mention of the Great Eastern, though she can hardly be said to have been in the line of practical development, which was not so much in enlargement of hull as in change in character of machinery. Brunel's son, in his "Life" of his father, says: "It was no doubt his connection with the Australian Mail Company (1851–53) that led Mr. Brunel to work out into practical shape the idea of a great ship for the Indian or Australian service, which had long occupied his mind."

The Great Eastern was to attempt to solve by her bulk the problem which was later to be solved by high pressures and surface condensation. The ship finally determined on was 680 feet long, 83 feet broad, with a mean draught of 25 feet, with screw engines of 4,000 indicated horse-power and paddle engines of 2,600, to work with steam from 15 to 25 pounds pressure—thus curiously uniting in herself at this transition period the two rival systems of propulsion. She was begun at Millwall, London, in the spring of 1854, and was finally launched, after many difficulties, on January 30, 1858. Her history is too well known to be dwelt upon here. She has experienced many vicissitudes and misfortunes, and it is well that her great projector (who paid for her with his life, as he died the year after her launching) did not live to see her used as an exhibit, in 1886, in the River Mersey, her great sides serving to blazon the name and fame of a Liverpool clothing establishment.

The year 1855 marks the high-water mark of the paddle-steamer era. In that year were built the Adriatic, by the Collins line, and the Persia, as a competitor (and the twenty-eighth ship of the company), by the Cunard. But the former was of wood, the latter of iron. She was among the earlier ships of this material to be built by the Cunard company, and, with the slightly larger Scotia, built in 1862, was, for some years after the cessation of the Collins line, the favorite and most successful steamer upon the Atlantic. She was 376 feet long, 45 feet 3 inches broad, and of about 5,500 tons displacement. Her cylinders were 100½ inches diameter, with 120 inches stroke, and she had—as also the preceding ship, the Arabia—tubular boilers instead of the old flue.

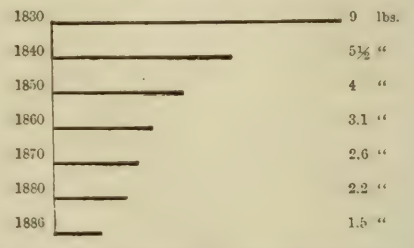


Diagram showing Decrease in Expenditure of Coal per indicated Horse-power per Hour based on good Average Practice.

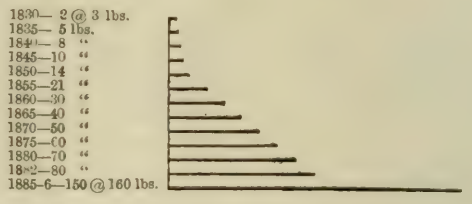


Diagram showing Increase in Steam-pressures based on good Average Practice.

How great an advance she was upon their first ship will be seen by the following comparison:

	Britannia.	Persia.
Coal necessary to steam to New York.....	570 tons	1,400 tons
Cargo carried.....	224 "	750 "
Passengers.....	90	250
Indicated power.....	710	3,600
Pressure per square inch.....	9 lbs.	33 lbs.
Coal per indicated horse-power per hour	5.1 "	3.8 "
Speed.....	8.5 knots	13.1 knots

Thus, for two and a half times the quantity of coal nearly three and a half times the cargo was carried, and nearly three times the number of passengers. This result was due partially to increased engine efficiency, and partially to increased size of ship; and thus to a rela-

tive reduction of the power necessary to drive a given amount of displacement.

The Scotia was almost a sister ship to the Persia, slightly exceeding her in size, but with no radical differences which would mark her as an advance upon the latter. She was the last of the old régime in the Atlantic trade, and the same year in which she was built saw the complete acceptance by the Cunard company of the newer order of things, in the building of the iron screw steamer China, of 4,000 tons displacement, with oscillating geared screw engines of 2,200 indicated horse-power, with an average speed of 12.9 knots on a daily expenditure of 82 tons of coal. She was the first of their ships to be fitted with a surface condenser. The Scotia had been built as a paddle steamer rather in deference to the prejudices of passengers than in conformity with the judgment of the company, which had put afloat iron screw ships for their Mediterranean trade as early as 1852 and 1853.

The introduction of surface condensation and of higher pressures were the two necessary elements in a radical advance in marine engineering. Neither of these was a new proposal;* several patents had been taken out for the former at a very early date, both in America and in England; and in 1838 the Wilberforce, a boat running between London and Hull, was so fitted. Very high pressures, from almost the very beginning, had been carried in the steamers on our Western waters; and in 1811 Oliver Evans published, in Philadelphia, a pamphlet dealing with the subject, in which he advocated pressures of at least 100 to 120 pounds per square inch, and patented a boiler which was the parent of the long, cylindrical type which came into such general use in our river navigation. The sea-going public resolutely resisted the change to high pressures for nearly forty years, there being a very slow and gradual advance from 1 and 2 pounds to the 8 and 9 carried by the Great Britain and Britannia. In 1850 the Arctic carried 17, and in 1856 25 was not uncommon. Some of the foremost early English engineers favored cast-iron boilers (see evidence before parliamentary committee, 1817); and the boiler in general use in England up to 1850 was a great rectangular box, usually with three furnaces and flues, all the faces of which were planes.*

Though tubular boilers did not displace the flue boiler in British practice to any great degree before 1850, many examples were in use in America at that date, but chiefly in other than sea-going steamers. Robert L. Stevens, of Hoboken, built as early as 1832 "the now standard form of return tubular boilers for moderate pressures" (Professor R. H. Thurston). But it worked its way into sea practice very slowly; and the multitubular boiler, in any of its several forms, cannot be said to have been fairly adopted in either American or British sea-going ships before the date first mentioned, though employed in the Hudson River and Long Island Sound steamers, in one of the former of which, the Thomas Powell, built in 1850, a steam pressure of 50 pounds was used.

There had been this slow and gradual advance in ocean steam pressures, with a consequent reduction in coal expenditure, when in 1856 came a movement in the direction of economy by the introduction of the compound engine, by Messrs. Randolph Elder & Co. (later John Elder & Co.), which was soon to develop into a revolution in marine steam enginery. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company has the credit of first accepting this change in applying it to their ships, the Valparaiso and Inca. The original pressure used was 25 pounds to the inch; the cylinders were 50 and 90

* Daniel Dod, an American citizen, was granted a patent November 29, 1811, in which he states: "I form the condenser of a pipe or number of pipes condensed together; and condense the steam by immersing the pipes in cold water, either with or without an injection of water."

The present surface condenser consists essentially of a great number of small brass tubes, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, passing through an air-tight chamber. The exhaust steam from the cylinders enters the chamber, and cold water is constantly pumped through the tubes. The steam is condensed by contact with the cold tubes, and the water thus obtained pumped back to the boiler in a fresh state, instead of being mixed with about thirty times its weight of salt water, as in the old jet condenser. Practice varies, the steam sometimes being passed through the tubes and the water around them.

* The *Naval Chronicle* of 1818, vol. xxxix., p. 277, speaking of the steamers on the Clyde, says: "No serious accident has occurred since their introduction, which is more than two years. The secret of security consists in using large steam-engines of great power and small pressure. If the boilers of cast-iron should in any part give way, a piece of cloth is firmly wedged in the hole, and the vessel proceeds without any danger or inconvenience to the passengers."

inches in diameter, and the piston speed from 230 to 250 feet per minute. The idea of using steam expansively by this means was of course not new, as it dates back to Hornblower (1781), but with the low pressures which had been used at sea there was no reason for its adoption afloat. Difficulties were experienced by the Pacific Company with their earlier engines, but the line adhered to their change, and for nearly fourteen years were almost alone in their practice.

These changes made the use of a cylindrical boiler necessary, as the form best able to withstand the increased pressure. The old box-like shape has disappeared; and if the shade of Oliver Evans is ever able to visit us, it must be with an intense feeling of satisfaction to find his ideas of eighty years since now accepted by all the world.

The date 1870 marks the advent of a new type of ship, in those of the Oceanic Company, better known as the White Star line, built of iron by Harland & Wolff, of Belfast—engined with compound engines, and of extreme length as compared with their breadth. They established a new form, style, and interior arrangement, which has largely been followed by other lines, though the extreme disproportion of length and beam is now disappearing. The Britannic (page 523) and Germanic, the two largest of this line, are 468 feet in length and 45 feet 3 inches in beam, carrying 220 cabin passengers and 1,100 in the steerage, besides 150 crew. They develop 5,000 indicated horse-power, and make their passage, with remarkable regularity, in about 8 days 10 hours to Queenstown. The earlier ships of this line, when first built, had a means of dropping their propeller-shaft so as to immerse more deeply the screw; so many inconveniences, however, were associated with this that it was given up. Their general arrangement was a most marked advance upon that of their predecessors—an excellent move was placing the saloon forward instead of in the stern, a change almost universally followed. This line may be looked upon as one of the most fortunate between England and America. Of moderate cost, good speed, with low coal consumption (for the time when built), and with advanced arrangements for the comfort of passengers, it has held its own against newer and somewhat faster ships, though none of the White Star vessels now running between Liverpool and New York are less than thirteen years old.

In the same year with the Britannic came out the City of Berlin, of the Inman line, for some years the largest steamer afloat (after the Great Eastern), being 520 feet in length by 44 feet beam, of 5,000 indicated power, and in every way a magnificent ship.

The Bothnia and Scythia were also built in 1874, by the Cunard company, as representatives of the new type, but were much smaller than the preceding. They were of 6,080 tons displacement and 2,780 indicated horse-power, with a speed of 13 knots. The pressure carried was 60 pounds. These ships had by far the largest cargo-carrying capacity (3,000 tons measurement) and passenger accommodation (340 first-cabin) of any yet built by the company. With the addition of this great number of steamers, change was not to be expected for some years; and it was not until 1879, when the Guion company put afloat the Arizona, that a beginning was made of the tremendous rivalry which has resulted in putting upon the seas, not only the wonderful ships which are now running upon the Atlantic, but in extending greatly the size and speed of those employed in other service.

Several things had combined in the latter part of this decade to bring about this advance. The great change between 1860 and 1872, from the causes already noted, which had reduced coal consumption by one-half, was followed by the introduction of corrugated flues and steel as a material for both boilers and hull. With this came still higher pressures, which were carried from 60 to 80 and 90 pounds. In August, 1881, a very interesting paper was read by Mr. F. C. Marshall, of Newcastle, before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, in which he showed that a saving of 13.37 per cent. in fuel had been arrived at since 1872. The general type of engine and boiler had remained the same

in these nine years, but the increased saving had been due chiefly to increased pressures. It is curious that at the reading of both the paper by Sir Frederick Bramwell, in 1872, and that of Mr. Marshall, in 1881, there should have been pretty generally expressed a feeling that something like a finality had been reached. So little was this opinion true that, though over thirteen per cent. saving had been effected between these two dates, a percentage of gain more than double this was to be recorded between the latter date and 1886. In these matters it is dangerous to prophesy; it is safer to believe all things possible. Certainly, the wildest dreamer of 1872 did not look forward to crossing the Atlantic at nearly 18 knots as a not unusual speed.

In 1874 triple expansion engines had been designed for the Propontis by Mr. A. C. Kirk, of Napier & Sons, of Glasgow, which, on account of failure in the boilers which were used, did not give at first the results hoped for. In 1881 the Messrs. Napier fitted the Aberdeen with engines of the same kind, steam at 125 pounds pressure per square inch being used. In the next two years the change proceeded slowly, but by 1885 the engineering mind had so largely accepted it that a very large proportion of the engines built in that year were on this principle, and at the present it may be regarded as being as fully accepted as was the compound engine ten years since. The saving in fuel is generally reckoned at from twenty to twenty-five per cent., or, to put it more graphically, in the words of Mr. Parker, Chief Engineer Surveyor of Lloyds, in his interesting paper, read in July, 1886, before the Institution of Naval Architects: "Two large passenger steamers, of over 4,500 gross tonnage, having engines of about 6,000 indicated horse-power, built of the same dimensions, from the same lines, with similar propellers, are exactly alike in every respect, except so far as their machinery is concerned. One vessel is fitted with triple expansion engines, working at a pressure of 145 pounds per square inch; while the other vessel is fitted with ordinary compound engines, working at a pressure of 90 pounds per square inch. Both vessels are engaged in the same trade and steam at the same rate of speed, viz., 12 knots an hour. The latter vessel in a round voyage of 84 days burns 1,200 tons more coal than the former."

Since the year 1879 the following great ships have been placed upon the Liverpool and New York lines. "Taking them in the order of their fastest passage, out or home, they stand thus:"*

	Days.	Hours.	Minutes.
1. Etruria	6	5	31
2. Umbria (sister ship)	slightly longer		
3. Oregon	6	10	35
4. America	6	13	44
5. City of Rome	6	18	0
6. Alaska	6	18	37
7. Servia	6	23	55
8. Aurania	7	1	1

The time has thus been shortened much more than half since 1840, and has been lessened forty per cent. since 1860.

In addition to the great ships mentioned, there have been placed upon the line from Bremen to New York, touching at Southampton, England, the eight new or lately built ships of the North German Lloyd, which form altogether the most compact and uniform fleet upon the Atlantic. Their three last ships, the Trave, Saale, and Aller, are marvels of splendor and comfort, ranking in speed and power very little short of the fastest of the Liverpool ships. They, as were the others of the company's eight "express" steamers, were built by the great firm of John Elder & Co., of Glasgow, their machinery being designed by Mr. Bryce-Douglas, to whose genius is also due that of the Etruria and Umbria, the Oregon, Arizona, and Alaska. That of the Trave, Saale, and Aller, however, is triple expansion (page 531), these being the only ships of the great European lines of this character, besides the new Gascogne, Bourgogne, and Champagne (their equals in speed and equipment), of the French Compagnie Transatlantique, which were built in France, and which reflect so much honor upon the French builders. All these steamers are of steel, with cellular bottoms carefully subdivided, and fitted with a luxury and comfort quite unknown thirty years ago

* Mr. W. John, in a paper read before the Naval Architects, in June, 1886.

—with more space, better ventilation, and better lighting.

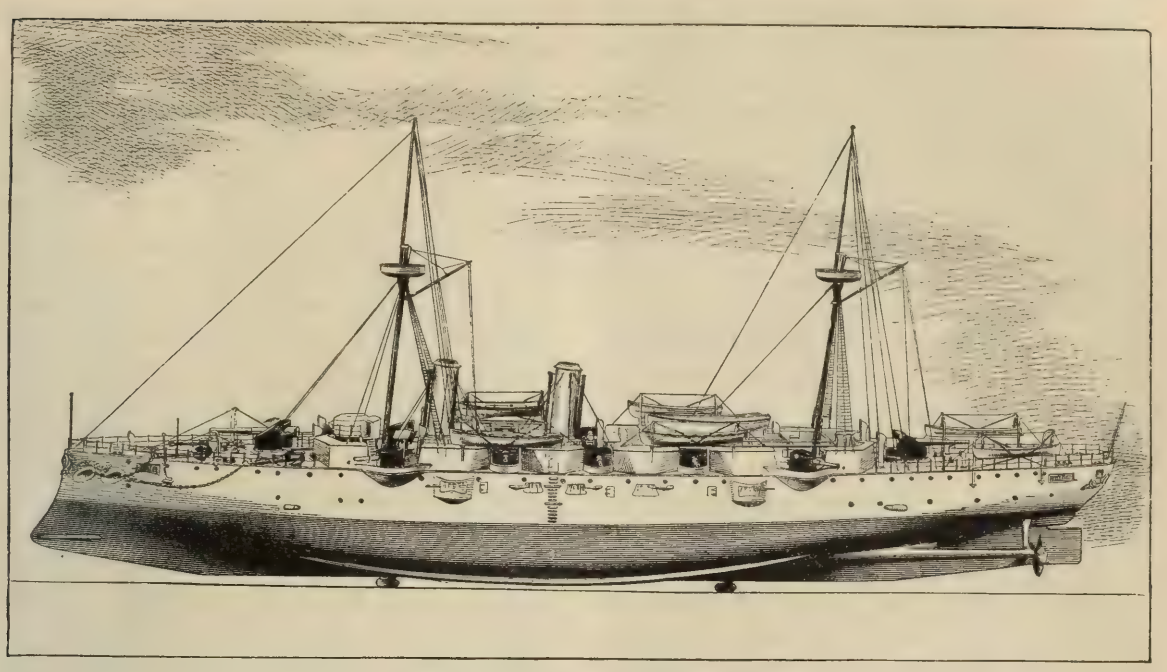
It will be difficult to go beyond them until a further change is accepted to twin screws. That this change will soon come is pretty sure. It will hardly be possible to extend the power with a single screw beyond that of the 14,000 horse-power already in the Umbria and Etruria; with twin screws, however, it may be carried much beyond. Their adoption would mean greater accommodation and comfort and less racing of the machinery at sea, but, above all, it would mean greater safety. Under present circumstances a complete break-down of the machinery of these great ships is a disaster which may entail delay as the least of the difficulties. No sail-power can be given them which would serve to carry them into port; they must lie helpless logs in the water until fortunate enough to find a friend to tow them.

It is scarcely possible that both the engines of a twin-screw steamer should be seriously injured at the same time, so that arrival would be only slightly delayed in case of damage to the one set of machinery. In fact, such a ship as proposed by Mr. John in his paper, referred to above, would be two vessels in one, divided by a great longitudinal bulkhead from top to bottom; the boilers, engines, and all the appurtenances of the one side being wholly independent of the other.

The discussion now going on may soon turn to action, and we may, I think, confidently expect the advent shortly of new ships far surpassing any yet built. The project of one great owner is a twin-screw vessel, of 550 feet length and 62 feet beam, to steam 20 knots, and to be so subdivided as to be practically unsinkable. This would be 50 feet longer than the Etruria, and 5 feet broader. His ideal is one of much greater breadth, say 75 feet; but there is a difficulty in the way of docking a vessel of such extreme width. That such a ship will pay as well as those now afloat can hardly be questioned. She will carry as much cargo, and with about the same expenditure of coal (being fitted with triple expansion engines), as the Etruria, and more passengers; and the owners may reckon in such a ship upon always having their full complement. It is not only the timid who would prefer her; it is but common-sense on the part of anyone to choose that which will give them the greatest chances of safety, and of arrival within certain definite limits of time. Nearly 60,000 Americans visit Europe yearly; nearly 16,000 foreign passengers (not emigrants) land at New York yearly, which one port also, in the governmental year ending June 30, 1886, received 50,412 of our returning countrymen. As these numbers must be doubled to represent the whole movement to and fro, we have over 150,000 passengers (exclusive of emigrants) carried by the steamship lines between America and Europe in the fiscal year of 1885–86. It is needless to say that it is worth while on the part of any owner to offer special inducements in a traffic of such magnitude.

It has been impossible, of course, in a magazine article, to do more than touch upon the vast changes, and their causes, which have had place in this great factor of human progress. Higher pressures and greater expansions; condensation of the exhaust steam, and its return to the boiler without the new admixture of sea-water, and the consequent necessity of frequent blowing off, which comparatively but a few years ago was so common; a better form of screw; the extensive use of steel in machinery, by which parts have been lightened, and by the use of which higher boiler-pressures are made possible—these are the main steps. But in addition to steel, high pressures, and the several other elements named which have gone to make up this progress, there was another cause in the work chiefly done by Mr. W. Froude, to be specially noticed as being that which has done more than the work of any other man to determine the most suitable forms for ships, and to establish the principles governing resistance. The ship-designer has, by this work, been put upon comparatively firm ground, instead of having a mental footing as unstable, almost, as the element in which his ships are destined to float.

It is not possible to go below the surface of such a subject in a popular paper, and it must suffice to speak of Mr. Froude's deductions, in which he divides



The Belted Cruiser Orlando, with Twin Screws.

the resistances met by ships into two principal parts: the surface or skin friction, and the wave-making resistance (which latter has no existence in the case of a totally submerged body—only begins to exist when the body is near the surface, and has its full effect when the body is only partially submerged). He shows that the surface friction constitutes almost the whole resistance at moderate speeds, and a very great percentage at all speeds; that the immersed midship section area which formerly weighed so much in the minds of naval architects was of much less importance than was supposed, and that ships must have a length corresponding in a degree to the length of wave produced by the speed at which they are to be driven.

He shows that at high speeds waves of two different characters are produced: the one class largest at the bow, which separate from the ship, decreasing in successive undulations without afterward affecting her progress; the other, those in which the wave-crests are at right angles to the ship's course, and the positions of these crests have a very telling effect upon the resistance.

As the ship's speed is increased the spaces between the crests of these lengthen in unison with the speed, and it has been shown that when the speed is such that a wave-crest would be at the middle point of the after body (or quarter) the wave-making resistance is least, and that it is greatest when the hollow appears at this point.

A ship must therefore be of a length that depends largely upon the length of wave which at a high speed she will tend to produce in order that she may be driven at such a speed without an expenditure of power disproportionate to the effect produced. This length, if very high speeds are desired, is best wholly taken up in fining the entrance and run, leaving no parallelism of middle body, and broadening and deepening the ship to keep the necessary displacement. The wave-action at several speeds is well shown in the illustrations (frontispiece, pages 524 and 527), which are from instantaneous photographs, showing the Chilian cruiser Esmeralda at her full speed of 18 knots, when on her trial off Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Giovanni Bausan, of the Italian navy (almost a sister ship to the Esmeralda), at a moderate speed, and H.M.S. Impérieuse, at about 16½ knots. The following are the principal details of the Esmeralda and Impérieuse:

	Displacement.	Length.	Beam.	Draught.	Horse-power.
Esmeralda ..	3,000	270	42	18.3	6,500
Impérieuse ..	7,390	315	62	26.0	10,180

The eddy-making resistance is greater or less, of course, as the form is blunter or finer, and there is less resistance with a blunt bow and finely formed after-body than were the two reversed. Our practical towing friends will be glad to know that Mr. Froude substantiates their oft-reiterated assertion that a log tows more easily butt-end foremost. In the Merkara, a merchant ship built by Mr. Denny, of 3,980 tons, 360 feet length, 37.2 feet breadth, and 16.25 feet draught, this resistance is, at all speeds, about eight per cent. of the surface friction, which at the maximum speed of thirteen knots, at which she was intended to be run, still formed nearly eighty per cent. of the whole resistance.

A very wonderful result of these experiments has been to show (in the words of Mr. Froude) "what an exceedingly small force, after all, is the resistance of a ship compared with the apparent magnitude of the phenomena involved. Scarcely anyone, I imagine, seeing the new frigate Shah (of 6,250 tons displacement) steaming at full speed (from sixteen to seventeen knots) would be inclined, at first sight, to credit what is nevertheless a fact, that the whole propulsive force necessary to produce that apparently tremendous effect is only 27 tons—in fact, less than one two-hundredth part of the weight of the vessel—and of this small propulsive force at least 15 tons, or more than one-half, is employed in overcoming surface friction simply."

Of course, very small vessels, as torpedo-boats, have been driven at very high speeds, but the power necessary is in enormous disproportion as compared with the above, a development in 135-foot torpedo boats of from 1,000 to 1,200 horse-power and more being not uncommon.

The acceptance of the results of Mr. Froude's deductions has naturally led to an increase in the beam of fast ocean steamers; we find all the later-built to be much broadened, and there is a still increasing tendency in that direction. It is needless to say how much this means in many ways to the passenger; the gain in safety by affording greater subdivision which will come with double screws will not be the least: "With single screws you cannot possibly divide your engine and boiler space into compartments so as to render the ship safe against sinking by collision even with small vessels. With twin screws you can carry a water-tight middle line bulkhead right through both engine and boiler compartments, and you can, as at present, divide the engine-room from the boiler-room by a transverse bulkhead, and also, if necessary, subdivide the boiler space by an extra transverse bulkhead" (Mr. W. John).

Collision will and must remain the great and really almost the one danger which the North Atlantic traveller need fear. He can rarely hope to cross in the usual steam route without experiencing a run of some hundreds of miles through fog, especially on leaving or approaching our coast. So long as the Gulf Stream and the cold in-lying current from the north move in juxtaposition as they do, so long will the fog be almost always present upon the border-land dividing them. How easy it is for a great ship to be sunk was shown in the case of the Oregon. A blow from a pygmy schooner not more than one-tenth her size, and a hole was opened through her side which unfortunate circumstances combined to make fatal, and the great vessel, a triumph of human skill in hull and machinery, is lying in a few hours upon the bottom of the sea, with a million days of skilled labor, as represented by ship and cargo, in this moment made valueless. Who can overestimate the care and responsibility upon the man who commands such a ship? In what other calling are they found as such a constant part of daily life? And how illy they are paid for it!

The only remedy for such an accident as that which befell the unlucky Oregon seems to be a subdivision to a greater extent than has heretofore been attempted in a merchant ship; and that this will come in a degree which will make the finer passenger ships practically unsinkable, unless under most exceptional circumstances, would seem quite sure.

How wonderful has been the scale upon which this great industry of car-

riage by steam vessels has grown can only be shown by tables of statistics.

The steam tonnage in the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany, beginning with 1840, was as follows :

	United States.			United Kingdom.	France.	German Empire.
	Oversea.	Enrolled and licensed.	Total.			
1840..	4,155	198,184	202,339	87,539	9,535	
1850..	44,942	481,005	525,947	167,698	13,925	
1860..	97,296	770,641	867,937	452,352	68,025	
1870..	192,544	882,551	1,075,095	1,111,375	154,415	81,994
1875..	191,689	976.979	1,168,668	1,943,197	205,420	183,569
1880..	146,604	1,064,964	1,211,558	2,720,551	277,759 (1884)	215,758 (1884)
1885..	186,406	1,308,511	1,494,917	3,969,728	511,072	413,943

This statement, showing our steam tonnage registered for foreign trade to be 6,000 tons less in 1885 than in 1870, is not an encouraging one, especially when taken in connection with the fact that the percentage of our imports carried in American vessels has steadily dwindled from 75.2 per cent. in 1856 to 66.5 in 1860 ; to 35.6 per cent. in 1870 ; and to 15.98 per cent. in 1886. Even during the civil war it never fell below 27.5 per cent.

The amount of steam tonnage built in the United States and in Great Britain at intervals of five years from 1855 is as follows :

	United States.				United Kingdom.		
	Number.	Tonnage.	Average tonnage.		Number.	Tonnage.	Average tonnage.
1855...	246	72,760	296	1855...	278	106,872	385
1860...	275	69,370	259	1860...	234	67,699	289
1865...	411	146,433	356	1865...	453	211,665	467
1870...	290	70,621	244	1870...	512	267,896	523
1875...	323	62,460	193	1875...	428	226,701	530
1880...	348	78,853	229	1880...	629	414,831	660
1885...	338	84,333	249	1885...	487	221,918	456

The largest number built in any one year between 1870 and 1885 was, in the United States, in 1882—being 502, with a tonnage of 121,843 ; and in the United Kingdom, in 1883—being 1,028, with a tonnage of 744,126.

The smallest in any year in this interval was, in the United States, in 1877 —being 265, with a tonnage of 47,415 ; and in the United Kingdom, in 1876—being 354, with a tonnage of 136,932.

The startling steam tonnage of 1883 (nearly three-quarters of a million tons) built in Great Britain, of which 134,785 were built at Glasgow, 125,870 at the Tyne ports, and 117,776 * at Sunderland, has been followed by a great depression. In 1884 but a little over half that of the preceding year was built (415,095 tons) ; and in 1885 this was again almost halved, the output falling to only 221,-918 tons, and the average size also falling off from 724 tons in 1883 to 456 in 1885.

Nearly or, practically, quite all of the vast fleet represented by these figures are of iron or steel ; the tonnage of the wooden steamers generally falling in later years in Great Britain to a total of 1,000 tons or less, and this made up of vessels averaging not more than 30 tons each.

The rapidly advancing use of steel in the United Kingdom is shown by the following table, which excludes steamers built on foreign account :

	Iron Steamers.		Steel Steamers.	
	Number.	Tonnage.	Number.	Tonnage.
1880....	396	309,753	40	34,815
1883....	613	508,639	137	111,779
1884....	369	239,941	139	93,127
1885....	182	87,815	159	108,287

Or whereas but ten per cent. of the total was of steel in 1880, it exceeded the iron-built tonnage in 1885 by twenty per cent. It may be taken for granted that, hereafter, no important steamer will be built of any other material, until something different from that now at command shall be developed.

How small our own expansion in the iron and steel ship-building industry has been, in comparison with that elsewhere, is shown by the fact that in the sixteen years 1870–85 we have built but 397,363 tons of iron and steel vessels, out of a total of 1,359,700 tons of steam tonnage built in that period. One would think that this immense yearly addition of steamships represented in the foregoing tables would soon go beyond the world's needs, but the almost incredible losses from wrecks, casualties, and other

* The figures for these three ports are exclusive of the tonnage built on foreign account.

reasons for disappearance from the register, must be considered. Though we had built 522,802 tons of steam vessels in the years (each inclusive) 1881–85, there were on the register but 229,919 tons more in the last of these years than in the first, showing that 292,883 tons had disappeared in that time. In Great Britain an average of 173,061 tons of steam vessels has disappeared yearly from the register in the five years 1881–85, or the enormous total of 865,326 tons.

Of her whole tonnage, sail and steam, of 7,387,208 tons (comprised in 23,230 vessels, of which 4,803 are steamers above 50 tons, representing a total of 3,932,296 tons), Great Britain lost by wreck alone, in 1885, over three per cent., and this was much below the usual average. In the nine years 1875–83, 6,107 British vessels, representing, 2,095,252 tons, were totally destroyed by wreck. Of these, 5,160 were sailing vessels, of 1,455,023 tons; and 947 were steamers, of 640,229 tons.

In the face of these tremendous figures the ship-builder need not despair —he need only wait; a few slack years and the gaps in the ranks become so great that building of necessity must re-begin. The lives of ships are indeed more precarious than those of us mortals. They perish at the annual rate of about 30 in the 1,000, whereas our general chances are one-third better. But these losses of ships carry with them the lives of many brave men; with the wrecks above enumerated, 14,878 seamen were lost, and 1,242 passengers. In this bald statement what vistas of suffering, incapacity, carelessness, negligence, misfortune, and heroism are opened up!

In looking over shipping statistics, nothing is more curious than the variations in sailing tonnage built—always a more variable quantity than steam, and especially so in Great Britain. In that country in 1880 but 58,065 tons were produced; but it gradually mounted to 219,094 in 1885, nearly equalling the steam of that year if the 36,626 tons, steam and sail, built for foreigners be reckoned, and exceeding it by nearly 12,000 tons if that built on British account only be taken. Sail, however, has again fallen off in 1886, but the vessels turned out have been of a much larger class than in 1885.

In our own country the steam tonnage built in 1885 for the first time (excepting in 1880, when they were about equal) surpassed in amount the sail, though it must be said that the latter in this year showed a very great falling off (60,000 tons) from the amount built the preceding year.

This sudden development of sailing vessels in Great Britain in the last few years is a rather unexpected and interesting phenomenon. It is due mainly, no doubt, to the very great depression in trade and freights, whereby it was made impossible for many steamers to continue in use without great loss; while at sea, at least, the sailing vessel is not running up a large coal bill, and if laid up there is less capital idle and less deterioration on account of machinery. It must, too, be recognized that while steam has been advancing with such rapid pace on the highway of economy the sailing vessel has followed closely in its wake.

While the wind continues to blow we may of course look for sails upon the sea to take advantage of it, but with the decrease of coal expenditure to one and a half pounds per horse-power per hour, and with the fruition of some of the newer developments, so many of which are promised, we can fairly reckon upon the part to be played by sails in commerce as one of constantly diminishing importance—though long may some remain to nurture the true seaman, who can never be developed in the cavernous depths of a stoke-hole, or on the attenuated masts of a modern steamship!

Less steam tonnage has been built in the last three years, no doubt, on account of the great uncertainty of the engineering mind as to the outcome of the great changes since 1881. Many fine ships launched within this period have come to be considered obsolete before they were finished, and owners have hesitated to order until they felt that something like fixity for a few years, at least, should be arrived at. Triple and quadruple expansion engines, forced draught, twin screws, new arrangements of screws, newer types of

boilers, etc., are a few of the things which have had to be considered, and it is not to be wondered at that there should be a desire to settle slowly upon a design which was to cost possibly in many cases a million or more of dollars. There is, however, one certainty—the compound engine is relegated to the past as was its predecessor of the single cylinder. Still higher pressures, still greater expansions, are probable, though in the next five or ten years we can hardly hope for such an economical advance as in the last six. Much the same remark, however, has been made at each great step in steam, and, learning from the experience of preceding prophets, it would perhaps be better to say that expectancy is the safest attitude of the mind in such a question. It is well, however, that these changes should not come too frequently: the ship-owner should be allowed a little breathing time, and not be continually oppressed by a nightmare of obsolete ships. Let us hope that now we have built 150,000 miles of railroads, we may have enough to satisfy the country's demand for some little time, and that our designing talent and our capitalists' dollars may again be turned toward that field in which for fifty years we were foremost. A fair chance, however, must first be given the owner; the grip of Legislation which has throttled our shipping industry for so long must be relaxed, and we must recognize that laws dealing with shipping which had their birth in England in 1652 are not necessarily suited for America in 1887.

THE TIDE.

By Percival Lowell.

It is high noon; upon the burning sands
I stand day-dreaming gazing at the sea
That fond yet fickle stretches out her hands
To clasp once more the beach which wearily
Hath so long waited through the heat, alone,
Until what time from minding of the moon
The truant tide shall turn to claim its own
And lap it deep in self-forgotten swoon.
So my loved one, to fantasies a prey,
Strange moon-begotten fancies of her brain,
Doth give them chase and haste from me away,
Till of her heart bethinking, turns again,
And wraps me close, shuts out all else beside:
The strand I seem to be—and she the tide.

THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE;

OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN.

By J. S. of Dale.

PART FOURTH: THE RESIDUARY BEQUEST.

I. The Keeping of the Tryst.

When May emerged in the little grass island, screened safely by the play of falling waters, he was breathless with the run; and his heart pounded against his ribs with the violence of his emotions. The countess it unquestionably was. None but she would arrive in open carriage and pair and splendid livery. And May reckoned he would have to stay there, in the shelter of the fountain, until the light made his escape safe and possible. As for seeing her, that was out of the question. Had he still cared for Mrs. Dehon, he might have choked off the other one; but he had not pluck for it now. It was damp and uncomfortable upon the little island, however, without even a cigar; and he did not dare go back to the pavilion.

As he stood peering through the falling water the carriage turned about, left the house, and came down the driveway. May was astounded. He tried his best to see who was in it, but the distance was too great. He fancied that he made out a figure upon the back seat, but it was that of a young man. Could he have left the countess in the house?

This was the most terrible possibility that had yet occurred to his fevered imagination, overwrought with suspense and too much tobacco as it was. For a moment the idea of the buggy and the fast horse in the stable presented itself as the only certain means of escape. But at the same instant he saw Fides emerge from the side door, carrying something white in his mouth. The hound came to the door of the pavilion and scratched there; not finding any response, he took to coursing around the building, in wider and wider distances, until his circle included the whole pond. When he had once made the circuit of this, without getting trail of his master, he lifted his nose from the ground to give utterance to occasional lugubrious howls.

This was impossible. Something must be done at once, or his chief retreat would be discovered. May rapidly descended through the subterranean passage, and appearing at the door of the pavilion, whistled softly. The dog bounded toward him, and May took the letter from his mouth. It was accompanied with a card of Mr. Burlington Quincy, as May hurriedly read. Now, Mr. Burlington Quincy bore a name utterly unknown to Austin May.

He looked at the note. It was certainly not in the handwriting of Madame Polacca de Valska, and May breathed a sigh of relief. He opened it.

"My dear Mr. May: (it began)

"I know you will not misinterpret my action, when I write to tell you that our engagement cannot be made known to-day. The bearer of this, Mr. Burlington Quincy, of Boston, I did not know when our pleasant acquaintance began last year, but I feel sure that he is the only man I have ever——"

"Pish!" exclaimed Mr. Austin May. The signature was "yours ever sincerely, Georgiana Rutherford;" and he crumpled it up, with a glance at the rest of the letter, and lit with it a cigar he had long been in need of. One, at least, was disposed of satisfactorily, and he threw himself into the great arm-chair with a sigh of relief. He wished Miss Rutherford joy of her bargain, though he could not but think it ill-bred of her to choose the replacing victim as the messenger of his release. The only man she had ever loved, indeed! And who was Mr. Burlington Quincy? Well, it mattered little to him.

May looked at his watch; it was seven o'clock. Only five hours more of this awful day remained! His condition was one of absolute nervous prostration; and he looked in a glass to see if his hair had yet turned gray. Could it be that they would none of them appear? He felt almost hungry, but that eating was out of the question for one in his position. He could, however, take a biscuit and a glass of claret; and this he did.

But May was fated that day to have hard luck with his uncle's wine. Hardly had he begun to sip the glass, when a loud knocking at the very door of his pavilion made him drop it, and again seek refuge in his fountain hiding-place. From there he looked through the jets of water and saw that the knocker was none other than the faithful Schmidt.

May hastened back again to the pavilion and opened the door.

"What do you mean by this?" said he, angrily. "Did I not tell you not to come out under any circumstances, unless you heard a pistol-shot?"

But, alas! The effect of the solitude, the heat, and the excitement of his master's strange behavior had been too much, even for the perfect valet. If Mr. Schmidt was not tipsy, it was clear that he soon would be. He had been leaning heavily against the door, and as his master opened it suddenly, he fell into the room, head over heels to the floor; and there, without getting up, he endeavored to bow apologetically, and swayed to and fro with the effort, smiling a meaningless smile and holding a visiting-card in his right hand. May took it mechanically. It was edged in deep black; and upon it he read the simple legend:

Mrs. Terwilliger Dehon.

May grasped the half-drunken valet by the coat. "And you let her in?" said he.

"I said, m'sieu'," gasped out poor Schmidt, "that m'sieu' was here."

With a groan of mingled rage and terror, May flew to the door and made it fast. Then he took Schmidt by his offending coat and shoved, rather than led, him into the subaqueous passage-way. When they emerged upon the island, May said, with a final shake:

"Now, sir, go and tell all the world that I'm not at home—d'ye hear? And come back and tell me; and that you may come back sober, I'll clear your thick head for you." And suiting the action to the word, May hurled poor Schmidt through the cool jets of the fountain; and he disappeared with a startling plunge in the waters of the ornamental lake. They were but a few feet deep, however, and Schmidt scrambled to his feet and went wading through the lily-pads to the shore. And in a few moments he came back, still wet, but quite sobered, to the brink nearest the island.

"What does she say?" cried May.

"That she will wait for M'sieur," came back the answer that May heard; and he sank upon the rustic seat with a feeling that all was over with him. Should he still fly? He could not bring himself to break his word at this late hour. If it could be that the widowed Mrs. Dehon had come all this distance—unwomanly as it was—he could not leave her now. Moreover, it was exactly like her. She was just the woman to take the leap herself, rather than trust herself and her heart-secrets to written words. And as May pulled himself together and went toward the house he wished he could have conjured back one spark of that flame he once felt for her. His crusty old uncle had not foreseen that thus, by the rash heir's promise, the wise provisions of his will could be evaded. What would his wise uncle have done in a similar situation?—Ordered a monument at Mount Auburn and disposed of her afterwards, perhaps. His head was too cloudy to think.

May reached the doors of the house. It was already dark; and he had one last moment of hesitation as he pressed his hand upon the carved-oak door-knob. Then, with a rally of his sense of honor, he turned it and entered the house.

The great hall was quite dark; and Austin had to feel his way to the dining-room, into which, as being the only habitable apartment, Schmidt had had to show the fair Gladys. Here was a single candle burning; and beyond the remains of what was evidently Schmidt's dinner, just under the Copley portrait of the lady in the lilac dress, sat a solitary figure.

But May started back as he saw it. It certainly was not Gladys. It was—it was a man; and as it rose and came forward to the candle-light there appeared unmistakably the red face and pudgy figure of her elderly husband. May sprang forward.

"Mr. Terwilliger Dehon, I am delighted to——"

But Terwilliger waved him back with the gesture of an M.P. quelling an assembly of constituents; and in his hand he carried a letter. "May I ask, Mr. May, what is the meaning of this?" And Dehon brought the offending document close beneath May's nose, lying upon his chubby palm; and then slapped it violently with his other hand.

"Of this?" said May, innocently. "What is it?"

"That, sir, is a letter I found among my wife's effects." And beyond all question the letter was in May's own hand-writing. May stared helplessly at Dehon; and Terwilliger glared fixedly at May. And through all the embarrassment of the situation loomed up May's consciousness, antagonistic as their meeting was, that he was uncommonly glad to see him.

"Is—is Mrs. Dehon with you?" said May, feebly, as the awful possibility occurred to him that they had been divorced.

"My beloved wife is in heaven," said Dehon, pulling out a large pocket-handkerchief and sinking back into his chair.

"My dear sir," cried May, grasping both his hands, "I am—unfeignedly sorry to hear it. When did——"

"That, sir," cried Terwilliger, furiously, "is no answer to my question. Did you, or did you not, write this letter?" And he jumped from his chair and smacked the letter savagely against the dinner-table.

Evasion was impossible. "I am afraid, Mr. Dehon, that I did." Dehon fumed. "And now, my dear sir, will you not stay and dine with me? I have only——"

But at this the peppery old gentleman positively sailed off the floor in his passion. In vain May told him that he had received nothing from the late Mrs. Dehon but a long course of snubs; in vain May assured him that he himself was more delighted than ever Mr. Dehon could be, that there had never been a possibility of his marrying the lamented Gladys; it was to no purpose that he besought him to stay and dine. He tried to sympathize with Terwilliger in his loss, and Terwilliger grew only the more infuriated. He pointed out to him that his letter had been entirely contingent, to take effect solely upon Mr. Terwilliger's death; but upon this the old gentleman fairly choked with rage.

Finally poor Austin gave it up. He abandoned all effort to pacify him, and listened submissively to the philippic the indignant Terwilliger poured forth. And, to use the expressive but inelegant phrase of the day, he blew himself off right well. Austin sat and listened with a mind at peace.

A man's own eloquence is a great relief, and there is no knowing how far Mr. Dehon would have cooled off in time. It is possible that he would have ended by staying to dinner. But, just as he was finishing a most effective exordium, the noise of carriage-wheels was heard outside upon the gravel.

In two strides May was at the window, had thrown open the sash with a crash that shivered all the glass, and hurled himself through it into outer darkness, leaving the astounded Mr. Dehon, one eloquent arm extended in the air, addressing himself most earnestly to the four Copley portraits and the two battle-pieces of indigestible fruit.

II. The Return of the Countess.

Beyond all question this was now the Comtesse Polacca de Valska. She was the only one left. All others were present or accounted for. Again May gained his pavilion, with the fleetness of an Exmoor deer; it was quite dark by this time, and he could run about fearlessly. With a trembling hand he adjusted his dark-lantern, lit the lamp, and fixed the focus full upon the house-front door.

He was just in time to see a veiled and much beshawled lady assisted down from the vehicle that stood at the door; and after a word of colloquy with the

driver, she entered the house. May could not see her face; but it was just the figure, he fancied, of the Countess de Valska. The carriage drove away, the front door closed, and all again was silent, save the thumping of poor Austin's strained and shaken heart. Great heavens! he complained to the harmless Venus of Milo. The worst had been realized indeed.

This time there was no indecision. The only safety lay in flight. No sooner had he gained this conclusion than he sought to put it in practice. With quick and stealthy steps he gained the stable, only to find that the stable-door was locked. He could hear inside the noises of a restless horse, but both fast horse and buggy were beyond his reach. The over-cautious Schmidt had locked them in, and taken the key. May's heart sank. He looked around for an axe, a log, anything to batter down the door with—he would have set fire to his own stable if necessary; then a brilliant thought occurred to him—of the pistol-shot that was to be the signal to Schmidt in cases of emergency.

He ran back to the pavilion. As he passed the house he thought he heard sounds of angry collocation in the entry. But this was no time for idle curiosity; and he ran on to the pavilion, grasped the revolver, ran back before the house, placed himself in the little clump of pines, and fired. The noises in the house ceased. He fired again.

The second report of his revolver was followed by a wild and shrill screaming in the house. A second after, the front door was violently flung open, and Mr. Terwilliger Dehon burst forth with the celerity of a pellet from a pop-gun. He was immediately and closely pursued by a female figure, screaming violently. After her, all in the focus of the dark-lantern, appeared a gaunt and stooping individual with a shot-gun, which he brought to his shoulder and incontinently fired, aiming, as far as May could judge, at the North Star. Then he threw away the shot-gun and joined in the pursuit; and after him came the faithful Schmidt, in obedience to his master's signal, once more unperturbed.

"What has happened?" cried May, rushing forward. "Where is she?"

But even as he spoke, feminine arms were thrown around his neck, a fainting feminine figure hung about his shoulder, and feminine lips whispered in his ear:

"At last!"

With a gasp of despair, May disengaged her and led her to the front door, where he deposited his precious burden upon the china garden-seat. The countess seemed less graceful than of yore, and she certainly was heavier. But the countess, of course, it was.

"Sech a time, Mr. May," said she. "Me a-comin' up with the depot-man, and findin' a burglar in the house; an' the volleys from the ambushes as was outside; an' Mr. Eastman a-runnin' for his gun, an' I chasin' the burglar; an' all along of that furriner in the kitchen as left the cellar-door wide open; an', says I——"

"Mrs. Eastman!" cried May, with a sigh of relief, as if he saw the dawn again. But that heroine's short-lived valor was exhausted. To chase an elderly burglar out one's own front door, amid salvoes of musketry, was surely excuse enough for leaning on the shoulder of the first reliable male one met and knew; but the thought of both actions was too much for feminine nerves, and Mrs. Eastman proceeded to get up the best notion of hysterics her Maine training could produce. As for May, he was so glad that it was not the Polacca de Valska that he could have kissed even the elderly housekeeper; but he thought better of it, and consigned her to the tender soothing of her husband.

"Mirandy," he heard Mr. Eastman say, "don't ye be a fool." And May went back again to his pavilion. Great heavens, what a day!

He looked at his watch. It was already after ten o'clock; and his heart gave a leap of joy. Could it be that the countess would never turn up at all?

He was too much shaken by the excitements of the day to sit still quietly, and count the minutes; so he took to wandering in the drive-way about the lake. He was conscious of a marvellous accession of spirits. Poor Mr. Terwilliger Dehon! And May laughed to himself as he pictured their meeting, and the Eastmans taking him for a burglar. What could

she have done to drive Dehon in such terror from the house? May wondered what had become of him, and looked with some apprehension lest he should have rushed into the lily-pond. But that was impossible in so light a night. Well, well! he never should have known how to get rid of him. Peace to his widower's weeds.

The harvest moon had risen, and shone brightly on the familiar fields. How strong and sweet is our memory for places! Each swell of grassy hill seemed like an old playmate; the very contour of the masses of elm-foliage, darkly outlined under the moon, seemed all familiar to him. Every time that May walked by the main gate-way, with the iron cannon-balls, he looked nervously through it; but the white, shady road was clean and empty, and the night was still.

His fortune was almost too great to be believed in, and he looked frequently at his watch, and listened timidly for every sound.

But the night waxed and the moon rose higher, and the white mists began to drift in, stilly, from the distant river; and there was yet no manifestation of the Countess Polacca de Valska.

And at last the village church rang out twelve bells; and the cocks crew; and May pitched his cigar into the lake with a sigh that resembled a benediction. The day was over. That most terrible twenty-four hours of his life was safely passed. He could go to bed and sleep serenely, in the consciousness that no one of his idle old dreams was to be realized, that no folly of his past was to assume shape and confront him now. And all his arsenal of weapons, his laboratory of drugs, his store-house of Dutch courage, had proved unnecessary.

He walked along by the margent of the little lake; and as he did so, a thought struck him. He entered the pavilion and set the fountain playing, in celebration of his deliverance. He threw open all the shutters and the wide door—useless precautions now—and the flood of moonlight streamed again into the familiar old hall. He looked about at the misanthropic pictures, and the moonlight fell fair upon the beautiful Venus of Milo in the corner. He looked again at the old will, and Georgiana Rutherford's note, and Mrs. Dehon's visiting-card lying beside it. Through such various fortunes had he tended into Latium.

He patted Fides on his massive head, as the dog walked along beside him. He went back into the house. It was all his own now; all his own, and untrammelled. He called his valet to him.

"Schmidt," said he, "I am not going to sit up any longer. If anyone comes, I have been here and gone—you understand? I have gone—to Arizona." Schmidt bowed. He had regained his imperturbability, and was fearful of being discharged. An American servant would have left, and brought an action for his ducking; not so the obsequious Oriental. And Austin May took his candle and went quietly to bed. He had kept his tryst honorably; and by all laws, human and divine, his three offers of marriage had now expired.

III. The Posthumous Jest.

Our hero sank comfortably into the great old-fashioned bed, with a sigh of relief that he could sleep at last in peace.

If anyone ever deserved sleep, he thought that he did; but this is not a world where we get our deserts. All night long he lay awake. His mind would go from his infatuation with the de Valska to his passion for poor Gladys Dehon; from the Exmoor hounds to his engagement with Miss Rutherford. He was devoutly thankful that he had escaped them all, and yet the peace he had expected did not come. He heard the familiar old church-bell strike two, and three, and four, as he had heard it in his boyhood, when wakeful for a fishing-excursion, or for some country ride. What was he to do next?

He could not analyze his state of mind. The night hours passed, and still he lay there wondering. Suddenly, as if at a wave of an unseen baton, the orchestra of birds fell to singing. May listened; in eleven years he had not heard them. Then, as suddenly, they stopped. And then the dawn came, and the fragrance of the new-born day.

At last he rose, impatiently, and went to the wide window. The first sunbeam slid beneath the arching elms and slanted through the sward. Such scenes had been wont to make him happy when he was young—and when he was in love. This was a strange mood for him at thirty-three and free—a mood of melancholy, almost a loneliness.

Even his cold bath failed to restore him. He was glad they had none of them come; he was certain of that. And yet——

As he was dressing, he opened the closet-door. There was the broad straw hat, with its pink ribbons, still hanging, faded, on the nail; and suddenly he recognized it. He took it down, and looked at it curiously; and as he sat there, holding it in his hands, the great St. Bernard dog came up and sniffed at it. It was May Austin's. And as Austin sat there, he remembered that he had loved her.

He walked out upon the lawn again, brushing the dews upon the grass. Fool that he was! First loves were best, after all.

But where was she? He had not heard from her for years. He had never even written, after the Trouville episode. And she—she must have divined that he was false. First loves were best. Oh, cruel Uncle Austin! Yet his own wretched fickleness was the most to blame, after all. His uncle was a cynic; but he had been a young man in love.

Of one thing he was sure—though he had taken eleven years to find it out. Wherever she might be, throughout the world, there he would find her. And he knew now what had been in his mind, that yesterday, when he had walked beside the lily-pond, along the soft path no longer trod by her. Where could she be? First loves were best. And he fell into a reverie.

He was still holding the hat in his hand, and Fides came up again and sniffed at it. There was something in his mouth—was it a glove?

May took the glove, and almost thought he recognized it. It was a woman's glove, a garden-glove with a long arm—where had he found it?

The dog looked up at him, almost as if he read his thoughts, and then he led the way and Austin followed. He went across the lawn and through the hedge, to the well-remembered seat beneath the orchard, and there he stopped. And May sat down upon the seat and dreamed.

An hour he sat there, and then he saw a figure coming through the field. And his heart told him that this was May Austin. She did not see him, and he waited there.

When she came out from under the last apple-tree, he saw her stop and waver. She was lovelier still than he remembered her, and he went up to her and took her hand. She blushed, and he could feel it tremble as it lay in his.

"I—I thought you were abroad," said she.

"I have come back," he answered, simply.

. . . . . .

An hour later Schmidt was sitting by the front door, smoking his long pipe, when he thought he saw his master crossing the lawn along the lily-pond. But he was walking hand in hand with a young lady. The long pipe dropped from Schmidt's hand; and

"Potztausend!"

The imperturbable valet was moved to say as much as this, but of further speech remained incapable. May approached.

"Schmidt, you will go to town and get the rest of my luggage."

The valet only stared.

"And after this I shall not need your services. I will find you a good place (with some of my bachelor friends," thought May; "poor devils!"). Schmidt still stood there, his broken pipe upon the doorstep.

"Do you hear what I say?"

Schmidt made an effort. "There is a letter for monsieur—in the pavilion." A letter! May trembled to himself once more.

"I must go home," said May Austin, still blushing violently. But May begged her to wait until he had gone to the pavilion, and then he would go with her. He feared that he knew what the letter was. But it had come too late! A thousand countesses could not bind him now.

Coming thither, May sat upon the doorstep, and Austin opened the letter.

LAW OFFICES OF VESEY & BEAMES,
3 COURT STREET, BOSTON,
August 14, 1886.

AUSTIN MAY, Esq., Brookline, Mass.

DEAR SIR: The eleven years' delay required by the will of your late uncle, John Austin, having expired to-day, I have much satisfaction in sending you a copy (herein enclosed) of the document contained in the sealed envelope referred to in said will, and constituting his residuary legatee; although, as I am informed that you have never married, the residuary clause of the will does not take effect. The executors hold themselves in readiness to deliver over to you all the securities and title-deeds representing your uncle's estate upon receiving from you an affidavit that you have not, up to date, contracted a legal marriage.

I have some embarrassment in speaking to you of another aspect of this case, and can only hope you will think I acted for the best. You will remember that immediately after your uncle's death, I sent you a copy of the will as it was filed for probate. But when it came to a hearing I found that the court utterly refused to allow probate of a will which contained as a most important part the contents of a sealed letter, left in my custody, and the purport of which was unknown to the court. His honor intimated that he considered the will ridiculous in tenor and inartificial in structure; and that it was at least questionable whether the residuary devise was not void, as dependent upon a condition in restraint of marriage. It was in vain that I cited the case where a man chalked his will upon his own barn-door, and the barn-door having been brought into court and copied was allowed to be replaced upon its hinges. The court wholly objected to being made, as it were, a confidant of Mr. Austin's love projects; and insisted that the sealed letter should be opened then and there, and read to the court, and appended to the will and filed away with it. Accordingly this was done.

But I conceived that I should be best following out the wishes of your uncle and my old friend by not telling you of this. Suspecting that it would never occur to you to inspect the court records, the reporters were paid for their silence, and although you might at any time during the past eleven years have read this sealed envelope, your continued absence abroad leads me to hope that you have never done so.

I am, sir, with great respect,
Faithfully yours,
J. VESEY, JR.

Austin May dropped the letter from his hands and looked at May. "I might have known it any time these eleven years," said he.

"Known what?" said May, picking up the enclosure, which had fluttered to the floor.

"Perhaps it is as well," gasped Austin; and he shuddered as he thought of Mrs. Terwilliger and the scheming Countess. He took the paper from May's hands and read as follows:

"I, John Austin, gentleman, hereby incorporate this sealed writing, referred to in my will of even date herewith, as part of my said will. Having provided in such my will that in the event of my said nephew, Austin May, becoming married before he attain the age of thirty-five, or before the period of eleven years shall have elapsed from the date of my death, whichever shall first happen, all my property, real and personal, except my said bin of Lafite claret, shall go to my residuary legatee; and having observed a certain tenderness existing between my said nephew, Austin May, and my said niece, May Austin, I hereby nominate and create my dear niece, May Austin, as such my residuary legatee—in the hope that as I, marrying without love, have been unhappy, they, my said niece and nephew, marrying for love alone, and giving up all thoughts of worldly advantage, may enjoy the blessings of this world besides."

The paper slipped from Austin's hands.

"To think that I have waited eleven years!" said he. And he struck his hand against his forehead.

But May Austin looked up to him and smiled.

. . . . . .

Of the Countess Polacca de Valska, Austin never heard. But Fides is an honored inmate of the Brookline house. And if you drive by there, some summer afternoon, you will note once more those frilled and pleated things about the windows that denote the presence of a woman's hand. And perhaps many a more foolish will has been composed than that of the late John Austin.

THE END.

A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

II.

From the old shop, 21.

[1849]

Is it pouring with rain at Park Lodge, and the most dismal, wretched, cat and dog day ever seen? O! it's gloomy at 13 Young Street! I have been labouring all day—drawing that is, and doing my plates, till my &s are ready to drop off for weariness. But they must not stop for yet a little while, and until I have said how do you do to my dear lady and the young folks at Southampton. I hardly had time to know I was gone, and that happy fortnight was over, till this morning. At the train, whom do you think I found? Miss G——— who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory; amiable at times, amusing, clever and depraved. We talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love, such a wicked false humbugging London love, as two *blasé* London people might act, and half deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr. Pen's worldly experiences, and then we will make, or try and make, a good man of him. O! me, we are wicked worldlings most of us, may God better us and cleanse us!

I wonder whether ever again, I shall have such a happy peaceful fortnight as that last! How sunshiny the landscape remains in my mind, I hope for always; and the smiles of dear children. . . . I can hardly see as I write for the eye-water, but it isn't with grief, but for the natural pathos of the thing. How happy your dear regard makes me, how it takes off the solitude and eases it; may it continue, pray God, till your head is white as mine, and our children have children of their own. Instead of being unhappy because that delightful holiday is over or all but over, I intend that the thoughts of it should serve to make me only the more cheerful and help me, please God, to do my duty better. All such pleasures ought to brace and strengthen one against work days, and lo, here they are. I hope you will be immensely punctual at breakfast and dinner, and do all your business of life with cheerfulness and briskness, after the example of holy Philip Neri, whom you wot of; that is your duty Madame, and mine is to "pursue my high calling;" and so I go back to it with a full grateful heart, and say God bless all. If it hadn't been pouring-o'-rain so, I think I should have gone off to His Reverence at Brighton; so I send him my very best regards, and a whole box full of kisses to the children. Farewell.

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

25 April 1849.

My dear Vieux:

Will ye dine with me on Friday at the G? My work will be just over on that day, and bedad, we'll make a night of it, and go to the play. On Thursday I shall dine here and Sunday most *probbly*, and shall we go to Richmond on Sunday? Make your game and send me word.

Ever yours,

W. M. T.

P. S. Having occasion to write to a man in Bloomsbury Place, and to Lady Davy, I mixed up the addresses and am too mean to throw away the envelope, so give you the benefit of the same.

[1849.]

Monday.

My letter to-day, dear lady, must needs be a very short one, for the post goes in half an hour, and I've been occupied all day with my own business and other people's. At three o'clock,

just as I was in full work comes a letter from a *protegée* of my mother's, a certain Madame de B. informing me that she, Madame de B., had it in view to commit suicide immediately, unless she could be in some measure relieved (or releived, which is it?) from her present difficulties. So I have had to post off to this Madame de B., whom I expected to find starving, and instead met a woman a great deal fatter than the most full-fed person need be, and having just had a good dinner; but that didn't prevent her, the confounded old fiend, from abusing the woman who fed her and was good to her, from spoiling the half of a day's work for me, and taking me of a fool's errand. I was quite angry, instead of a corpse perhaps, to find a fat and voluble person who had no more idea of hanging herself to the bed-post than you or I have. However, I got a character in making Madame de B's acquaintance, and some day she will turn up in that inevitable repertory of all one's thoughts and experiences *que vous savez.*

Thence, as it was near, I went to see a sick poetess, who is pining away for love of S——— M———, that you have heard of, and who literally has been brought near to the grave by that amorous malady. She is very interesting somehow, ghastly pale and thin, recumbent on a sofa, and speaking scarcely above her breath. I wonder though after all, was it the love, or was it the bronchitis, or was it the chest or the spine that was affected? All I know is that Don Saville may have made love to her once, but has tried his hand in other quarters since, and you know one doesn't think the worse of a man of honour for cheating in affairs of the heart. The numbers that I myself have—fiddledee, this is nonsense.

The Reform banquet was very splendid and dull enough. A bad dinner and bad wine, and pretty fair speaking; my friend fat James being among not the least best of the speakers. They all speak in a kind of sing-song or chant, without which I suppose it is impossible for the orator nowadays to pitch his sentences, and Madam, you are aware that the Romans had a pipe when they spoke; not a pipe such as your husband uses, but a pitch-pipe. I wanted to have gone to smoke a last calumet at poor dear old Portman Street, but our speechifiers did not stop till 12.30 and not then; but the best of them had fired off by that time and I came off. Yesterday, after devoting the morning to composition, I went and called on the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, whom I found very busy packing up and wishing me at Jericho, so I went to the Miss Leslies' and Captn. Morgan, the American Captain; and then to dine at Hampstead, where the good natured folks took in me and the two young ones. Finally, in the evening to Lady Tennent's, where I have been most remiss in visit-paying, for I like her, and she was a kind old friend to me. To-day I am going to dine with the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, afterwards to Mrs. Procter's, afterwards to Lady Granville's. Here you have your humble servant's journal, and you see his time is pretty well occupied. I have had a good deal of the children too, and am getting on apace with my number, though I don't like it. Shall I send you some of it? No, I won't, though if I do a very good piece indeed, perhaps I may. I think I shall go to Brighton; I think you will be away six weeks at least; and I hope to hear that my dear lady is well and that she remembers her affectionate old friend

MAKEPEACE.

1849.

[*To Mr. Brookfield*]

MY DEAR VIEUX:

A long walk and stroll in Richmond Park yesterday, a blue followed by a black this morning, have left me calmer, exhausted, but melancholy. I shall dine at the Garrick at seven o'clock or so, and go to the Lyceum afterwards. Come into town if you get this in time and let us go. . . .

Get *David Copperfield*, by Jingo it's beautiful; it beats the yellow chap of this month hollow.

W. M. T.

Will you send me two cigars per bearer? I am working with three pipe-smoking Frenchmen, and I can't smoke their abominations, and I hope Madame is pretty well after her triumphant *début* last night.

[1849]

Reform Club, Tuesday —

My dear Lady:

I write only a word and in the greatest hurry to say I am very well in health. I've been at work, and have written somewhat and done my two plates, which only took two hours; and now that they're done, I feel that I want so to come back to Ryde, I must get a rope or a chain to bind myself down to my desk here.* All the world is out of town—Mrs. Procter not at home, perhaps to my visit,—dear kind Kate Perry whom indeed I like with all my heart just packing up to go to Brighton. My Chesterfield loves flown away to Tunbridge Wells, and so I am alone and miss you. I sent your package off to Harry this morning. The lucky rogue! I suppose he will see Madam and all those kind Ryde folks. Tell them if you please how very grateful I am to them for their goodnature. I can't help fancying them relations rather than friends.

I got some dinner; at 10½ o'clock I drank to the health of Madame Ma bonne soeur;—I hadn't the courage to go home till past midnight, when all the servants got out of bed to let me in. There was such a heap of letters! I send you a couple which may amuse you. Send me Colonel Ferguson's back, as I must answer him; but I don't think I shall be able to get away in August to Scotland. Who can the excoriated female be who imparts her anguish to me? what raw wound has the whip of the satirist been touching? As I was sitting with my Frenchmen at 3 o'clock, I thought to myself O Lor! Mr. Makepeace, how much better you were off yesterday!

Good bye dear lady, God bless every kind person of all those who love you. —I feel here, you must know, just as I used five and twenty years ago at school, the day after coming back from the holidays. If you have nothing to say to me, pray write; if you have something, of course you will. Good bye, shake hands, I am always my dear lady's sincere W. M. T.

* Mr. Thackeray had been spending a few days at Ryde with my brother and his wife, where I was staying.

[1849]

Last night was a dinner at Spencer Cowper's, the man who used to be called the fortunate youth some few years back, when £10,000, or perhaps £20,000 a year, was suddenly left him by a distant relative, and when he was without a guinea in the world. It was a Sybaritic repast, in a magnificent apartment, and we were all of us young voluptuaries of fashion. There were portraits of Louis Quatorze ladies round the room (I was going to say *salle à manger*, but room after all is as good a word). We sat in the comfortablest arm chairs, and valets went round every instant filling our glasses with the most exquisite liquors. The glasses were as big as at Kinglake's dinner—do you remember Kinglake's feast, Ma'am? Then we adjourned into wadded drawing rooms, all over sofas and lighted with a hundred candles, where smoking was practised, and we enjoyed a pleasant and lively conversation, carried on in the 2 languages of which we young dogs are perfect masters. As I came away at midnight I saw C.'s carriage lamps blazing in the courtyard, keeping watch until the fortunate youth should come out to pay a visit to some Becky no doubt. The young men were clever, very frank and gentlemenlike; one, rather well-read; quite as pleasant companions as one deserves to meet, and as for your humble servant, he saw a chapter or two of Pendennis in some of them.

I am going with M. to-day, to see Alexis the sonnambulist. She came yesterday evening and talked to me for two hours before dinner. I astonished her by finding out her secrets by some of those hits *que vous savez*—Look, here is a bit of paper with a note to her actually commenced in reply to my dearest William,—but I couldn't get out my dearest M. in return, and stopped at "My "—. But I like her better than I did,—and begin to make allowances for a woman of great talents married to a stupid, generous, obstinate, devoted heavy dragoon, thirty years her senior. My dear old mother with her imperial manner tried to take the command of both of them, and was always anxious to make them understand that I was the

divinest creature in the world, whose shoe-strings neither of them was fit to tie. Hence bickerings, hatreds, secret jealousies and open revolt, and I can fancy them both worked up to a pitch of hatred of me, that my success in life must have rendered only more bitter.

But about Alexis—this wonder of wonders reads letters and tells you their contents and the names of their authors without even thinking of opening the seal; and I want you very much, if you please, and instantly on receipt of this to send me a bit of your hair that I may have a consultation on it. Mind you, I don't want it for myself; I pledge you my word I'll burn it, or give you back every single hair. . . . but do if you please, mum, gratify my curiosity in this matter and consult the soothsayer regarding you. M. showed him letters, and vows he is right in every particular. And as I sha'n't be very long here I propose by return of post, for this favour.

Are you going to dine at Lansdowne House on Saturday? The post is come in and brought me an invitation, and a letter from my Ma, and my daughters, but none from my sister. Are you ill again, dear lady? Don't be ill, God bless you—good bye. I shall write again if you please, but I sha'n't be long before I come. Don't be ill, I am afraid you are. You hav'n't been to Kensington. My love to Mr. Williams, farewell, and write tomorrow.

1849.

[*To Mr. Brookfield*]

My dear Vieux:

If you come home in any decent time I wish you would go off to poor Mrs. Crowe at Hampstead.* A letter has just come, from Eugenie, who describes the poor lady as low, wretched, and hysterical—she may drop. Now a word or two of kindness from a black coat might make all the difference to her, and who so able to administer as your reverence? I am going out myself to laugh, talk and to the best of my ability, soothe and cheer her; but the professional man is the best, depend upon it, and I wish you would stretch a point in order to see her.

Yours till this evening.

[1849]

[*To Mr. Brookfield*]

My dear Vieux:

I wish you would go and call upon Lady Ashburton. Twice Ashburton has told me that she wants to make your acquaintance, and twice remarked that it would be but an act of politeness in you to call on a lady in distress, who wants your services. Both times I have said that you are uncommonly proud and shy, and last night told him he had best call on you, which he said he should hasten to do. But surely you might stretch a leg over the barrier when there's a lady actually beckoning to you to come over, and such an uncommonly good dinner laid on the other side. There was a vacant place yesterday, as you might have had, and such a company of jolly dogs, St. Davids, Hallam sen'r and ever so many more of our set. Do come if you can, and believe me to be yours,

A. Pendennis, Major H.P.

To the Rev. W. H. Brookfield.

Monday.

My dear Vieux:

A. Sterling† dines with me at the Garrick at seven on Friday; I hope you will come too. And on Friday the 21st. June, Mr. Thackeray requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield's and Mr. Henry Hallam's company at dinner at 7.30 to meet Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon, Sir Henry and Lady De Bathe &c. &c. I hope you will both come to this, please; you ought to acknowledge the kindness of the key,‡ and those kind Gordons will like to see you.

About 1849.

My dear lady:

A note comes asking me to dine tomorrow with *Mr. Benedict*,§ close by

* Mrs. Crowe, mother of Eyre Crowe, the well-known artist, who went with Mr. Thackeray to America on his first tour there, and who was always one of his most faithful friends.

† A. Sterling, brother to John Sterling of whom Carlyle wrote the life.

‡ The key of the Portman Square Garden which was kindly lent to me.

§ Mr. Benedict, the late lamented and kindly musician, Sir Julius Benedict.

you at No. 2 Manchester Square, to meet Mdme Jenny Lind. I reply that a lady is coming to dine with my mother, whom I must of course meet, but that I hope Mrs. B. will allow me to come to her in the evening with my mamma and this lady under each arm, and I promise they will look and behave well. Now suppose Mrs. S. and I were to come and dine with you, or my mother alone, if you liked to have her better; yes, that would be best, and I could come at nine o'clock and accompany you to the Swedish nightingale.

I am as usual
Your obedient servant
CLARENCE BULBUL.

[1849]

MY DEAR LADY:

It was begun, "dear Sir," to somebody of the other sex. I think it is just possible, that Mr. William on returning today, may like to have his wife to himself, and that the appearance of my eternal countenance might be a bore, hence I stay away. . . .

And about tomorrow, the birthday of my now motherless daughter, Miss Annie. Will you come out,—being as I must consider you, if you please, the children's aunt,—at two, or three o'clk, or so, and take innocent pleasures with them, such as the Coliseum and the Zoological Gardens? and are you free so as to give them some dinner or tea in the evening? I dine out myself at 8 o'clock, and should like them to share innocent pleasures with their relation.

My mother writes from Fareham that the old great aunt is better, and will not depart probably yet awhile.

And now concerning Monday. You two must please remember that you are engaged to this house at seven. I have written to remind the Scotts, to ask the Pollocks, and the Carlyles are coming.

And now with regard to this evening, I dine in Westbourne Terrace, then I must go to Marshall's in Eaton Square and then to Mrs. Sartoris, where I don't expect to see you; but if a gentleman of the name of W. H. B. should have a mind to come, we might &c. &c.

Madam, I hope you have had a pleasant walk on Clapham's breezy common, and that you are pretty well. I myself was very quiet, went with the children to Hampstead, and then to the Opera, and only one party. I am writing at the Reform Club, until four o'clock, when I have an engagement with O! such a charming person, and *tête-à-tête* too. Well, it's with the dentist's arm chair, but I should like to have the above queries satisfactorily answered, and am always Madam's

W. M. T.

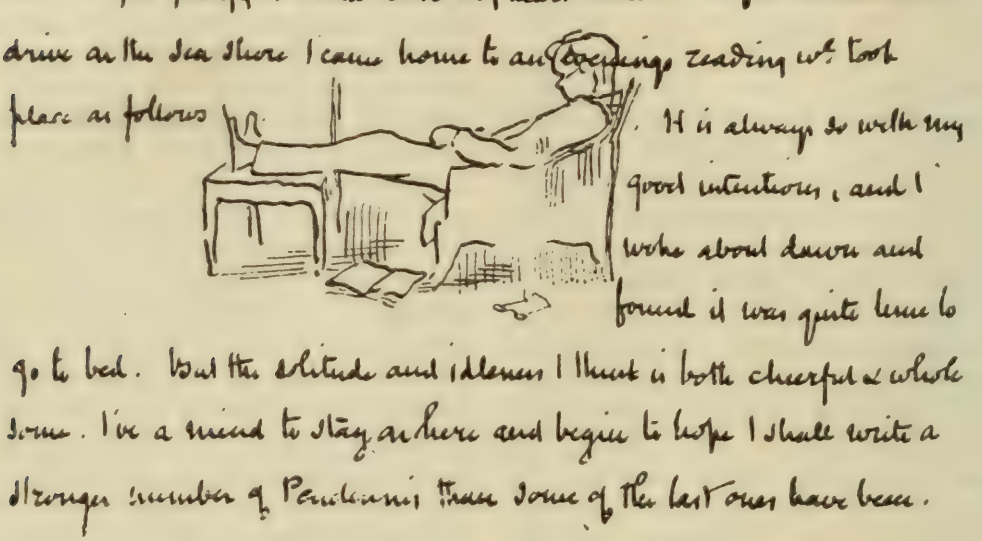
13 July 1849

From Brighton.

Now for to go to begin that long letter which I have a right to send you, after keeping silence, or the next thing to silence, for a whole week. As I have nothing to tell about, it is the more likely to be longer and funnier—no, not funnier, for I believe I am generally most funny when I am most melancholy,—and who can be melancholy with such air, ocean and sunshine? not if I were going to be hanged tomorrow could I afford to be anything but exceedingly lazy, hungry and comfortable. Why is a day's Brighton the best of doctors? I don't mean this for a riddle, but I got up hungry, and have been yawning in the sun like a fat *lazzarone*, with great happiness all day. I have got a window with a magnificent prospect, a fresh sea breeze blowing in, such a blue sea yonder as can scarcely be beat by the Naples or the Mediterranean blue; and have passed the main part of the morning reading O! such a stupid book, Fanny Hervey, the new *intime* novel of the season, as good as Miss Austen's people say. In two hours I am engaged to dinner in London. Well, I have broken with that place thank Heaven, for a little, and shall only go back to do my plates and to come away. Whither to go? I have a fancy that Ryde in the Isle of Wight would be as nice a place as any for idling, for sketching, for dawdling, and getting health; but the Rev. Mr. Brookfield must determine this for me, and I look to see him here in a day or two.

. . . I wish they had called me sooner to dinner; there's only one man staying at this house, and he asked me

at breakfast in a piteous tone, to let him dine with me. If we were two, he said, the rules of the club would allow us a joint,—as if this luxury would tempt the voluptuary who pens these lines. He has come down here suffering from indigestion, and with a fatal dying look, which I have seen in one or two people before; he rushed wildly upon the joint and devoured it with famished eagerness. He said he had been curate of St. James, Westminster,—whereupon I asked if he knew my friend Brookfield. "My successor," says he, "a very able man, very good fellow, married a very nice woman." Upon my word he said all this, and of course it was not my business to contradict him. He said, no, he didn't say, but the waiter said, without my asking, that his name was Mr. Palmer; and then he asked if Brookfield had any children, so I said I believed not, and began to ask about his own children. How queer it seemed to be talking in this way, and what 2½d incidents to tell; but there are no others; nobody is here. The paper this morning announced the death of dear old Horace Smith,* that good serene old man, who went out of the world in charity with all in it, and having shown through his life, as far as I knew it, quite a delightful love of God's works and creatures,—a true, loyal, Christian man. So was Morier, of a different order, but possessing that precious natural quality of love, which is awarded to some lucky minds such as these, Charles Lambs, and one or two more in our trade; to many amongst the parsons I think; to a friend of yours by the name of Makepeace, perhaps, but not unalloyed to this one. O! God purify it, and make my heart clean. After dinner and a drive on the sea shore, I came home to an evening's reading which took place as follows—



It is always so with my good intentions, and I woke about dawn, and found it was quite time to go to bed. But the solitude and idleness I think is both cheerful and wholesome. I've a mind to stay on here, and begin to hope I shall write a stronger number of Pendennis than some of the last ones have been. The Clevedon plan was abandoned before I came away; some place in S. Wales, I forget what, was fixed upon by the old folks. I would go with them, but one has neither the advantage of society nor of being alone, and it is best to follow my own ways. What a flood of egotism is being poured out on you! Well, I do think of some other people in the world besides myself.

. . . . .

* Horace Smith and his brother were the authors of "Rejected Addresses." The two Miss Horace Smiths are still living at Brighton, where Mr. Thackeray speaks of meeting them after his illness. Their society is still much sought after.

1849.

Brighton, Saturday—Monday.

Thank you for your letter, dear Mrs. Brookfield; it made this gay place look twice as gay yesterday when I got it. Last night when I had come home to work, two men spied a light in my room, and came in and began smoking. They talked about racing and the odds all the time. One of them I am happy to say is a lord, and the other a Brighton buck. When they were gone (and indeed I listened to them with a great deal of pleasure for I like to hear people of all sorts,) at mid-night, and in the quiet I read your letter over again, and one from Miss Annie, and from my dear old mother, who is to come on the 12th. and whose heart is yearning for her children. I must be at home to receive her, and some days, ten or so at least, to make her comfortable, so with many thanks for Mrs. Elton's invitation, I must decline it for the present if you please. You may be sure I went the very first thing to Virginia and her sisters, who were very kind to me, and I think are very fond of me, and their talk and beauty consoled me, for my heart was very sore and I was ill and out of spirits. A change, a fine air, a wonderful sunshine and moonlight, and a great Spectacle of happy people perpetually rolling by, has done me all the good in the world, and then one of the Miss Smiths * told me a story which is the very thing for the beginning of Pendennis, which is actually begun and in progress. This is a comical beginning rather. The other, which I didn't like was sentimental, and will yet come in very well after the startling comical business has been played off. See how beautifully I have put stops to the last sentence, and crossed the t's and dotted the i's! It was written four hours ago, before dinner, before Jullien's concert, before a walk by the sea shore.—I have been thinking what a number of ladies, and gentlemen too, live like you just now, in a smart papered rooms, with rats gnawing behind the wainscot; Be hanged to the rats, but they are a sort of company. You must have a poker ready, and if the rats come out, *bang!* beat them on the head. This is an allegory, why, it would work up into a little moral poem if you chose to write it. Jullien was splendid in his white waistcoat, and played famous easy music which anybody may comprehend and like. There was a delightful cornet à piston, (mark the accent on the a). The fact is I am thinking about something else all the while and am very tired and weary, but I thought I would like to say good night to you, and what news shall I give you just for the last? Well then, Miss Virginia is gone away, not to come back while I am here. Good night, ma'am, if you please.

. . . Being entirely occupied with my two new friends, Mrs. Pendennis and her son Mr. Arthur Pendennis, I got up very early again this morning, and was with them for more than two hours before breakfast. He is a very good natured generous young fellow, and I begin to like him considerably. I wonder whether he is interesting to me from selfish reasons and because I fancy we resemble each other in many points, and whether I can get the public to like him too? We had the most magnificent sunshine Sunday, and I passed the evening very rationally with Mr. Fonblanque and Mr. Sheil, a great orator of whom perhaps you have heard, at present lying here afflicted with gout, and with such an Irish wife. Never was a truer saying than that those people are foreigners. They have neither English notions, manners, nor morals. I mean what is right and natural to them, is absurd and unreasonable to us. It was as good as Mrs. O'Dowd to hear Mrs. Sheil interrupt her Richard and give her opinions on the state of Ireland, to those two great, hard-headed, keen, accomplished men of the world. Richard listened to her foolishness with admirable forbearance and good humour. I am afraid I don't respect your sex enough, though. Yes I do, when they are occupied with loving and sentiment rather than with other business of life.

I had a mind to send you a weekly

* The Miss Smiths here referred to are the daughters of the late Horace Smith, author of "Rejected Addresses."

The Virginia here mentioned was the beautiful Miss Pattle, then in her earliest youth, and who is now the widow of the late Earl Somers. In those days she lived with her sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Thoby Prinsep at Little Holland House, Kensington, where they gathered around them a charming society and where Mr. Thackeray was ever welcomed, almost as one of the family. Their garden parties will ever be remembered.

paper containing contemptuous remarks regarding an author of your acquaintance. I don't know who this critic is, but he always has a shot at me once a month, and I bet a guinea he is an Irishman.

So we have got the cholera. Are you looking out for a visit? Did you try the Stethoscope, and after listening at your chest, did it say that your lungs were sore?

Fragment.

[1849.]

I am going to dine at the Berrys today and to Lady Ashburton's at night. I dined at home three days running, think of that. This is my news, it isn't much is it? I have written a wicked number of *Pendennis*, but like it rather, it has a good moral, I believe, although to some it may appear naughty. Big Higgins * who dined with me yesterday offered me, what do you think? "If" says he, "you are tired and want to lie fallow for a year, come to me for the money. I have much more than I want." Wasn't it kind? I like to hear and to tell of kind things.

Wednesday. 1849.

What have I been doing since these many days? I hardly know. I have written such a stupid number of *Pendennis* in consequence of not seeing you, that I shall be ruined if you are to stay away much longer. . . . Has William written to you about our trip to Hampstead on Sunday? It was very pleasant. We went first to St. Mark's church, where I always thought you went, but where the pew opener had never heard of such a person as Mrs. J. O. B.; and having heard a jolly and perfectly stupid sermon, walked over Primrose Hill to the Crowes', where His Reverence gave Mrs. Crowe half an hour's private talk, whilst I was talking under the blossoming apple tree about newspapers to Monsieur Crowe. Well, Mrs. Crowe was delighted with William and his manner of *discoorsing* her; and indeed though I say it that shouldn't, from what he said afterwards, and from what we have often talked over pipes in private, that is a pious and kind soul. I mean his, and calculated to soothe and comfort and appreciate and elevate so to speak out of despair, many a soul that your more tremendous, rigorous divines would leave on the way side, where sin, that robber, had left them half killed. I will have a Samaritan parson when I fall among thieves. You, dear lady, may send for an ascetic if you like; what is he to find wrong in you?

I have talked to my mother about her going to Paris with the children, she is very much pleased at the notion, and it won't be very lonely to me. I shall be alone for some months at any rate, and vow and swear I'll save money. . . . Have you read Dickens? O! it is charming! brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens touches which make such a great man of him; and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good. In the first place it pleases the other author to see that Dickens, who has long left off alluding to the A.'s works, has been copying the O. A., and greatly simplifying his style, and overcoming the use of fine words. By this the public will be the gainer and *David Copperfield* will be improved by taking a lesson from *Vanity Fair*. Secondly it has put me upon my metal; for ah! Madame, all the metal was out of me and I have been dreadfully and curiously cast down this month past. I say, secondly, it has put me on my metal and made me feel I must do something; that I have fame and name and family to support. . . .

I have just come away from a dismal sight; Gore House full of snobs looking at the furniture. Foul Jews; odious bombazine women, who drove up in mysterious flys which they had hired, the wretches, to be fine, so as to come in state to a fashionable lounge; brutes keeping their hats on in the kind old drawing room,—I longed to knock some of them off, and say "Sir, be civil in a lady's room." . . . There was one of the servants there, not a powdered one, but a butler, a *whatdyoucallit*. My heart melted towards him and I gave him a pound, Ah! it was a strange, sad picture of *Vanity Fair*. My mind is all boiling up with it; indeed, it is in a queer state. . . . I give my best remembrances to all at Clevedon Court.

* Big Higgins—the well-known writer under the signature of Jacob Omnium.

[30th *June* 1849.]

My dear lady:

I have 2 opera boxes for tonight—a pit box—for the Huguenots at Covent Garden—where there is no ballet, and where you might sit and see this grand opera in great ease and quiet. Will you please to say if you will have it and I will send or bring it.

Or if Miss Hallam dines with you, may I come afterwards to tea? Say yes or no; I sha'n't be offended, only best pleased of course with yes. I am engaged on Monday Tuesday and Wednesday nights, so if you go away on Thursday I shall have no chance of seeing you again for ever so long.

I was to breakfast with Mr. Rogers this morning but he played me false.

Good bye

W. M. T.

Fragment.

21 July 1849.

[*To Mr. Brookfield*]

Adelaide Procter has sent me the most elegant velvet purse, embroidered with my initials, and forget-me-nots on the other side. I received this peace-offering with a gentle heart; one must not lose old friends at our time of life, and if one has offended them one must try and try until they are brought back. . . .

Mrs. Powell, the lady I asked you to stir about, has got the place of matron of the Governesses, a house and perquisites, and 100 a year, an immense thing for a woman with nothing.

On the 30th June, the day you went, Rogers threw me over for breakfast, and to-day comes the most lamentable letter of excuse. Yesterday, the day madame went away, the Strutts asked me to Greenwich, and when I got there, no dinner. Another most pathetic letter of excuse. These must be answered in a witty manner, so must Miss Procter, for the purse; so must Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, who offers a dinner on Monday; so must two more, and I must write that *demnition* Mr. Browne before evensong.

From the *Punch* office, where I'm come for to go to dress, to dine with the Lord mayor; but I have nothing to say but that I am yours, my dear old friend, affectionately,

W. M. T.

Fragment.

[1849]

I was to go to Mrs. Montgomery's at this hour of 10.30, but it must be the contrary, that is, Mrs. Procter's. I wrote Adelaide her letter for the purse, and instead of thanking her much, only discoursed about old age, disappointment, death, and melancholy.

The old people are charming at home, with their kindness. They are going away at the end of the week, somewhere, they don't say where, with the children. The dear old step-father moves me rather the most, he is so gentle and good humoured. Last night Harry came to dinner, and being Sunday there was none, and none to be had, and we went to the tavern hard-bye, where he didn't eat a bit. I did. . . . . .

At Procter's was not furiously amusing—the eternal G. bores one. Her parents were of course there, the papa with a suspicious looking little order in his button hole, and a *chevalier d'industrie* air, which I can't get over. E. didn't sing, but on the other hand Mrs. ——— did. She was passionate, she was enthusiastic, she was sublime, she was tender. There was one note that she kept so long, that I protest I had time to think about my affairs, to have a little nap, and to awake much refreshed, while it was going on still. At another time, overcome by almost unutterable tenderness, she piped so low, that it's a wonder one could hear at all. In a word, she was *mirobolante*, the most artless, affected, good-natured, absurd, clever creature possible. When she had crushed G. who stood by the piano hating her, and paying her the most profound compliments—she tripped off on my arm to the cab in waiting. I like that absurd kind creature.

Drums are beating in various quarters for parties yet to come off, but I am refusing any more, being quite done up. I am thinking of sending the old and young folks to Clevedon, I am sure Mrs.

Robbins and Mrs. Parr will be kind to them, won't they?

[During an Illness, August 1849]

No. 1.

63 East Street, Brighton.

Yesterday I had the courage to fly to Brighton, I have got a most beautiful lodging, and had a delightful sleep. I write a line at seven o'clock of the morning to tell you these good news. G b y.—

No. 2.

63 East Street Brighton.

This morning's, you know, wasn't a letter, only to tell you that I was pretty well after my travels; and after the letter was gone, thinks I, the handwriting is so bad and shaky, she will think I am worse, and only write fibs to try and soothe her. But the cause of the bad writing was a bad pen, and impossible ink. See how different this is, though I have not much to say now, only that I have been sitting on the chain pier in a bath chair for two hours, and feel greatly invigorated and pleasantly tired by the wholesome sea breezes. Shall I be asleep in two minutes I wonder? I think I will try, I think snoring is better than writing. Come, let us try a little doze; a comfortable little doze of a quarter of an hour.

Since then, a somewhat fatiguing visit from the Miss Smiths, who are all kindness, and look very pretty in their mourning.* I found acquaintances on the pier too, and my chair anchored alongside of that of a very interesting nice little woman, Mrs. Whitmore, so that there was more talkee-talkee. Well I won't go on writing any more about my ailments, and dozes and fatigues; but sick folks are abominably selfish; sick men that is, and so God bless my dear lady.

W. M. T.

Thursday.

I cannot write you long, dear lady; I have two notes to my mother daily, and a long one to Elliotson, &c.; but I am getting on *doucement*, like the change of air exceedingly, the salt water baths, and the bath-chair journeys to the pier where it is almost as fresh as being at sea. But do you go on writing, please, and as often as you can; for it does me good to get kind letters. God bless you and good-night, is all I can say now, with my love to his Reverence from

W. M. T.

* Horace Smith died 12th July, 1849.

FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA.

By N. S. Shaler.

The history of mankind has been at all times much affected by the forest covering of the earth. Modern science teaches that man himself, at least so far as his organic body is concerned, is derived from a long line of creatures who dwelt in trees. His slender, agile body and his delicately constructed, flexible hand owe their essential features to the arboreal habit of his ancestors. It is also possible that the forest habit has left its impress on man's mind as well as his body; for, as appears from a consideration of the existing tree-dwelling species of mammals, they are generally more social, sympathetic, and quicker-witted animals than most of those who dwell upon the surface of the earth. When the brute passed, by some as yet unexplained gradations, into the primitive man the boughs were abandoned, and the creature became, in a measure, changed to suit the needs of the firmer earth. For a while, however, the forest remained his fittest dwelling-place. The tropical woods, where man developed, afforded varied food, and the trees a ready shelter from wild beasts of prey. It was only when the "progressive desires," which made him, in essence, man, led him a stage above the lowest level of humanity that his ancestral woods began to prove a hinderance to him; it is only with the beginning of agriculture that the forests came to be the obstinate foe of his advance, which was so long to lie across his path. For thousands of years thereafter he was compelled to be a toilful forest-destroyer; from the encumbering woods, with scanty tools—stone axes and fire—he had to win his fields, the material for his dwellings, and the fuel for his hearth.

With the relatively modern development of civilization we are coming to the third state of the relation of man to forests; a stage when he finds that this tree-covering of the lands is necessary for the maintenance of those conditions of climate and timber-supply on which the utility of the earth to him in good part depends. The frontiersman, that essence of the practical man, is still a slayer of woods, and believes that he serves the god of progress by the sacrifice of the forest. But, as knowledge advances, the thoughtful classes become more and more concerned as to the conditions of this earth during the centuries to come, when this swift-advancing ruin of our woods shall have been completed. Most persons will heartily agree that it is our bounden duty to transmit the inheritance which we enjoy in the earth unimpaired to the generations yet to be. It is, unhappily, impossible for us so to manage the store of utilities which the earth affords that there shall be no diminution of the supply for the ages to come. It is probable that the supply of coal will in good part have disappeared by the year 3000; and in the fourth millennial period of our era, a time less remote in the future than the birth of Christ in the past, the metals now in use will have to be won with great difficulty—if obtained at all. Still we may trust the advance of knowledge and skill to compensate for these losses; solar energy may be trusted to afford heat and aluminum to take the place of iron; and the world may be the better for the change which forced a rustless metal and a dustless fuel into use—at any rate, we see that the supply of mineral resources of the earth necessary for our successors may be prolonged for a time in the future which is long beyond our power to conceive.

It is otherwise with the soil-covering of the earth's surface. So far as we can see, that is the least enduring and the least replaceable of any of those features on which the life of the earth depends. It is the harvest of the ages; and once lost, it cannot be supplied save by eons of time. The most serious misfortune connected with the reckless destruction of our forests arises from the loss of the soil from large areas of land, by which regions naturally fertile have been converted into deserts of irremediable ste-

rility. Already a large part of many fertile regions have been sterilized in this fashion; and each year a larger portion of this infinitely precious heritage of life slips into the rivers, and finds its way to the sea, because we have deprived it of the protecting coating of vegetation. Therefore, it is not alone on account of the surpassing intellectual interest that forests present to us, but also from the gravest reasons of economy, that they deserve to be attentively studied. In the following pages we shall endeavor to set forth, though in mere outlines, the general facts which are known concerning forests—the scientific as well as the economic points together, for they are so united that they cannot well be separately treated.



Cycad in the Botanical Gardens, Cape Town, South Africa.

To find the origin of forests we must go back to the first stages of vegetable life. The series of plants, as well as that of animals, began in the water, and came thence to the surface of the lands. All very lowly forms of organisms demand a permanent envelope of water, for the reason that they are not provided with any skin which will prevent the drying out of the fluids of which their bodies are in large part composed. It is only after they have attained a certain specialization of development that they can withstand the strenuous conditions to which they are subjected in the atmosphere. The beginnings of plant life in the land were laid in water plants of simple structure; thence they came to fitness for the land conditions on one or more lines of development.

The first land plants of which we have any evidence from fossilized remains are forms allied to our ferns, which appear in the upper Silurian age; but it is improbable that they were the earliest forms which dwelt in the air. It is likely that the lowlier groups of mosses and lichens preceded them in time, and that we have failed to find their remains. For some ages we have very imperfect records of the ancient forests; but we know that during the Devonian period some of the ferns had taken on a tree-like aspect, and probably formed a low, bushy growth in the swamps of that time. As these ferns came to be crowded together there began a great struggle for existence, which has continued to this day, and which has given our forests their most conspicuous aspect. Each individual plant needed to attain a share of sunlight, and so in a way sought to overtop its neighbors. Those which developed taller trunks than their competitors for light prevailed in the struggle for

existence, and transmitted their peculiarities to their descendants ; those less endowed in this respect generally failed in the race, or had to occupy stations of inferior advantage. As early as the Carboniferous period the slender trunk, supporting a canopy of foliage at a considerable height above the ground, showed how immediately the needs of the crowded life of the forest had been met by the architecture of these plants.

The trees of the first great forests, those which gave us the beds of peat which, in time, became the coals of the Carboniferous period, were not destined to endure ; they were weakly structures, incapable of withstanding cold, and demanding a larger share of moisture than could be afforded outside of the limits of the swamps of that time. Moreover, their seeds were microscopic in size, containing none of that nutriment which enables the young of our higher plants to start in the race of life with a share of sustenance provided by the parent. Already in the Carboniferous period, and in the Permian, we begin to see the forerunners of a higher form of plants—forms allied to our living conifers and yews ; they were relatively rare forms, yet they were the beginnings of a higher order of life. One stage higher on the geological section these early conifers and yews are re-enforced by other large-seeded plants of the same group akin to the cypresses and the cycads. But the greatest advance in the forests consisted in the introduction of the palms. The ferns continue to be an important element in the forests ; but slowly they are pushed into a position of inferiority, their places being gradually taken by the higher forms of cone-bearing plants and cycads. Lastly, in the relatively recent ages of the later Cretaceous and Tertiary there came the higher flowering plants, which give us the prevailing trees of our modern forests—oaks, poplars, elms, and the other familiar broad-leaved plants, which generally send down their leaves during the period of winter rest. Owing to their many advantages of structure and of function, these last comers are steadfastly gain-



A Group of Palms, Florida.

ing the room which once belonged to the ancient pines. The broad-leaved flowering plants, when they take on the tree form, manifest their superiority in many ways; besides their larger seeds, which give some of the parent's strength to aid the nursling at its first struggles for existence, they have a better framework on which to support the great association of buds which constitutes the tree. Unlike the first trees, which generally had hollow or spongy stems, which did not suit the needs of large-branched forms, they have dense wood in the centre, which admirably serves for the support of the colony of buds and permits a great height of the trunk. Thus, while the largest trees of the coal period probably did not lift their branches to the height of one hundred feet, many of the forms of the present day climb for light to the height of two or three hundred feet above the earth. But the greatest advantage of the modern trees is probably found in the fact that they, by the help of insects and other means, secure a cross fertilization of their flowers, so that the seeds of one plant are fecundated by the pollen of another. This cross fertilization appears to give to the progeny of the plant a better chance in the combat for existence than they can secure where the seeds are fertilized by the same flower or those of the same colony or tree.

The result of these improvements is that the struggle is at present narrowed down to a contest between the broad-leaved trees and the conifers. The palms survive only on or near the Tropics, and the tree-ferns remain as remnants of a life which, once of supreme importance, is now at an end. Our most successful forests are those of the broad-leaved trees. These predominate in all the great forests of temperate latitudes. Their variety of forms being far greater than those of the conifers, they are ready to seize on any station which the chances of the battle afford them. They have already, to a great extent, driven the conifers to the more northern and intemperate stations, or to the sandier and more arid soils of the northern hemisphere.

With this inadequate though—we may hope, from the nature of the subject—interesting glance at the history of our forests, let us go to some tract of primeval woods, to see what are the conditions of the land beneath its mantle of vegetation. Let us take a district where broad-leaved trees predominate, for there the characteristic conditions of our modern forests are best displayed. There is no place so well suited for this inquiry as the field of the great Appalachian forest, which lies on the uplands of the region within a radius of, say, one hundred miles of the great mountains of North Carolina. In this area are still to be found, perhaps, the finest areas of virgin woods of the deciduous type that remain upon the earth. The trees are of exceeding variety, and man has as yet spared them the destruction which he is soon to inflict.

The natural entrance to these forests—often, indeed, the only practicable way into their recesses—is up the channels of the streams. Such were the ways by which the early settlers penetrated the wilderness with their pack-trains or rude wagons, and they still afford the only roads to many of the settlements of this region.* We note that the longer streams of this wilderness, those deserving the name of rivers, are so wide that they cut a channel through the forest; but from the alluvial plain, on either side, trunked sycamores and the delicately foliaged willows spring, like the remains of old arches, far out over the water. As the stream narrows, so that its channel is not more than fifty feet wide, these inclined trees, on either side, commingle their branches, forming an arch of interlaced boughs. We note the crystal purity of the water contained in these streams; even in times of flood it contains but little waste from the soil, though it may be discolored by the stain of the decayed forest bed over and through which it has passed. Comparing this stream of pure forest water with that which is derived from a valley where there are extensive tilled fields, we see one of the most striking evidences of the evil arising from man's presence.

* We can still trace the difficult progress of those modern pilgrims by the names they gave the streams up which they toiled—*Dismal Creek*, *Troublesome Creek*, *Hell-for-certain* and *Pull-and-be-damned Creeks*, and yet more descriptive names mark the stages of their journey.

In such a stream from ploughed land we see, after every rain, that the water is exceedingly discolored with sediments, and that, besides the floating mud, a large amount of sand is driven along the bottom by the current. The mud is hurried away to the lower rivers, and thence to the sea; but the sand and pebbles gather in *bars* which hinder the course of the stream, compelling it to turn about in a devious way, cutting into its banks, widening its bed, and destroying its former beauty. In times of flood it is a raging torrent; in periods of drought it is often quite dry. Ascending our typical stream still further, to where its diminished waters are only a score or so of feet wide, we find its course embarrassed by many fallen trunks of trees, which the stream has not the power to sweep away as it does in the wider channels below. Many of these fallen trees have caught the smaller drifting fragments of wood, the whole forming a tolerably tight dam which, for a time, retains a portion of the flood waters, allowing them gradually to filter through the interstices, thus partly maintaining the volume of the stream in seasons of drought.

Turning from the way of the stream into the deep shadow of the forest which bounds it on either side, we find ourselves at once in a realm unknown to ordinary experience. Even in winter, when the leaves are shed, the close-set branches halve the sun's rays, and in summer the brightest sky affords only a gloaming such as we see in the open



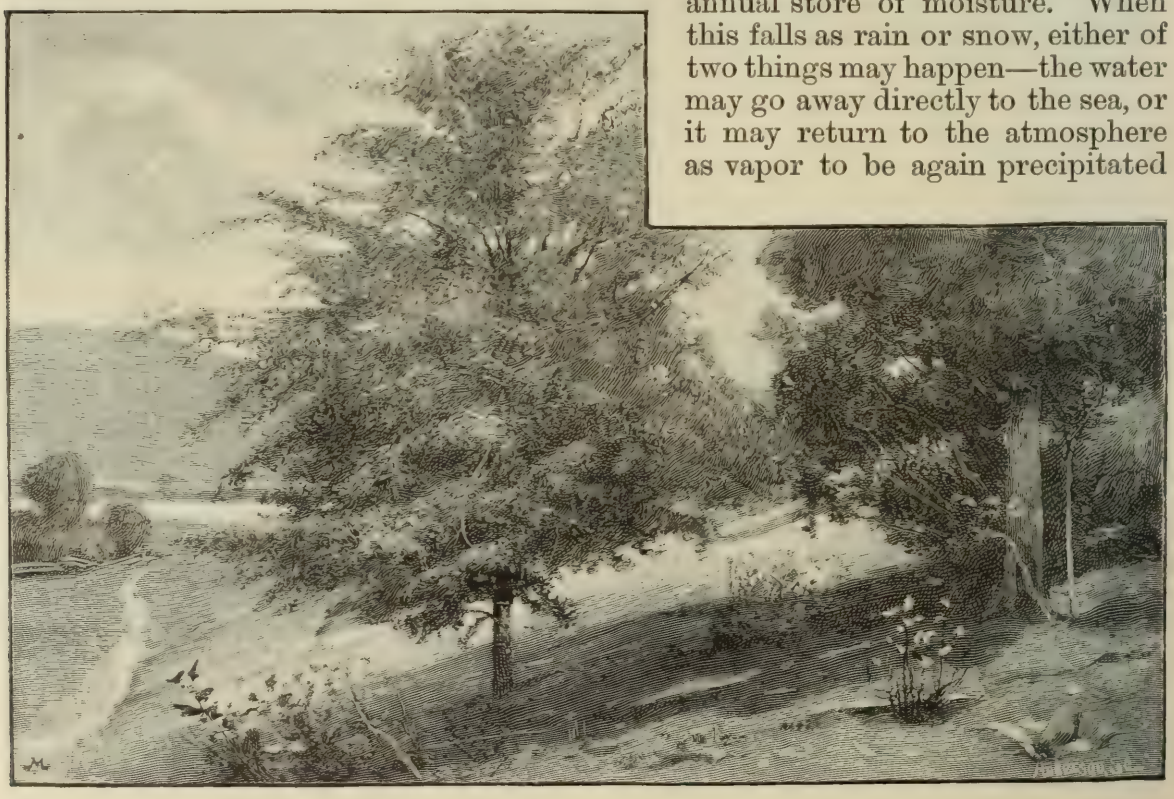
Water-birches, Cumberland River, near Pineville, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)

ground after sunset. Looking upward, we see the trunks rising, often without a limb, to the height of more than one hundred feet, and to the surface of the great domes of foliage it is often a distance of two hundred feet from the ground. The constant struggle for light causes every space in the great canopy of foliage to be filled by the contending branches. The surface of the ground is thickly covered by fallen trunks of the trees which have lived their term of life and returned to the earth. Some of them are reduced to the form of long, low mounds, deeply covered with moss, so decayed and worm-eaten that the foot sinks in them as into snow,—others still keeping the semblance of their giant forms, even in their prostrate position. These trees have rarely been overthrown by the

storms; except in the path of a hurricane, the wind is unfelt in these shades; they fall as a strong man by a sudden blow. Those who are accustomed to haunt these primeval woods have often observed how, in the months of May or June, when the air is perfectly quiet, oftenest in the dead of night, while the woods are as still as a cavern, there comes through the silent aisles of the forest a roar as of far-off thunder. The din is caused by some old tree, whose trunk, sapped by decay and overweighted by the burden of its new-made leaves and sap, has fallen into ruin.

The tangle of decayed vegetation which covers the ground beneath the forest is of considerable thickness. On top it consists altogether of the decayed trunks, branches, and leaves, but it shades downward into ordinary dark-colored soil at the depth of a few feet from the surface. This, the decay zone of the forest, lies between the boughs of the air and the branches of the roots. In it go on the most important actions which take place in our forests—actions which affect the history of land and sea. We shall therefore have to consider it in a somewhat painstaking way. The most evident effect of this sheet of decaying wood, and moss which feeds on the decay, is on the rainfall of the region which it mantles. When, after a season of drought, a copious rain falls upon this spongy mass, the water is for a long time absorbed in the interstices, and does not flow to the rivers. Even in times of very heavy rain the water is slowly yielded to the streams; after a dry period of many weeks this sponge retains a good share of water. A like amount of rain falling on tilled fields or prairies slips quickly away to the rivers, and thence to the sea. The first result is, that when the land is destitute of forests it sheds water like house-roofs, breeding floods after every considerable rain, while in the forests the rain is only slowly yielded to the streams.

A second and less evident result of the spongy character of the forest bed is that, by hindering the escape of the rain-water to the rivers, it increases the actual rainfall of the country. To see the nature and importance of this action, we must turn aside for a moment to consider the origin of the rain which falls upon the land. The original source of this water-supply is the sea, which sends into the lands a tolerably regular annual store of moisture. When this falls as rain or snow, either of two things may happen—the water may go away directly to the sea, or it may return to the atmosphere as vapor to be again precipitated



Winged Elm (showing foliage on the edge of a forest), Cumberland Valley, Ky.

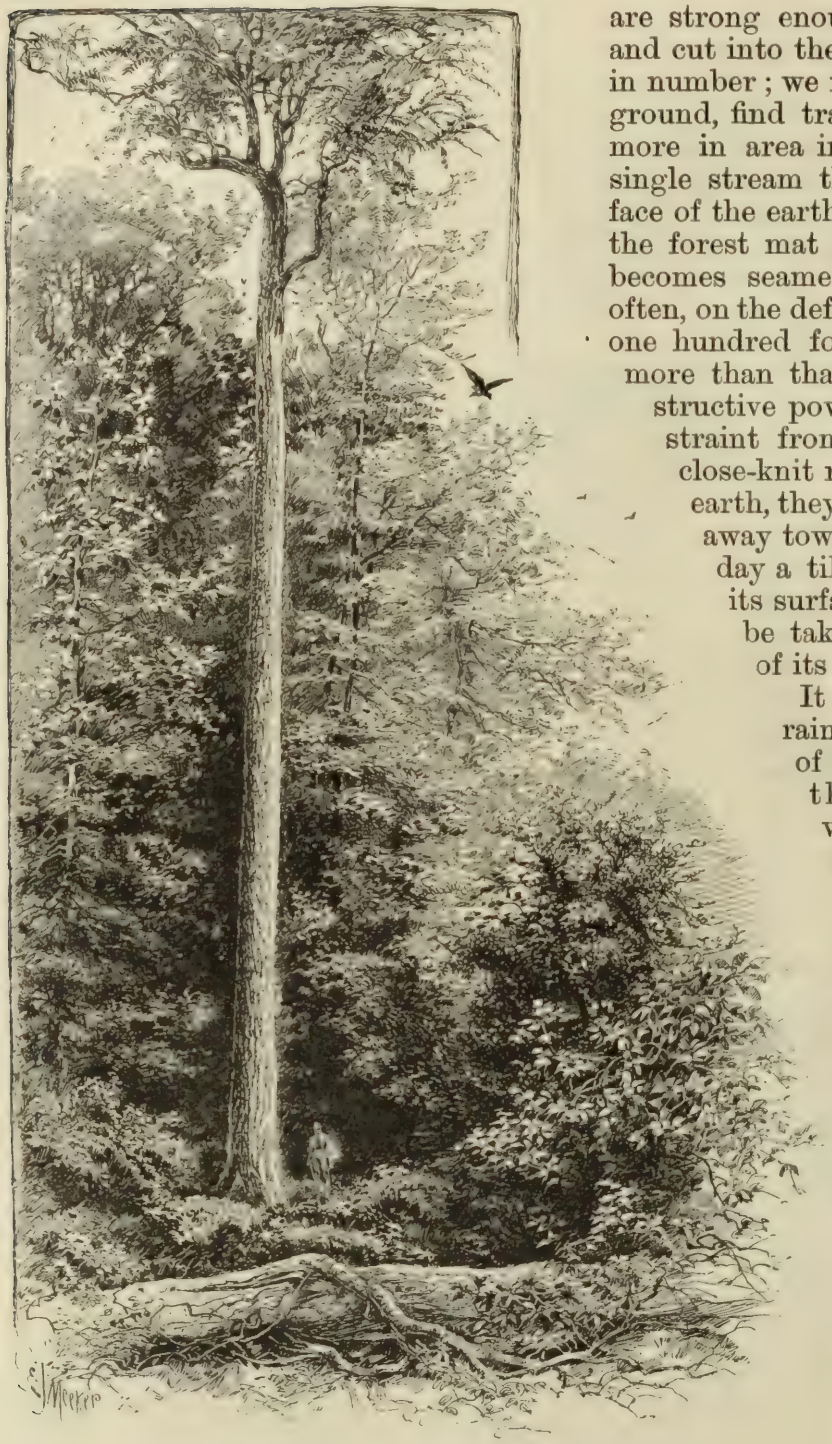


Yellow-pine, Harlan County, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)

as rain. The chance of its re-envaporation is determined by the speed with which it flows to the streams. From a treeless region it rapidly escapes; in an extensive district of virgin forest it may again and again pass from earth to air, and from air to earth.

The columns of vapor, which in times of summer rain may be seen ascending from every great wood, afford visible evidence of the effect of forests on rainfall. They also may show the observer some of the most beautiful phenomena of atmospheric circulation. In a summer rain-shower the air above the trees becomes much cooler than it is in the recesses below their tents of foliage. This heated air within the wood seeks to rise, and escapes in great columns wherever there is a wide gap between the branches; as soon as it attains the cooler level above, the moisture is condensed and the air, before transparent, becomes charged with steam. To replace this ascending air, a broad current drifts toward the emerging streams of vapor, commonly from the higher parts of the forest, where the air, owing to the elevation of the site, is cooler than in the lower levels.

This repeated passage of the moisture from earth to cloud, and from cloud to earth, greatly increases the amount of force which the rain applies, in its falling drops, to the earth's surface; but the rank vegetation protects the surface from the erosion which it would otherwise bring about. Even the forest-clad hillsides of the Cumberland Mountains, where the soil lies on declivities of great steepness, suffer little wear as long as their natural protection is left to them.



Black-walnut, Floyd County, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)

But as soon as they are stripped of the garment of wood which has been upon the region ever since, in the far-off ages, they came from the depths of the sea, they wear with great rapidity. The erosion is limited, as long as they are forest-clad, to the stream beds, and there is hindered by the innumerable obstacles of the fallen trees and entangled driftwood. The brooks which are strong enough to clear their beds, and cut into the earth and rock, are few in number; we may often, on the flatter ground, find tracts of a square mile or more in area in which there is not a single stream that ever assails the surface of the earth. As soon, however, as the forest mat is removed, the surface becomes seamed with channels; they often, on the deforested surface, increase one hundred fold in their length, and more than that measure in their destructive power. Relieved of all restraint from fallen timber, or the close-knit roots which enmesh the earth, they sweep the precious soil away toward the sea. In a single day a tilled field may lose from its surface more soil than would be taken from it in a century of its forest state.

It is in this action of the rain upon the bared surface of the ground that we find the principal danger which menaces man in his use of the earth. The forests probably take each year from the soil as much as our tilled crops; but they not only retain, in the ash of the decayed leaves, branches, and trunks, all which they have removed, but they allow little waste to occur through the action of rain and wind. The use which man makes of the soil, when he tills it, is almost necessarily destructive, not only through the harvests which he removes, but by the incidental waste which occurs in the soil which is washed or blown away to the sea. We behold the results of this perilous wasting in every country which has long been the seat of tillage. In level regions it is least apparent, but in all hill countries it is quickly and often deplorably manifested. The destruction in the United States is most serious in the northern tier of Southern States, but no

portion of the tilled districts is quite exempt from it. Brief as has been our use of this American land, a perceptible portion of it, probably as much as one-hundreth part of the tillable area, has been reduced to a state of destitution which it will require ages to repair—which, indeed, is scarcely reparable by the hand of man.

Turning from the general aspects of the forest to the details of its organization, we should first notice the great range in the character of its individual occupants, the various species of trees which form the wood. To the variety of the kinds of trees which are associated together the Appalachian forest owes, in good part, the wonderful success which it has attained. The coniferous woods of this region rarely have more than five or six species to share the possibilities of a given field; but in the broad-leaved forests we often find not less than fifty species, each of which, in a similarly extensive area, finds a place suited to the peculiar capabilities to which it has attained. In this element of variety our American forests far exceed those of Europe which, in a general way, they closely resemble. The deciduous woods of the Old World have not more than one-fourth as many species of trees as we find in those of Eastern North America For instance, in North America we have thirty or more species of oak, to the three of Europe, and many genera, including some of the noblest forms—such as the tulip trees, the magnolias, the gums, and the swamp-cypress—which have no representatives in the present European forests.

The advantages arising from this great diversity of species in our American deciduous woods is easily conceived. Each of these kinds has developed a special adaptation to some particular conditions of soil, moisture, or exposure; so that every opportunity which the conditions afford is met by some particular kind of tree, each making haste to avail itself of all the chances which are afforded to it. Thus, in the Southern swamps the Taxodium, or bald cypress, has, by a very singular arrangement of its roots, succeeded in adapting itself to soils which are permanently covered with water—a



Stream obstructed by Fallen Timber.

chance which is denied to other large trees. From each root which extends beneath the swamp about the trunk there arise spurs. These spurs grow upward in the form of stout columns, each capped by a bud-like excrescence, hollow in the centre, and covered externally by a spongy bark, through which the sap circulates. These bulbous or bud-like knobs are often so large and hollow that they are sometimes cut off and used by the farmers in the swamp districts for bee-hives and well-buckets. The height above the surface of these "knees," as the projections are called, is so adjusted that in the growing season their upper parts are above the level of the water; if by any chance, as when a mill-dam has raised the level of the pool, the tops of these appendages of the roots are covered during the spring and early summer seasons, the tree inevitably dies. So immediately is this contrivance adjusted to the needs of the situation that a cypress tree on the border of a swamp will have the knees on those roots which extend beneath the water, while those which run under the higher ground will fail to produce them. When the tree is artificially grown on high ground, the knees, so far as observed by the present writer, are never developed; or, at most, remain as trifling spurs on the roots, which do not rise above the soil. Thus the bald cypress, though quite unable to contend with the deciduous trees of the dry forests, has a safe stronghold in the vast swamps of the Southern States, and forms some of the noblest wood of this country. The willows, the cottonwoods, and the sycamores, also, find a special field in immediate contact with the water, though they have no such provision as the cypress for dwelling in the permanently inundated ground. They commonly live on the banks of the rivers, and feed on the fertile soil which the inundations bring to the shores. Leaning their trunks toward the streams, and expanding their branches in the open space above them, they, like the cypresses, win a realm where they do not have to contend with their stouter competitors for light and air.



The Swamp-cypress (Tennessee), showing the Spurs.

The alluvial lands on either side of the streams, regions liable to frequent floods, are possessed by species which have a less endurance of humidity than the forms just mentioned, but are still more tolerant of long-continued floods than the most of our deciduous trees.

Here we find, especially on the southern part of the Appalachian forest, pin-oaks, certain kinds of elms, the swamp chestnut-oaks, gums, tulip trees, etc. So completely is the forest adjusted to the conditions that the alluvial lands of the rivers generally bear a different assemblage of trees from those of the smaller streams.

In the upland districts the trees are distributed in a more varied manner than in the parts of the surface which are affected by inundations; still, even there the arrangement is rather according to evident law than according to the indiscernible complexity of law we term chance. Though the species are somewhat affected by the accidents which plant the seeds, the predominance of any species is always indicative of some peculiarities of soil or exposure. So accurate is this delimitation that the early settlers in the forested Western States always and unerringly chose their places of settlement by the nature of the timber. Where blue-ash, black-walnut, or coffee trees abounded, they knew that they had the most fertile soils; beech woods indicated a soil of less fertility, but still of endurance to tillage; white-oaks a soil of lower grade, but suited to certain crops—as, for instance, to tobacco; a predominance of red-oak trees a yet less suitable ground, and a wood of black-oaks, or "black-jacks," the most unpromising field of all.

In a hilly country each of the varying aspects of the surface brings its peculiar influences to bear on the distribution of the timber. So sharply is the distribution determined by the compass direction of the slope, and the consequent share of sunshine which it affords, that a skilled observer may, in cloudy weather, tell the direction of his way by a careful study of the forest.

We should also observe that the same immediate and complete adaptation of the trees to their conditions is shown in the way in which they recover their possession of abandoned fields, and of the tracts which have been deforested by hurricanes or fire. A certain limited number of species lead the way to the repossession of these districts from which the forest has been expelled. If the ground has been long under tillage, as many of the worn-out fields of Virginia have been, the sassafras, persimmon, black- and red-oak are apt to be the first of the forest trees to establish themselves.



Black-jack Oaks, Todd County, Ky. (Ky. Geological Survey.)

If fire has done the work, then the poplars and birches have, in most districts, the best chance; if it be a hurricane's path, the ground is sure to be full of seeds and young trees, and it is anyone's race, with the predominant oaks generally in the lead. South of Virginia, where the soil is sandy, the "old-field pine" is generally the pioneer of the forest's readvance.

The controlling conditions in the distribution of the forest trees are: first, the characteristics of the species; second, the nature of the soil; third, the chance of distribution of the seed; and, lastly, the assaults of the animal enemies which each kind encounters. Some species—as, for instance, the black-locust—are extensively subjected to insect enemies. The oaks, on the other hand, are, on account of their acrid sap, tolerably well protected from such dangers. As a whole, our deciduous trees have established, by one device and another, a tolerably strong defence against animal pests. In fact, they owe their continued existence to their success in preventing this class of dangers. Now and then some new enemy arises, which imperils and may destroy a species. An instance of this sort has recently come to the attention of the present writer from some study of the forests of Kentucky, which was undertaken with the cooperation of his assistants. It appears from these observations that the white-oaks of that district, which, despite the ravages of the axe, still constitute some of its finest forests, are in the way to disappear from their failure to reproduce their kind. There are singularly few young white-oaks in these woods, but an abundance of the less desirable varieties of red- and Spanish-oaks. The reason for this seems to be that the nuts of the white-oak are more palatable to the squirrels than those of the other species; so these creatures industriously seek them out, and only resort to the more bitter and probably less nutritious nuts of the other species when those of the white-oak fail them. In similar ways other animals react destructively upon other forest trees. The introduction of swine in the settled portions of the forests brings a greedy and judicious palate to consume the more edible nuts, and so destroy the progeny of many trees. But what is one kind's loss is another kind's gain; with the destruction of one species, its competitors find a fair field and hasten to occupy it.

There are evidently two principal limiting causes which determine the growth of forests—these are drought and cold. When the rainfall is less than serves to keep the roots moist during the period of growth, or when the growing season is too brief to permit the ripening of the new wood of a tree, the forests find their limit. In the struggle with the cold the coniferous trees have, in general, the advantage of the broad-leaved group, possibly for the reason that in the former class a portion of the foliage holds over the winter; thus there is less to do to bring the machinery of growth into operation, and the process of annual increase can be more quickly accomplished. So, too, in the struggle with arid conditions the conifers, or narrow-leaved trees, appear to be, on the whole, more successful than the broad-leaved trees, probably for the reason that their rigid and scanty foliage expends less water than the soft and expanded leaves of the other group. Thus the conifers have come to occupy the greater part of the scantily watered districts of the Rocky Mountains, as well as the regions of the far north up to the limits of the forests which stretch toward the North Pole.

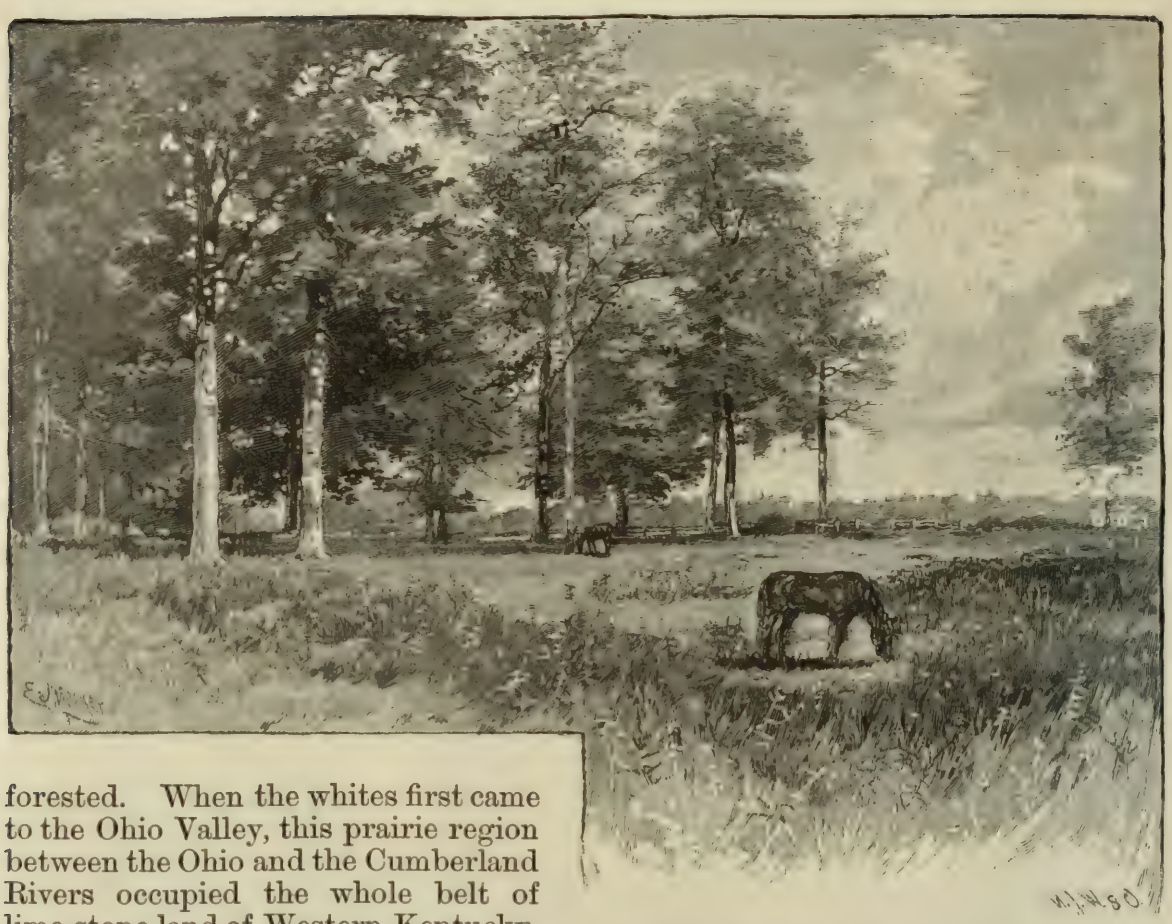
There remains still the need of explaining the absence of forests from that part of the so-called prairie districts of the West where the water-supply is abundant for the nurture of forests, and where, indeed, a great variety of native forest trees grow, when planted, with singular luxuriance. Several recondite explanations have been devised to account for this peculiarity. It has been claimed that these prairies are unfavorable to the growth of trees because of the fineness of the soil; but without considering how this *fineness* can act, it is easy to see that the soil of the Mississippi delta region, which intersects the prairie districts, is even finer-grained than that of the treeless plains. Others have held that these regions were the floors of great lakes, which, after the glacial period, were quickly possessed by grasses to the exclusion of the trees. But it is



A Sycamore Tree in White River Bottoms, near Wheatland, Ind.

easy to see that, even in the best of our existing grass lands, the forests generally manage swiftly to regain possession when they are allowed to pursue their way without interference from man.

In accounting for the prairies, it will not do to seek their origin in a single course. There are certainly at least two elements in the causation which have operated with different degrees of effect in different parts of the Western tracts. In the region beyond the Mississippi, where the annual rainfall is less in amount than twenty inches, drought alone will perhaps serve to explain the treeless conditions; farther to the east an artificial cause—viz., the fires which the Indians were in the habit of setting to the grass of the open ground and the leaves of the woods—will account for the destruction of the original forests. These annual forest fires were kindled either to drive the game toward the hunters or to aid the growth of the fresh grass which springs up after the conflagration. In this way the prairies were extended eastward to Indiana and south to the Ohio River. At one point, west of Louisville, Ky., the prairie country crossed that stream, and extended south to the Cumberland River, near where Nashville now lies. In this latter region we have a clear example of the process by which the country was de-



Ash Grove, Ashland, Fayette County, Ky.

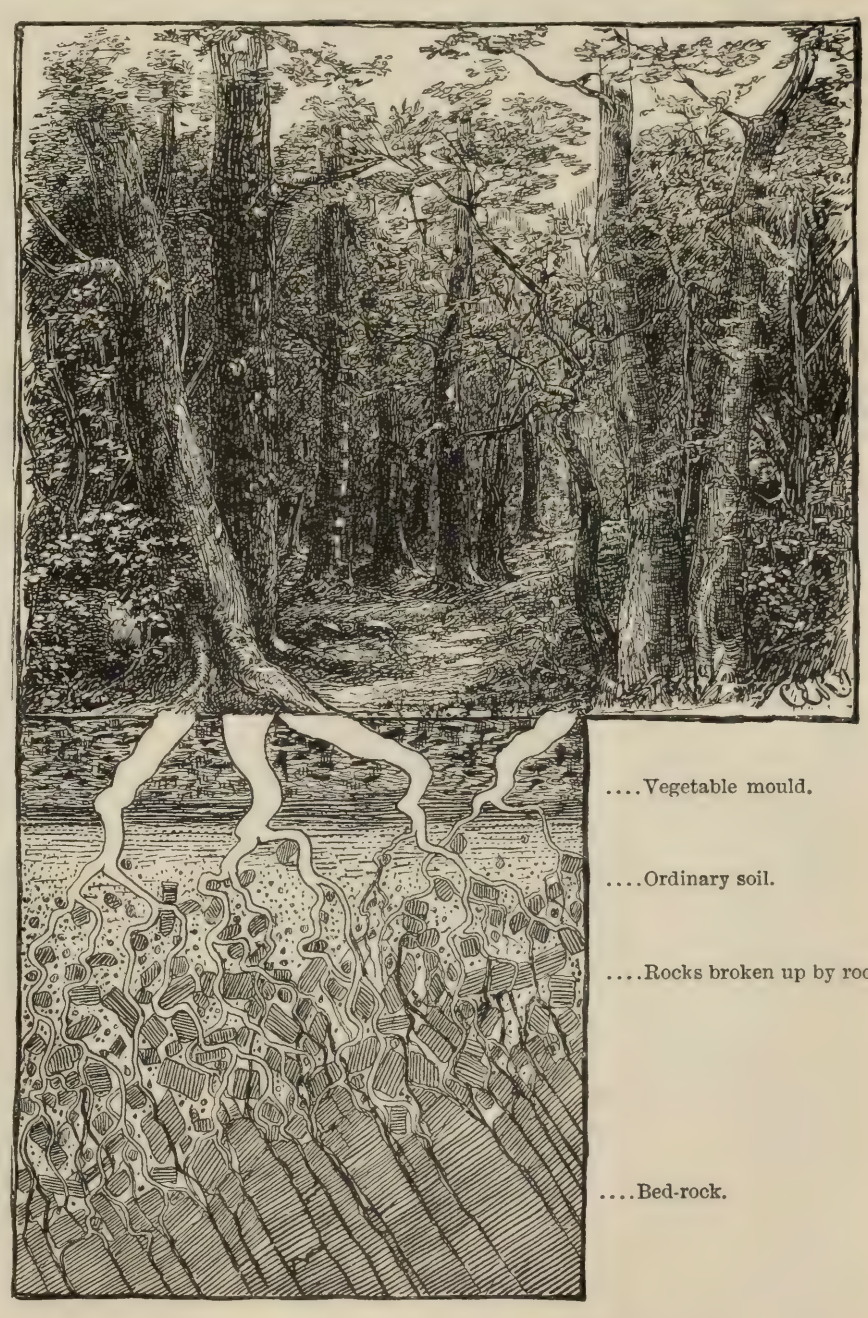
forested. When the whites first came to the Ohio Valley, this prairie region between the Ohio and the Cumberland Rivers occupied the whole belt of lime-stone land of Western Kentucky. Skirting the southern border of the western coal field, it extended westward across the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers into the low table-land which lies between the last-named stream and the Mississippi River. About five thousand square miles of this area were actually deforested, except where, beside the scanty streams, the ground was too moist to permit the ravages of the annual conflagrations. On the border of this area the old trees were not destroyed, but remained in the form of a very open forest. The younger growth was, however, wanting. The reason for this is plain: The older trees have a very thick outer bark, which served to protect them from the damage which would be inflicted by the momentary heat of the burning leaves, while the tender stems of the saplings were easily destroyed. Thus it came about that when the old trees died they left no successors, and so the prairie steadily widened its area. As soon as the Indians ceased to use this region as an annual hunting-ground the forests rapidly regained their possession of all the prairie lands of this district. The annual burning of the surface ceased in the latter part of the last century; in the second decade of this the whole of this great area was covered by a thin wood of young trees, which quickly closed into a dense forest. At the present time all the parts of this field which have not been deforested by man are thickly wooded. Some indications of a similar process of forest restoration may be found in Indiana and Illinois; but in those regions the annual rainfall is less, and summer droughts, which are calculated to prevent the establishment of the young trees, are more frequent and more prolonged, than in Kentucky.

Turning now to consider the underground work of the forests, we find there a realm of activities of interest equal to that of their more visible portion. The leaf-bearing branches of the trunk are hardly more extensive than those which penetrate the soil. The main function of these underground branches is to supply the ashy element of the plant, which they take, dissolved in water, from the soil and, in the form of sap, send up-

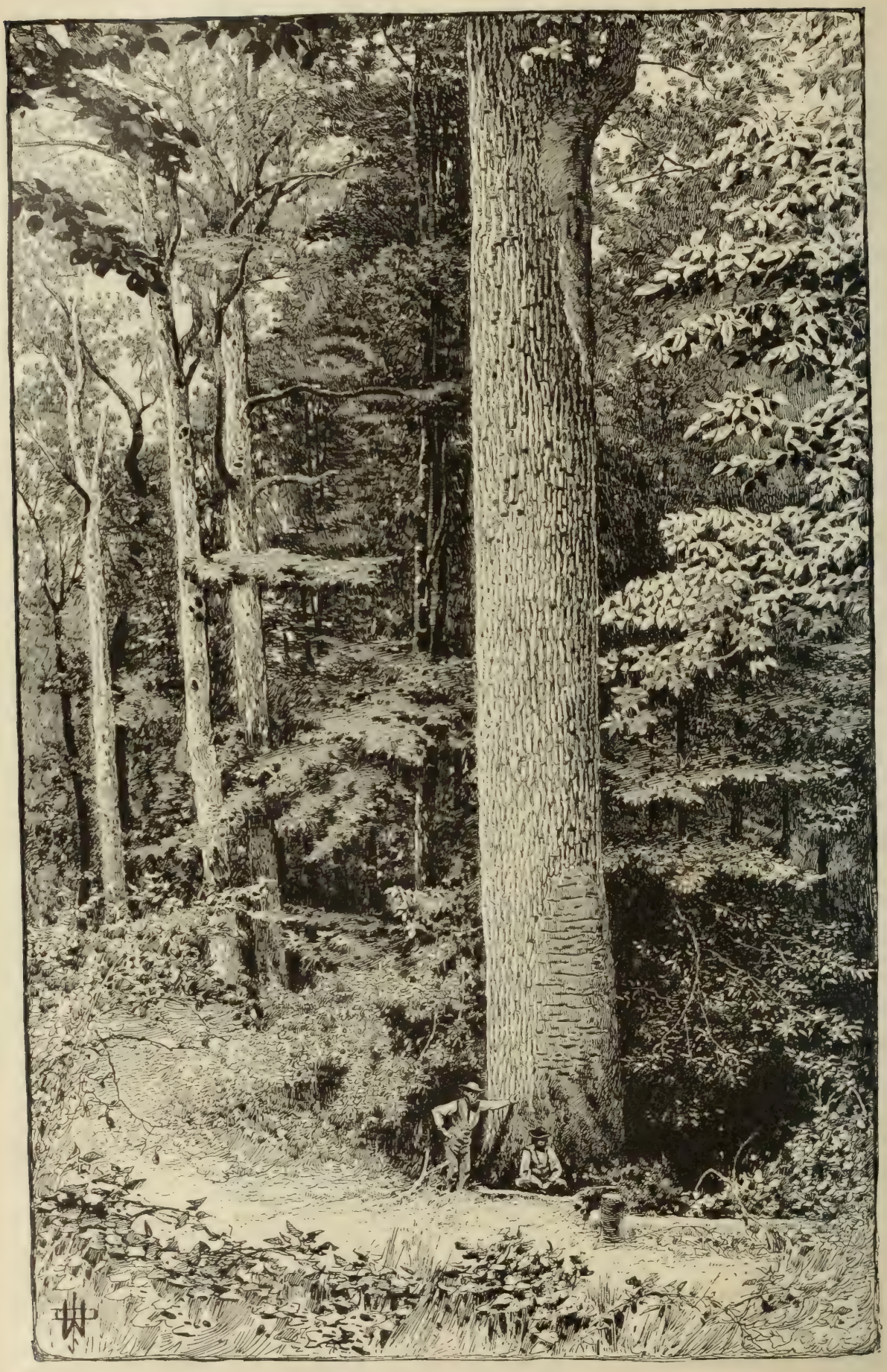
ward to the leaves for further elaboration. In this work they penetrate, not only horizontally through the existing soil bed, but often enter into the crevices of the rocks which have not yet been converted into earthy matter. As soon as the roots find a profitable way into these fissures of the rocks beneath the soil, they increase in size and exert a powerful rending action, riving the stones asunder. Each weak place of the fragments is in turn sought out, and the hard mass is in time reduced to small bits as effectively as by the blows of a hammer. This work often goes on at a depth of ten feet or more below the surface; and so forest trees work to produce soils of great depth, while the grasses and tilled crops have no such effect.

The greatest work of the forest on the subjacent earth is accomplished by the action of the deep layer of decaying vegetation which it forms upon the surface. This layer consists mainly of carbon, which, by the process of decay, is combined with the oxygen of the air in the proportion of two atoms of the latter to one of the former substance. This combination is known to chemists as CO^2, or carbonic dioxide; or, in the old nomenclature, as carbonic-acid gas. It is, as the old name indicates, a gas; and though heavier than air, in good part escapes into the atmosphere in time to be reclaimed by the leaves and to return to some forest bed. This gas is extremely soluble in rain-water, each part of water taking in many times its bulk of the gas. At first sight this seems a very commonplace fact; but, as we shall see, on it depends, in an intimate way, a most important part of the mechanism of the earth.

When the water falls on the surface of the earth it has little power to take into solution the substances which compose the rocks. The charge of carbonic-dioxide gas increases this dissolving capacity in a wonderful manner; for instance, when pure rain-water will dis-



Showing how the Roots penetrate and break up the Rocks.



A Tulip Tree, Bell County, Ky.

solve one portion of lime, the same water when charged with the gas will take fifty times as much into solution. So with nearly all the substances which the water encounters; its solvent influence is vastly increased by the carbonic dioxide contributed by the forest bed. Along with this gas the forest bed adds to the water a number of other acids derived from the decaying vegetation, all of which serve in different degrees to promote its solvent action.

The most immediate effect of this action is to enable the roots to appropriate the mineral matters of the soil, which they cannot seize on until they are brought into solution. Thus the dead plants serve the functions of the living in a most important way. But it is in the remoter effects of these carbonated waters that we discover their most important rôle. Soaking deep into the earth, they find their way slowly into the interstices of the rocks, and take from them something of their contents. When, after a long journey in the underground, they emerge in the springs, they bear away to the sea a share of about all the substances which are found in the crust of the earth. The ability of water to carry away these materials is mainly due to the influences exerted by the thick coat of decaying vegetation through which it passed on entering the earth.

The contribution which these spring-waters make to the sea provides it with that wide range of dissolved materials which is necessary for the sustenance of marine life, and for the formation of the deposits composed of organic remains. The mud and sand which is carried by the rivers to the ocean has relatively little value as an agent in such formation, for the reason that it is all deposited near the mouths of the streams. If this work of underground water were not done, or even were it done with half its present efficiency, the oceans would, when their present store of dissolved mineral matters was exhausted, cease to maintain their vigorous creative work.

We thus see that the soil coating of the earth's surface, which is, in the main, the product of forest action, is a necessary part of the machinery that fits both sea and land for the uses of organic life. In the vast enginery of the earth, where there are so many parts absolutely necessary for the work of supporting the functions of the whole, it is hardly possible to speak of any one contrivance as of pre-eminent importance; still this complicated work of the forests may fairly be considered as of critical value to the interests of life.

The foregoing considerations, though all too brief for our need, will enable us to consider the economic aspects of our American forests in a summary way. It is clear, from what has been said, that the most important aspect of the problem concerns the soils. The great question is, What will be their fate in the deforested condition into which they must be brought for the chief uses of man? It is clear that in all countries the waste arising from the erosive action of the rain is far greater in tilled ground than in forest-clad districts. Indeed, in forests we may say that the soil is ever deepening, while in tilled lands it is almost always diminishing in depth. There are certain conditions in this country which make the rate of wear more rapid than in the European continent. The rainfall of the district east of the Mississippi is greater and more torrential in its character, and therefore more erosive, than in the Old World. Therefore we may expect danger from this cause in much less time than it has been encountered in other countries.

It is evident that, as far as this evil is a necessary accompaniment of tillage, it must be borne as best it may; but in large part it is capable of correction by the exercise of a little intelligence. As the amount of this erosion is, in general, directly proportional to the steepness of slope of the ground, abrupt declivities should not be subjected to the plough, but retained in timber or in grass. If tilled at all they should be terraced, as is now much of the steeper ground of Europe.

The next danger is that which arises from the sudden precipitation of the rainfall into the streams when the forests are cleared away. This process brings about serious inundations in the season of rain, followed in the times of

drought by a drying up of the streams which were once, by the action of the forest, maintained throughout the year with a more equal flow.

This evil is already manifested in the condition of the Western rivers. With the removal of the forests, the winter floods increase in severity and the summer droughts leave so little water in the streams that they are constantly becoming less serviceable for navigation. Moreover, the amount of soil which is swept into the rivers is so great that they are embarrassed by it; their channels are shallowed, and the currents, driven to and fro, widen the water-way, and thereby shallow the diminished streams in the season of low water.

In part this evil is, like the first mentioned, inevitable, for it is due to man's necessary interference with the forest covering of the earth; still it may be minimized. The law has interfered to prevent the owners of the Californian placers from pouring the waste of their hydraulic washings into the streams, because they harm those who live and labor on the banks below; on the same principle, we may fairly require the tiller of the soil to keep the soil of his fields where it belongs, by adapting his treatment of the ground to the limitations which its nature imposes upon him. When the present crude notions of the rights of the owners of land have become qualified by reason, when it is accepted that the possessor of land has only a reasonable usufruct in the piece of the earth of which he holds, and that he has no right to use it wastefully or to his neighbor's injury, we may meet this problem with fair success.

It seems to the present writer that the Government has a right to require that all the existing forests, the preservation of which may be deemed necessary to the good of the valley in which they lie, should be maintained in their present condition; or, if removed, that they should be replaced by equivalent plantations of timber. This can be so managed that the owners shall retain all that these woods have of present value—viz., the timber, as it ripens, for exportation. The owners may lose an "unearned increment" of prospective value of these lands for tilled fields and town sites, but concerning this justice need not be seriously troubled. So rapid, indeed, is the appreciation on the value of forest products that the restriction would bring little that can be called hardship to the owners of these forests. The damage already done to our rivers by the removal of forests is not so great that it cannot be borne; moreover, it can be in good part compensated by a proper system of reservoirs, in which a portion of the winter flood-water may be retained until the times of summer drought.*

The next disadvantage arising from the removal of the forests is due to the loss of the secondary rainfall, or that arising from the evaporation of the moisture retained by the spongy bed and embarrassed streams of the primeval woods. Fortunately, this country has in the most of its originally forested regions a greater surplusage of annual rainfall than have most of the other civilized districts of the world, and, therefore, can better afford to lose the valuable aid of occasional showers such as this evaporation induces. Moreover, the rapid extension of irrigation, which is sure to take place in the more arid sections of the country, will afford a similar and, perhaps, in time an equal supply of moisture for these secondary rains.

We come now to the uses of forests as sources of timber-supply. From this point of view we find their most immediate and unquestionable value to man. The ages of stone, bronze, and iron have succeeded each other in the arts, but through them all man has been always a wood-using animal. Only the beaver approaches him as a consumer of timber. While the general substitution on the hearth of coal—the product of ancient forests for the timber from the living woods—has diminished one element of man's ravage, the development of modern society steadfastly increases the tax which each individual levies on the forest; although some dreamers conceive that in the future man may make use of aluminum as a substitute for wood, there is no reason to believe that this change will ever be accomplished. So far each

* See, for further consideration of this point, The Floods of the Mississippi Valley, Atlantic Monthly, vol. li., p. 657.

addition of cheaper metal has served to increase rather than to diminish the demand on our timber-resources, and this is likely to be the case in all the foreseeable future.

The general abandonment of wood as a fuel has, however, changed, in an important way, the nature of the drain upon our forests. For firewood, the forest is cleared away; for construction-timber, the natural growth is not usually destroyed—only the ripe trees need be removed, leaving the physical character and influence of the forest essentially unchanged. Where, as in Germany, the forests are generally plantations owned by private citizens or by the government, the whole field is, it is true, cleared away at once, but the laws require that before each clearing is effected a similar area shall be freshly planted; thus the forest is kept intact.

The present condition of our American forests, except those of the Cordilleran region, is by a fortunate combination of accidents in a much more satisfactory shape than might have been expected from the rapid growth of our population. In the first place, the headwaters of the streams of the eastern part of the continent lie generally in the rugged hills of the Appalachian Mountains, where the soil is not the most fertile and, therefore, the inducement to tillage slight. On this account the most important forests for their effect on rainfall and on the water-supply of our streams often remain in a comparatively little-changed state. Next, the agricultural districts of the Southern States, where a great deal of the old forest has been cleared away, are regions of large rainfall, and generally of tolerably level surface, so that neither the evils of desiccation nor those arising from the washing of the soil to the sea have as yet proved very serious. Still further, the vast prairie lands of the Mississippi Valley have taken into their forestless areas nearly one-third of the soil-tillers of our population, and so have given us a field of expansion without much immediate effect on the area of forests. The timber-supply for these prairie States has largely come from the region about the great lakes, and its removal has therefore had little effect on navigable streams or on the summer rains. Lastly, the abundant and cheap transportation of food-products from these prairies to the Appalachian district and the Atlantic shore lands spared their forests from the axe by making the tillage of all but the most fertile lands unprofitable. The effect of this Western food-supply has been so great that, since the middle of the century, it has not only in good part stopped the process of clearing away the Appalachian woods, but in certain districts, especially in New England, extensive areas of land which had been long under tillage have been allowed to return to the forest state.

In Massachusetts, for instance, it is probable that the area now possessed by timber is considerably greater than it was at the beginning of the present century. The present writer, in his many journeys through this State, has observed many thousand acres of woods where the marks of former tillage—corn-hills, and walls composed of bowlders gathered from the once cleared land—attest the sometime clearing away of the forest; but he has not, in all, seen as much as one thousand acres which had recently been won to the plough.

Thus the matter of forest preservation is, in the main, a problem for the immediate future: save in the valley of the Ohio and, perhaps, on the Adirondacks the process of destruction has not as yet begun to give extremely serious results.*

It seems, however, certain that the conditions which have postponed the question of forest management have about exhausted their influence, and that in the next half-century we shall imperatively need a systematic control of our remaining timbered districts.

The Western prairie lands, or at least

* The destruction of forests in the Cordilleran region has been much more serious than that in the eastern portion of the continent, though it has, in the main, been accomplished by fire, not by the axe. The loss of these Rocky Mountain forests is especially to be regretted, for the reason that the deforested areas owing, to the prevailing dryness of the climate, do not spontaneously return to the timbered condition as they do in the regions east of the Mississippi. It is a rude compensation for the loss that this destruction only deepens the already hopeless sterility which marks the greater part of the mountain region of the West. On the Pacific coast there are, as is well known, superb forests of coniferous woods which are in much danger of ruin. For many reasons, however, these forests are of less critical importance than those of the eastern district. They do not greatly affect the regimen of important streams, and are almost without influence on the rainfall.

those parts of that vast region of treeless plains which are suitable for tillage without a costly system of irrigation, are generally possessed by settlers. Already the population begins to press back upon the older districts, which were passed by as long as the best lands of the West were to be had for the asking. A large part of the Appalachian forest district, though affording poorer soils than the prairies, is second-class land which can be profitably tilled if we count as profit the interest of the farmer alone, without considering the effect of this tillage on the rest of the country. Considered from a wider point of view, we cannot afford to have it tilled; for the reason that we need the existing forests for the supply of timber they may afford, as well as for their effect on the rainfall and the water-supply of the rivers in whose valleys they lie.

The forests are a precious heritage of man—they provided him a cradle; they furnished him the soil, and they still offer him their help in some of his greatest needs. No man has the right to destroy them when their destruction means calamity to his fellows or his successors. To give the individual the right to appropriate and overthrow them at his will is to constitute him a cruel despot; if such privileges exist in the laws framed by a shortsighted past, it is time they were annulled.

AT LAST.

*By Philip Bourke Marston.**

Rest here, at last,
The long way overpast—
Rest here at home;
  Thy race is run,
  Thy dreary journey done,
Thy last peak clomb.

'Twixt birth and death
What days of bitter breath
Were thine, alas!
  Thy soul had sight
  To see by day, by night,
Strange phantoms pass—

Thy restless heart
In no glad things had part,
But dwelt alone,
  And night and day,
  In the old weary way,
Made the old moan.

But here is rest,
For weary brain and breast,
Deep rest, complete,
  And nevermore,
  Heart-weary and foot-sore,
Shall stray thy feet—

Thy feet that went
With such long discontent
Their wonted beat
  About thy room,
  With its deep-seated gloom—
Or through the street.

Death gives them ease—
Death gives thy spirit peace—
Death lulls thee, quite—
  One thing alone
  Death leaves thee of thine own—
Thy starless night.

* The recent death of Philip Bourke Marston adds a touching interest to the foregoing—one of his latest poems. While his high quality as a poet has been widely acknowledged, certain critics and readers have complained of the monotony of sadness in his work, but it was more than matched by the deep and hopeless sadness of his life. At the age of three his sight was, by an accident in playing with other children, so impaired that henceforth he saw only, sometimes a flash of light, sometimes the waving of a tree-bough in the wind, sometimes a glimpse of the sunset pageant in the Western skies. Not much of vision this; and yet when he lost, at twenty, even this slight power to see the world in which he lived, he felt himself freshly bereaved. He lost, also, at that epoch of young manhood, far more than this last faint remnant of vision, for it was then that Death began to lay waste his life. His mother was taken from him first; then the girl to whom he was betrothed; later on his most cherished friend, Oliver Madox Browne; and still later his two sisters, and his poet brother-in-law, O'Shaughnessy. It was as if Fate strove to reconcile him to coming death by peopling the world of shades, in advance, with his best-beloved ones: so that when he himself died there was left of his immediate family only his father to mourn for him with a hopeless and inconsolable sorrow. In view of such a life of darkness and bereavement, is it any wonder that his poems should have been sad? As he himself wrote:

"Still the old paths, and the old solitude,
And still the dark soul journeying on its way,
A little nearer to its goal each day."

He has found the goal now.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

MARSE ARCHIE'S FIGHT.

By Maria Blunt.

"You want me tell you dat tale, honey? Well, jes' wait tell I git dis pipe a-goin' an' you shall year it."

We were in the roomy kitchen of a house in Western Maryland overlooking the Potomac. From its windows, now nearly hidden behind pots of geranium, and closed to the keen autumn winds, we had a wide outlook over the winding river and its rocky banks and across the sloping fields of Virginia to the Blue Mountains, that lay pale and hazy against the eastern sky. It was, like many Southern kitchens, a small detached building; and I could also look across a brick-paved yard to the great house, where the closed windows suggested the empty and silent rooms within. All about me was warm and bright. Aunt Charity was magnificent in her starched calico dress and voluminous white turban, and on the immense hearth a fire of crackling hickory was burning, its flames reflected by the bright tins on the shelves. Yet the place had a deserted and lonely air, such as is always the mournful legacy of departed gayety. I felt that the ghosts of dead days were lingering through these still November hours. They had been days full of pleasure and stir, when the house was known as the "best place to have a good time" for thirty miles around the country. The family had long ceased to live in it, and Aunt Charity and her husband were left in charge.

As I made myself comfortable in a "split-bottomed" chair, she stooped to the hearth, took up a live coal with her fingers, and, shifting it unconcernedly from palm to palm, landed it dexterously on the bowl of her corn-cob pipe. She puffed gravely until her wrinkled face was seen through a veil of blue smoke, like the mystic vapors of an incantation. When her pipe was well lighted she thrust it into one corner of her mouth and was ready for conversation.

"Dere warn't a nigger on de place didn' know Miss Rose an' Marse Archie gwine mek a match. Eve'ybody could see she warn't keerin' fur all dem young beaux used be allus hangin' roun', dough it used mek Marse Archie r'ar an' t'ar sometimes. Dey wuz bofe raised yere at Hilltop, an' dis de way it come. Old marster, what I kin jes' ricklec', he wuz hard ter git 'long wif, an' his eldes' son, Marse Jeems, he hed a temper, too, an' dey used fight an' quarrel tell Marse Jeems say he'd quit; an' he did, an' nobody didn't nuver see him yere no mo'. Den marster's fo' sons died, and de place went ter marster's gran'son, Marse Torm. Ole marster died jes' arfter Marse Torm got merried ter Miss Seely Wilbur, fum Bal'mer. Miss Rose is dere chile. Miss Seely bein' so delicate, I had de keer er Miss Rose fum de fust minit she open her eyes inter dis worl'. Well, Marse Torm an' Miss Seely dey spen' all dere time goin' travellin' an' spen'in' heap er money, an' one night de steamboat dey wuz on bu'st up an' dey wuz bofe drownded. Den come de news dat Marse Torm done spen' all his money, an' mo', too, an' Hilltop gwine be sole, an' all de colored people 'long wif it. We wuz sho'ly a skeered lot er niggers. I reckoned dere warn't nobody gwine tek me away fum Miss Rose, but I felt mighty bad fur de res'. Miss Rose, she wuz nine year ole, an' she come ter me wif her leetle face all kivered wif tears an' she say: 'Aun' Cha'ity, I ain' got much money, but I got some, an' I kyar'nt buy all de folks,' she say, 'but I know I kin buy you, an' I gwine do't, too.' She say dat, an' I 'clar' ter goodness I didn' know wher-r ter larf or cry; but you blieb she done it! She go ter ole Jedge Hunter, what wuz her gyardeen, an' she don' gib him no peace till he promise ter buy me 'fo' de sale cum. An' he did, an' dat de way I b'long ter Miss Rose, kase Miss Seely she hed some money, an' dey couldn' tek dat fur Marse Torm's debts.

"Hilltop wuz sole, but who you t'ink bought it? You member I tole you Marse Jeems done cl'ar out an' nobody

know whar he gwineter. Well, he go som'eres whar he mek pile er money, an' 'twuz his son, what name Jeems, too, dat bought Hilltop, ev'y acre an' ev'y nigger, an' he gwine come lib whar his pa were born. He rich hisse'f, an' he merried rich wife; an' when he year Hilltop wuz fo' sale he jes' come an' tuk it. All de folks wuz 'semblied in de big hall fur ter drink his health, an' he come an' stood on de sta'rs an' med us a speech. He look so much like what I kin 'member er old marster he reely mek me affred; but he spoke kiner pleasant, an' tole us jes' what I been tellin' you. How he wuz Marse Jeems's son an' gran'son ter old marster, and so, dough Marse Torm were dead an' Miss Seely were dead, an' de place hed ter be sole, it hedn't gone outen de name, fur a Cary owned it yit, an' as we'd allus been de Cary black people we needn't fear we gwine be nuffin' else long's we 'haved ourse'fs. We tuk dat ve'y kinely, an' he give us a supper, an' nex' day he sont fur me.

"Miss Ca'line an' Marse Archie dey done come dat mawnin'. Marse Archie wuz twelve year ole, an' a likely boy an' all de chile dey hed. 'Pears like dey'd hed free or fo' mo', but dey ain't lived, an' Miss Ca'line she jes' grievin' fur a leetle gyurl. So de eend wuz dey hed a lot er writin' an' talkin' ter Miss Rose's gyardeen an' her 'lations in Bal'mer an' de res' er de fambly ober in Ferginny, but Miss Ca'line she kept Miss Rose an' me at Hilltop, an' say Miss Rose wuz her own chile, an' she an' Marse Archie wuz ter be br'er an' sister. Dat what Miss Ca'line say. But shoo'! dere warn't no br'er 'bout it. Time Miss Rose wuz sixteen year ole she wuz ez pretty ez a hummin'-bird, an' Marse' Archie wuz head ober years in love wif her. Marster, too, an' Miss Ca'line, dey so fon' er Miss Rose dey kyarn' let her outen dere sight.

"Dere wuz dem—what hedn't no sense—what say marster warn't a sho' 'nuff Cary, an' dey call him stingy, but, chile, twarn't one word true. He didn' use fling his money 'roun' loose like Marse Torm; an' when a man owed him any-t'ing he mek him pay ef it tek de las' cent outen his pocket, an' dat what mek 'em call him stingy. But ef he mek 'em pay him, he tek mons'ous good keer not ter owe dem nuffin'; an' dat's mo'n Marse Torm did, I reckon. One day, when Marse Archie wuz a boy, he were out ridin' wif a passel er his frens, an' he los' his ridin'-whip what Miss Rose give him, an' when he git ter Hagerstown he buy anur jes' like it, so Miss Rose wouldn' know. But he didn' hev no money wif him, an' he tole de sto'-keeper ter charge it ter Marse Jeems. When he come home he tol' his pa what he done, an' you t'ink marster didn' mek dat boy ride back twenty miles ter pay dat man 'fo' he go ter sleep dat night! Jes' ez soon's Marse Archie hed his supper, marster mek him tek a fresh horse an' go 'long fur ter pay his debt, an' 'twuz dark night 'fo' he come home. Miss Ca'line, she been ready ter cry fur mo'n two hours, an' Marse Jeems, he walk out by de gate tell he heerd Marse Archie's horse a-comin' back slow an' tired-like. When Marse Archie come up, all wo' out an' hardly able fur ter git outen de saddle, marster tuk him in his awms an' kerried him up ter bed an' go mix him a toddy hisse'f. Den nex' day he tell him he hope it'd be a lesson ter him, an' look at him like he nuver gwine forgive him. Dat de kin' er man marster wuz. Jes' ez kine ez could be one minit, an' lookin' like he hate an' 'spise you de nex'. But he wuz sho'ly fon' er Marse Archie an' Miss Rose, an' I used see how him an' Miss Ca'line used miss dem chillun when dey wuz 'way at bo'din'-school an' de univusity, an' how happy dey bofe wuz in de summers when dey wuz home an' de house chock fûll er comp'ny fum Ferginny an' Bal'mer.

"Dey sut'nly hed good times yere den, an' 'twuz bad doin's when de waw come an' broke it all up. I kyarn' tell you all 'bout de waw talk. Ev'ybody 'sputin' an' argyfyin' tell dere warn't no way ter tu'n wifout yearin' it. Marse Archie, he wuz fur de Souf all 'long. You see, him an' Miss Rose dey 'sociate wif de famblies 'cross de riber, what wuz dere cousins mos'ly, an' all Marse Archie's frens at de 'vusity, dey wuz sho' 'nuff fire-eaters, an' Marse Archie wuz jes' keen ter fight. Marster, he wuz hot, too, but 'twuz tur-r way. I nuver see him git in no sech rage befo' as he

done one mawnin' when Marse Archie tell him Ferginny gwine secede. Marster, he been goin' roun' ter Hagerstown an' dem places a-speechyfying right smart, an' ev'ybody'd come ter de house he'd tackle 'em, an' tell 'em 'twuz a sin an' a shame ter bre'k up de Union; an' he talk sometimes tell he mos' cry, an' den he git mad an' call de Souf whole pile er names. Marse Archie, he usen' like it at all. He git mighty mad an' fling outen de house, an' git on Blackbird an' gallop 'cross de bridge, an' mebbe stay away all night, an' mebbe two or free days. Marster, he know Marse Archie ober dere wif all dem Secessionises, an' it mek him feel bad an' mek him savage ter him when he come back. But de wust row wuz when de news come er dat fight down in Souf Ca'lina—some fort or nur-r, I forgit de names. 'Twuz a Sunday mawnin', an' Marse Archie'd been 'cross de riber ter church, an' yere 'bout dinner-time I see him come a-lopin' up de hill, an' his face red an' his eyes a-shinin', an' he holdin' a paper in his han'. Blackbird wuz all a sweat, an' Marse Archie fling de rein ter Torm an' ran up de steps an' inter de house like possessed. He went up straight ter his pa, an' he fling dat paper down on his pa's knee an' he say:

"'Look dar, sir, look dar! De waw's come, an' by de Lawd, sir, we kyarn't stay behint.'

"Marster, he took up de paper, but he couldn' hole it, his han' trimble so, an' he crumple it all up an' say in a shaky kin' er voice:

"'Naw, we kyarn' stay behin', sir, but I'll never live ter see a Cary tu'n traitor ter de flag.'

"An' den dey hed it up an' down. Marse Archie, he say de time's come when eve'y man got ter fight or be bran'ed fur a coward th'ough de lan'; an' marster, he say ef 'twuz fightin' dey want, he say fight, too, but fight fur de right an' de Union, an' he druther see Marse Archie dead afore him dan see him rebel an' traitor. Oh, I wuz sut'nly skeered ter year 'em. Marster, he walk up an' down, an' clinch his fis', an' holler at Marse Archie, an' tu'n red's a turkey-cock; an' Marse Archie, he stan' by de chimbly jes' ez white's his shirt, an' his head r'ared back, an' his eyes a-blazin'. Miss Ca'line, she try ter speak, but dey ain' let her git a wud in, an' bimeby she go up an' lay her han' on Marse Archie's awm. He wheel roun' an' shek his awm, an' den he stop an' choke, an tu'n an' come out de room, an' come up-sta'rs. Fur a week or two arfter dat marster an' Marse Archie ain' speak ter one anur, an' Marse Archie he'd be 'way mos' de time, an' when he home he so gloomy an' so res'less you wouldn't a-known him. Marster, he jes' love de groun' Marse Archie trod on, an' he didn' use t'ink nuffin' too good fur him, but now it 'pear like he couldn' forgive 'im. He swaller down his dinner wifout a wud, an' git up an' go out on de long po'ch, an' tromp up an' down wif his han's behine his back an' his face black ez night. An' he wouldn' say a wud, 'cept ter holler at de niggers. He got mo' 'n' mo' like ole marster eve'y day, an' de niggers, soon's dey see him a-comin' out on de po'ch dey dodge him eve'y one.

"Miss Rose, she been away visitin' som'eres, but pres'n'ly she come back, an' marster he warn't nuver cross ter Miss Rose. So de evenin' she come home, he an' Marse Archie, dey talk ter one nur-r jes' like 'twuz all right, a-mekin' out nuffin' hadn' nuver happened. But dey ain' fool Miss Rose. I see her a-lookin' from one ter anur-r, but she didn' say nuffin'—jes' tellin' 'bout her visit. Arfter dinner her an' Marse Archie dey went out on de rocks, fur ter git vi'lets, dey say. Dey didn' bring home no vi'lets, but dey stayed cl'ar tell supper-time, an' Miss Rose look like she been cryin', an' Marse Archie he so white I feared dey'd hed a fallin' out dere ownse'fs. But dey hedn't. I see Marse Archie tek her han' an' kiss it, an' he say, jes' ez dey gwine in de do': 'Fur yo' sake, darlin', I'll try ter be patient.' In course I dunno what he mean; but ef he mean he try not ter t'ink 'bout gwine ter de waw, he mought's well try ter hole de win' or stop de riber fum runnin'. He wuz like a bull-dorg, tied an' a-strainin' an' a-strainin' ter git loose. But he try.

"Arfter dat he didn' say nuffin' 'bout de waw, good er bad. He tek de papers ter his own room an' read 'em, an' I see his light a-bu'nin' froo de night,

an' he tried ter talk at de table an' be sociable, but he couldn' do't. He forgit what he gwine say, an' forgit t'eat, an' set an' look at his plate, tell marster say somepin ter him kin'er savage, an' den Marse Archie jump up an' go out. An' he kep' gittin' so thin an' so po'-looking 'twould mek you sorry. De whole place done change so you wouldn' know it. Marster, he wuz like a b'ar wif a so' head—couldn' nobody speak ter 'im. Miss Ca'line look like she didn' do nuffin' but cry, an' Miss Rose she mighty quite an' ez white ez dem tents 'cross de riber what Marse Archie watch so constant. He didn' nuver go 'cross no mo', an' anyway he couldn', fur dey done sot a gyard at de bridge, an' de Ferginny cliffs dey wuz white wif tents. We could year de bugles blowin', an' see de bay'nets an' sabres a-shinin', an' sometimes when de win' set dat away we could year 'em talkin', an' allatime de horses a-whinnyin' an' stompin'. An' we knowed dere wuz Marse Torm Hunter, an' Marse Bob Randuff, an' Mr. Marshall, an' ole Dr. Peters, an' Marse Sam Randuff, an' a whole heap mo' what wuz at de 'vusity wif Marse Archie, an' used be allatime at Hilltop a-co'tin' Miss Rose. It did seem onnatchel dey should be dere an' nuver come 'cross, an' Marse Archie he look like he couldn' stan' it. When he hed ter set in de house, he set wif his back ter de winder, an' mek like he ain' noticin' 'em, but he used steal out an' climb down de hill in de woods, an' set on de rocks by hisse'f fur hours. Lawd knows what he wuz a-doin', but I used 'spicion he wuz jes' grievin' kase he wuz dis side de riber stidder dat un.

"Bimeby de tents wuz tuk away an' de calva'y went, an' den de Union troops dey come, an' it got ter be 'long in de summer, an' harves' wuz ober, an' de hay in; an' one hot day I been helpin' Miss Ca'line mek some blackberry cordial. I jes' come in de dinin'-room wif de bottles, when Marse Archie bu'st in an' frow a paper down on de table by marster, an' tu'n right roun' an' go out ter de woods. 'Twuz de news er a big battle—Bull Run, dey call it. Aw! I know 'twuz orful. De white folks dey read de papers, an' dey talk an' cry, an' de niggers dey mus' be in it, too. Eve'y day we year tell er somebody what been in it an' got hurted. Dere wuz Mr. Phil. Clarke an' Marse Torm Hunter, dey wuz killed; an' Marse Bob Randuff, he wuz wounded; an' Mr. Aleck Morgan, he wuz shot right froo de heart, an' dey foun' him a-leanin' on de fence, stan'in' up, wif his han' on his gun, stone dead. Marse Bob, he wuz Miss Rose's fust cousin, an' he been co'tin' her sence he could speak, an' Marse Torm Hunter, too. In course it mek her feel bad, an' mek her cry; but dey wuz Marse Archie's frens, too, an' I reely t'ought 'twould kill 'im. My Torm, he tole me he wuz comin' home one night late, an' comin' froo de oak woods jes' as de moon wuz risin'. He been fishin', an' he hed a good string er fish; an' jes' ez he got mos' ter de stone wall he say he year a cu'yous soun'. He dunno what ter mek uv it, an' he so skeered he drap his fish an' run. Den he t'ink what a fool he is, when he done tek so much trouble fer dem fish, an' he steal back mighty easy ter find 'em, an' den he see Marse Archie a-lyin' flat on his face on de groun', an' a-sobbin' an' a-cryin' out loud in dem woods all by hisse'f. Torm say it mek him feel so pitiful he dunno what ter do, but he reckon Marse Archie don't want him dere, so he come away an' tole me.

"We wuz ve'y well 'quainted wif all de Hunter colored people, an' one night, long arfter de battle, in de Fall, yere come Long Abe, what been Marse Torm Hunter's body-sarvent. He come 'cross de riber way down by de fo'd, an' he didn' want nobody ter see 'im, kase dey didn' 'low no passin' dose days. So he come ter my house arfter dark, a-tappin' on de winder easy, an' say he mus' see Miss Rose. I med 'im come in, an' give him a cup er coffee, an' went ter tell Miss Rose. She wuz readin' ter Miss Ca'line, but I mek signs, an pres'n'ly she mek some 'scuse an' come out. Long Abe, he say Marse Torm Hunter warn't killed all ter wunst, but lived froo de night, an' 'fo' he die he took out his pocketbook an' mek like he want write somepin, but he too weak, an' den he say ter Abe: 'Go ter Miss Rose Cary an' tell her I die fur my kentry, an' ef she didn' nuver keer fur me alive, she mought t'ink kinely uv me in de grave.' An' when he done say it, he die. Long

Abe, he couldn' tell his tale wifout cryin', kase him an' Marse Torm dey wuz brung up toger-r, jes' like Marse Archie an' my Torm. Miss Rose, she cry too, kase she allus liked Marse Torm (dough she wouldn' nuver listen to him kase she keered mo' fur Marse Archie, but she 'bleeged ter be sorry now he done 'member her so p'intedly when he wuz dyin').

"So we wuz all dere, an' Long Abe a-tellin' 'bout de battle, an' de shells, an' all, when de do' opened an' Marse Archie come in. Laws, how Abe did jump! He med sure he gwine cotch it dis time, an' he start fur de winder. But Marse Archie wuz too quick fur 'im, an' Abe jes' backed inter de cornder, an' stood dar shakin'. Marse Archie look at him a minit, den he say: 'You fool, what you 'fred er me fur? What I eber done ter you?' Abe, he say he ain't affred er Marse Archie, on'y ef de sojers fine out he come 'cross de riber dey won't let him back, an' he say he 'bleeged ter git back. Den Marse Archie ax him how he come 'cross, an' Abe say he kyarn' tell him, an' he answer all Marse Archie's questions jes' ez short's he could, tell Marse Archie see he don' trust 'im. Den he ax him ag'in what he 'fred of? Warn't he one his marster's bes' frens? Den Long Abe look like he mus' speak or he bu'st, an' bimeby he blurt out:

"'Marse Archie, I know you ain't gwine hu't me, sir, kase you been my marster's fren, and now he's dead. An' Marse Torm, he allus say he ain't feel no hard feelin's 'g'in you when you cut 'im out, tell de waw come, an' den he'd like ter hev yo' hide, kase he didn' want no sneak ter git Miss Rose.'

"My lan'! I look fur Marse Archie ter knock dat nigger inter nex' week, but he didn'. He didn' even git mad. He jes' smile, kin'er sad-like, an' say, 'Naw, 'tain't no sneak gwine git Miss Rose,' an' den he stood still, a-studyin'. Miss Rose, she spoke up right away, an' she tole Abe he sho'ly done forgit hisse'f, an' ef Marse Torm say dem wuds he oughter be 'shamed; but he's dead, now, an' nobody ain't gwine quarrel wif de dead. She say de waw was sinful, an' Marse Archie wuz obejient ter his pa and ter his State, what hedn't gone out de Union, an' a whole heap mo'. She talk right smart, but I knew 'twarn't ter Abe she wuz speakin'. What she keer 'bout Abe? He warn't narthin' but a nigger. 'Twuz Marse Archie she wuz a-talkin' at, but he warn't listenin' ter a wud, not a wud. Jes' while she wuz speakin' he took Abe by de awm an' tell him ter come outside. Abe look like he didn' wanter go; he looked skeered, an' Marse Archie fa'rly los' his patience, an' he say: 'Look-a-yere! Who you t'ink gwine hu't yo' insignificant skin? I want you ter come 'long out yere an' quit mekin' out like you're 'fred er me, or I'll break eve'y bone in yo' body.'

"So dey went out toger-r, and Miss Rose she look like she want speak, but she didn'. She walked ter de winder an' stood dere awhile, an' den she drapt down in a cheer. I see she wuz mighty oneasy, but I didn' know what she wuz skeered at. She put her two hands on de cheer-back an' cried; but I didn' reckon 'twuz Marse Torm Hunter she wuz takin' on dat bad about. She'd knowed 'bout him dis long time. Bimeby, arfter a long time, dey come back, an' I see Marse Archie slip somepin inter Long Abe's han' what look like money, an' Abe med his juty an' went away. Den Miss Rose she went right up ter Marse Archie and put her han's on his awms an' look him plum' in de face. Marse Archie's eyes wuz shinin' and his face look like it hedn't done fur a year, and he look squar' at her wif his head frown back. Den Miss Rose drap her han's and tu'n white, an Marse Archie fling out his awms jes' in time, else she'd leetle mo' fell on de flo'. He tu'n white, too, an' his lips got right sot, but he didn' say a wud. He picked Miss Rose up in his awms an' tole me ter foller, an' he tuk her 'cross de yard an' up de sta'rs an' laid her down on her own bed, an' when he see she come to he stoop down an' kiss her, an' den went out an' lef' her wif me.

"Dey wuz toger-r all de nex' day, a-walkin' 'bout de pahsture an' de woods, an' a-settin' in Miss Ca'line's room. Miss Rose's face wuz ez white ez snow, but she talk cheerful an' keep up Miss Ca'line, fur Marse Archie, he look so strange, his ma began ter 'spicion dere wuz somepin in de win'. Marster, he'd gone ter Harper's Ferry fur ter call on some gineral what he used know in

New York, an' we warn't lookin' fur him tell late. When it come bedtime Marse Archie kissed Miss Ca'line jes' like nuffin' wuz de matter, an' I see her feel sorter comf'ted, but when he got out in de hall an' de do' wuz shet he jes' kneeled down on de flo' an' put his face up ag'in de do', an' I year him whisperin' 'Good-by.' I wuz kin' er skeered myse'f by that time, but he tu'n roun' toreckly an' say, 'Aun' Cha'ity, whar's Torm?' An' I say, 'I dunno; I'll fine him.' Den he say, 'Tell him ter go inter yo' cabin an' wait fur me.' So I went arfter Torm, an' tole him, an' jes' den marster come back. Marse Archie went out ter de gate ter meet him an' help him off his horse, an' walked 'long wif him ter his room, jes' like ole times. Marster wuz tired, an' he went straight ter bed, but I see he wuz pleased when Marse Archie come dataway, an' he talked ter him, an' when dey git ter de do' he hel' Marse Archie's han' a-sayin' good-night. I see Marse Archie's face a-wukin', an' den, 'fo' I knew it, he tu'n an' kiss marster on de cheek, an' I year marster say, 'God bless you,' like he right happy, an' den he went in his room.

"Marse Archie drap down on de hall sofy, an' hide his face an' stay dere long time, but den he jump up an' shek hisse'f an' go ter his own room. Bimeby de lights wuz all out an' de house locked up, an' Torm a-settin' in my cabin waitin'; an' when eve'yt'ing git so dark an' still, an' eben de niggers gone ter bed, an' Marse Archie ain' come, he say ter me: 'What fool trick you done play me? Didn' you tell me Marse Archie want me? Yere I been a-waitin' free solid hours an' nobody ain' come yit.' Den I say: 'Who's you a-talkin' ter? What I gwine tell you a lie fur nohow? I tole you what Marse Archie tole me tell you, an' you better watch out—yere come Marse Archie now!' An' so 'twuz, dough he step jes' ez easy's a cat, an' Miss Rose come wif him. I knowed it all de minit I lay eyes on Marse Archie. He hed on his obercoat, kase 'twuz gittin' late in de fall, an' a bag in his han', an' his face look sorter sober an' sorter happy, an' mo' like his ownse'f dan I'd seen it sence de troubles. I knowed he were gwine jine de Souf, kase he done try ter he'p it an' couldn', kase he couldn' hole hisse'f no mo', an' I t'ought er Marse Jeems an' Miss Ca'line, an' I fel' dat bad I couldn' speak.

"Marse Archie tu'n ter Torm, an' he say, 'Whar's yo' boat, Torm?' An' Torm say, 'Laws, Marse Archie, I ain't got no boat. De sojers tuk an' bu'nt it, sir, way back las' summer. Dey say nobody sha'n't cross de riber.' Marse Archie say, 'Sho! you know you were fishin' las' night. Who's boat wuz dat 'ere?' Den Torm tole him 'twuz a rickety ole thing what he patch up fur fishin' in nights, an' he say he hed ter hide it eve'y day, kase ef de sojers fine dat dey'll bu'n it like tur-r one.

"Marse Archie ax him den what would he do fur him? An' Torm say, Marse Archie know he'd do anyt'ing he tell him. Den Marse Archie say he mus' tek him ober ter Ferginny right now, kase it gittin' late an' he ain' got no time ter lose. Torm say de boat air so rickety he feared it'd sink, an' ef de sojers see 'em dey bound ter shoot. But Marse Archie say de night's dark an' he 'bleeged ter go, an' ef Torm won't tek him he gwine swim across, but he'd heap liefer go ober dry shod. So Torm tole 'im come on, an' got up an' got his hat. Miss Rose, she'd been settin' by de do' ez quite an' white ez a ghos', an' now she got up, an' Marse Archie tuk her han' an' kissed it, like he gwine be so pertickler 'fo' Torm an' me, but she ain' keerin' fur me, nor Torm nuther. She put bofe awms roun' his neck, an' he tuk her fa'rly off her feet, an' look like he couldn' let her go. Den she drap inter a cheer ag'in, an' he ran out an' nuver looked back. I warn' gwine let him go dataway, so I run out an' cotch 'im, an' he wrung my han' mos' off an' say, kin' er choky, 'Tek keer er yo' mistis, Aun' Cha'ity,' an' den him an' Torm dey went down de bank, an' I went back an' tuk Miss Rose ter bed.

"Dey done tole me not ter set up fur Torm, kase he mought hev ter stay in Ferginny tell de nex' night, an' ef I kep' a light bu'nin' it mought tell tales. So I warn' gwine ter bed, but I put out de light an' sot by de fire a-smokin' an' a-waitin', kase I knew Torm he'd be 'long a while befo' day. An', sho' 'nuff,

yere he come, a-runnin' in an' a-shettin' dat do' so quick he med me jump, an' my pipe fell in de fire. He say I been asleep, but I ain'—jes' settin' dere a-studyin'. I lay he been som'eres he didn' like, he so wet and muddy an' to'e wif de bushes. I mek him tek off his clo'es right quick an' git inter bed, while I sot 'em ter dry an' clean 'em 'fo' anybody see 'em, kase I powerful 'fred marster'd know Torm tuk Marse Archie 'cross de riber. Torm, he say dey got ober all right. De canal wuz broke an' all de water run out long time ago, an' dey jes' walk ober an' skip de tow-parf behine de sentry's back—like Torm do eve'y night he go fishin'. And dey fine de boat an' row ober, and den Marse Archie t'ank Torm an' wanter pay 'im, an' tell him git along home an' don' let on ter nobody. Torm say he all right, but he ax Marse Archie what he gwine do? an' Marse Archie say he gwine git along good piece in de kentry 'fo' day. Den Torm t'ink he don' trus' him, an' it nigh bre'k his heart, an' he say: 'Marse Archie, I wuz riz wif you, sir, an' I ain' gwine leab you now. Whar you gwine dar's whar I'se gwine, an' de boat kin sink,' he say. Den Marse Archie tell him he gwine in de rebel awmy, but he say he kyarn' tek Torm. Torm ain't his nigger, an' he kyarn' steal him. Torm dunno what ter say ter dat, but bimeby he mek answer dat, anyway, he ain't ole marster's nigger, 'kase Miss Rose she bought me, an' he reckoned ef he didn' b'long ter Marse Archie fust off, he mus' now, arfter he done serbe him all dese years. But Marse Archie wouldn' year ter him—jes' tole him he couldn' tek him, an' he mus' go back an' tek good keer er marster an' Miss Ca'line an' Miss Rose. An' den Marse Archie climb de cliff and Torm he come on home. An' he say he feel so bad, an' cry so dat he mos' got tuk up by de sentry on de tow-parf. An' Torm tell me he druther go ter de waw any day dan face marster when he come ter year it. An' I felt dataway myse'f; I wuz powerful skeered.

"Marse Archie, he done gib Miss Rose two letters fur his pa an' his ma, but she warn't ter give 'em tell he'd been gone a while. Marster, he miss Marse Archie at breakfus', nex' mornin, an' ax whar he is, an' Bill tell him what I tole him—dat Marse Archie done eat his breakfus' an' walk out in de woods; but 'twarn't no use! I couldn' mek out how marster knowed so soon, but he did know befo' night; an', come ter fine out, 'twuz dat owdacious, yaller-faced, low-down nigger Jeff, what went 'bout spyin' on Marse Archie an' see him packin' his bag de night befo'. Den he wuz 'roun' 'bout daylight—he say he was sick, an' gwine down ter old Aun' Viny fur some yarbs, but I know dat's a lie. He warn' sick wif nuffin' but badness, and de yarbs he wuz arfter growed on ole Miss Johnson's hen-roos', anyway. Well, dat miserbul, mean, no-'count nigger, he up an' tole marster he blieb Marse Archie done gone 'cross de riber. An' marster, he jes' went crazy. My lan'! he tuk de place. I ain't heerd no sech a-cussin' an' a-swearin' sence ole marster died—*ole* marster, not Marse Torm; he used ter hev de rheumatism mighty bad, an' yaller Bill wuz his body-sarvent, an' when he went ter bed he'd make Bill set a whole row er boots alongside, an' when de pains tuk him he'd lam one er dem boots at Bill an' cuss him good. De boots wuz mons'ous heavy, but Bill used jes' dodge 'em an' go 'roun' arfter an' gether 'em up an' set 'em by de bed ag'in. He say dey didn' hu't him an' sorter ease ole marster, an' he welcome frow all de boots he like, Bill say. Marster pay Bill back when he die, kase he sot him free an' lef' him money ter buy his wife; but one er dem boots, one time, dey broke de lookin'-glass, an' de folks say dat's whar all de ill-luck come fum in de Cary fambly dese larst years. Anyway, Marse Jeems wuz powerful like old marster when he wuz a-rippin' 'roun' dat day. He'd a-whipped Torm ef he could a-foun' him, but I done sont him up de riber a piece an' tole him ter hide out a while. Miss Rose, she tole marster Torm wuz her nigger, an' he couldn' tech him, an' dat mek him so mad he wouldn' speak ter Miss Rose fur mos' a week—he wouldn' speak ter nobody. Arfter he'd hed his rage out, he kin'er drap all in a heap. He kep' his room an' nobody couldn' go near him. When he come out he wouldn' let nobody

name Marse Archie. He tuk his picture down fum de wall, and when Miss Ca'line cried—po' lady, she cry alla-time now—he tell her she better nuver hed no son dan live ter bring up a traitor.

"Miss Rose hed a job ter git along wif him an' comfort Miss Ca'line, when, you be sho', she wanted comf'tin' herse'f. She use ter walk out in de woods an' set on de rocks lookin' at de riber, jes' like Marse Archie. It wuz comin' on cole weather now, an' we ain' yeared a wud fum him. It 'peared like he jes' walk clean away fum we all dat night, an' bimeby Miss Rose hed to give up her walks. Dere come so many sojers campin' in de woods an' up close ter de house she couldn' go outside de gate. Marster hed all de officers at de house, an' he ax Miss Rose ter sing fur 'em an' talk ter 'em, an' she do all he ax her an' set at de table a-po'in' out de coffee, kase Miss Ca'line she kep' her room all-atime now. She moughty sweet, but she ain't like she use ter be when all de Hunters an' Randuffs an' dem wuz yere, an' I took notice she used hev ter spen' mos' her time wif Miss Ca'line. When marster hed de room full er officers, a-talkin' an' a-larfin', Miss Ca'line mighty apt ter wan' somepin, an' nobody couldn' nuver git it 'cept Miss Rose. Dere wuz one used come constant all dat winter, an' I 'spicioned marster wuz tryin' ter mek a match 'twix' him an' Miss Rose, kase he dat mad at Marse Archie he done sweer Miss Rose shouldn' nuver marry him. 'Twuz mighty hard ter go ag'in Marse Jeems, an' Miss Rose she didn' say much, but I see her brace herse'f eve'y time de cun'l come, an' she git colder an' colder ter him. One ebenin' he come, an' marster sont me fur Miss Rose, an' she tole me ter say she ax ter be scused, an' when I tole him he tu'n 'roun' black ez thunder, an' tell me go 'long back an' tell her she mus' come, an' he grit his teef an' say sorter easy dat she's an imperent young hussy. Right dar 'fo' de Union cun'l! I wuz mad I tell you, but I dar'sn't speak, an' I tu'n ter go when de cun'l he riz up an' stopped me. He say he didn' want 'sturb Miss Rose, he hedn' but a minit ter stay—dough I know he'd come ter spen' de ebenin'—an' he'd be gwine 'fo' she could come. Marster begin ter talk, but de cun'l say a wud ter him what I couldn' year an' den took his hat an' went on out.

"Marster wuz mighty mad, an' he hed a talk wif Miss Rose. I dunno what he say ter her, but I know she come out de room wif her head high an' her two cheeks a-bu'nin' an' lookin' like she'd face a rigimint. Den she lie awake an' cry all night. But I reckon she done got de best er ole marster, an' de cun'l didn' come back fur a long time. Den one day he come in an' say he been ordered away, an' he come ter say good-by. Marster say dey gwine tek Richmond an' eend de waw right off dis time, an' de cun'l he sorter larf an' say he dunno, he hope so. He an' Miss Rose hed a long talk toger-r in de parlor, an' den de cun'l come out on de po'ch wif his face mighty sober-lookin', and Miss Rose held out her han' an' say, 'Good-by,' like she sorry, too. He took her han' an' held it, an' he say, 'De time'll come when you'll need a fren, an' den I want you ter promise you'll apply ter me.' Miss Rose say she would, an' he git on his horse an' rode away. An' de time come like he said it would, but dat wuz arfterwuds. 'Twarn' so long dough, fer de spring come an' de summer, an' marster hed hard work ter pertec' his craps at harves', but de ginerals what he knew dey give him gyards an' passes, an' de sojers dey knowed better'n ter go ag'in dem. But we didn' year nuffin' fum Marse Archie, nor de Union cun'l, tell it come along ter be mos' corn-getherin' time, an' den de debbil broke loose entirely.

"I dunno in dis worl' how so many men dey uver got toger-r—seemed like dey kivered de face er de yearth. An', laws! harf de time you couldn' tell which side dey b'long ter. Call 'em Bluecoats an' call 'em Graybacks, you didn' know ef dey wuz gray or blue. Dey wuz dat dusty an' mixety up, an' one wif one kin' er hat, an anur-r wif anur-r kine, an' all tore an' no sorter color at all. I spec' de Unions dey wuz de bes' lookin'. Dey did hab some kin' er uniform, dough not like dem gyards we been seein' all winter; but jes' tek keer er dem Corn-fed'rets! Cornfeds or no, dey didn' look like dey'd hed much er no kin' er vittles; dey wuz so po' an' peaked-look-

in' an' raggety, an' dey come axin' fur a bite tell dey fa'rly clean out de pantry. Marster had been meanin' ter go off, but dey come so sudden he couldn' git away. I 'clar' I wuz sorry fur marster. He been so sho' dey wuz gwine tek Richmon' an' hang de rebels, an' eend de waw in sixty days, an' he say it so many times we done got tired yearin' it, but yere wuz de Soufern awmy lookin' like it gwine take marster's own house 'way fum him, an' nobody sayin' nuffin' 'bout Richmond.

"He stood on de po'ch when dey fust come, an' look like it mos' kill him. Dey knowed he wuz a Unioner, but dey wuz perlite an' axed fur dere dinners jes' ez quite's could be. Ole Aun' M'ria an' Martha an' me, we wuz cookin' all day long, an' Miss Rose sot at de table a-po'in' out an' serbin' dem, kase Miss Ca'line couldn' leabe her bed. Dey wuz a cu'yous-lookin' crowd. Dey'd go ter de pump an' clean derese'fs an' slick dere ha'r down, an' come in de dinin'-room treadin' easy, like dey walkin' on eggs, an' den dey jes' put down de vittles. Lan'! I nuver see men so hongry. Dey talk ter Miss Rose kin' er shy, an' some wanter pay her, an' dat mek her larf, an' den dey go away an' mo' come in. Dey tuk marster's wheat an' fed his cawn ter de horses, an' bu'nt up de fence-rails fur camp-fires, but dey ain't noisy nor rough in de house, nor meddlin' in de quarters, an' de officers wouldn' 'low nobody but derese'fs to come up on de po'ch an' talk ter Miss Rose.

"De nex' day dere wuz firin' on de mountings, an' marster stay at de winders watchin' de smoke, an' I see he jes' hopin' Gineral McClellan'd come ober an' push 'em all back 'cross de riber. Nex' day it look like he gwine come, an' in a leetle mo' he come, an' it 'peared like de Day er Jedgment done come, too. But befo' dat de wounded come; yes, chile, jes' a-po'in' in on us. Fus' we knew, a man rode up an' ax could he bring a wounded officer in de house; he t'ink he gwine die, an' he dar'sn' resk tekin' him 'cross de riber. Den marster say: 'Sir, when I year dem cannons a-roarin' I hope de Lawd'll let 'em sweep eve'y rebel off'n dis yearth, but when I see a man suff'ren I forgit he's a rebel an' t'ink he's a feller-bein'. Yo' sin will sho'ly fine you out, but you kin bring him year an' we'll do what we kin fur him.'

"De man look at marster like he wanter larf, but he dar'sn', an' he jes' went off an' dey brung de officer in. Arfter dat dey come so farst we didn' hev no beds fur 'em—dey jes' lay all 'roun' de house. Marster wuz mighty good ter 'em an' waited on 'em hisse'f an' mek eve'y nigger fly 'roun' an' git 'em t'ings an' feed 'em. But he ain't no use fur de well ones. 'Twuz de nex' ebenin', an' de fiel's wuz black wid sojers an' we year de cannon goin', an' som' er de big guns wuz standin' on de hills an' men an' horses all about. Marster'd been up-sta'rs ter tek a toddy ter a man what's sinkin' an' ain' gwine live tell mawnin', an' he hed de empty glass in his han' ez he come down by de front do'. I see him drap dat ar glass on de flo' an' stiffen up an' look like he swallered a ramrod. De big veins dey stood out like dey allus did when he git mad, an' he look like he go clean through you. I look an' see Marse Archie a-standin' on de po'ch, hol'in out his han' an' lookin' at his pa. His pa warn't hol'in' out his han'—no sir! Marster put bofe han's behine his back an' kept 'em dere, an' look at Marse Archie an' nuver say a wud. Den Marse Archie say: 'Won't you shek han's, father?' an' dat wuz too much fur marster. He jes' roar out: 'No, sir! I dunno who you is, sir! You ain' no son er mine an' you ain' er Cary blood, fur dere neber wuz a Cary yit who wuz a rebel an' a traitor, an' you done got inter de fambly by mistek.' I see Marse Archie jump an' fling his head back like ole Selim when he r'ar, an' he tuk his han' back quick an' clap it on his sode, an' I wuz dat skeered I ran's hard's I could an' call Miss Rose. She t'ought me crazy, but she come, an' dere wuz marster stan'in' jes' de same, but Marse Archie hed tuk his han' off his sode an' wuz mekin' a bow, an' ez we come up he say: 'Dere's on'y one t'ing I kin do, I'll nuver darken dese do's ag'in——' But Miss Rose cry out, 'Archie!' an' run inter his awms. Marster look at 'em an' den tu'n 'roun' an' stalk off.

"Arfter a minit Miss Rose try ter mek Marse Archie come in ter see his ma, but he say he'll nuver cross de do'-step. Den Miss Rose run an' git Miss Ca'line inter a big cheer an' two er de men carry her ter

de po'ch, but when we come dere, Marse Archie done gone. Miss Ca'line wuz cryin', but I see Marse Archie outside de gate a-waitin' by de big tree. De men tuk Miss Ca'line out ter de gate an' sot down de cheer, an' Marse Archie kneel down an' put his head in his ma's lap and cried tell he shook. Miss Ca'line call him her deah boy, an' hug an' kiss him an' beg him come in de house. But he say ef de marster won't hev him how kin he? Den Miss Ca'line say marster don't mean it, he so 'stractit he don't know what he's doin', but he love Marse Archie mo'n his own life, an' been grievin' fur him all winter. Marse Archie tell her not ter worry, dat he gwine 'member he's his pa (but I see him clinch his fis' at dat, kase dat's what marster say he ain't), an' he peacify her, an' dey talk long time, an' den Marse Archie go back ter camp. Dat ebenin' he come ag'in, an' Miss Rose tek me wif her ter de pahsture, an' I sot on a rock while dey walked about talkin', tell I got so sleepy I mos' fell on de groun'.

"De nex' mawnin' early, 'fo' day, dem guns commenced firin', an' bimeby dey jes' to'e de worl' up. I nuver year sich a clatter, an' I nuver wanter year sich anur-r. De fightin' soun' like it right in de back yard, an' dem shells a-whistlin' like dey wuz de debbil hisse'f, come ter look fur you an' gwine fine you, too. De niggers jes' crowded inter de cellar, an' sot dar a-shakin', an' a-prayin', an a-cryin'. 'Twuz so dark we couldn' see one blessed t'ing, an' I sot a-listenin' ter de trompin' ober my head, an' dem shells a-hollerin', an' I kep' a-fancyin' I year Miss Rose a-callin' me; an' when I went ter dem leetle winders I couldn' see narthin', an' when I opened de cellar-do's a leetle way, jes' ter stick my head up 'bove groun', de niggers yell at me dat I gwine let dem pesky cannon-balls come in. I tole 'em dem balls wuz arter white folks, an' hedn't no time t' stop ter fool wif no niggers, fur I wuz dat oneasy an' sifflicated I couldn' stan' it—I had ter peek out. One er de sojers spied me, way down under de cellar-do'—all I could see wuz de gyardin an' a piece er sky—an' he larf an ax me what I doin' down dere. I tell him I come dere ter tek keer er de chillun, an' he say dere wan't no danger—not now—de battle wuz too fur away. Den I ax 'im what all dat screechin' right ober my head, an' he say: 'Shoo! dat mo'n two mile off. It jes' soun' dat near.'

"So I come out an' git my breaf once mo', an go help Miss Rose wif de wounded. Dey wuz eve'ywhar. Aw! sech sights ez I see! Miss Rose, she hed a basin an' a sponge, an' she went fum one ter anur-r a-bathin' an' a-bindin'. We couldn' step wifout treadin' on 'em. Dey wuz all ober de house, an' de po'ch, an' a-lyin' under de trees in de yard. Farst ez dey could de sojers tuk de wounded ober inter Ferginny, but dey couldn' tek 'em all. What wif de battle thunderin', an' de yearth shekin', an' de smoke an' noise, an' Miss Rose wantin' me, an' de niggers a-hollerin', I got so flustrated I dunno how come de Soufern troops got away and de Unions come in. But dey did, an' one day, moughter been nex' day, moughter been day arfter, I see a man come gallopin' up ter de gate a while arfter breakfus'. He seem in a mighty hurry, an' he holler ter me an' ax me did Miss Rose Cary live yere, an' I say 'Yes;' an' he say, 'Den give her dis,' an' han'ed me a leetle piece er paper, an' tu'n his horse an' was off like a streak. He hedn't mo'n tu'n 'roun' 'fo' I see er lot er men come runnin' ober de hill, an' when dey saw him dey holler at him ter stop, kase dey wuz Unions. But he wuz way down de hill den, an' his horse jes' flyin', an' I spec' he got off.

"I come in wif de paper, kase I feared dey'd tek it fum me 'fo' I could git it ter Miss Rose. It look like it'd been a leaf to' outen some book, an' it wuz all bloody on one side, an' mek me sick ter see it. I foun' Miss Rose a-washin' wounds, an' de fus' minute she lay eyes on de paper, 'fo' I say a wud, she tu'n white's a sheet, an' stan' up an' gasp out, 'Send me Torm.' So I sont a little boy fur Torm, an' I stay by Miss Rose. I feared she gwine faint, but she didn'. She kep' de bloody paper in her han', an' look at it, an' den say, stiddy ez a rock: 'Aun' Cha'ity, yo' Marse Archie's hu't, an' I'm gwine go bring him home, an' you mus' go wif me.' Den I say: 'Miss Rose, how you gwine git dar? Don' you know de Unions is all 'round now?' She walk ter de winder, an' sho' 'nuff dere wuz de Bluecoats a-swarmin'. But

she said, 'I'm goin',' an' she told Torm ter git de keridge. Torm, he hed ter tell her de sojers done tuk de las' horse on de place, an' he ain' got nuffin' 'cept two mules. Den she say put dem in, an' Torm done like she tole him. Den we got in. Torm didn' know whar we wuz gwine ter, an' I didn', an' it's my belief Miss Rose didn' nuther; but she sot still a-holdin' onter dat bloody paper tell we'd gone a mile on de road ter de fo'd.

"Den we met some sojers what tell us we kyarn't go by. Miss Rose, she try ter 'suade 'em, but dey say dey kyarn't let her. Den she ax whar's Gineral McClellan. Dey say dey dunno, an' ain't keerin'; dey's Gineral Hooker's men, an' his orders is enough fur dem. Miss Rose, she say she'll go ter Gineral Hooker, but dey didn' wanter let her do dat nuther. Dey warn't ve'y perlite. Dey larf at de mules an' call Torm 'Dixie,' an' tell us dere wuz fightin' down dar, an' twarn't no place fur ladies nohow. Presen'ly she say, 'Who's yo' capting?' an' dey say he's yander onder de big tree, an' she got outen de keridge fur ter go ter 'im.

"Jes' den yere come a officer a-ridin' 'long de road. I see him 'fo' Miss Rose did, an' I teched her awm ter mek her look, kase I knowed de way he useter come a-ridin' ter de house larst winter, but she so 'stractit she ain't notice. But he saw her, an' kin'er cuss an' jump offen his horse quick'n a wink, an' come up an' speak her name. When Miss Rose tu'n 'roun' an' see him she fa'rly run ter him, an' jes' held up dat bloody paper fur him ter see. He look at it an' den at her, an' he tek her han' an' lead her back ter de keridge. Her lips wuz wukin', but she didn' speak, an' her eyes nuver lef' his face. He look at her mighty pitiful, an' say, 'I'll go wif you,' an' it seem ter ca'm her. So we drove on, he a-ridin' 'longside. Arfter a bit we yeard guns ahead, an' he stop an' say he'll go on alone, tain't fitten fur her. But she cry out, 'You don' know him! Lemme go! I'll fine him in ten thousand.' So de cun'l waited a minit an' de firin' stopped a bit, an' he say mebbe we could git through. Den we went ahead ag'in.

"Bimeby we git down to'des a big barn, whar wuz de orfullest sight I uver did see. Men a-lyin' 'roun' permiscous, an' some stone dead, wif dere caps ober dere faces, an' some lyin' onder the trees, lookin' like dey mought die any minit. Inside de barn we see a table an' a man laid out on it an' a doctaw cuttin' off his leg, an' all 'roun' dat barn-flo' de men lay a-waitin' an' some groanin' an' hollerin'. An', ef you'll blieb me, right by de barn-do' wuz a pile—dat high—er legs an' awms what been cut off an' frowed dere, all bloody an' stickin' out eve'y which away. I tu'n dat sick I mos' fell fum de keridge, an' fur a minit I t'ink Miss Rose gwine faint away, but she didn'. Torm stop de mules, an' de cun'l come up an' say, 'Dis de place. I'll go an' fine him.' But she say ag'in, 'You don' know him. I'll go.' Den de cun'l ax her kin she? It's orful. She say she kin, an' git out an' walk right stiddy parst all dem po' dead fellers, but she sorter shiver an' look at each one, kase I know she's fearin' it's Marse Archie. De cun'l, he tuk her han' an' drew it froo his awm, so she wouldn' slip on de bloody grass, an' he hurry her parst dat orful pile at de do'. One er de doctaws tu'n 'roun' an' I knowed him. 'Twuz Dr. Selby, what sot Torm's leg fur him one time, when he broke it ober at de Hunterses, kase dese wuz Cornfedrets yere an' Dr. Selby he'd done stay behine ter ten' de wounded. He come right up ter Miss Rose an' ax what de name er goodness she doin' dar? Miss Rose say Marse Archie's hu't an' a-lyin' in dat barn, what he name it on dat bloody paper what she show 'im; but he say he dunno how it kin be, he ain' seen him. Miss Rose cotch her bref an' mos' fall, but de cun'l say right quick dey'll look, an' he tek her by de awm an' dey walk 'roun' de barn, a-stoppin' at eve'y man tell she see his face an' mek sure twarn' Marse Archie. Oh, chile, ef uver you git ter de bad-place—what I hope de good Lawd'll ferbid—you kyarn't see much wuss dan we saw den.

"I ain't gwine tell you 'bout it. It mek me sick now. Well, when we done gone all 'roun' an' look at eve'y man, we ain't foun' Marse Archie. Dr. Selby say he kyarn't be dere. De cun'l say, 'Dis sho'ly de place—dar's de paper.' Miss Rose look like she'd die, but she say she

mus' fine him. Dr. Selby look at her, an' den he 'spond dat dere's jes' one place whar he mought be, an' he tek us ter a sort er shed built on. T'wuz a small place, an' the doctor went fust an' de cun'l an' Miss Rose come arfter, like dey done afo'. Dr. Selby, he say he'd know Marse Archie anywhar, an' none er dese yere warn't he, an' he parse right by one man wifout skeercely lookin' at him. De man hed his eyes shet, an' his ha'r down ober his face, an' his clo'es so to'n an' bloody his own ma wouldn' ha' known him, but Miss Rose knowed him. She let go de cun'l's awm an' drap down on her knees by dat po' man what Dr. Selby done parse by, an' she tek her han' an' lif' de bloody ha'r offen his face, an' den she stoop an' kiss him wif de tears jes' po'in' down her cheeks. An Marse Archie open his eyes an' see her, an' he try ter speak an' couldn', an' he try ter lif' his han' an' couldn', but ober his po' face dere come sech a look ez I nuver seen. Chile, when I see dat happy look, an' see he kyarn't move nor speak, I jes' bu'sted out a-cryin' like a' ole fool nigger, an' cry tell I mos' kyarn't stan' up; an' de cun'l an' de doctor dey tu'n away right quick, an' go ter de do' an' stan' dar a minit. Den Dr. Selby come back an' bine up Marse Archie's wounds good, an' dey put him in de keridge an' we go long home ve'y slow, an' de' cun'l ridin' 'longside.

"Ef it hedn't been fur him we wouldn' got home at all, kase dey stopped us two or free times, an' he hed ter tell 'em who we wuz an' what we been arfter. I been wond'rin' what Miss Rose gwine do wif Marse Archie, an' ef she dar' tek him in de house arfter what he done tole marster, dat he nuver darken de do's ag'in. But she say ter Torm ter drive ter de quarters, an' den I know what she gwine do. An' sho' 'nuff she mek 'em tek Marse Archie in an' lay him on my bed, an' sont fur de bes' doctaw in de house. When he come he shook his head, but he put somepin' in a cup an' tole her ter give it ter him, an' den he call me out an' tell me ter git Miss Rose somepin ter eat right off. So I did, an' she tuk it; an' I try ter mek her go ter bed, an' say I'll call her ef Marse Archie stir, but she jes' say no, I mus' lie down an' she'd watch. All dat night she watch him, an' I sot by de winder, an' I so powerful tired I jes' went ter sleep wif my head on de table, an' when I rouse up twuz mawnin'.

"Miss Rose wuz a-settin' by de bed puttin' water on his wounds, an' he lay still an' heavy, an' his bref comin' hard, an' she done give him de larst drap in de cup. She motion me ter speak easy, an' say he's asleep an' do I t'ink he's better? I know he ain't, but how I gwine say so an' she lookin' so pitiful? But she 'spicioned it her ownse'f, I reckon, fur bimeby she get up slow an' went in de house, an' de fust t'ing I knowed she had Miss Ca'line out dar wif two men bringin' her in a cheer, like dey did when she come out ter de gate ter see Marse Archie a few days back. Miss Ca'line an' Miss Rose dey sot dar in my room all dat day, one on one side de bed an' anur-r on de ur-r side, an' dey didn' talk at all, only Miss Ca'line would kin' er sob sometimes, an' wipe her eyes. But Miss Rose sot a-fannin' him, an' nuver spoke nor cried. When it come along to'des evenin', an' de sun got low, Marse Archie gin a kin' er gasp an' open his eyes wide, an' arfter a bit he say, jes' natchel, 'Deah Rose.' She stoop down, an' he arx her open de winder. So I flung open de blines an' de sun come in an' shine on de bed. Den Marse Archie sigh an' say, like he sorter dreamin', 'I see de shinin' parf ter Heaven, an' I oughter walk upon it, but I kyarn' set my feet dar wifout my father say he'll forgimme.'

"Den Miss Rose git up an' gimme de fan an' run out de do', and my heart jes' jump in my mouf a minit arfter when I see her a-comin' back wif marster. I dunno how she do ter git him, but dar he wuz an' Marse Archie see him. He come in mighty slow an' stiff, an' stan' up tall by de bed an' look down on Marse Archie an' nuver speak a wud. Marse Archie put his han' up an' lif' de ban'age on his head so he kin see better, an' den he hole out his han' ter marster an' say, sorter gaspin' an' slow, ez he could git his breaf,

"'Forgimme, father,' he say; 'I went ag'in you, but I couldn' holp it.'

"Marster didn' speak, an' Marse Archie say ag'in, ve'y faint, like his voice gwine sink,

"'Kyarn' you shek han's now, sir?'

"Marster's face begin ter wuk, an' he open his mouf oncet er twicet an' shet it ag'in wifout a soun', but all on a suddint he drap right down on his knees by de bed an' cotch Marse Archie's han' an' cry out loud, 'Don' die! my son—my son!' Marse Archie put out his ur-r han', too, an' marster put his head down on it an' cry like a chile. Den Marse Archie tu'n ter de winder an' he say, 'De parf's dere yit.'

"An' while de sun wuz goin' down, befo' de las' beam lef' shinin' on de bed, Marse Archie walk along it inter Heaven.

. . . . . .

"Miss Ca'line, she did'n live long arfter dey buried Marse Archie, an' marster an' Miss Rose dey wuz lef' alone at Hill-top. Marster warn't like de same man—he so quite. When he had pra'rs in de mawnin' he pray fur de Union, an' dat de Lawd 'ud please ter eend dis wicked waw, jes' like he used, but he pray anur-r pra'r, too, an' dat wuz dat de Lawd'd forgive dose dat med misteks, an' accept 'em fur dere 'tentions, an' I nuver year 'im mek dat pra'r dat his voice didn' shek like he mos' gwine cry. When dey rung de bells kase Richmon' done been tuk marster come in wif de tears a-runnin' down his cheeks, an' he went ter his room an' stay dar all day. Den he hung Marse Archie's picture back on de wall an' put his sode ober it, an' he'd sit an' look at it fur hours. He got so ole-lookin' an' white, an' so gentle an' mile, an' bimeby he tuk sick, an' dough Miss Rose ten' him faithful he didn' 'pear ter hev de spunk ter git well. When he died Miss Rose's relations down in Bal'mer, dey com an' tuk her away, an' she lef' me an' my husban' Jim fur ter ten' de place, an' she on'y comes back in de summers. But my Torm, she got him a good place ez coachman wif some city folks, an' I see him ev'y now an' den. De res' er de niggers dey's done gone away, an' de place is like you see it. Tain' like it useter be."

The fire had burnt itself out, and the crackling hearth was now a mass of embers. In the silence that fell upon us when Aunt Charity finished speaking I could hear the rush of the November wind whirling the yellow leaves against the window. The sky was overcast and a storm seemed brewing. When I came away, and turned to say good-by, Aunt Charity was still sitting by the red coals, with the mysterious smoke encircling her head, and her voice came out after me, "I wuz sho'ly fon' er Miss Rose."

AN IRISH WILD-FLOWER.

(A BAREFOOT CHILD NEAR —— CASTLE.)

By Sarah M. B. Piatt.

She felt, I think, but as a wild-flower can,
Through her bright, fluttering rags, the dark, the cold;
Some farthest star, remembering what man
Forgets, had warmed her little head with gold.

Above her, hollow-eyed, long blind to tears,
Leaf-cloaked, a skeleton of stone arose. . . .
Oh, castle-shadow of a thousand years!
Where you have fallen, is this the thing that grows?



"Have you got a nigger here?"

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By H. C. Bunner.

V.

IT is to be said for society that there was very little chuckling and smiling when this fresh piece of news about the Dolphs came out. Nor did the news pass from house to house like wildfire. It rather leaked out here and there, percolating through barriers of friendly silence, slipping from discreet lips and repeated in anxious confidence, with all manner of qualifications and hopeful suppositions and suggestions. As a matter of fact, people never really knew just what Eustace Dolph had done, or how far his wrong-doing had carried him. All that was ever positively known was that the boy had got into trouble down-town, and had gone to Europe. The exact nature of the trouble could only be conjectured. The very brokers who had been the instruments of young Dolph's ruin were not able to separate his authorized speculations from those which were illegitimate. They could do no more than guess, from what they knew of Van Riper's conservative method of investment, that the young man's unfortunate purchases were made for himself, and they figured these at fifty-five thousand odd hundred dollars.

Somebody who looked up the deed which Jacob Dolph executed that winter day found that he had transferred to Van Riper real-estate of more than that value.

No word ever came from the cold lips of Abram Van Riper's son; and his office was a piece of all but perfect machinery, which dared not creak when he commanded silence. And no one save Van Riper and Dolph, and their two lawyers, knew the whole truth. Dolph never even spoke about it to his wife, after that first night. It was these five people only who knew that Mr. Jacob Dolph had parted with the last bit of real-estate that he owned, outside of his own home, and they knew that his other property was of a doubtful sort, that could yield at the best only a very limited income—hardly enough for a man who lived in so great a house, and whose doors were open to all his friends nine months in the year.

Yet he stayed there, and grew old with an age which the years have not among their gifts. When his little girl grew older, and could sit upon his knee, her small hands clutched at a snowy-white moustache, and she complained that his great, dark, hollow eyes never would look "right into hers, away down deep." Yet he loved her, and talked more to her perhaps than to anyone else, not even excepting Aline.

But he never spoke to her of the elder brother whom she could not remember. It was her mother who whispered something of the story to her, and told her not to let papa know that she knew of it, for it would grieve him. Aline herself knew nothing about the boy save that he lived, and lived a criminal. Jacob himself could only have told her that their son was a wandering adventurer, known as a blackleg and sharper in every town in Europe.

The doors of the great house were closed to all the world, or opened only for some old friend, who went away very soon out of the presence of a sadness beyond all solace of words or kindly look or hand-clasp. And so, in something that only the grace of their gentle lives relieved from absolute poverty, those three dwelt in the old house, and let the world slip by them.

. . . . . .

There was no sleep for anyone of the little household in the great house on the night of the 14th of July, 1863. Doors and blinds were closed; only a light shone through the half-open slats at a second-story window, and in that

room Aline lay sick, almost unto death, her white hair loosed from its usual dainty neatness, her dark eyes turning with an unmeaning gaze from the face of the little girl at her side to the face of her husband at the foot of her bed. Her hands, wrinkled and small, groped over the coverlet, with nervous twitchings, as every now and then the howls or the pistol-shots of the mob in the streets below them fell on her ear. And at every such movement the lips of the girl by her pillow twitched in piteous sympathy. About half-past twelve there was sharp firing in volleys to the southward of them, that threw the half-conscious sufferer into an agony of supersensitive disturbance. Then there came a silence that seemed unnatural ly deep, yet it was only the silence of a summer night in the deserted city streets.

Through it they heard, sharp and sudden, with something inexplicably fearful about it, the patter of running feet—they had heard that sound often enough that night and the night before—but these steps stopped at their own door, and came up the steps, and the runner beat and pounded on the heavy panels.

Father and child looked in each other's eyes, and then Jacob Dolph left his post at the foot of the bed and, passing out of the room, went down the stairs with deliberate tread and opened the door.

A negro's face, almost gray in its mad fear, stared into his with a desperate appeal which the lips could not utter. Dolph drew the man in, and shut the door behind him. The negro leaned, trembling and exhausted, against the wall.

"I knowed you'd take me in, Mist' Dolph," he panted; "I'm feared they seen me, though—they was mighty clost behind."

They were close behind him, indeed. In half a minute the roar of the mob filled the street with one terrible howl and shriek of animal rage, heard high above the tramp of half a thousand feet, and the beasts of disorder, gathered from all the city's holes and dens of crime, wild for rapine and outrage, burst upon them, sweeping up the steps, hammering at the great doors, crying for the blood of the helpless and the innocent.

Foreign faces, almost all! Irish, mostly; but there were heavy, ignorant German types of feature uplifted under the gaslight; sallow, black-moustached Magyar faces; thin, acute, French faces—all with the stamp of old-world ignorance and vice upon them.

The door opened, and the white-haired old gentleman, erect, haughty, with brightening eyes, faced the leader of the mob—a great fellow, black-bearded, who had a space to himself on the stoop, and swung his broad shoulders from side to side.

"Have you got a nigger here?" he began, and then stopped short, for Jacob Dolph was looking upon the face of his son.

Vagabond and outcast, he had the vagabond's quick wit, this leader of infuriate crime, and some one good impulse stirred in him of his forfeited gentlehood. He turned savagely upon his followers.

"He ain't here!" he roared. "I told you so—I saw him turn the corner."

"Shtap an' burrn the bondholder's house!" yelled a man behind him. Eustace Dolph turned round with a furious, threatening gesture.

"You damned fool!" he thundered: "he's no bondholder—he's one of *us*. Go on, I tell you! Will you let that nigger get away?"

He half drove them down the steps. The old man stepped out, his face aflame under his white hair, his whole frame quivering.

"You lie, sir!" he cried; but his voice was drowned in the howl of the mob as it swept around the corner, forgetting all things else in the madness of its hideous chase.

When Jacob Dolph returned to his wife's chamber, her feeble gaze was lifted to the ceiling. At the sound of his footsteps, she let it fall dimly upon his face. He was thankful that, in that last moment of doubtful quickening, she could not read his eyes; and she passed away, smiling sweetly, one of her white old hands in his, and one in her child's.

. . . . . .

Age takes small account of the immediate flight of time. To the young, a

year is a mighty span. Be it a happy or an unhappy year that youth looks forward to, it is a vista that stretches far into the future. And when it is done, this interminable year, and youth, just twelve months older, looks back to the first of it, what a long way off it is! What tremendous progress we have made! How much more we know! How insufficient are the standards by which we measured the world a poor three hundred and sixty-five days back!



But age has grown habituated to the flight of time. Years! We have seen so many of them that they make no great impression upon us. What! is it ten years since young Midas first came to the counting-room, asking humbly for an entry-clerk's place—he who is now the head of the firm? Bless us! it seems like yesterday. Is it ten years since we first put on that coat? Why, it must be clean out of the fashion by this time.

But age does not carry out the thought, and ask if itself be out of the

fashion. Age knows better. A few wrinkles, a stoop in the back, a certain slowness of pace, do not make a man old at sixty—nor at seventy, neither; for, now you come to think of it, the ten years we were speaking of is gone, and it is seventy now, and not sixty. Seventy! Why, 'tis not to be thought of as old age—save when it is necessary to rebuke the easy arrogance of youth.

The time had come to Jacob Dolph when he could not feel that he was growing old. He was old, of course, in one sense. He was sixty-one when the war broke out; and they had not allowed him to form a regiment and go to the front at its head. But what was old for a soldier in active service was not old for a well-preserved civilian. True, he could never be the same man again, now that poor Aline was gone. True, he was growing more and more disinclined for active exercise, and he regretted he had led so sedentary a life. But though '64 piled itself up on '63, and '65 on top of that, these arbitrary divisions of time seemed to him but trivial.

Edith was growing old, perhaps; getting to be a great girl, taller than her mother and fairer of complexion, yet not unlike her, he sometimes thought, as she began to manage the affairs of the house, and to go about the great shabby mansion with her mother's keys jingling at her girdle. For the years had crawled one over the other, and it was 1873, and Edith was eighteen years old.

One rainy day in this year found Jacob Dolph in Wall Street. Although he himself did not think so, he was an old man to others, and kindly hands, such as were to be found even in that infuriate crowd, had helped him up the marble steps of the Sub-Treasury and had given him lodgment on one of the great blocks of marble that dominate the street. From where he stood he could see Wall Street, east and west, and the broad plaza of Broad Street to the south, filled with a compact mass of men, half-hidden by a myriad of umbrellas, rain-soaked, black, glinting in the dim light. So might a Roman legion have looked, when each man raised his targum above his head and came shoulder to shoulder with his neighbor for the assault.

There was a confused, ant-like movement in the vast crowd, and a dull murmur came from it, rising, in places, into excited shouts. Here and there the fringe of the mass swelled up and swept against the steps of some building, forcing, or trying to force, an entry. Sometimes a narrow stream of men trickled into the half-open doorway; sometimes the great portals closed, and then there was a mad outcry and a low groan, and the foremost on the steps suddenly turned back, and in some strange way slipped through the throng and sped in all directions to bear to hushed or clamorous offices the news that this house or that bank had "suspended payment." "Busted," the panting messengers said to white-faced merchants; and in the slang of the street was conveyed the message of doom. The great panic of 1873 was upon the town—the outcome of long years of unwarranted self-confidence, of selfish extravagance, of conscienceless speculation—and, as hour after hour passed by, fortunes were lost in the twinkling of an eye, and the bread was taken out of the mouths of the helpless.

After Jacob Dolph had stood for some time, looking down upon the tossing sea of black umbrellas, he saw a narrow lane made through the crowd in the wake of a little party of clerks and porters, bearing aid perhaps to some stricken bank. Slipping down, he followed close behind them. Perhaps the jostling hundreds on the sidewalk were gentle with him, seeing that he was an old man; perhaps the strength of excitement nerved him, for he made his way down the street to the flight of steps leading to the door of a tall white building; and he crowded himself up among the pack that was striving to enter. He had even got so far that he could see the line pouring in above his head, when there was a sudden cessation of motion in the press, and one leaf of the outer iron doors swung forward and met the other, already closed to bar the crush, and two green-painted panels stood, impassable, between him and the last of the Dolph fortune.

One howl and roar, and the crowd turned back on itself, and swept him with it. In five minutes a thousand

offices knew of the greatest failure of the day; and Jacob Dolph was leaning —weak, gasping, dazed—against the side-wall of a hallway in William Street, with two stray office-boys staring at him out of their small, round, unsympathetic eyes.

Let us not ask what wild temptation led the old man back again to risk all he owned in that hellish game that is played in the narrow street. We may remember this: That he saw his daughter growing to womanhood in that silent and almost deserted house, shouldered now by low tenements and wretched shops and vile drinking-places; that he may have pictured for her a brighter life in that world that had long ago left him behind it in his bereaved and disgraced loneliness; that he had had some vision of her young beauty fulfilling its destiny amid sweeter and fairer surroundings. And let us not forget that he knew no other means than



these to win the money for which he cared little; which he found absolutely needful.

After Jacob Dolph had yielded for the last time to the temptation that had conquered him once before and had ruined his son's soul; after that last disastrous battle with the gamblers of Wall Street, wherein he lost the last poor remnant of the great Dolph fortune, giving up with it his father's home forever, certain old bread of his father's casting came back to him upon strange waters.

Abram Van Riper came to the daughter of the house of Dolph, a little before it became certain that the house must be sold, and told her, in his dry way, that he had to make a business communication to her, for he feared that her father was hardly capable of understanding such matters any longer. She winced a little; but he took a load off her heart when he made his slow, precise explanation. The fact was, he said, that the business transactions between her father and himself, consequent upon the defalcation of her brother Eustace, had never been

closed, in all these seventeen years. (Edith Dolph trembled.) It was known at the time that the property transferred by her father rather more than covered the amount of her brother's—peculation. But her father's extreme sensitiveness had led him to avoid a precise adjustment, and as the property transferred was subject to certain long leases, he, Mr. Van Riper, had thought it best to wait until the property was sold and the account closed to settle the matter with Mr. Dolph. This had lately been done, and Mr. Van Riper found that, deducting charges, and interest on his money at seven per cent., he had made by the transaction six thousand three hundred and seventy dollars. This sum, he thought, properly belonged to Mr. Dolph. And if Miss Dolph would take the counsel of an old friend of her father's, she would leave the sum in charge of the house of Abram Van Riper's Son. The house would invest it at ten per cent.—he stopped and looked at Edith, but she only answered him with innocent eyes of attention—and would pay her six hundred and thirty-seven dollars annually in quarterly payments. It might be of assistance to Mr. Dolph in his present situation.

It was of assistance. They lived on it, father and daughter, with such aid as Decorative Art—just introduced to this country—gave in semi-remunerative employment for her deft fingers.

Abram Van Riper, when he left the weeping, grateful girl, marched out into the street, turned his face toward what was once Greenwich village, and said to his soul:

"I think that will balance any obligation my father may have put himself under in buying that State Street house too cheap. Now then, old gentleman, you can lie easy in your grave. The Van Ripers ain't beholden to the Dolphs, that's sure."

. . . . . .

A few years ago—shall we say as many as ten?—there were two small rooms up in a quiet street in Harlem tenanted by an old gentleman and a young gentlewoman; and in the front room, which was the young woman's room by night, but a sort of parlor or sitting room in the daytime, the old gentleman stood up, four times a year, to have his collar pulled up and his necktie set right, and his coat dusted off by a pair of small white hands, so that he might be presentable when he went down town to collect certain moneys due him.

They were small rooms; but they were bright and cheerful, being decorated with sketches and studies of an artistic sort, which may have been somewhat crude and uncertain as to treatment, but were certainly pleasant and feminine. Yet few saw them save the young woman and the old man. The most frequent visitor was a young artist from the West, who often escorted Miss Dolph to and from the Art League rooms. His name was Rand; he had studied in Munich; he had a future before him, and was making money on his prospects. He might just as well have lived in luxurious bachelor quarters in the lower part of the city; but, for reasons of his own, he preferred to live in Harlem.

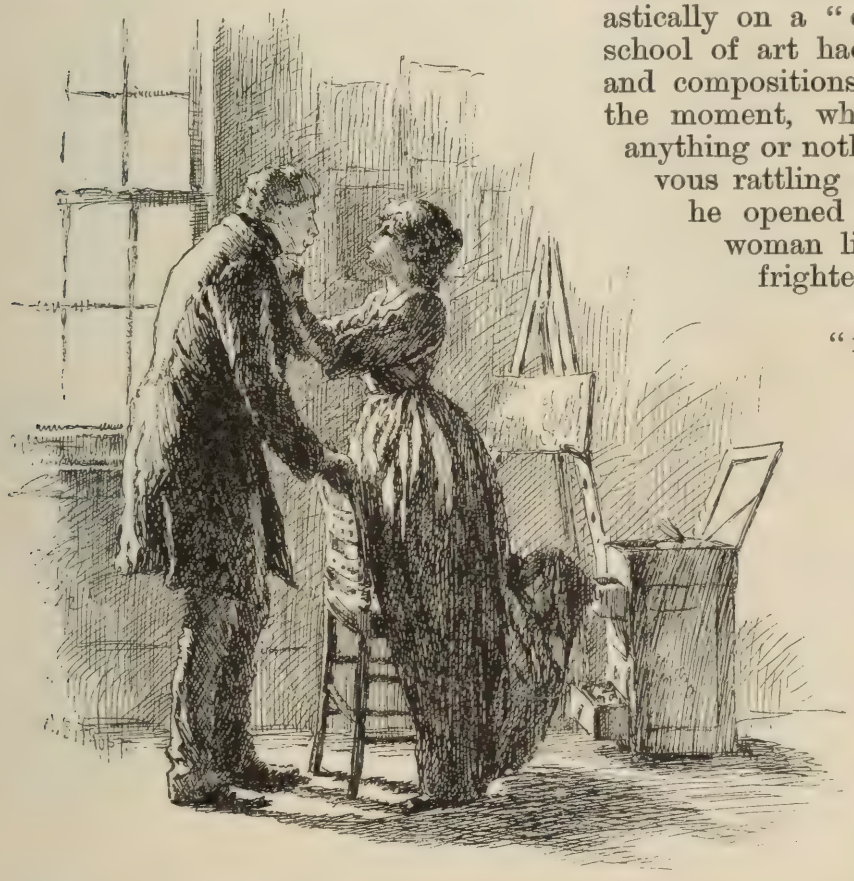
Old Mr. Dolph insisted on going regularly every quarter-day to the office of the Van Riper Estate "to collect," as he said, "the interest due him." Four times a year he went down town on the Eighth Avenue cars, where the conductors soon learned to know him by his shiny black broadcloth coat and his snow-white hair. His daughter was always uneasy about these trips; but her father could not be dissuaded from them. To him they were his one hold on active life—the all-important events of the year. It would have broken his tender old heart to tell him that he could not go to collect his "interest." And so she set his necktie right, and he went.

When he got out of the car at Abingdon Square he tottered, in his slow, old way, to a neat structure which combined modern jauntiness with old-time solidity, and which was labelled simply: "Office of the Van Riper Estate," and there he told the smilingly indulgent clerk that he thought he would "take it in cash, this time," and, taking it in cash, went forth.

And then he walked down through Greenwich Village into New York City, and into the street where stood the house that his father had built. Thus he had gone to view it four times a year

during every year—save the first—since he had given it up.

He had seen it go through one stage of decadence after another. First it was rented, by its new owner, to the Jewish pawnbroker, with his numerous family. Good, honest folk they were, who tried to make the house look fine, and the five daughters made the front stoop resplendent of summer evenings. But they had long ago moved up town. Then it was a cheap boarding-house, and vulgar and flashy men and women swarmed out in the morning and in at eventide. Then it was a lodging-house, and shabby people



let themselves out and in at all hours of the day and night. And last of all it had become a tenement-house, and had fallen into line with its neighbors to left and right, and the window-panes were broken, and the curse of misery and poverty and utter degradation had come upon it.

But still it lifted its grand stone front, still it stood, broad and great, among all the houses in the street. And it was the old man's custom, after he had stood on the opposite sidewalk and gazed at it for a while, to go to a little French café a block to the eastward, and there to take a glass of *vermouth gommé*—it was a mild drink, and pleasing to an old man. Sometimes he chanced to find some one in this place who would listen to his talk about the old house—he was very grand; but they were decent people who went to that café—and perhaps would go back with him a block and look at it. We would not have talked to chance people in an East-side French café. But then we have never owned such a house, and lost it—and everything else.

. . . . . .

Late one hot summer afternoon young Rand sat in his studio, working enthusiastically on a "composition." A new school of art had invaded New York, and compositions were everything, for the moment, whether they composed anything or nothing. He heard a nervous rattling at his door-knob, and he opened the door. A young woman lifted a sweet, flushed, frightened face to his.

"O John," she cried; "father hasn't come home yet, and it's five o'clock, and he left home at nine."

John Rand threw off his flannel jacket, and got into his coat.

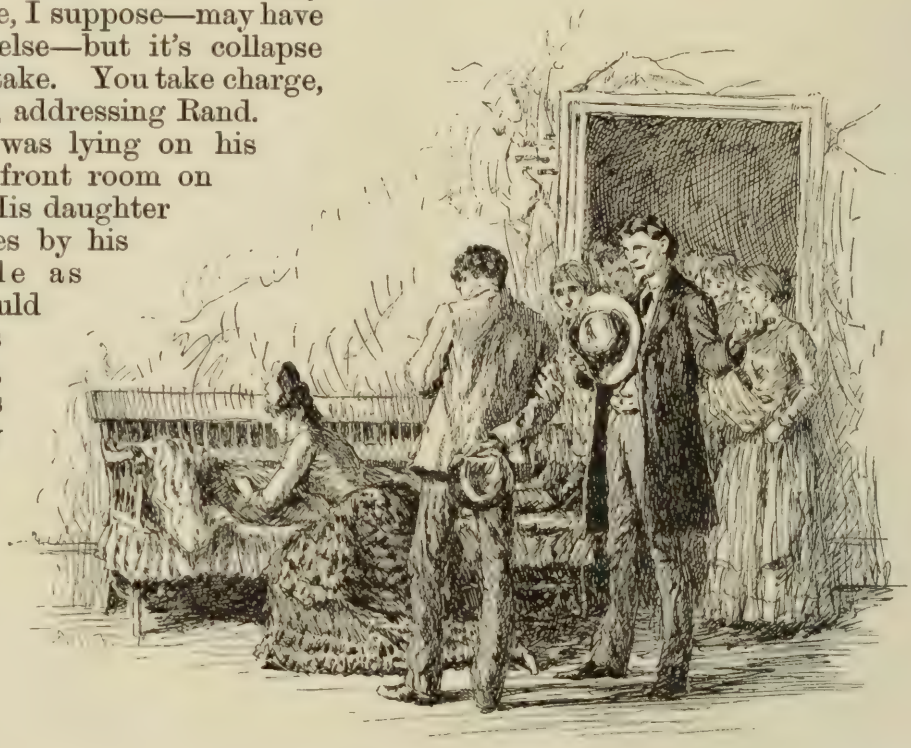
"We'll find him; don't worry, dear," he said.

They found him within an hour. The great city, having no further use for the old Dolph house, was crowding it out of existence. With the crash of falling bricks, and the creaking of the tackle that swung the great beams downward, the old house was crumbling into a gap between two high walls. Already you could see through to where the bright new bricks were piled at the back to build the huge eight-story factory that was to take its place. But it was not to see this demolition that the crowd was gathered, filling the narrow street. It stood, dense, ugly, vulgar, stolidly intent, gazing at the windows of the house opposite—a poor tenement-house.

As they went up the steps they met the young hospital-surgeon, going back to his ambulance.

"You his folks?" he inquired. "Sorry to tell you so; but I can't do any good. Sunstroke, I suppose—may have been something else—but it's collapse now, and no mistake. You take charge, sir?" he finished, addressing Rand.

Jacob Dolph was lying on his back in the bare front room on the first floor. His daughter fell on her knees by his side, and made as though she would throw her arms around him; but, looking in his face, she saw death quietly coming upon him, and she only bent down and kissed him, while her tears wet his brow.



Meanwhile a tall Southerner, with hair halfway down his neck and kindly eyes that moved in unison with his broad gestures, was talking to Rand.

"I met the ol' gentleman in the French café, neah heah," he said, "and he was jus' honing to have me come up and see his house, seh—house he used to have. Well, I came right along, an' when we got here, sure 'nough, they's ta'in' down that house. Neveh felt so bad in all my life, seh. He wasn't expectin' of it, and I 'lowed 'twuz his old home, like, and he was right hahd hit, fo' a fact. He said to me, 'Good-day, seh,' sezee; 'good-day, seh,' he says to me, an' then he starts across the street, an' first thing I know, he falls down flat on his face, seh. Saw that there brick an' mortar comin' down, an' fell flat on his face. This hyeh pill-man 'lowed 'twuz sunstroke; but a Southern man like I am don't need to be told what a gentleman's feelings are when he sees his house a-torn down—no, seh. If you ever down oweh way, seh, I'd be right glad——"

But Rand had lifted Edith from the floor, for her father would know her no more, and had passed out of this world, unconscious of all the squalor and ruin about him; and the poor girl was sobbing on his shoulder.

He was very tender with her, very sorry for her. But he had never known the walls that fell across the way; he was a young man, an artist, with a great future before him, and the world was young to him, and she was to be his wife.

Still, looking down, he saw that sweetly calm, listening look that makes beautiful the faces of the dead come over the face of Jacob Dolph, as though he, lying there, heard the hammers of the workmen breaking down his father's house, brick by brick—and yet the sound could no longer jar upon his ear or grieve his gentle spirit.

AN OCEAN GRAVE-YARD.

By J. Macdonald Oxley.

I.

It is little more than a mere dot of dry land in an immensity of ocean space, the restlessness of whose hissing surges is so incessant that here might Jeremiah have stood when he said, "there is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet." Sorrow there is, too, right often, and sorrow there has been ever since Sable Island first figured in human history. No other island on this globe can show so appalling a record of shipwreck and disaster.

Now parched beneath the burning rays of an unshaded summer sun, now swathed in chilling robes of mist or snow, ofttimes deluged with torrents of rain, and at all seasons blown upon by the tireless winds, Sable Island, remarkable as regards its position, its shape, its structure, and still more as regards its history, has somehow strangely escaped the notice of those who travel, and remains to this day shrouded in an obscurity no less remarkable. It does not, however, lack for mention in history, and we might well linger a while over the references made to it by various writers during the past three centuries and a half. But of these I have written elsewhere,* and my purpose now is rather to recall its unequalled record of disaster, the full extent of which, indeed, can perhaps never be fully known.

A visit to Sable Island can be made only under certain conditions, and these conditions so infrequently occur that it is no unusual thing for the passage there to be taken in vain. It lies due east from Nova Scotia, at a distance of about eighty-five miles, between the 43d and 44th degrees of N. lat., and the 59th of W. long. To one approaching from the north the island appears to be a succession of low sand-hills, thinly patched with struggling vegetation, having at the west end an elevation of some twenty feet, then gradually rising as you go eastward until they attain the height of eighty feet near the East End light, beyond which they slope away again until they merge into the northeast bar. Its general shape is that of a long, narrow crescent, measuring twenty-two miles from tip to tip, and one mile in breadth at its best. The time was, as will be presently shown, when these measurements might easily have been doubled, but now each succeeding year finds them surely, steadily decreasing.

Perplexing as are the currents, and bewildering the fogs that beset the island, they are not by any means its worst feature. Far more fruitful of harm are the entangling shallows, which spread out so widely that for many a mile beyond the point where sea and sand meet and mingle there is not water enough to float a small schooner. Thus, at the northeast end on a windy day there may be seen some nine miles of roaring breakers before a depth of six fathoms is reached, and then four miles more of heavy cross-seas leading out to a depth of from ten to thirteen fathoms. At the northwest end the bar extends seaward nearly seventeen miles, after the same fashion, before the water is really deep. So that taking the length of the island and its bars together the scene presented in stormy weather is magnificent and awe-inspiring beyond all possible powers of description, when in continuous line for over fifty miles the raging waves of the sea, rolling in unchecked from vast ocean spaces, foam out their fury upon the sand-banks, which seem to quake and quiver beneath their overwhelming onset.

The conditions which have been hinted at as prerequisite to effecting a landing upon Sable Island are that the day be fine and the wind securely settled in the south. The only good landing-place is on the north side; and even there the government steamer, which forms the sole connecting link between the island and the outside world, can come no closer than a mile, and must keep a

* See Historic Aspects of Sable Island, in Magazine of American History for February, 1886.

vigilant lookout so that on the first sign of a change in the wind she may weigh anchor and make an offing without delay.

Let us suppose that the halcyon days of July have come, and that we have obtained permission to accompany the



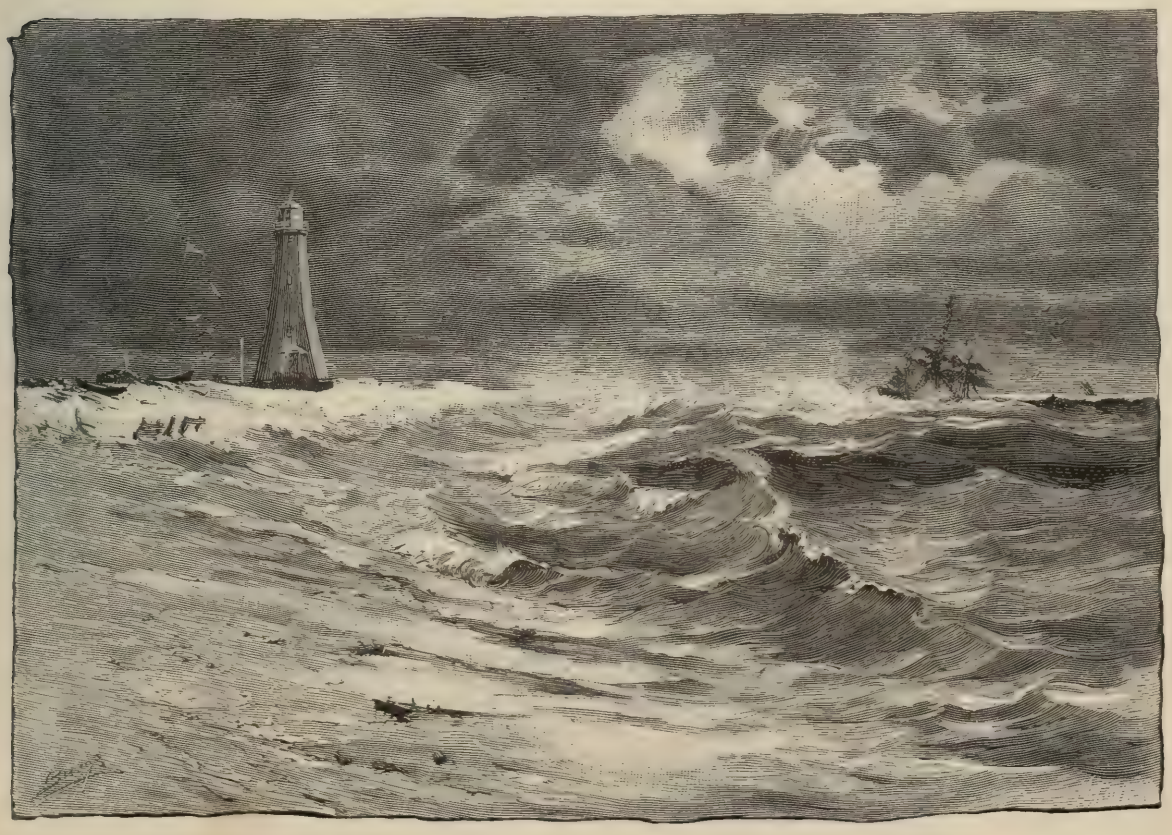
The Eastern Coast of Sable Island.

Newfield upon one of her regular supply trips. The midsummer night passes quickly. Our ninety miles of open sea are soon accomplished, and as the morning sun climbs grandly upward from his bed among the eastern waves, his rich red rays crimson the creamy froth that fringes all the shore. We are in luck to-day, for old ocean is at peace with himself, and the south wind blows softly. How rare this is may be imagined from two entries in the superintendent's journal—one, to the effect that there had not been five fine days in four months; the other, that the steamer was eight days in trying to effect a landing. Fine though the day be, however, to get safely ashore is no easy matter, for the long ocean-rollers are tumbling in upon the beach with tireless energy, and no ordinary boat may run their gauntlet with impunity. But there is due provision made for this. Hardly has the steamer come to anchor when the beach is dotted with men and horses, one of the broad-beamed, high-stemmed surf-boats peculiar to the island is rapidly drawn on its wide-wheeled cart to the water's edge, and after gallantly breasting the breakers comes swiftly toward us. Soon it is alongside, and the crew grasp eagerly at the mail-bags, whose contents will tell them what their friends and the rest of the world have been doing since the steamer's last visit. We are to return with them; and it will be a wise precaution to don our waterproofs and wear our closest-fitting caps, for there are some marine gymnastics before us, which may not improbably result in our undergoing an involuntary baptism that would content the most rigid immersionist ere reaching land. Seated in the stern sheets we look forward to the nearing surf with an anxiety which even the encouragement given by sleek, shining seals bobbing up serenely all about our boat, as if in cheery welcome, does not altogether allay. The crew bend lustily to their oars, and the helmsman,

standing high in the pointed stern, with loud command and brawny arm keeps the great boat true in her proper course, let the billows buffet her never so roughly, until, riding triumphantly upon the back of a huge comber, she is carried far up the beach and stranded amid a mass of seething waters. To spring from their seats and hold hard the boat, lest it be swept back by the receding wave, is the work of a moment for the dripping oarsmen, and then another foaming breaker, supplemented by a vigorous shove from their stalwart arms, sends their unwieldy craft up high and dry, and the spray-splashed passengers can step out upon *terra firma*.

The yielding sands do not make easy walking, and we plod slowly up the slight ascent until, going through a short pass between two hummocks, we suddenly emerge upon a scene so utterly different from what has hitherto met our gaze that we are fain to wonder for a moment if it may not possibly be a mirage or ocular delusion of some sort. Before us lies a broad valley, completely shut in from the sea by hills, which rise to right and left, and wave with a wealth of vegetation that is inexpressibly refreshing to eyes already wearied with the monotony of sand and sea. Ranged in an irregular square stand the buildings of the main station—the superintendent's spacious dwelling, where a warm welcome always awaits the newcomer, be he casual visitor or castaway, flanked by quarters for the staff, boat-houses, stores, and other outbuildings, while well-filled barns and well-stocked barn-yards lend an air of substantial comfort to the whole picture.

After exchanging greetings with the superintendent and his staff, who, delighted with this pleasant break in the monotony of their lives, crowd about us, eager for the latest news, our first thought is to climb the big flag-staff and view the landscape from the crow's-nest perched perilously on high. The ascent accomplished, a wonderful panorama lies outspread before us. From beneath our feet the narrow island stretches east and west its bow-like form, holding a shallow lagoon, some eight miles long, in its centre, and presenting many an effective contrast of sandy upland and grassy meadow, bare,



The West Light.

bleak beach and richly flowered nook, where fairies might hold their midnight revels. From the foreground, with its group of buildings, the eye roams over to the West End lighthouse, whence the men are now hurrying, pony-back, at the summons of the flag announcing the steamer's arrival. Every sandy peak or verdurous knoll bears some sad tradition. Baker's Hill, Trot's Cove, Scotchman's Head, French Gardens—so many silent records of human suffering. Then turning eastward we see the little burying-ground, nestling in the deep, rich grass, and consecrated to the last sleep of many a victim to the ocean's wrath. Nine miles farther down a telescope makes plain the flag-staff at the foot of the lake, and five miles beyond that the East End light, with its attendant buildings. Herds of wild ponies, jealously guarded by shaggy stallions, graze upon the hillsides, black duck and sheldrake in tempting flocks paddle about the innumerable ponds, while sea-birds fill the air with their harsh chatter, and whole regiments of seals bask in snug content along the sunny beach. Here and there the bleaching ribs of naval skeletons protrude half-buried from the sand, and the whole picture is set in a silver-frosted frame of seething surf.

II.

It does not take many hours to exhaust the sights of Sable Island, but many long nights might be spent around the superintendent's fireside ere the stories and legends he and his men delight in telling would be one-half exhausted. For every foot of the island is haunted ground, and the station dwellings are rich in relics, each one having its own connection with a shadowy and sorrowful past. The supernatural of course plays a leading part in these relations, and if one be but credulous enough, they may have their faith in ghosts revisiting the glimpses of the moon greatly strengthened by the legends of De Lery's heroic friar, or King Charles's remorseful regicide, of the Pale Lady with the Bloody Finger, and a score of others which cast an eerie halo round this weird spot. I should greatly like to set forth some of them at length, were it not that the authentic annals of the place require all the space at my disposal.

Since the founding of the Humane Establishment, in 1802, a wreck register has been carefully kept, and on its pages may be read to-day the names of more than one hundred and fifty vessels that have come to their undoing on these fatal sands. Once entangled amid the shallows, once stranded upon the bars, and it was all over with the hapless craft, whether she were stately frigate, speedy steamer, clipper ship, or humble fisher's boat. Mr. Simon D. Macdonald, F.G.S., of Halifax, N. S., sometime ago prepared with great skill and care a most interesting chart of Sable Island, indicating so far as possible the exact locality and date of each disaster, as well as the character of the vessel wrecked; and looking at this chart the island is seen to be completely encircled by these grim proofs of its destructive powers.

A hasty glance at some of the more recent wrecks will lend emphasis to the story told by the chart. In the year 1863 the fine steamer Georgia ended her career on the western bar, fortunately, however, without loss of life; and three years later the steamship Ephesus met with a like experience near the same spot, there being little or no salvage in either case. At the wreck of the schooner Ocean Traveller, in 1870, all the nine men composing her crew were lost. So was it with the Zephyr in 1873; and when the Portuguese Farto went to pieces, in 1875, the captain and two sailors perished. Then, in 1876, the American schooner Reeves found a grave, not only for herself, but for everyone on board; and in 1879 nine passengers were carried away by the billows at the stranding of the State of Virginia. The year 1882 was marked by the destruction of two Norwegian barks, with a loss of life in each case; 1883, by the wreck of the bark Britannia and the loss of thirteen lives; and 1884, by that of the splendid steamship Amsterdam, when three of the passengers paid the forfeit. This last disaster attracted a good deal of attention throughout the United States because of some grossly exagger-

ated reports which were put in circulation as to the brutal treatment alleged to have been received by the unfortunate castaways at the hands of the staff, the simple truth being that a couple of the boat's crew got intoxicated with wine which had been saved from the wreck, and conducted themselves in such a manner as to frighten some of the women and children, for which offence they were severely punished by the superintendent.

It need hardly be said that even the tremendous total of one hundred and fifty-two wrecks falls short of representing the whole truth. On the contrary, for every wreck that is recorded, at least one other never to be known may be safely added. After many a storm do the waves cast up at the patrolman's feet the evidence of some fresh disaster—a shattered spar, an empty hen-coop, a fragment of cabin furniture, or perchance a bruised and battered corpse. And then, alas! there must be added the dread work done by the distant bars, from which not even such pathetic tokens as these find their way ashore. The following brief account of a disaster that occurred in December, 1884, will serve to convey some idea of what it means to be wrecked on Sable Island :

The A. S. H. was a French brigantine en route from St. Pierre to Boston with a cargo of fish. Toward evening of December 19th she was caught in a violent snow-storm and hurled upon the West End bar, beginning to break up almost immediately. She had a crew of seven men on board. The thermometer stood at twelve degrees below zero, and the sufferings of the unhappy men were so terrible that death assumed the guise of a welcome relief. Three were washed overboard when the ship struck, and although the water was strewn with floating débris, they made no effort to prolong their lives. The steward, frenzied with fright and pain, ran to his berth, seized a razor, cut his throat from ear to ear, and then leaped into the boiling surf. The captain, the mate, and the remaining sailor succeeded in reaching the shore on a spar ; but they only escaped the terrors of the deep to encounter the still more fearful terror of the frost-king. They could just discern through the blinding snow a faint glimmer from the lighthouse, three long miles away, and they set out toward it. The sand was being driven with tremendous force before the gale, and the grains dashed against the faces of the half-frozen men like tiny hail-stones. At length the captain could hold out no longer, and lying down, was speedily frozen to death. A little farther on the sailor, too, succumbed. Left alone in the struggle with death, the mate, fortunately a man of unusual strength, pushed desperately forward. Becoming too weak to stand upright, he took to his hands and knees, and in this fashion, after six hours of suffering such as human beings rarely endure, reached the lighthouse, at two o'clock in the morning, so bruised, bleeding, and frost-bitten that for a time his life hung trembling in the balance.

Another and much earlier wreck deserves attention because of its bearing upon a problem now deeply interesting seafarers the world over. It happened in 1846, and Superintendent Darby is our authority. A wild gale had suddenly sprung up, and he and his men were patrolling the beach, when they descried a large schooner running right down before the storm dead on to the lee shore. The sea was breaking everywhere as far as the eye could reach, and it seemed impossible for any vessel to live in it for a moment ; yet on the schooner came, passing breaker after breaker uninjured, the extraordinary thing being that, although the huge waves raised their curled heads almost to the top of her masts, and the fall of any of them upon her deck would have crushed her like an egg-shell, not one seemed permitted to touch her. On the contrary, as if by a miracle, the sea became smooth ere it reached her, and she left a shining track behind. After some minutes of thrilling suspense, she was hurled high and dry upon the beach, and every one of her crew rescued uninjured.

Then came the explanation of the strange phenomenon which had so mystified Superintendent Darby. Two large casks filled with fish-oil had been lashed in the fore-rigging, and, securely lashed beside them, two of the strongest sail-



ors in the crew, with long wooden ladles in hand, had been throwing the oil high up in the air, where it was caught by the wind and carried far to leeward in advance of the vessel, spreading over the sea with such effect that, while it was raging, pitching, and breaking all about her, not a barrel of water fell upon the Arno's deck. I believe this may with safety be claimed as one of the earliest recorded instances of the practical application of oil to the troubled waters.

In order to give succor to the shipwrecked, and save such of their property as might not be destroyed, as well as to prevent, so far as possible, the occurrence of losses, the Canadian Government maintains two fine lighthouses and a fully equipped life-saving station at Sable Island. The first step in this direction was taken by the province of Nova Scotia as far back as 1802, voting two thousand dollars a year for the purpose. Little, of course, could be done upon so small a sum; but in 1827 the Imperial Government came to its aid with a like annual amount, which is regularly paid to the present day. Upon the confederation of the Provinces, in 1867, the care of the island fell into the hands of the Federal Government, and since then hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent upon it. A staff of from eighteen to twenty men is steadily maintained there, two lifeboats, built after the most approved fashion of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and a large despatch-boat, have been lately added, the men are drilled regularly in the management of the lifeboats and of the rocket apparatus, and com-

plete telephone connection between the lighthouses and the different stations has been established, while a telegraph-cable to the mainland is contemplated in the near future. So that, if it be not already, Sable Island will be soon a life-saving station, whose equipment and capabilities cannot be excelled along the entire Atlantic coast.

III.

A VERY remarkable feature of Sable Island, and one which surpasses all others in interest and importance in the eyes of navigators, yet awaits notice, to wit, the startling and significant changes which have taken place in its size and position since first it became the subject of surveys and of regular observations. Mr. Macdonald, to whose wreck chart I have already referred, has made a very thorough study of this subject, and I am indebted to him for many of the following facts. On the earliest charts of the island, which were compiled from French sources, it was laid down as being forty miles in length and two and one-fourth in breadth. In 1776 a special survey was made under Admiralty instructions, and the length found to be only thirty-one miles and the breadth two miles, while the west end was placed twenty-two miles farther east. Forty-two years later a second survey was made by Lieutenant Burton, and his report took a mile away from the length, but left the breadth the same. Another interval of forty-two years passed, and the Admiralty authorities, having had their attention called to the evident inaccuracy of their charts, had another survey made, which resulted in a still further reduction of the island's area, while the west end was placed two miles more to the eastward. Little more than thirty years have elapsed since then, and yet, according to the last Admiralty survey, executed some years ago, the total length is, as we have already seen, only twenty-two miles at best, while the breadth has shrunk to a single mile.

Surprising, in fact almost incredible, as these changes may appear, they are fully proven by the evidence of those whose right to speak is based upon personal observation. When seeking a site for the main station, in 1802, a well-sheltered position was chosen among the sand-hills five miles distant from the west end. Yet in 1814 the superintendent was compelled to move three miles farther east, as within the four preceding years no less than four miles had gone entirely from the west end, while on the north side an area equal to forty feet wide and three miles long had been carried away during a single gale. In 1820 another move, this time four more miles eastward, was necessitated. Still the sea steadily advanced, as if determined not to be balked of its prey. The two following winters brought with them frequent storms which wrought fearful havoc along the western shore, toppling great sand-hills into the surf, as well as altering the surface in the interior, thousands of tons of sand being carried from the beach and strewn over the inland valleys, smothering vegetation so that hundreds of ponies died for want of food. In 1833 the old station was abandoned and new buildings erected on the broadest and most sheltered portion of the island, where they still stand in comparative safety.

The old dwelling of the superintendent was then carried yet another four miles toward the east, and subsequently two miles more, where, strange to say, it escaped the insatiable maw of the sea only to fall a victim to the sand. Gradually the gales stole away the hummocks under whose lee it nestled in seeming safety. Left to the rake of the winds, sand-laden eddies swirled wickedly about it. Slowly, yet surely, a mound arose, creeping up from threshold to lintel, from floor to peak, until at length the house wholly disappeared, and the surface levelled out innocently above it, leaving no mark to indicate the spot of its sepulture.

For some years Sable Island enjoyed comparative repose, and then the work of destruction began anew with a vigor that soon made amends for the lost time. The winter of 1881 did tremendous damage. In addition to the gradual work of erosion great areas were removed at once. During one gale seventy feet by one-fourth of a mile departed bodily. A month later thirty feet of

the whole breadth of the island at the west vanished in a few hours. The winter of 1882 was even worse, and was distinguished by the destruction wrought among the buildings, including the West End lighthouse, a splendid structure nearly one hundred feet high, originally erected a whole mile within the grass hills, on what was thought a perfectly secure site. There was scarcely time to take it hurriedly to pieces ere the foundation upon which it stood, hopelessly undermined, toppled over into the sea.

The history of the lake, which has been mentioned as occupying a part of the centre of the island, furnishes equally striking evidence of the vicissitudes this much-enduring spot has undergone. When first known, this lake had an opening on the north side, which was afterward closed. A few years later, during a terrific storm, the sea forced a channel through the lake's margin, rendering it a convenient harbor for small vessels. But in 1836 a similar tempest closed it again, at the same time imprisoning two American schooners that had run in there for shelter. Gradually it became very shoal from the washing down of the surrounding cliffs. Then, during the winter of 1881, a gale opened a gulch toward the east end, which so drained the lake that it shrank to some eight miles in length, where it remains. The lake margin forming the south shore was at one time half a mile broad and fifty feet high. To-day it is merely a narrow ridge forming a precarious sea-wall, over which the waves break in stormy weather. Should this barrier be removed, the demolition of the island will proceed with such increased rapidity that the end may be approximately predicted.

During storms, in addition to the action of waves and currents, the winds ravage the island's surface on their own account. Finding a raw spot, that is, where there is no protecting skin of sod, the eddying swirls scoop out the loose sand and carry it off with them, so that around the stations the utmost vigilance is ever exercised to discover the first break in the sod, and patch it carefully before headway has been gained; otherwise the substantial buildings would soon go tottering from their foundations.

To sum up the whole matter in a sentence, Sable Island is being submerged, and is travelling eastward at such a rate that any chart of it, to be accurate, would need to be corrected every few years. It is safe to say that the latest chart obtainable by mariners is some miles at least out of the way. Since the beginning of the present century the island has decreased in length from forty miles to twenty-two; in breadth, from two and one-fourth to something less than one; in height, from two hundred feet to eighty, while there has been a variation in the position of the West End of not less than twenty-five miles. With such startling figures as these before us, it is not difficult to forecast its future. Slowly, perhaps, yet none the less surely, and defying all attempts or devices of feeble man to stay its advance, the time is coming when the victorious waves will fling their triumphant spray high over the last vestige of dry land, and the lights of Sable Island will no longer send their warning gleams across the fatal sands, that will then far more than ever merit the sorrow-laden title of "An Ocean Grave-yard."

THE MANSE:

A FRAGMENT.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

. . . I HAVE named, among many rivers that make music in my memory, that dirty Water of Lieth ; often and often I desire to look upon it again ; and the choice of a point of view is easy to me : it should be at a certain water-door, embowered in shrubbery. The river is there dammed back for the service of the flour-mill just below, so that it lies deep and darkling, and the sand slopes into brown obscurity with a glint of gold ; and it has but newly been recruited by the borrowings of the snuff-mill just above, and these, tumbling merrily in, shake the pool to its black heart, fill it with drowsy eddies, and set the curded froth of many other mills solemnly steering to and fro upon the surface. Or so it was when I was young, for change, and the masons, and the pruning-knife, have been busy ; and if I could hope to repeat a cherished experience, it must be on many and impossible conditions. I must choose, as well as the point of view, a certain moment in my growth, so that the scale may be exaggerated, and the trees on the steep opposite side may seem to climb to heaven, and the sand by the water-door, where I am standing, seem as low as Styx. And I must choose the season also, so that the valley may be brimmed like a cup with sunshine and the songs of birds ;—and the year of grace, so that when I turn to leave the riverside I may find the old manse and its inhabitants unchanged.

It was a place in that time like no other : the garden cut into provinces by a great hedge of beech, and overlooked by the church and the terrace of the church-yard, where the tombstones were thick, and after nightfall "spunkies" might be seen to dance, at least by children ; flower-pots lying warm in sunshine ; laurels and the great yew making elsewhere a pleasing horror of shade ; the smell of water rising from all round, with an added tang of paper-mills ; the sound of water everywhere, and the sound of mills—the wheel and the dam singing their alternate strain ; the birds on every bush and from every corner of the overhanging woods pealing out their notes until the air throbbed with them ; and in the midst of this, the manse. I see it, by the standard of my childish stature, as a great and roomy house. In truth, it was both small and inconvenient, and, standing where it did, it is difficult to suppose that it was healthful. Yet a large family of stalwart sons and tall daughters was housed and reared, and came to man and womanhood, in that nest of little chambers ; so that the face of the earth was peppered with the children of the manse, and letters with outlandish stamps became familiar to the local postman, and the walls of the little chambers brightened with the wonders of the East. The dullest could see this was a house that had a pair of hands in divers foreign places : a well-beloved house—its image fondly dwelt on by many travellers.

Here there lived an ancestor of mine, who was a herd of men. I read him, judging with older criticism the report of childish observation, as a man of singular simplicity of nature ; unemotional, and hating the display of what he felt ; standing contented on the old ways ; a lover of his life and innocent habits to the end. We children admired him : partly for his beautiful face and silver hair, for none more than children are concerned for beauty, and, above all, for beauty in the old ; partly for the solemn light in which we beheld him once a week, the observed of all observers, in the pulpit. But his strictness and distance, the effect, I now fancy, of old age, slow blood, and settled habit, oppressed us with a kind of terror. When not abroad, he sat much alone, writing sermons or letters to his scattered family, in a dark and cold room with a library

of bloodless books—or so they seemed in those days, although I have some of them now on my own shelves and like well enough to read them; and these lonely hours wrapped him in the greater gloom for our imaginations. But the study had a redeeming grace in many Indian pictures, gaudily colored and dear to young eyes. I cannot depict (for I have no such passions now) the greed with which I beheld them; and when I was once sent in to say a psalm to my grandfather, I went, quaking indeed with fear, but at the same time glowing with hope that, if I said it well, he might reward me with an Indian picture.

> Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
> He slumber that thee keeps,

it ran: a strange conglomerate of the unpronounceable, a sad model to set in childhood before one who was himself to be a versifier, and a task in recitation that really merited reward. And I must suppose the old man thought so too, and was either touched or amused by the performance; for he took me in his arms with most unwonted tenderness, and kissed me, and gave me a little kindly sermon for my psalm; so that, for that day, we were clerk and parson. I was struck by this reception into so tender a surprise that I forgot my disappointment. And indeed the hope was one of those that childhood forges for a pastime and with no design upon reality. Nothing was more unlikely than that my grandfather should strip himself of one of those pictures, love-gifts and reminders of his absent sons; nothing was more unlikely than that he should bestow it upon me. He had no idea of spoiling children, leaving all that to my aunt; he had fared hard himself, and blubbered under the rod, in the last century; and his ways were still Spartan for the young. The last word I heard upon his lips was in this Spartan key. He had overwalked in the teeth of an east wind, and was now near the end of his many days. He sat by the dining-room fire, with his white hair, pale face, and bloodshot eyes, a somewhat awful figure; and my aunt had given him a dose of our good old Scotch medicine, Dr. Gregory's powder. Now that remedy, as the work of a near kinsman of Rob Roy himself, may have a savor of romance for the imagination; but it comes uncouthly to the palate. The old gentleman had taken it with a wry face; and that being accomplished, sat with perfect simplicity, like a child's, munching a "barley-sugar kiss." But when my aunt, having the canister open in her hands, proposed to let me share in the sweets, he interfered at once. I had had no Gregory; then I should have no barley-sugar kiss; so he decided, with a touch of irritation. And just then, the phaeton coming opportunely to the kitchen door—for such was our unlordly fashion—I was taken for the last time from the presence of my grandfather.

Now I often wonder what I have inherited from this old minister. I must suppose, indeed, that he was fond of preaching sermons, and so am I; though I never heard it maintained that either of us loved to hear them. He sought health in his youth in the Isle of Wight, and I have sought it in both hemispheres; but whereas he found and kept it, I am still on the quest. He was a great lover of Shakespeare, whom he read aloud, I have been told, with taste; well, I love my Shakespeare also, and am persuaded I can read him well, though I own I never have been told so. He made embroidery, designing his own patterns; and in that kind of work I never made anything but a kettle-holder in Berlin wool, and an odd garter of knitting, which was as black as the chimney before I had done with it. He loved port, and nuts, and porter; and so do I, but they agreed better with my grandfather, which seems to me a breach of contract. He had chalk-stones in his fingers; and these, in good time, I may possibly inherit, but I would much rather have inherited his noble presence. Try as I please, I cannot join myself on with the reverend doctor; and all the while, no doubt, and even as I write the phrase, he moves in my blood, and whispers words to me, and sits efficient in the very knot and centre of my being. In his garden, as I played there, I learned the love of mills—or had I an ancestor a miller?—and a kindness for the neigh-

borhood of graves, as homely things not without their poetry—or had I an ancestor a sexton? But what of the garden where he played himself?—for that, too, was a scene of my education. Some part of me played there in the eighteenth century, and ran races under the green avenue at Pilrig; some part of me trudged up Lieth Walk, which was still a country place, and sat on the High School benches, and was thrashed, perhaps, by Dr. Adam. The house where I spent my youth was not yet thought upon; but we made holiday parties among the corn-fields on its site, and ate strawberries and cream near by at a gardener's. All this I had forgotten; only my grandfather remembered and once reminded me. I have forgotten, too, how we grew up, and took orders, and went to our first Ayrshire parish, and fell in love with and married a daughter of Burns's Dr. Smith—"Smith opens out his cauld harangues"—I have forgotten, but I was there all the same, and heard stories of Burns at first hand.

And there is a thing stranger than all that; for this *homunculus*, or part-man of mine that walked about the eighteenth century with Dr. Balfour in his youth, was in the way of meeting other *homunculos* or part-men, in the persons of my other ancestors. These were of a lower order, and doubtless we looked down upon them duly. But as I went to college with Dr. Balfour, I may have seen the lamp and oil man taking down the shutters from his shop beside the Tron; —we may have had a rabbit-hutch or a book-shelf made for us by a certain carpenter in I know not what wynd of the old, smoky city; or, upon some holiday excursion, we may have looked into the windows of a cottage in a flower-garden and seen a certain weaver plying his shuttle. And these were all kinsmen of mine upon the other side; and from the eyes of the lamp and oil man one-half of my unborn father, and one-quarter of myself, looked out upon us as we went by to college. Nothing of all this would cross the mind of the young student, as he posted up the Bridges with trim, stockinged legs, in that city of cocked hats and good Scotch still unadulterated. It would not cross his mind that he should have a daughter; and the lamp and oil man, just then beginning, by a not unnatural metastasis, to bloom into a lighthouse-engineer, should have a grandson; and that these two, in the fulness of time, should wed; and some portion of that student himself should survive yet a year or two longer in the person of their child.

But our ancestral adventures are beyond even the arithmetic of fancy; and it is the chief recommendation of long pedigrees, that we can follow backward the careers of our *homunculos* and be reminded of our antenatal lives. Our conscious years are but a moment in the history of the elements that build us. Are you a bank-clerk, and do you live at Peckham? It was not always so; and though to-day I am only a man of letters, either tradition errs or I was present when there landed at St. Andrew's a French barber-surgeon, to tend the health and the beard of the great Cardinal Beaton; I was present when a skipper, plying from Dundee, smuggled Jacobites to France after the '15; I was in a West India merchant's office, perhaps next door to Baillie Nichol Jarvie's, and managed the business of a plantation in St. Kitt's; I was with my engineer-grandfather (the son-in-law of the lamp and oil man) when he sailed north about Scotland on the famous cruise that gave us the "Pirate" and the "Lord of the Isles"; I was with him, too, on the Bell Rock, in the fog, when the Smeaton had drifted from her moorings, and the Aberdeen men, pick in hand, had seized upon the only boat, and he must stoop and lap sea-water before his tongue could utter audible words; and once more with him when the Bell Rock beacon took a "thrawe," and his workmen fled into the tower, then nearly finished, and he sat unmoved reading in his Bible—or affecting to read—till one after another slunk back with confusion of countenance to their engineer. Yes, parts of me have seen life, and met adventures, and sometimes met them well. And away in the still cloudier past, the threads that make me up can be traced by fancy into the bosoms of thousands and millions of ascendants. Picts who rallied round Macbeth and the old (and highly preferable) system of descent by

females, fleërs from before the legions of Agricola, marchers in Pannonian morasses, star-gazers on Chaldæan plateaus; and, farthest of all, what face is this that fancy can see peering through the disparted branches? What sleeper in green tree-tops, what muncher of nuts, concludes my pedigree? Probably arboreal in his habits. . . .

And I know not which is the more strange, that I should carry about with me some fibres of my minister-grandfather; or that in him, as he sat in his cool study, grave, reverend, contented gentleman, there was an aboriginal frisking of the blood that was not his; tree-top memories, like undeveloped negatives, lay dormant in his mind; tree-top instincts awoke and were trod down; and Probably Arboreal (scarce to be distinguished from a monkey) gambolled and chattered in the brain of the old divine.

LOHENGRIN.

By Susan Coolidge.

To have touched Heaven, and failed to enter in!
Ah, Elsa, prone upon the lonely shore,
  Watching the swan-wings beat along the blue,
Watching the glitter of the silver mail,
  Like flash of foam, till all are lost to view;
What may thy sorrow or thy watch avail?
    He cometh never-more.

All gone the new hope of thy yesterday:
The tender gaze and strong, like dewy fire,
  The gracious form with airs of Heaven bedight,
The love that warmed thy being like a sun;
  Thou hadst thy choice of noonday or of night,
Now the swart shadows gather, one by one,
    To give thee thy desire!

To every life one heavenly chance befalls;
To every soul a moment, big with fate,
  When, grown importunate with need and fear,
It cries for help, and lo! from close at hand,
  The voice Celestial answers, "I am here!"
Oh, blessed souls, made wise to understand,
    Made bravely glad to wait!

But thou, pale watcher on the lonely shore,
Where the surf thunders, and the foam-bells fly,
  Is there no place for penitence and pain?
No saving grace in thy all-piteous rue?
  Will the bright vision never come again?
Alas, the swan-wings vanish in the blue,
    There cometh no reply!

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOLTING THE TICKET.

It was the year of a great political revival—coming none too soon.

It is a part of the history of human progress that grand moral movements, once they have fulfilled their immediate purpose, swing backward to the establishment of some new abuse. The net gain is, no doubt, century by century, continuous. But to those who look for episodic interest rather than epochal meaning the march of the race must often seem crab-like—as when a Henry VIII. utilizes a reforming revolt to crush and plunder a vast system of benefaction, and create a hard-fisted, commercial plutocracy with one hand, while calling into existence with the other a permanent class of starving poor; or when a Bonaparte makes the waning impetus of a democratic uprising serve his imperial ambition, and converts the legions of the Republic into the guards of a Cæsar.

So, in our own time, in our own country, craft and greed had climbed to the control of a great organization, baptized in the name of Freedom and excited still with the thoughts of its tremendous achievements, and diverted its forces to the service of base ends. This ignoble mastery had not gone unchallenged. More than one revolt against it had given promise, for a little, of success. But each in its failure had but repeated the familiar experience of yeomanry against trained troops, of sporadic, scattering popular impulses against the cool, consecutive plans of organized power. But it is the fate of despotisms, whether of a man or of a machine, to by excesses sap their own foundations. There came a time when the political usurpers who, through the listlessness of some citizens, the ancient prejudices of others, the mean lust for profit and place of still a third class, had attained power, went just a step too far.

As this is a romance, and not a political history, it is permitted to avoid both dates and any details which might seem to fix a particular occurrence, and ask the reader to conceive that the crisis grew out of the manner in which these politicians obtained control of an imaginary but important Convention—that they bribed delegates, that they forged telegrams to secure a majority for themselves on the organizing committee, and that they made drunk the poor tool they had selected for Chairman and locked him in his hotel room that he might not escape them. It strains credulity to assume all this, I know, but its acceptance is essential to the story. Fortunately it is less difficult to credit the corollary—that the decent people of the State, led by an honest press, rose *en masse* and pulverized this machine at the following election.

It was at the outset of this crisis that Seth became editor of the Tecumseh *Chronicle*. The young man had been, it need scarcely be said, deeply interested in the events which led up to it, and when the first of the party papers came out frankly, the morning after the Convention, refusing to support its nominations, he was in a tremor of delight. He scarcely dared hope that the *Chronicle* would follow their lead, but still he did hope. Mr. Samboye remained downstairs in consultation with Mr. Workman longer than usual on that eventful forenoon. They were settling the policy of the paper, of course, and the young news editor, perfunctorily weeding out copy for the "first side," was conscious all the while of being eagerly anxious to know what this policy was to be.

Mr. Samboye presently came up, took his seat without the ordinary prelude of conversation, and began writing. He finished his article, still without a word to anyone, and took it down to Mr. Workman. He was absent but a few moments. On his return Seth asked him:

"Do we bolt the ticket?"

Before he could answer, a telegraph boy came running up the stairs (this one actually did run) with a despatch for Mr. Samboye. The editor opened and read it in a puzzled way at first, then more carefully and with a light of comprehension on his broad face. He folded the telegram up carefully, put it into his inner vest pocket, and said to Seth:

"No, we occupy a picturesque position on the top rail of the fence."

The editor did not seem quite himself that day. He stayed about the editorial room instead of going out to lunch, until the leader proof was ready, and then he asked to read it himself, instead of letting it go in the ordinary course to the proof-reader. He made a good many corrections on it, which was unusual for him. Finally, about half an hour before the paper went to press, he took his departure, saying briefly to Seth that he would not return that day.

Two hours later the office boy summoned Seth to the counting-room below. Mr. Workman sat alone at his desk, with the day's *Chronicle* spread out before him, and with the original proof-sheet of the leader in his hand. He motioned Seth to close the doors, and to take a seat close beside him.

"You have read this leader?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Yes."

"What do you think of it?"

"I shouldn't like to say all that I think of it."

"Neither should I," replied Mr. Workman with an iron-clad smile. He was very pale, and Seth scented a storm in the manner in which the grim smile faded from his face after an instant of hovering, as a gleam of wintry sunshine passes off the snow. "There's a story—a very curious story—back of this leader. I only know part of it; perhaps you can help me to get at the rest."

Not knowing what to say, Seth remained silent.

The proprietor continued: "When this leader left my hands this morning it bolted the ticket, out and out. There was no mistake about it. It was square-footed. As it is now, it's neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. It condemns the Convention and the frauds, but it practically says that the result must be accepted. The worst of it is I didn't see the paper until the edition had been worked off. The alterations in the proof here, which make all the difference between white and black, are in Samboye's hand. Did he say anything to you about it? Was anybody up in the editorial room to see him?"

"No one came up to see him; he said nothing to me except that we were on the fence. That disgusted me so much that I asked nothing further."

"Did he say that when he came up from here—or later, after he had gone over the proof?"

"He said it when—or no, hold on—he received a despatch just before;" and Seth recounted the episode of the telegram.

Mr. Workman was much impressed with this. He covered his blotter thick with scrolls and geometrical figures while he pondered it. At last he spoke.

"You don't know where the telegram came from?—no, of course not. I think I know about where, and I think I can guess about what it said. It said that, in this matter of bolting tickets, one day's delay might make an immense amount of difference, and that it would be worth his while to keep the *Chronicle* non-committal in its first issue by hook or by crook. Take my word for it, that is what it said in substance. The fellows who sent it were scared about the *Chronicle*. They knew what an effect its course would have on the weeklies, most of which go to press to-morrow. They couldn't spend money better than in having us accept the ticket, and not only commit ourselves but the country editors—and *they've bought Samboye!*"

There was a long silence. The two men looked at each other. Finally Workman said:

"The worst feature of it is, there is no way of getting at the thing—of proving it. I suppose I could get an order compelling the company to produce the telegram, but I am not sure, and then it would be a big scandal and a big expense." He lapsed into pencil work again and sighed.

"But is Samboye that kind of man?" asked Seth.

"Oh, yes, I have no illusions on that

score. I very nearly caught him in a thing of this sort—on a smaller scale, of course—three years ago."

"But why then——"

"Why have I kept him? you were going to ask. Well, he is a good man in his way. He is an immensely clever writer, if you don't care much for solid argument, and do care for decorative stuff, with a good deal of fun, and epigram, and big words. People used to talk about his articles. I suppose hundreds of people buy the *Chronicle* just to read them. Well, we will have to lose those people, and all the others who will quarrel with us for bolting the ticket. For she's going to be bolted! So you had better go to bed early to-night, and eat raw meat for breakfast, for we want a leader to-morrow that will make their hair curl."

"Do you mean——" began Seth, in a flutter of strange excitement.

"Yes, you will have to take hold. Samboye shall never show his face in that room again. That's settled! I may get somebody else later—we'll see. But you can carry it along for a time, can't you?"

"I'll try—but I am afraid——"

"You needn't be afraid. In a campaign you simply want straightforward, red-hot, to-the-point writing. It is the rest of the year, when one must write general matter, that pulls on a man. Besides Ansdell will help you out, if you need him. Oh, yes, and that reminds me—your brother Albert didn't show to very good advantage in that Convention. He might easily have made a better beginning in politics than that. From all accounts he had the Dearborn County delegates in his pocket, and, although these other scandals have diverted attention from it, I think the way they ratted over was about the worst thing in the whole affair."

"It wasn't nice, for a fact," said Seth.

"I haven't had it mentioned in the paper, mostly on your account. But I am not so clear about keeping silent next week, when the Congressional Convention comes up. Your brother, I suppose, has Dearborn County solid for his own candidacy. But here in Adams County the delegates are for Ansdell—and of course he is our sort of man. I don't think much of a party paper interfering before the nomination is made, but this may be a case where it will be necessary—especially if Abe Beekman, up in Jay County, tries any of his funny work. However, it will be time enough to cross that bridge when we get to it. Meanwhile, say not a word to anybody, in the office or out of it, about what has happened. Just go ahead with the work, and pay attention to no one."

There was no scandal. Mr. Samboye took his punishment quietly, and left Tecumseh shortly afterward, ostensibly on a long vacation. There was some little gossip, but no whisper of the actual facts in the case.

Seth surprised himself by the excellence and evenness of his work in the new position. Probably he will never do better or stronger writing than he did in this his first campaign. For one thing, it is doubtful if any political contest can ever again appeal to his enthusiasm, and stir all his emotions to the glowing point of ardency, as this one did. In one sense his new position was embarrassing, for a number of the old-time readers of the *Chronicle* refused to support it now against their party, and some of them said very disagreeable things about the youngster rattling about in Samboye's shoes. But there was another class, a larger class it seemed to him, who shared his enthusiasm, and, in their excited admiration for the course of the paper, heaped praises upon him even beyond his deserts. So he worked on, writing almost the entire page daily, coming down early in the morning and staying long after the paper was out, and giving scarcely a thought to the outside world.

He had barely seen Ansdell since his promotion. He felt an even greater sense of loss in this than he would have done under ordinary circumstances, for the tremendous mental outpouring to which he was daily subjected made him almost famished at times for food in the form of conversation with this man who, of all others, most sympathized with him.

But there was a difficulty in the way, of which Seth's sensitiveness made, no doubt, a great deal too much. The fight for the Congressional nomination in the district was attracting attention all over

the State, and, as evil luck would have it, Seth's brother was pitted against Seth's dearest friend. It was no ordinary contest, in which a man could with ease maintain a friendly neutrality. Everywhere the struggle in the Thirty-sixth District was regarded as a sample conflict, as embodying in itself all the features of the larger issue between the machine and the people. Albert Fairchild had identified himself so thoroughly with the party organization, and had played so prominent a part in the scandals which provoked the revolt, that his cause was distinctly that of the politicians ; while Ansdell was just as distinctively the representative of the independent and rebellious element. In no other district of the State were the lines so clearly drawn.

It was a fortnight or so after Seth's assumption of the editorship that the District Convention was held at the little village of Tyre, some dozen miles from Thessaly, up in Jay County. The *Chronicle* had taken no part in the contest. No one doubted that its sympathies were with Ansdell, but still it had not said so. The night before the Convention Mr. Workman advised Seth to write to his brother, warning him that if he were nominated the *Chronicle* could not support him.

"So long as we are in the bolting business, we might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," said the proprietor.

It was not a pleasant task, but Seth performed it as graciously as he could.

There was no news from Tyre next day save that Mr. Beekman of Jay was also a candidate, and that the Convention was in a deadlock. The second day, along with the news announcement that the Convention, after seventy-odd fruitless ballots, had adjourned for a week, came a despatch from Albert, begging Seth to visit the farm for a couple of days, and talk the thing over before the *Chronicle* took action. Upon consultation with Mr. Workman Seth replied that this was impossible, owing to the necessities of his work.

Then there came a letter from Albert, brief, but very much to the point.

"Dear Brother: I am sorry if your work must suffer by your coming to me, but I think I have a claim upon you superior to even that of the *Chronicle.* If I have not, I ought to have. I decline to believe that, if you represent the matter to him as really imperative, my former friend, Mr. Workman, will place any obstacles in your way. But if he does, I still insist that your choice between him and me must be a final one. I do not write a word to you about gratitude. I simply say, be here at the farm on Sunday—or never again.

"Albert."

After this there was nothing to do but for Seth to telegraph that he would come.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WELCOME.

When Seth walked over from the Thessaly station, Sunday forenoon, to the farm, he was not, it may be imagined, in a placid frame of mind. There lay before him an interview with his brother which could not, in the nature of things, be pleasant, and which might very easily be distinctly unpleasant. It was his duty to say sundry things to Albert which were not in themselves nice, and if Albert was still in the mood shown forth by his peremptory letter, these remarks would very likely produce a scene. Seth was in no sense afraid of his brother, nor had the thrifty thought that this brother was a rich, childless man, to offend whom would be a gratuitous economic blunder, ever entered his head. The youngster had no faculty whatever for financial prudence. But he was grateful—almost ridiculously grateful—by nature. The trait is not a rare one, even in these days when a new civilization has substituted for individual patronage and beneficence the thanks-to-nobody trade-unionism of universal conceit and rivalry, but it was abnormally developed in the youngest of the Fairchilds.

He said to himself, as he crossed the fields toward the white and red landmark of house and barns on the side hill, that he owed everything in the world to this brother. Whatever there might be in his public attitude to con-

demn, however pernicious his politics might be, still it was his fraternal feeling and generosity which had created the vast gulf between Seth the plow-yokel and Seth the editor. These reflections brought no comfort to the young man.

Some perverse agency whispered to him, as he strode along over the stubble, that after all he had never really liked Albert; and this liberality of his, too, might it not be a mere cheap mess of pottage, thrown to Seth to console him for the loss of his rights in the farm? John had always been incredulous as to Albert's true goodness in this matter; might there not be something in these suspicions? Seth tried manfully to combat these ungenerous doubts, but they forced themselves upon his mind.

Then there was Albert's treatment of his wife! Seth had never been clear as to the exact nature of Isabel's grievance against her husband. No specific allegation of cruelty or neglect, much less of infidelity, had ever been laid by her at Albert's door in his brother's hearing. Indeed, so far as Seth's observation went, Albert had always appeared to be a decent enough sort of husband, complaisant even if somewhat indifferent, and acquiescent to the verge of weakness, in her whims. He seemed to refuse her nothing, in the matter of having her own way, and if he most often broke the ruling conjugal dumbness by satirical comments on her actions and opinions, he at least never seriously attempted to fetter either. This sounded like the description of a tolerable husband, as husbands go. But up against it was to be set Isabel's plaintive, pitiful, persistent assertion of unhappiness with him. And clearly she ought to know what her husband was like a good deal better than an outsider could.

So the arguments did battle in Seth's mind, as he climbed the last fence, and felt his feet on ancestral soil. He had now only to cross a short stretch of pasture land to be at his journey's end.

Perfect silence rested on the farm. The fat cows lay lazily about him, comfortably chewing the cud of sweet aftermath; the cluster of bright, neat buildings fell into picturesque lines of composition before him, in the soft, hazy sunshine of Indian summer. The background of scarlet and ochre and deep purple-browns in the woods beyond, of warm mauve hills and pale, fluffy clouds above; the shaggy old horse, standing in tranquil bliss, with his head over the fence; the aged shepherd-dog stretched asleep on the kitchen door-stone in the sunny distance—all brought to him a sense of content and beauty which warmed his heart and calmed his thoughts. The spell of the peaceful, restful scene soothed him. Then, as by magic, the whole picture seemed to take on the charm of Isabel's presence. "I am to see her!" he said aloud, almost exultantly.

There had been no special pleasure in this prospect a few hours before. Indeed, it had been months since he had been conscious of a genuine desire to meet his sister-in-law. At times of late it had even seemed to him that a meeting would be a source of embarrassment, just as the necessity of keeping up the clandestine correspondence presented itself often to him in the light of a bore.

But now—yes! she was walking forth swiftly to meet him—coming over the grass with a gliding haste which had a wealth of welcome in every motion. The very genius of the mellow, warm-hearted season she seemed to his eyes as she advanced, clad in some soft, indefinite stuff, loose-flowing, and that in tint under the red noon sun could be the shadow on golden grain, or the light on dark puce grapes, or the dim, violet haze over the distant valley. She was near him now, beaming with unaffected delight, reaching out her hands in greeting—and his heart went to meet her.

"Oh, Seth! How good of you to come!"

She had almost thrown herself into his arms, and had stood upon tiptoe to be kissed. He held himself back from the embrace, but he did kiss her, and he swung her hands now in his, looking into her glowing eyes with tender, responsive intentness, and smiling his joy. This reception did make him very happy, but he had also a great uneasiness lest some of the folks should be observing them from the windows of the house.

She divined his thoughts, and said, gayly: "They are all at church!"

"What? Albert too?" Seth knew that his brother was not of a religious turn; but he swiftly bethought himself, and added, "Oh, I forgot that election is coming on."

"No," she chirruped, springing along by his side, her arm tight in his, her walk reflecting exultantly her emotion, "he is in New York. He will be back to-morrow. He has telegraphed me to have you wait." She dropped into a mock-serious tone: "That is, of course, if you would *like* to wait?" She looked up archly: "Do you much mind waiting?"

"Do I *mind!*" He could only look his delight. His voice trembled.

She made a tiny skip, and lifted her face to him again, radiant with happiness. "Do you know," she said, "I could run and jump like any little child, I am so wild with joy! It seems such an age since we were together last! Only letters—but they were very nice, though. You dear boy, who taught you to write such pretty letters?"

He pressed her arm closer in his. "Who taught me everything that is sweet?" he whispered. It was all very delicious, but still it troubled him.

They entered the house, and he excused himself while he took his hand-bag up to his old room, and made his toilet after the long hot walk. As he occupied himself thus, and brushed his novel beard, his thoughts were much perturbed. It was very far from his ideas to make love to his brother's wife. This bald statement of the situation which framed itself now in his mind, almost for the first time, repelled and alarmed him. Yet it seemed to sum up the state of affairs fairly. If there was not love-making in every feature of that meeting out on the lawn, then his conceptions of the tender passion were all at fault.

"By Jove, it mustn't come to that!" he said to himself. "A fellow ought to be able to be fond of his sister-in-law, and be pleasant to her, and sympathize with her and all that, without going beyond the bounds, and making a scoundrel of himself."

And it was with a deep resolution to be careful, and watch all his words, that he descended the stairs. He had taken out of his valise two front pages of a Sunday newspaper containing "Jeff Brigg's Love Story," which he had saved a while before for Isabel, and he gave them now to her.

"Here is something I cut out for you, Isabel; it is a very pretty story, and I know you will like it."

"Oh, how sweet of you! How well you know just what will please me most of all! And you shall read it to me! The other stories you have sent me were only moderately nice, because I had to read them by myself, but this—oh! this will be enchanting!"

She arranged an easy chair—a low, capacious chair with light blue dominant color in covering—close beside the window in the parlor which overlooked the poplars, and seated herself in it. Seth brought a hassock for her feet, and then put his own chair along side, where he could see her, and still get a good light on the print. It was not easy for him to begin the reading, so great was the fascination of looking at his companion. The sunlight flared upon the white curtains above her and its reflections glowed back again from her crown of golden braids, luminous against the azure of the chair, and tipped with soft radiance her rounded profile, in cameo-relief against the deep olive of the poplars. Isabel was an artist.

He made a beginning at last, and read until the democrat wagon drove up in the yard, with its load of church-goers. She made a little mouth at the interruption.

"I suppose Sabrina will come in now, and dinner will be ready soon. But afterward we can be quiet again, for she always reads the Bible in her own room Sunday afternoons."

All through the cold dinner, despite the necessity of answering Aunt Sabrina's and Milton's remarks, Seth found his mental vision fixed on that beautiful profile against the leafy background; especially sweet was the portrait when the eyes were closed, and the lovely fullness above the lids, as in the face of a Madonna, was revealed in the wavering light.

The story was not to be finished that afternoon, for Elhanan Pratt and his daughter dropped in almost before the meal was finished, and a little later An-

nie Fairchild came. There was not even much consolation in the pretty grimaces expressive of discontent which Isabel from time to time, when the visitors were not looking, confided to Seth. It was a very dull afternoon.

The venerable Mr. Pratt, a weazen, verbose little "gentleman-farmer," who wore a huge black satin stock over his high flaring collar opening behind, and remained clean-shaven in pious memory of Henry Clay and the coon campaign, sat on the edge of his chair and droned commonplaces by the hour. He evidently had an axe to grind by his visit, and he was much disappointed by Albert's absence. But if he could not see "the coming Congressman," as he called him once or twice, and sound that new political magnate as to his own renomination for the Assembly, he could at least enjoy the monopoly of a long conversation with the editor of the Tecumseh *Chronicle,* and impress that young man with the breadth and value of his views. So Seth was forced to spend three dreary hours, answering as briefly as might be, listening wearily, and stealing stray glances at the three young women, who made a brighter group on the other side of the parlor stove. Once or twice he tried tentatively to engraft himself upon their conversation, and choke old Elhanan off, but the solemn little bore relentlessly brought him back to the dry bones of politics. Thus it happened that he had barely had an opportunity of exchanging a word with his cousin Annie, when she stood up and said, "I must be going."

He walked over to her now, and put his hand in a brotherly way on her shoulder, as he helped her on with her cloak.

"I've scarcely had a word with you, Annie," he said, smiling. "How is your grandmother? I needn't ask how *you* are. You grow prettier every day. And how do you get on with your school?"—for the girl was now teaching in the district schoolhouse over the hill.

She answered, "Oh, grandmother is about the same; perhaps a little weaker, but as bright mentally as ever. You are looking well, Seth, and quite the man now. Your beard becomes you—doesn't it, Isabel? We are so sorry you can't come to-morrow night. We see so little of you since you have become a city man."

"Sorry that I can't come!" repeated Seth after her. "Come where?"

Isabel interposed with a ready explanation. "There is to be a husking over at Crump's to-morrow evening—the first of the season. There will be a big party of young people, and Crump sent over by Annie an invitation for us. But I have explained that you are here on business, which may very likely occupy you to-morrow evening, and that in any case you would have to write your leaders for the next day's paper. We are ever so sorry, Annie," she added, turning to the school-teacher now, "but you know this is a terribly busy time with Seth, and we mustn't think of letting our little country sociables interfere with his work. Sometime, soon, he will come for a real vacation, instead of a flying business trip, and then we can monopolize him—and we will, too, won't we Annie?"

Annie smiled, a little faintly, as if her heart were not altogether in it, and replied, "Yes, to be sure we will." She added, to Seth, "I won't say good-by. I suppose I shall see you again."

He assented, and went to the door with her, and stood on the steps watching her as she walked away in the autumn dusk. Decidedly she *was* a pretty girl!

The Pratts, father and daughter, consented upon the shadowiest suggestion of an invitation to stay and partake of the picked-up Sunday tea, and that involved their spending the evening. Aunt Sabrina came in, and the talk was dreary and general. So "Jeff Briggs" and his amatory affairs went over to the morrow.

In the morning Seth walked over to Thessaly and saw John. The interview depressed him. John had had some idea of following the *Chronicle's* lead, and bolting the State ticket, but the county politicians had bullied him out of the thing by threatening the destruction of the job-printing business connected with the *Banner of Liberty,* and the boycotting of the paper itself. All

his inclinations, too, were toward Ansdell in the Congressional race; but Albert had loaned him some money, and, besides, he couldn't see his way clear to disregarding, openly at least, the fraternal tie. He was consequently in a savage mood.

"I'm thinking of taking out the headline of the paper this week," he growled, with a sardonic humor, "and putting in instead a cut of a runaway slave, with a bundle over his shoulder, which is in the job-room here, left over from the days when there was slavery in New York State, and masters used to advertise in the old paper for fugitives. '*Banner of Liberty*' indeed! By heaven, it ought to be '*Banner of Bondage*'!"

There was no comfort or profit in discussing the situation, either general or local, with John. He neither knew nor cared, he swore, what Albert's chances were to dissolve the deadlock on the morrow. He might or he mightn't; it was all one to him, and apparently to the party, who were the ——!

Seth left John to his bad temper and language, and returned to the farm in the afternoon. A telegram from Albert awaited him.

"New York, October 19.—If possible conclude business, home to-night, at latest to-morrow morning. Wait for me at all hazards. Albert."

To provide against a possible delay over Tuesday, Seth devoted the afternoon, and the earlier part of the evening, to writing matter for his paper, which Dana was to convey to Thessaly for the early morning train when he went to the cheese-factory. If Albert was coming at all that night, he would arrive about eight.

Nine o'clock came. Aunt Sabrina, after sitting in stern silence by the living-room stove for an hour or two, looking at the wall-paper as her brother Lemuel had been wont to do, went up to bed with a frigid "good-night." The farm people had all retired with the chickens long before.

Scarcely raising his eyes from his writing, Seth remarked:

"How Aunt Sabrina has failed since I left the farm! She grows ever so much like father. Poor old woman, she was so eager to have Albert come here, so elated with the idea that the family was to be restored to social and political dignity again—and now the apples seem to be all dead-sea fruit to her. I can't see that she takes the slightest interest in Albert's campaign. Odd, isn't it?"

Isabel was sitting near the stove, around the corner of the table from him. The reddish radiance reflected down from the shaded lamp fell upon her rounded chin and her smooth white neck, dainty in tint as the ruffle in which it lost itself. Above this lace at the back, as she bent over her embroidery, some stray curling wisps of hair gleamed like gold in the light. She replied:

"It isn't that at all. She's interested enough in the Congress idea, or would be if she hadn't something else on her mind. The prying old piece found out, by quizzing Dana, about our writing to each other. She has got it into her ridiculous old head, I feel sure, that there is something between us. Didn't you notice the way she eyed us at the dinner table yesterday?"

Seth did not answer. His article was unfinished, but he suddenly found himself in doubt whether it was not already long enough. He reflected, or tried to reflect, for a moment, while the soft tones of her voice murmured in his ears, then added a sentence which might serve as a conclusion, and scrawled a dash underneath.

"There! I'm through!" he said, and looked up.

Her eyes were fixed upon his face. They were in the shadow of the tinted lamp-shade, but they had a light of their own—a languorous, alluring glow. He had never looked into such eyes before; they fascinated him, and he knew, in a delicious trembling, that his own were answering them in kind.

"You can read to me now," she said, the rapt, wistful gaze melting into a smile. "He will not come to-night."

Seth took the story, as she gave it to him from her work-box, and glanced over it to pick up the thread of the narrative where it had been dropped. As he was still thus engaged, he felt her hand laid upon his, and, as their eyes met again, heard her low, soft voice murmur:

"Do you know why I declined our invitation for the husking?"

There was a silence, which the young man felt that his face made full of acquiescent meaning.

She answered her own question: "I wanted you here, all for myself."

Seth lost himself in an uplifting, floating sensation of ethereal beatitude. Her hand was in his now, warm and palpitating, and he raised it to his lips. It was difficult to breathe, but the oppression in his breast was all delight. He rose to his feet, his arms outstretched, his heart beating in exultant tumult. He heard her whisper—he could scarcely see her for the magnetic waving before his eyes—the refrain of the story: "So strong and yet so gentle!" His lips were formed for the passionate utterance —already framed in his heart—"My darling!" when there came the sound of footsteps on the path without, and of a hand upon the latch.

Seth mechanically took up the manuscript of his article, and turned toward the door. Beneath an impassive mien, far more composed than he dared to hope, there was the sensation of being hurled down, down, through the air, to unwelcome earth.

It was Albert. He looked at the two cursorily but closely, and only said, as he tossed his bag into a chair:

"Train was late. You go to bed at once, Isabel. I have particular business with Seth."

CHAPTER XX.

THE NIGHT: THE BROTHERS.

Albert seemed in an amiable mood as, divesting himself of his outer garments, he drew up a chair by the fire, offered Seth a cigar from his case and lighted one himself. He examined Seth's face by the flame of the match, as the latter lighted his cigar, and appeared to be satisfied with the inspection.

"Sit down here," he said pleasantly. "I want a good long talk with you. It was too bad to keep you waiting so long, but there was no help for it. I couldn't see the people in New York that I wanted to see until to-day, and it was only by good fortune that I caught the train as it was. Then we were delayed on the road, of course. If an engineer on this one-horse line should ever get a train through on time I believe he'd have a fit, just from the shock of the thing. And then I had to wake up the man at the livery stable in Thessaly—fancy his being asleep at eight o'clock!—and he would only bring me as far as the foot of the hill, because he had been up to a dance all the previous night. But of course, in my position now, running for office, I couldn't complain. Beside, I ought to be used to all these little delights of rural existence by this time."

Albert stretched his feet out comfortably on the rail of the stove, and leaned back in his chair with an air of enjoyment. He had been growing very stout this past year, Seth noticed, and the bald spot on his crown had visibly spread. He seemed unwontedly good-natured too—a natural and proper accompaniment to increasing obesity.

"But all this has nothing to do with my asking you to come here, has it? Did Workman raise any objections to your coming?"

"No, of course not, after he read your letter."

The lawyer smiled complacently: "I thought that letter would fetch him. Of course, my boy, the harshness of the letter was for effect on him, not on you. It simply gave you a chance to say you had *got* to come."

Seth did not find himself wholly clear on this point, but he nodded assent. Albert looked at him, and seemed a trifle annoyed at having the conversation all to himself, but he went on after a moment's pause, speaking now with good humored gravity:

"First of all, I ought to tell you how proud I have been of your fine progress on the *Chronicle*. I doubt if there is another young man of your age in the State who has done so much climbing in so short a time. I take a real satisfaction in thinking that you are my brother. I can't tell you how often I say to myself: 'Albert Fairchild, the best thing you ever did in your life, or ever will do was to give that boy a chance.'"

This was gall and wormwood to the young man. He had almost succeeded in regaining the composure so abruptly

scattered by Albert's unexpected arrival. The fluttering agitation came back now, and brought with it a painful sense of shame and self-reproach as Albert's words recalled the scene which his entrance had interrupted. Seth did not look his brother in the face, but murmured some commonplace words of gratitude. He was glad that there was a red shade on the lamp ; it might conceal his flush of humiliation.

Albert went on : "But you were not invited here so peremptorily just to hear this. Brotherly pride and affection are things that don't need words—that can be taken for granted—are they not?"

Seth tried to smile, and said, "Yes, of course they are."

"Well, youngster, I am taking them for granted in your case. Mind, as I said in my letter, I am not saying a word about gratitude. I don't want the thing to be put on that footing at all. Brothers ought to be able to help each other, and all that, without lugging in the question of gratitude. I am talking to you as one man should to another who bears the same name, and was of the same mother. By George! poetry, isn't it? Well, the point is this. The time has come when you can help me, help me immensely. I am not in this fight for myself alone. Personally I care very little about going to Congress. But I have got the family to consider, and I am in a position now where I can make a ten-strike for it. A good deal of it I have created myself. These countrymen up here in Dearborn County fancy they are shrewd politicians, but it has taken me, almost a novice in politics, less than two years to get the whole machinery right under my thumb. It's in the blood, I tell you! There wasn't another manager in this whole section that could hold a candle to the old Senator, in his day,—and if he could keep track of things now I imagine he'd admit that his grandson was no slouch."

Albert chuckled quietly at the slang word, the expressiveness of which pleased him, and at the vision of the satisfaction of the departed ancestor which it suggested. He proceeded :

"I can't tell you all my plans, but I am in a big combination. I have made use of my large connections as a lawyer in New York to arrange some things which would open your eyes if you knew them. It is all settled that I am going on to a committee which will be worth while, I can tell you. And then, once started in the thing, with my grandfather's name back of me, there is no telling where I may not climb. A name that has figured in the blue book as ours has is a tremendous power. The Republic derides heredity, but the public believes in it. It is human nature, my boy. And in this rehabilitation of the family name you have as much concern as I have—in fact more than I have—for you will enjoy even more than I shall the fame and wealth I am going to get out of this thing for the family."

"Where does the wealth come in, Albert? There is no money honestly to be made in politics." Seth had forgotten his earlier embarrassment now, and the spirit of dispute was rising within him.

"My dear fellow," said the elder brother, comfortably contemplating the rings of cigar smoke he was making, "to the wise there is money everywhere. The word 'honesty' in politics is a purely relative term, just as it is in your line, or in law, or in medicine. If we lawyers strictly graded our charges by the net value of our services to our clients, if doctors refused to make all calls upon patients that were not altogether necessary, and based their bills rigidly upon the actual good they had done—by George! the poor-houses would have to be enlarged. Take your own business, for instance, or I ought to call it a profession, too, I suppose. Are editors invariably candid with their readers, do you think? Do they always tell the disagreeable truth about people they make their money from? And don't they have an open hand behind the back about the same as other folks do? Occasionally, I admit, an ass like our brother John does drift into the profession, and retains his childhood belief that the moon is made of green cheese. But I have noticed that such fellows as he, who run their papers on an exalted moral plane, generally come around to borrow money from the ungodly, toward the close of the year, to make their accounts balance. I am sorry to see

that John and Ansdell have filled your head with all this nonsense. A newspaper man tearing his shirt in defence of financial fastidiousness in politics presents rather a comical spectacle, if you only knew it."

"You have no right at all to say that!" Seth answered hotly. "I believe firmly that the newspaper men of this country, considering their influence and the great temptation to make money out of it, are as honest a body of men as you can find in America. This conventional talk about their venality is the cruelest kind of libel, and if you knew them as I do you wouldn't lend yourself to circulating it."

"Oh, I am not entirely without acquaintance in this white-winged profession of yours," replied the lawyer, smilingly. "I know Mr. Mortimer Samboye, for example. I could tell you too, you confiding youngster, just his figure, and where the check, made payable to his wife, was cashed."

"If you do know about Samboye, you know what I believe to be the one exception to the rule in the State. I don't for a moment believe that there is another editor whom your people could have bought. It is an odious exception, to be sure, but exceptions prove the rule. If journalists and journals were in the market, as you and your machine friends seem to imagine, there would be no such widespread bolt against your machine ticket to-day."

"Oh, you think so, do you?"

The lawyer was getting vexed. He stood up, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and spoke with more sharpness than before.

"You think so! Why, man alive, this same d—d *Chronicle* of yours has been in the market since before you were born. I bet you to-day that Workman would rather plank out five thousand dollars from his own pocket than let me cross-examine him in the witness-box on his recollections of the *Chronicle's* record. Why, that is the very last paper in the State that has a title to throw stones! Do you want to know when this new reforming zeal of Workman's was born? I can tell you. It was the day that another man (Dick Folts, if you wish names) was appointed to the Territorial Governorship that Workman wanted for his brother. So you thought it was only high morality and noble patriotic sentiments that ailed the *Chronicle*, did you? You never suspected that it was simply a bad case of brother—that it all happened because Samuel M. Workman, of Toboggan, was compelled to continue to adorn a private station? You think the world is run on kid-gloved, scriptural ethics? It reminds me of a novel I read here awhile ago. It set out to describe An American Politician, and in almost every scene in the book where he appeared, he was drinking tea in some lady's drawing-room, declaiming to the fair sex on how he was going to reform politics. He thought he was a deuce of a fellow, and so did the women and the author too. This politician was a good sample of all your reformers. I tell you, the men who go to afternoon teas in America exert no more influence on American politics than—than a hen who was too refined to scratch in the barn-yard for worms would exert on the question of female suffrage. Now *don't* make a fool of yourself, Seth. Your predecessor, Samboye, was in no way your equal—some fellow at the club once, I remember, just hit him off in a phrase which he had hunted up in the dictionary to sling at him: 'a nugipolyloquous numbskull'—but he knew enough to feather his own nest, and to take men as they are, and not as the Prophet Jeremiah might think they ought to be. *Don't* make me angry with this pharisaical nonsense! You are very young yet. You will see things differently when you have rubbed up against the world a while longer."

Seth also stood up now, with his hands deep in his pockets—a trick of all the Fairchilds when they were excited.

"I have no desire to make you angry," he answered, beginning with an effort at calmness, but soon raising his voice, "and I shouldn't have dreamed of inflicting my juvenile views on you if you hadn't insisted, even to the point of a threat, on my coming here. I would rather not argue the thing at all. We regard politics from totally different standpoints. I believe that your methods and aims—by 'your' I mean your wing of the party—are scandalous, corrupting, and ruinous. I believe that if

some check is not put upon the rule of the machine, if the drift of public acquiescence in debased processes of government is not stopped, it will soon be too late to save even the form of our institutions from the dry-rot of venality."

"Seems to me I've read all this. Don't work your old leaders off on me. Talk sense!" said Albert.

Seth dropped rhetoric. "All this is very real, very big, to me. To you it is impracticable and meaningless. You don't at all believe in the dangers which are so apparent to me. Perhaps if you did you wouldn't care. That is all right. I have no desire to convert you, or to debate the question with you. I simply want to explain that there is no community of premises, even, between us on this subject. As for your explanation of the motives underlying the *Chronicle's* attitude, I shan't contradict you. So far as I am concerned, the matter is not in argument. It is enough for me that we bolt the State ticket, and occupy the ground we do. It is no concern of mine by what path we got there."

Albert had heard his brother through with contemptuous impatience. He said now, with one foot on the stove hearth, and in a voice which, by its very coldness of calm, ought to have warned Seth of the temper underlying it:

"You may bolt the State ticket as much as you d—d please. I don't like your doing it, and it will injure you more than any efforts of mine can make good, but I can't help it, and it wasn't for that that I wanted to see you. But if you bolt *me*, Mr. Seth, or put so much as a straw in my path, by God! I'll grind you, and your paper, and everybody responsible for it, finer than tooth-powder! However, we will exhaust the other side of the subject first. I've had it in mind for a long while, in fact ever since I first procured you a place there, to buy you a share in the *Chronicle*. Workman would be glad of the ready money—he itches for it as much as any living man—and it would be a good thing for you. Would you like that?"

"You haven't told me yet what you dragged me up here, away from my work, for," said Seth. "You presumably had an object of some sort."

"Ah, you want to get down to business, do you? You shall have it in a nutshell. I want you to see Ansdell, and get him to promise that if I beat him in the convention he will support me squarely at the polls; I want you to get a pledge from Workman that the *Chronicle* will come out for me, solid, the day after I am nominated. *That's* what I want, and it is mighty little for *me* to ask of *you!* And you may tell Workman for me that if he and his paper give me the smallest ground for complaint, and waver in the least in backing me up, I'll start a paper in Tecumseh before Christmas that will crush the *Chronicle* out of sight. The paper is no good, anyway. I know hundreds of good citizens who would rejoice to have a decent substitute for it."

The pride of the editor was wounded. "You seem to worry a good deal about this worthless paper, at all events," he said, bitterly.

"Don't bandy words with me, youngster!" cried Albert, scowling and pacing the floor. "I want your answer, or the answer of your employer—yes or no! I'll have none of your impudence!"

Seth held his temper down. He could not help feeling that his brother, from the fraternal standpoint at least, had some pretty strong arguments on his side. He made answer:

"I should have no influence with Ansdell, one way or the other, even if I talked with him. He knows his own business best, and if he has made up his mind to a certain course, nothing that I could say would move him. As for the *Chronicle*, we've kept our hands off, thus far, on your account, and we've said nothing at all about your leading the Dearborn County delegates into the machine camp at the State Convention, although the whole rest of the State is ringing with it. But I am charged to say that that is as much as we can do. If you are nominated, we can't and won't support you. It is not a nice thing for me to have to say to you, but there's no good mincing matters. Besides, you know—there may be a way out of it; you may not be nominated to-morrow."

"All hell can't prevent it!" The words came forth in an explosion of wrath. Albert stamped his foot and

clenched his fists as Seth had never seen him do before. He tapped his breast three or four times, significantly, as if there were something in the pocket to which he was referring—Seth remembered the gesture long afterward—and repeated that his nomination was assured. He seemed to dislike his passion and strive to restrain it, but the choleric vein between his brows grew more swollen, and his black, keen eyes flashed more angrily than ever, as he strode up and down before the stove.

"Yes, and I'll be elected too! All the white-livered hounds in Adams County, from my own brother up, shall not stop me! I'll stump the district every night and day till election. I'll speak in Tecumseh—yes, in Tecumseh, at the biggest meeting money and organization can get together—and I'll handle this whole bolting business so's to warm the hearts of honest men all over the State. By God! I'll shake Workman as a terrier shakes a rat, in view and hearing of his whole community! Won't he squirm, though! And won't the crowd enjoy having him shown up! And *you*"—there followed some savage personal abuse, profane in form—"after to-morrow morning, never let me lay eyes on you again!"

"It is not for the pleasure of seeing you that I come here, ever," Seth retorted, the words coming quick and fierce. "Be sure I'd never trouble you again, if you were the only one in this house!"

The lawyer's eyes sparkled with a sardonic meaning, and Seth, as he saw it, bit his tongue with impatience at the thoughtless form of his speech; for he read in this cold, glancing light that nothing had been lost upon his brother's perception when he entered the room.

There was a full minute's silence, in which the two men faced each other. Albert was busy thinking how to put most effectively the things he was now moved to say. At last he spoke, coolly, incisively once more, while Seth, flushed and anxious, pretended to regulate the flame of the lamp.

"Yes, I have no illusions about the motive of your visits to the farm. I am not blind; even if I were, others about the house are not. I am not going to say what you are doubtless expecting. I might point out to you that a young man who comes to a brother's house—I will say nothing of the debt of gratitude he owes him—and steals chances to make love to that brother's wife, is a pitiful cur. Stop!"—for Seth had straightened himself angrily at this epithet, despite his consciousness of self-reproach. "I repeat that I *might* say this—but I will not. I prefer to view it in another light. I don't think you are a knave. To be that requires intelligence. You are a fool,—a conceited, presumptuous, offensive fool. You set yourself up to judge *me;* you arrogate to yourself airs of moral superiority, and assume to regulate affairs of State by the light of your virtue and wisdom—and you have not brains enough meanwhile to take care of yourself against the cheapest wiles of a silly woman, who amuses herself with young simpletons just to kill time. You take upon yourself to lay down the law to a great National party—and you don't know enough to see through even so transparent a game as this. Get out of my sight! I have wasted too much time with you. It annoys me to think that such an idiot belongs to the family."

Albert had rightly calculated that he could thus most deeply and surely wound Seth, but he was mistaken in his estimate of the nature of the response. If Seth's vanity was scalded by his brother's words, he at least didn't show it. But he did advance upon Albert with clenched fists, and gleaming eyes, and shout fiercely at him:

"A man who will speak that way of his wife is a coward and a scoundrel! And if it is my cousin Isabel he means, he is a liar to boot! If you were not my brother——"

"If I were not, what then?"

Albert waited a moment for the answer, which the conflict between Seth's rage and his half-guilty consciousness choked in the utterance, and then calmly turned on his heel and left the room by the same outside door at which he had entered.

As Seth went up-stairs he heard Isabel's door close softly. "I wonder how much of it she heard?" he said to himself.

(To be continued.)

AN ISLANDER.

By Margaret Crosby.

I.

At four o'clock on a September afternoon, Vestal Street, Nantucket, is curiously quiet. The square, white houses stand on either side of the sandy road. The lowering sunlight is beginning to cast a gray shadow across its glaring whiteness. The houses have no outside shutters, and the closed inside blinds, of solid wood painted white, have a sightless expression. Beyond, in Lily Street and in the lower part of the town, many of the houses have a railed platform on the roof, called the "walk," where the Nantucket wives were wont, in former days, to watch longingly the outward or homeward bound sails; but in Vestal Street the houses have not this dignity. From their upper windows is seen the old wind-mill, on its green mound, and the moor, undulating unbrokenly for three miles until the sea is reached.

On such an afternoon in one of these houses an elderly man and woman sat in the living-room talking together. Both were seated in black wooden rocking-chairs; and as these two persons talked they rocked, the creaking of the chairs keeping up a groaning accompaniment to their conversation.

"So Eunice wouldn't go to the Continent with Mrs. Lane?" said the old man. "Well, Mrs. Adams, I always said she was one of the Elect."

He was small and thin; his face was smooth-shaven, all but a fringe of white beard that started close to his ears and ran around under his chin. The same fringe grew low down on his bald head and waved on the collar of his blue-flannel coat. His face, thus left exposed, had an expression of innocent curiosity and kindliness.

At one of the windows a shutter was open, and a square of blue mosquito-netting in a frame fitted into the casements and kept the flies out. Mrs. Adams sat by this window making a patch-work quilt, and rocking gently as she sewed. She had a rigid, cautious face and gray hair, brushed smoothly down on either side of her forehead. She spoke with emphasis.

"You are right, Deacon Swain, Eunice has always had a *calling*, as I may say. From the time she was right small she was seriously inclined. She's a conscientious girl, if I *do* say it. It *was* a chance to go to the Continent to New York, and it weren't nothing to be governess to Mrs. Lane's children compared to teaching school here, but she had a call to stay right here. She said she couldn't go off suddenly and leave everything at loose ends. She'd undertook the grammar-school, and this was her place."

Deacon Swain's face glowed with approval.

"Yet it *was* a chance to go to New York," he said, as if to provoke Mrs. Adams to further speech.

"So folks said," Mrs. Adams answered, dryly. "But Eunice only said as she didn't know as they *needed* her over to the Continent and they did here, so 'twas her duty to stay."

By "Continent" a Nantucketer always means the main-land. Mrs. Adams paused and then resumed, with a slight change of tone:

"Have you called a minister yet?"

"Well—no——" replied the deacon.

"Should think you'd best be hurryin' up," said Mrs. Adams, with some severity. "It's a cryin' disgrace that the Congregational Church of Nantucket should be so long without a minister. There's a fallin' away, and it'll grow. I heard of Maria Barnes and all the Aaron Macys at the Episcopal Church last Sunday."

The deacon looked uneasy.

"That's so," he assented; but he added, guardedly, "We had a meetin' yesterday, and we're bringin' matters to a p'int's quick's we can. Where's Eunice?" he concluded.

"Out in the back lot, parin' apples for apple-butter," Mrs. Adams answered.

There was a pause of a few moments,

while the two rockers creaked in concert.

"How does your boarder suit?" inquired the deacon at last.

The cautious expression deepened in Mrs. Adams's face.

"Well enough!" she said, shortly.

The deacon looked at her with mild yet active curiosity.

"Does he—um—pay regular?"

"Yes, he *pays* regular enough," Mrs. Adams admitted.

The deacon gazed meditatively at the ceiling. He did not wish to appear eager, yet he was anxious to discover the secret of Mrs. Adams's dissatisfaction with her lodger.

"I must say the young man commends himself strongly to me," he said. "He came into my store for some cigars the day he come, and he didn't seem much to like Nantucket. He'd took a room to the Springfield House. He's kind of foreign and open-spoken, you know. He said he didn't want to stay to a hotel, when he came to Nantucket, with a lot of *tourists*. That's what he called the strangers."

The deacon laughed gently as he made this comment.

"Said he'd come to study the place and inhabitants; that what he wanted was *local coloring*. I've been a-kinder ponderin' that term ever sence. Thought he'd go back to the Continent right off. 'Now,' says I"—the deacon was warming to his subject, for Mrs. Adams had stopped working and regarded him with deep attention—"says I, 'don't cross the bay to-day, it's as rugged as fury; stay a few days and you'll shake down. You see,' I says, 'this is a corner grocery, and folks drop in afternoons and it's real social. You're welcome,' I says, 'to come in and get weighed as many times a day's you want.' He seemed kinder pleased, and then he wanted me to recommend him to some private house, in a quiet street, where he could take a room; and I told him about you, for Eunice said you was thinking of taking a boarder. I'm sorry he don't suit."

He paused diplomatically. Mrs. Adams began to sew again.

"'Tain't that he doesn't suit," she said. "He's *taking* enough; but it's against conscience, my keepin' him. He's a godless, Sabbath-breakin' man!"

She uttered this terrible accusation in a calm, dry voice.

"You don't say!" said the deacon, breathlessly. His face was unaffectedly regretful. "Yet," he continued, "he's full of natural grace."

"Natural grace ain't goin' to help a man where his eternal salvation is concerned," Mrs. Adams returned, severely. "You know that, deacon, as well as I do."

The deacon made an unwilling movement of assent with his head. "Yes, we are taught so," he said, musingly; "and yet it seems strange, for we are all made in the image of God."

Mrs. Adams was too much occupied with her own thoughts to heed him.

"The question is," she continued, "whether, as the wife of a Presbyterian minister, I am justified in keeping him in my house."

The old man looked distressed. "It's a question, it's a question," he said; "but what makes you think he's—in an unregenerate state?"

"Plenty of things. He ain't much in the habit of making friends with strangers; but after he came I told him that, though we wouldn't vacate the sittin'-room for anyone, he was welcome to come in and sit and play on the music. I *do* say he makes a sight of music come out of that melodeon; sounds like the organ I heard when I was to Boston with Ephraim."

"Yes," nodded the old man, "I remember your mentioning it to Lucilla when you came back to the Island."

"Well," said Mrs. Adams, "Sundays Dr. Otto played and sang same's other days, and such music! I can't liken it to anything I ever heard. It sounded, well——"

"French?" suggested the deacon. His imagination had been fired by the widow's eloquence, and the word came patly to his lips.

Mrs .Adams gave his eager, simple, old face a sharp look over her glasses.

"Persian, more likely," she said, shortly. "Heathenish, anyhow. I soon put an end to that; but that ain't all. He works at his paintin's all day Sundays. He let fall in conversation that he makes

a habit of attendin' the play. In Germany he had a seat regular, same as we have a pew in church. As far's I can see he has no Bible. The other day I gave him Ephraim's tract, 'Going to the Play,' you know." The elder nodded. "He was polite enough to me about it; but when I came in after, he was readin' it, and as far as I could make out he was laughing. It just showed his feelin's on sacred subjects."

A look of helpless distress had come into the deacon's face.

"What does Eunice say?" he asked.

"Well, Eunice always looks at things in a high kind of way. When I spoke to her she only says, 'Mother, perhaps his comin' here is a leadin' of Providence, and we ought not to bar the way.' That was three weeks ago. I don't know *how* she feels now."

The old man seemed relieved. "Eunice ain't likely to be far wrong in such matters. The things of God are spiritually discerned, and it is given to such as her to discern them." He rose and took his hat from the table. "I must be goin' along." He shook hands somewhat limply with Mrs. Adams who did not rise from the chair. "You'd better let Eunice settle that matter." His face became very grave and tender. "Eunice is one of the Elect, as I said before. It's my belief, Mrs. Adams, that the Lord has great things in store for her."

Mrs. Adams only gave him another scrutinizing glance. He left the room and, as he let himself out of the door, she resumed her work, only calling to him:

"I'll send Lucilla some of my apple-butter; she told me she wa'n't preservin' this season."

The back porch of the house looked out on a small enclosure of sandy grass. There was but one stunted tree and no flowers. The gabled end of a neighboring house, painted a dull red, jutted out beyond the rickety fence, at one end of the enclosure. Beyond could be seen the wind-mill, on its mound, and the green moors. The atmosphere was so clear and sparkling that it lent an actual beauty to the very simple elements which made up this scene.

In the porch a man sat before his easel, painting. He had evidently intended to paint simply the gable of the house, with the glimpse of the wind-mill and the moor beyond—for this part was almost completed—but Eunice Adams stood at a table just beyond the porch. On the table lay a pile of rusty-yellow and red apples, which she was paring. The background of the red house threw her figure into relief, and the temptation to add it to his picture was too strong for Dr. Julius Otto. He had sketched in her figure hastily, and was working carefully on the face. He seemed to be about thirty-five. His light-brown hair grew straight up from his forehead in a thick mass. His moustache swept away from his mouth in a bold wave. His beard was parted in the Prussian fashion, and he had a slightly obstinate mouth and chin. In the turn of his head, the expression of his eyes, in his whole manner, there was an enormous naturalness that was almost startling. He was speaking in rapid, fluent English, with a marked German accent.

"For my part," he said, "I am glad I am going to Vienna. I have been five years in this country, and it has treated me kindly. But I find you Americans too prejudiced, too narrow. Now, if you, for instance, could shake off some of the Puritanism that is blighting your life, you would be far happier."

He threw off this suggestion in a half-teasing manner, yet with a vivid heartiness that was like a cordial.

Eunice remained silent for a moment. Then she spoke with an effort.

"It is not always necessary to be happy."

Her face was one of those we sometimes see in New England. Her forehead was somewhat high, and her features had the same regularity that in her mother had hardened into rigidity. Her skin was colorless, and her dark hair was twisted in a heavy, waveless mass at the back of her head. Her eyes were a singularly clear gray, with dark lashes and eyebrows. Her face had much beauty; but, more than this, it was so refined and spiritualized by some inward experience and an habitual moral loftiness that it made a vivid impression on those who saw it for the first time. The Nantucketers were accustomed to this quality in her face, and took it as

a matter of course; but the summer visitors who met her in the street used to wonder at the strange, exquisite face, afterward remembering its transparent lambency of expression as something rarer and more exquisite than beauty.

Dr. Otto received her remark with a sort of kindly amusement.

"Why, if you please, Miss Eunice, is it not necessary to be happy?"

Eunice looked at him anxiously as he bent over his easel. She seemed to force herself to speak.

"Because, if we do our duty, it makes no difference whether we are happy or not. Things may seem hard here, but in another life——" She stopped suddenly, catching her breath nervously.

Dr. Otto's face had an expression of half-pitying protest.

"All very well," he said, with the same heartiness, "if one could be guaranteed the second lease. But you know we are only sure of *one* life!"

He laughed good-humoredly as he spoke.

The girl's face only became slightly paler. She dropped the knife and apple she held in her hands.

"Do not say that!" she said, in a low voice. "Everyone can be sure. You *do* believe that?"

Her voice was so urgent that the German spoke with more seriousness.

"Really, Miss Eunice, do you wish me to speak the truth?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, then, I will tell you frankly, I have long since arranged my life without reference to any such beliefs."

"How can you live, then?" Her eyes dilated as she looked at him.

"All the better," he answered," since I have ceased to support or torment myself with false hopes or fears. The world is wide. There is so much to do, so much to live for, that there is more than scope for the largest intelligence. It satisfies me. If I complain and wish for more, I am not worthy to have standing-room. Out of it, and let some better man take my place! But I have not come to that yet. It is true there is misery and suffering, but we can all help each other. Let us do our duty. Yes—but let us be happy also, and not starve our lives as you do."

Eunice had remained motionless—then she spoke again in the same low voice.

"Do you mean to say you have no hope of immortality?"

Otto laughed.

"My dear Miss Eunice," he said, gently, "spend six months in a dissecting-room, and your ideas of life and immortality will undergo a startling change."

His words seemed to give Eunice a momentary insight into his habits of thought. Her face was strangely illuminated as she answered.

"It does no good to talk about it, Dr. Otto. It is not in my power that you shall or shall not believe. But the spirit of God is stronger than the mind or will of man. It can teach you and lead you as I cannot, as your own understanding cannot—whether you believe it or not, this is true."

At any other moment of his life Otto would have looked upon such an outburst as a pitiable exhibition of superstition. But perfect sincerity has a power of its own, and he was strangely impressed. To his surprise, Eunice suddenly gathered up the basket of apples and went rapidly into the house. As she passed him he saw that tears were streaming down her face. Their talk was only one of many, but none had reached this point. He whistled very softly to himself, and then went on painting in silence. Dr. Otto had little instinctive reverence, or, as he would have expressed it, no superstitions; but he had broad sympathies and a tender heart. He began to regret having spoken so frankly.

At meals Eunice first served her mother and their guest, and then took her own seat at the table. When he first came this proceeding was highly embarrassing to Otto. If Eunice had been less educated and less refined, it would not have seemed so incongruous. He used to jump up from his seat to assist her; but he found that this was only disturbing to both Mrs. Adams and her daughter, and he now submitted with a good grace. This evening Eunice was unusually quiet. Long before now Otto had learned the secret of waking her laughter. It had a fresh, unused sweet-

ness, and he learned to wait for this sound and to enjoy it genuinely when it came. But now this pleasure was not in store for him. The girl's eyes were swollen from crying, and her manner was full of the dignity of a quiet sorrow. After supper Mrs. Adams took her seat in the rocking-chair of the living-room, with her knitting. Eunice was clearing away the dishes. Otto, who had lingered in the room, spoke suddenly to her:

"Miss Eunice, I am afraid my thoughtless remarks this afternoon have troubled you?"

She made no reply, but stood with her eyes cast down. He went on with his usual fluency:

"Even if one has no household gods, one should not try to knock down one's neighbor's. I have no desire to shake your faith. I have no creed to offer you in exchange but the very finite one I proposed this afternoon"—he broke off—"in fact, I can only ask you to forgive me."

She looked up quietly, and he saw that, in spite of her reddened eyes, her expression was lofty and collected.

"You have not shaken my faith. It is only terrible to know that you—that anyone should feel as you do. If you were ignorant, it would be different"—she stopped—"but it does no good to talk about it." She took a dish from the table and left the room.

Otto, a little baffled, went into his own room and lighted his lamp. Mrs. Adams and Eunice had arranged this room with their own hands. The walls were whitewashed, and a square of blue and gray ingrain carpeting covered the floor. The drop-shades were of thick light-blue paper, and the window-curtains of blue and white mosquito-netting, looped back with a wide strip of the blue paper of which the shades were made. The furniture was of the cheapest painted wood, with the exception of a mahogany bureau with small brass knobs.

Above the looking-glass hung a worsted-work sampler, framed, and covered with glass. There was an inscription thereon to this effect:

"Mary Folger is my name,
America is my nation;
Nantucket is my dwelling-place,
And Christ is my salvation."

The figure of the German was in curious contrast to the air of humble sanctity which this room possessed. He looked too large for its small proportions, and too aggressive for its timid propriety. His tweed shooting-jacket and a pair of muddy corduroys sprawled over a chair, where he had flung them when he came in from a sketching expedition the day before. His portfolio lay open on the table, and he sat down by it and looked at his sketches. They seemed to him monotonous—some of the most characteristic Nantucket houses; one or two of the narrowest and crookedest lanes; and the rest of the moors, always the moors. At sunset, in the golden haze of the setting sun; at twilight, purpled and shadowy; at dawn, by Tom Never's Head, the brown moor and the still sea, reddened with the flush of the morning.

For a moment they brought back the perfect reality woven into his mental fibres by the tenderest thoughts of his life; then they seemed only faded reflections. He pushed them aside almost angrily.

He had graduated from a medical college in Berlin as a physician some years before; but after a couple of years he gave up his practice, and became an artist from sheer inability to keep out of his studio when he should have been cultivating the good-will of his patients. He came to America; and although he made little money, his artistic reputation induced his friends in Germany to secure for him the position of professor of drawing in the principal art school of Vienna.

He was to sail in a month more, and had come to Nantucket to sketch, as well as for a rest before sailing. Now, as the weeks passed, Dr. Otto realized that he was painfully unwilling to go away. He was almost impatient of this feeling, yet he could not overcome it. The remote oddity of the place and people, with one exception, were repugnant to him. The fact that the little island was sea-girt and thirty miles from the mainland gave him a sense of confinement. The four walls of his room seemed to suffocate him. He started up and opened the door of his room. The chill September air blew in at the open hall-door.

"I shall sail two weeks earlier," thought Otto, "and go to Italy for a fortnight before going to Vienna."

He went into the sitting-room. It was deserted. He heard Mrs. Adams moving about in the kitchen. Eunice was nowhere to be seen. He sat down at the open melodeon and played and sang the *Mignon's Lied* of Liszt.

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glüh'n?"

floated out through the open door into a room across the hall, where Eunice Adams sat at a table piled with books and papers. She was correcting the children's exercises for the next day. She had not been at the Nantucket high-school, nor had the run of the town-library, for nothing. She understood the words Otto sang. The mellow, pleading tones seemed to curl around her heart and sink into it.

"Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin! möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn."

After a moment she got up, walked firmly across the hall, and softly closed the door of the sitting-room; and, coming back, shut and bolted the door of her own room. In the slightly built house the music still sounded, but she bent her head in her hands, as she sat by the table, and then went on slowly and patiently with her task.

Dr. Otto was beginning to enjoy thoroughly his own music. He made the little instrument tremble and vibrate and give forth grandly the rich harmonies of the song. He sang with feeling, with soul. Suddenly, he heard the door shut gently, and footsteps retreat across the hall and the shutting of a second door. He sprang from his chair.

"Barbarians!" he muttered in German, "they do not even appreciate good music."

Then he laughed and, shutting the melodeon, looked at his watch and yawned—nine o'clock.

Mrs. Adams put out the light in the dining-room and looked suspiciously into the sitting-room.

"Oh, you can put the light out here," said Otto, apologetically, as if he had been discovered in a crime.

"I s'pose I might as well," said Mrs. Adams, dryly. "It's gettin' late."

"Late! O ye gods," murmured Otto.

He went down the passage to his room and went meekly to bed.

II.

Two or three days later Otto was standing at the window of the sitting-room. As he looked down the road he saw Eunice Adams coming toward the house with a young man. They were in earnest conversation. The stranger was evidently a clergyman, from his provincially clerical dress and white cravat. He was tall and slender, with a thin, intellectual face, a long nose, and meditative blue eyes. Otto saw a look of deep affection and respect in these eyes as the young man bent them on Eunice. Otto turned abruptly away from the window, and, taking his hat and sketching materials from the table, went out into the hall, meeting Eunice and her companion as they entered. Eunice looked at him with vague anxiety. To his surprise she spoke to him.

"Are you going out, Dr. Otto? Dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

"I shall not be at home to dinner. I am going out to sketch," he replied.

He almost brushed by the young clergyman, who stood against the wall of the narrow hall to let him pass, and left the house. A half an hour later his cheeks tingled at the recollection of his childishness. "Blockhead!" he muttered to himself, "thou art not a boy, why shouldst thou care?" and later, "Why not have waited and found out——"

Otto managed to get some dinner at a farm-house on the moors that day. Something seemed to be dragging him back to the little house in Vestal Street, but he obstinately prolonged his own suspense. He made sketch after sketch, painstaking and laborious, and ended by destroying them all.

In a sort of inward vision he had seen all day the figures of Eunice and the young clergyman. It was dark when he reached the town, at last, worn out with his long struggle with himself. The moon had come out and bathed the still, white streets with its pure light. It

was as still and warm as a midsummer night. The houses looked blanker than ever as he passed them. As he neared the Adams house he saw a figure approaching him; small, and walking with a tremulous step; his head was uncovered, and his white locks floated in a silver aureole as he came toward him. He held a tall bunch of white, feathery grasses in his hand, and looked not unlike an elderly Angel of the Annunciation. It was Deacon Swain. He moved his hat into his left hand, and held out his right in greeting to the younger man. His face shone with a gentle radiance as he looked up at him.

"A beautiful night, doctor," he said.

Otto assented. The old man looked up at the night sky.

"It reminds me of the hymn we sang last Sunday," he said.

"'Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
And all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.'

"It seems as though such nights as this came to show us that God's mercy to mankind is as boundless as His universe." He put on his hat as he ended. "Good-night, doctor!" he said, and passed on.

Otto's footsteps made no sound on the sandy path as he reached the house. At the gate beyond the house, which led into the "pasture," as the enclosure was called, stood two figures. In the moonlight Otto recognized them as the realization of his vision that day. The man held Eunice's hand in his, and she looked at him earnestly. Otto stood still for an instant; then he turned quickly aside, and going up the three steps which led to the door, opened it and went in. Mrs. Adams confronted him in the hall, with a startled face.

"How you scart me!" she exclaimed. "You came in so quiet. There's a letter for you here," she continued.

She led the way into the sitting-room, and Otto followed.

The letter was a brief summons from the directors of the art school, requesting him to come to Vienna to begin his duties at once. As he stood by the table reading the letter, Mrs. Adams went on speaking. Every word she said pierced his consciousness like an electric shock.

"It was a pity you wa'n't in to-day. My nephew, the Rev. Amos Lathrop, was here. He came over from Wood's Holl for the day, and his conversation is of a nature to improve the most hardened person. Deacon Swain came in to tea, and he and Amos and Eunice talked. It reminded me of the millennium. Amos planned to bring his wife with him, but she couldn't leave the children."

Mrs. Adams turned to go out.

"Have you had your supper?" she added. "Because, if you haven't, Eunice saved some for you."

She left the room without waiting for a reply.

Otto stood motionless by the table for a moment. Then he threw back his head and laughed—a low, happy laugh. He went out in the hall to the open door at the back of the house. A figure stood in the moonlight near the porch. It was Eunice. He went toward her. His happiness at the sight of her overflowed in his eyes and whole expression. In the moonlight her features had an ineffable suavity and purity. She spoke to him gently.

"You have come back. I'm sorry you could not have talked to my cousin, who has been here all day."

Otto almost laughed at the earnest anxiety of her look and words. What were the speculations of a worn-out theology to him compared with the reality of his love? It carried him on like a great tide. Its strength must carry Eunice with it.

A half an hour later Mrs. Adams was sitting in her room, reading her Bible, when Eunice came and stood before her. Mrs. Adams closed her Bible, keeping one of her fingers between the pages as a mark, and looked up at her daughter. Eunice was very pale, and her manner was filled with an intense, controlled excitement.

"Well," said Mrs. Adams, calmly.

"Mother, Dr. Otto is going away."

"Well," said Mrs. Adams again.

Eunice turned her head away, and her

voice sank. Her mother watched her with immovable confidence.

"He asked me to marry him and go with him." She waited a moment, and went on slowly: "I told him I could never marry an unbeliever; and more, that my life was promised for another service."

Mrs. Adams opened her Bible at the place where her finger divided the pages. She read aloud with emphasis:

"No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God." She turned the pages and read again: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

"I know," said Eunice. The words came with a deep expiration of her breath, a sigh that was like a renunciation of her whole nature. She turned away and slowly left the room.

The next morning Otto waked late. In spite of the confident spirit of mastery in which he had finally fallen asleep, he awoke with a feeling of overpowering desolation and found his eyes wet with tears, a thing which was so novel that it startled him. The rebuff of the night before was puzzling, and he began to feel that there might be something in Eunice's theology which was stronger than he, stronger than herself. By the time he was dressed he had reasoned away his fears. It was Saturday, and he congratulated himself, with a sense of triumph, that there was no school that day or the next, and that Eunice would be free. He found his breakfast saved for him in the dining-room; the striped cotton-cloth turned back at one end and his plate laid on the unpainted wood. Eunice was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Adams came into the room. He was not in a mood for *finesse*.

"Mrs. Adams, where is Miss Eunice?" he asked, abruptly.

Mrs. Adams looked at him inscrutably.

"Eunice is over to Surf-side, to my sister Mrs. Burdick's. She's gone for Sunday."

On Monday Otto was going. His pride was stung, and he made his preparations to go away. If the desire of his heart was to be unfulfilled, he would burn his ships behind him. He would go without seeing Eunice again. Twice on Sunday he watched Mrs. Adams, in her rusty black dress and bonnet, go down the sandy road on her way to church. The warm weather still held, and the sun shone through a golden September haze. In spite of this sunshine in the still, darkened house and glaring, shadowless street, life and hope seemed dead. Otto thought of Eunice, with her violin-soul waiting for the strings to be touched, and then of Vestal Street, and the grammar-school—forever! Why should such things be? Then passion and hope rushed back in a warm, indignant tide. He would not give her up. . . .

The last rays of sunlight bathed the sea. The bronze moors were laid with cloth of gold. At the western horizon the sun's own majesty was lost in a blaze of transparent light.

Eunice Adams stood in the porch of her aunt's house with Deacon Swain. His box-cart stood before the house. Eunice's face was turned toward the sun, but she did not see it. The light touched the white hair of the old man as he stood before her.

He held her hand in his.

"You have decided, then. The Lord has called you, Eunice," he said, with tremulous solemnity. "Thank God, that your ears have not been closed, but, like Samuel, you have heard and answered His voice. I always said He had great things in store for you."

He turned away, and getting into his cart, drove away.

Eunice looked out on the sea, rapt in a peace from which there seemed no recall. The future seemed to her like the path of light from the setting sun on the western sea—lonely, perhaps, but clearly defined, and ending in a glorious infinity. A sound roused her. She looked and saw Otto standing before her. To see him there was like the sound of a loved voice calling from earth to a ransomed soul in bliss.

He told her he was going away; that he must speak to her before leaving. He spoke in abrupt, short sentences, almost in gasps. With her calm, glorified face she seemed to be slipping away from him.

"What is the use?" said Eunice, slowly. "Do not ask me to listen."

In her quiet resistance he felt the hopelessness of the early morning stealing over him.

He began to speak with enforced self-control.

"You are sacrificing yourself—me—to some principle—some idea—which has no reasonable foundation." His German accent became stronger than ever as he rolled out these words. "Why should you not be happy? You are young——"

"I am twenty-eight," Eunice interrupted with mechanical truth. Her lips had become very white.

"It is cruel," Otto began, vehemently. He stopped abruptly.

With one hand he had grasped the post of the porch; the other hung at his side. He turned away and looked out over the sea. The glory had faded, and there was only a gray expanse of water.

"I have made a mistake," he said, heavily; "I thought perhaps you loved me a little."

Eunice stood with her hands clasped tightly, her eyes fixed on his face. She suddenly caught the hand that hung by his side and pressed it against her heart, and then raised it to her lips. In her face was an agony of love and renunciation.

"You don't understand," she murmured; "I must do what is right." She seemed about to say more, but before she could do so, a third person came from the house into the porch—a middle-aged woman, sallow and dark-eyed. She looked sharply at Eunice and Otto.

"Won't you ask yer company into the house, Eunice?" she said, reproachfully.

"Yes, aunt Eunice," she said, faintly. "This is mother's boarder—Dr. Otto—please excuse me, I do not feel well."

She left them, and going into the house, went wearily up the narrow stairs to her room.

"Come in and take a seat, doctor," said Mrs. Burdick.

Otto waited ten minutes while Mrs. Burdick subjected him to a cross-questioning; at the end of it she decided there was "something between" Eunice and "doctor." Then at Otto's request she went to call her niece. After a few minutes she came back with a message that her niece was not well, and was sorry she could not see him again.

"I s'pose you'd like to know about Eunice's plans, doctor," she said; "I could tell you," said Mrs. Burdick, peering sharply at him in the dim light.

But Dr. Otto seemed in no mood for listening; and after a brief good-night, he walked away over the darkening moors. From a window in the farm-house someone watched him through blinding tears. The next morning he had left Nantucket.

It was curious that, after a month of rusticating, Dr. Otto should have been seized with a low, nervous fever. Instead of sailing for Germany he remained with an artist friend, who took care of him until he was well enough to go out again. It was Friday, three weeks after he had left Nantucket; his passage in a German steamer was taken for the following Wednesday. It has been said that he was well enough to go out, and Saturday evening found him again in Nantucket. He had overrated his strength, and when he arrived at the hotel his head swam and throbbed with a dizzy weakness. It conquered his impulses, and he was obliged to go to bed and toss about all night, and all the next day, half blind with headache and fever. Toward evening the pain ebbed away. He dressed, ordered a cup of hot coffee, drank it, and felt that his nerves were steady once more. He waited until he knew that the Adams's supper-hour was past, and then took a carriage and drove to Vestal Street. The church-bells were ringing for evening service as he drove through the dark streets. The sparkling October air refreshed him. When he reached the silent house he got out and rang the bell, his heart beating wildly. There was no answer; he rang again, and waited with a vague apprehension. The driver suggested that "perhaps the folks was to evening church." Otto smiled at his forgetfulness. He would drive to the church and wait in the last pew until Eunice came out, and then—

When he reached the church Otto dismissed the carriage and slipped silently into the last pew. The lights at the

back were dim. The sermon was just ending. There was perfect stillness except a single voice. This voice gave Otto a strange thrill. He thought he was dreaming. Eunice Adams stood in the pulpit speaking in a low tone of entreaty, a slight figure in a black dress. Her face was pale, but it was illumined as from an inward radiance.

Otto only received a bewildered impression of the self-forgetful tenderness of her face, as she plead with the listening people before her, dedicating her life to the mission of their salvation. She ceased speaking and, clasping her hands, looked upward. There was a breathless hush; then the congregation bowed their heads for the closing prayer. In the rustle of the bending forms Otto left the church. His brain was in a turmoil. He seemed to hear in the air around him a voice saying, "*Your God is not my God, nor your ways my ways.*" . . .

He made no effort to see her again.

The next morning Otto sat on the deck of the boat as it steamed out of the Nantucket harbor. He felt strangely weak and quiet. He watched the gray town, throned like a queen on the rising ground of the Island. The shore became blurred as the boat travelled silently over the shining water. The town sank as the distance from it became greater, until at length there was only a faint, white line on the horizon where the blue sea met the blue sky. A few smoke-wreaths shadowed the sky above the place where the town had been. At length they, too, had vanished. Only the sea glittered under the sun.

A sick man has strange fancies. Had the Island ever been there? Perhaps, like Eunice's God, the Island—Eunice herself—were dreams. Yes, but Eunice and the Island existed although he could not see them. Why should not the same be true of . . .? Eunice seemed cruel, but perhaps they would both understand some day. Pshaw! the light dazzled his eyes. He would go to sleep. Dr. Otto pulled his hat over his eyes and slept; or, at least, the pilot, who sat just above him in his little house, thought he did.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

By Arlo Bates.

THERE is, perhaps, at this particular time less outspoken opposition to what is known as programme music than there has been in times past, but the contest over the principles involved in the existence of this form of composition is by no means permanently settled, and continually is it breaking out afresh. The immense advance in influence and popularity which the works of Richard Wagner have made, with the fact that modern European composers have rendered concert-goers and critics pretty well accustomed to programme music in all its varieties, has done much to quiet controversy, and to force those who are still unconvinced to subside into at least temporary silence; but even should the present state continue long, it cannot be considered that the question is really disposed of.

Sir Charles Grove defines programme music as "music in which the endeavor is made to represent a given scene or occurrence by the aid of instruments only, without the help of voices," a definition which is sufficiently inexact, including as it does any piece to which the composer chances to give a descriptive title, and, what is of more importance, excluding any work in which the programme is given to a singer instead of being printed on the score. The fact is that the definition should be made to cover every case in which the hearer is told what emotions he should feel while hearing it, no matter by what means the information is conveyed. Sir Charles remarks of the military movement which introduces the third of the vocal numbers in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, that it evidently alludes "to the 'heroes' and the 'vic-

tory' in the poem," of which a stanza is to follow the long orchestral introduction, yet it does not occur to him that this is really describing it as programme music. The truth is, that in strict logic all vocal music — save, perhaps, those trivial compositions in which what is called the instrumental part is a trifling and paltry accompaniment, of no place or value — is programme music; since whatever we may have been accustomed to consider to the contrary, poems and words set to songs or longer works are practically, from a musical standpoint, nothing more than explanations of the emotions the sounds are intended to represent or convey. Take, for instance, the imitative music of the "Creation," who can suppose that it would be intelligible without the words; and who, it may be added, can pretend that music should be thus dependent upon explanations for its effect? Works written from what may perhaps be called the musical, in distinction from the literary, standpoint convey their meaning to any understanding ear without verbal interpretation. The whole cycle of Wagnerian operas might be intelligently performed in pantomime, the vocal parts given with musical syllables, before a cultivated audience, with no more comment than is often printed on the bills in elucidation of the intention of a piece of descriptive music, and it is in Wagner's operas that the union of poem and music is most complete. His musical genius, however, overmastered his theory concerning the place of the words. If this is less true of any other works it is so chiefly in the same proportion as they are less effective when rendered in their present manner. The libretto, whatever it might be alone, is, by the exigencies of musical composition, forced into the subordinate place of becoming practically a running commentary, even with a composer one of whose highest canons it was that it should hold equal rank with the score. The place to look for the realization of this ideal is, if anywhere, on the comic stage, where in opera bouffe, vaudeville, and their ilk, music is pressed into the undignified service of Thalia.

Of course this is taking music at its highest, and perhaps ideal, possibilities. Any art finds its excuse for existence in the fact that it can express that which can be phrased in no other way. Sculpture can in no wise express the art-thought of a picture, else it would be transformed into painting; music is an independent art because it can embody human emotions for which no other expression is possible. It follows that by no two arts can the same thing be uttered, and a union of two arts is incongruous, and in any ideal sense impossible, because two thoughts are thereby uttered at once. Even if these chance to be similar and harmonious, they are still not a unit, and as the human mind is constituted, the practical result is the reception of one only at the expense of the other. The man who into his painting should introduce carved figures would be regarded as ridiculous; the man who joins poetry and music practically does the same thing, and we pass it over because familiarity has hardened us to it. Formerly painting and sculpture were blended by the coloring of statues. This error the art world has outgrown. If progress continues, why should not the other and similar mistake be left behind?

The truth is that, as music is the most intangible and ideal of the arts, mankind is likely to be longest in arriving at a power to assimilate it *per se*. Everywhere in varying forms we see the concessions which are made to the popular taste, which is to a greater or less degree willing to listen to music if sufficient inducements be offered in other forms, or is even capable of deriving a certain sensuous pleasure from sound, quite independent of any intellectual emotional art appreciation in a true and high sense. Charles Lamb in his essay "On Ears" is only more frank than most and more extreme than some when he says:

"Above all, those insufferable concertos and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; . . . to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter;

to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mind—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music.*"

Here is the whole story frankly told. Only the highest musical intelligence, only the musically imaginative hearer comprehends, and more, feels that the sound is not alone the frame but the picture, that it is the text of the book, the tragedy itself in its very essence. To the rest of the world "the words are something." Possessed with the idea that there must be a meaning somewhere, alike unable to receive the musical idea and to comprehend that it can be expressed in no other way than by these very sounds of which they seek a translation in a tongue they may comprehend, most hearers welcome anything which will serve to dispel the unpleasant sensation of confronting an enigma. Painters meet the same difficulty by making a picture tell a story, or by labelling it with an attractive title. The genuine connoisseur of painting ignores these unworthy devices; the far rarer connoisseur of music ignores the words which are added to the art he loves as a sop to the Cerberus of musical insensibility.

In ordinary song-singing this use of the words is well enough recognized. Who knows or cares what the words of most songs are, beyond getting a phrase here and there to serve as a clew to the sentiment of the singer. The vocalist might as well—and in common practice not infrequently does—sing a gibberish of vocal sounds with no resemblance to language except in the catch words which make the song in reality an example of genuine programme music. If one wishes to admire the poem, he takes it apart from the music, reads it, and judges it by itself. The fact is that words have no legitimate function in connection with music at all, save in this programme service, a use more or less exalted as one chooses to regard it.

"Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerey," wrote Beethoven at the head of the Sixth (Pastoral) Symphony; and therein, to quote Grove, "he fixed forever the true principles of such compositions." The difficulty is that the ordinary hearer is incapable of receiving impressions through music because he continually seeks for something more tangible from his point of view; something which he can express in a tongue he understands. Music is to him a language of which he comprehends no meaning unless it is translated into his own vernacular. Painting, representations of things he has seen, he can to a degree seize upon; feeling that can be put into words conveys to him some meaning at least; beyond that he is as unreceptive as a stone, and the essence of any art escapes him because by nothing but that art can it be uttered.

Yet although words have theoretically no place in the highest music there is still a place for the human voice. It is an instrument of incomparable beauty and value, and as an instrument of sound—an instrument of sound in the same sense as a violin or an hautboy—it must ever hold its place in the front rank of the resources at the command of the composer. Of less range, power, and reliability than some others, it yet has capabilities which more than compensate for these limitations; and it being understood that the voice is but a part, however important a part, of the orchestra, there are perhaps but two objections to the use of words instead of unintelligible articulate sounds: that empirical sounds can be managed to be more effective musically, and that words cannot be dissociated from their meaning, and therefore must tend to confuse the mind by distracting attention from the music. It is noticeable in this connection how many folk-songs have in their burdens and choruses reached forward to the ultimate principle of art as have primitive peoples frequently in the decoration of their pottery or textile fabrics. The burdens "tra la la," "ouidee, ouidee," "tridl twee ah," and so on, of the Tyrolese and other European songs reduce the matter to one of pure sound, and thus take theoretically the highest plane of art in their intention.

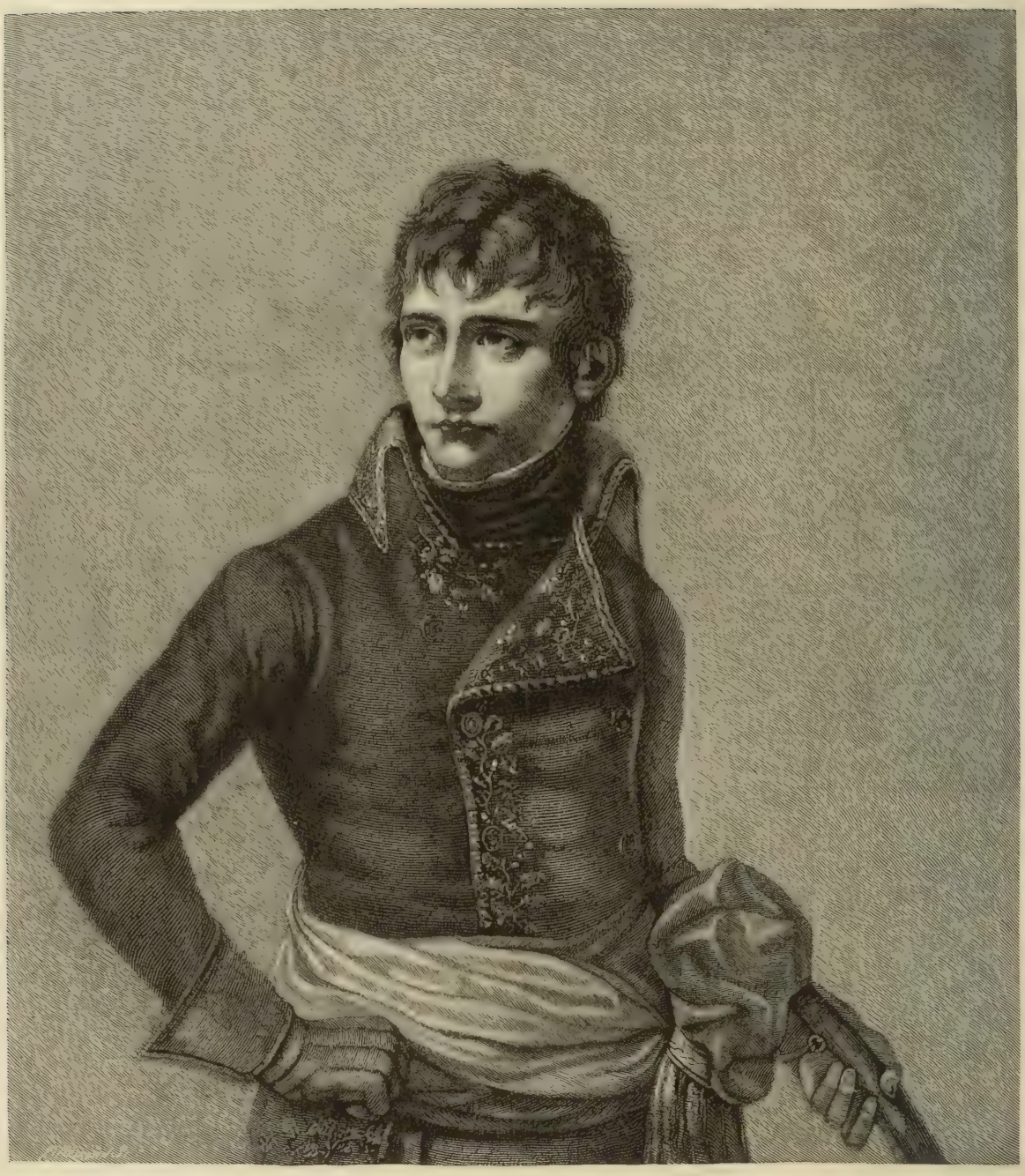
In Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and in Mendelssohn's "Lobegesang," where the concluding portion of a symphony

is made vocal, we have a distinct movement in the direction of counting the voice in with the orchestra. Beethoven went so far as to treat the voices as instruments. He has somewhere said that when an idea, a musical thought, occurred to him, he always seemed to hear it given out by an instrument, never by the human voice, from which it might be argued, did one care to go so far, that art not having advanced to a point where the voice was recognized as the instrument which it is, the great composer was too truly of musical imagination not to cleave to what in his day was looked upon as the only means of expressing pure music. In the Ninth Symphony he used, it is true, Schiller's ode, yet he cut it, rearranged it, and phrased his tones in a fashion which often renders the words necessarily unintelligible. He desired the color of the human voice, and instead of getting his effects, as he undoubtedly might have best done, from a purely musical standpoint, by the employment of arbitrary syllables, which he would probably have found it impossible to induce a chorus to sing, and certainly could have found no audience sufficiently musical to listen to in an appreciative mood, he contented himself with "An die Freude." It is perhaps not wise to insist upon this view of this especial instance, since Beethoven wrote songs, but in any case the intention and method of the Ninth Symphony are given here merely as example and not as argument.

Theoretically, whatever may be true practically, the musician of the future will as soon think of giving a poem to the kettle-drum as to the singer, and will as soon think—indeed, sooner, the two arts being less widely asunder—of calling upon painting as upon poetry to assist his work. Practically, of course, one must recognize the value and the place of the song and of vocal music as it is now understood in general; but to say this is simply to say that the multitude will never be educated to the highest in art. To the difficulties which prevent popular appreciation of other arts, music adds that of the extreme refinement and subtilty of its essence, and a number of accidental impediments, such as the fact that religion makes music subservient to words in its services, that sentimentality finds a vague background of pleasing sound an agreeable accompaniment to its outpourings, and similar circumstances which will occur to anyone who thinks of the matter. It is perhaps not wholly whimsical to regard as a straw which may show the direction of the current the recent publication of a song by a European composer in which the voice ends abruptly upon the sub-dominant, while the accompaniment goes on to the ordinary conclusion on the tonic. This is at least an indication that the writer did not hold to the old tradition that the vocal part was the work and the instrumental portion a setting; and it has the appearance of his regarding voice and instrument as on the same plane, an idea which must appear irritatingly novel to the ordinary admirer of songs, who begins to talk or to applaud the instant the voice ceases, wholly ignoring the fact that the instrument may still have the composer's final thought to add. In the same direction look the songs of composers like Jensen, Lassen, Nicolai, and Kjerulf, in which the voice is not only not made of more importance than the piano, but of which it is hardly too much to say that not infrequently the vocal part appears little more than an accompaniment to the instrumental portions.

That popular music will ever be freed from words is not to be supposed; but that classical music will ultimately employ the human voice without them is the legitimate conclusion from the study of the progress of music thus far; and it is a conclusion, moreover, which is most absolutely proven by the splendid works of the master who has just closed a life devoted to demonstrating the contrary.





BONAPARTE.

FROM A PAINTING BY APPIANI.

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SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF NAPOLEON AND HIS TIMES.

By John C. Ropes.

I.



Profile of Bust by Ceracchi.

IT has not been difficult of late years to collect contemporary prints of the First Napoleon. It may have been otherwise under the Second Empire — probably it was—but since the establishment of the Third Republic it has been easy enough. The history of Napoleon's prestige in France may be told in a few words.

Napoleon's personal force was so great, and he had so identified himself with France, that, in spite of the reaction consequent on the Restoration of Louis XVIII., the French people, as a whole, accepted him and glorified him as the national hero. His fame, and the magical influence of his name, suffered little even from the recollections of Leipsic and Waterloo ; his reputation, in fact, increased steadily all through the period of the rule of the returned Bourbons, and at no time was more potent than in the reign of Louis Philippe. In his day Napoleon's remains were brought back from St. Helena, and interred, with great pomp, in the Invalides. The shops of Paris were full of pictures of his battles, of portraits of him and of his marshals. Up to the Revolution of 1848, Napoleon's government and policy were always, in the popular mind, opposed to the policy and government of the Bourbons. He stood for the principle of the national will ; they—the older branch, of course, more particularly—for the principle of divine right. After the deposition of Louis Philippe, the tremendous influence of Napoleon's name carried Prince Louis into the chair of the President of the new Republic by an overwhelming majority, in spite of everything that the government could do to prevent it. But from that moment a new chapter began. Napoleon was now no longer, in the minds of the French people, placed in contrast with the Bourbon kings, but with the Republic. The *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, embittered the Republicans against the uncle almost as much as against the nephew, for it was by the uncle's name that the nephew had won. Hence came a systematic effort to write down the First Napoleon, with the view of weakening the hold of the Third Napoleon upon the popular mind. Lanfrey's History is the best illustration of a work of this kind. The fall of the Second Empire, with all its mortifying incidents and terrible disasters, did much — however illogically — to lower the prestige of Napoleon the First ; and since 1871, Republicans and Bonapartists

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have been always at swords' points. In France to-day, whatever may be in fact the strength of the veneration felt for the First Napoleon, one sees and hears little of him. There are, of course, many prints, busts, medals, statuettes



Plate II.—A Bronze Bust.

of him to be found in the shops ; but they are not so highly prized, I fancy, to-day as they were forty years ago.

The likeness of Napoleon in the frontispiece to this article is from an engraving of a portrait by Appiani. It was evidently taken when he was general of the Army of Italy, in the service of the Directory, somewhere about 1796 or 1797, when he was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old.* At no time of his life did he excite more admiration, awaken more enthusiasm, than during his first campaigns in Italy. He was so young, so handsome, so alert, so untiring, the odds were so tremendously against him all the time, that he at once became a hero in the popular imagination. In this and in the next three portraits we can see, I think, clearly, the expression of a man whose youth had been spoiled by no excesses of pleasure, and had been devoted to serious and manly pursuits. The expression is at once gentle and earnest. There is an almost feminine delicacy in the eyes and in the lines of the mouth in these four portraits, which we do not elsewhere find. That it, however, once really existed, and was a marked and attractive characteristic of Napoleon's countenance when a young man, the cumulative testimony of these four portraits makes one very sure.

Our next illustration (Plate II.) is from a bronze bust in my own possession. It is, exclusive of the bracket, ten inches high—the bracket itself being nine inches in length—and is really a beautiful work of art. I found it at a bric-à-brac shop in Paris—No. 3 Rue de Provence—in 1879. I make no doubt that it was made in Italy, and from life, but I know not by whom. The filigree work on the lapel of the coat is the same as in the Appiani picture.

While the portrait given in Plate III. strongly resembles the Appiani head and the bust, it is by an artist named Bouillon, which would indicate that it was made in France ; and, as the engraving purports to be a likeness of Napoleon when First Consul, the portrait may have been made at a later date than those of which we have just been speaking, although I think not. It is, in my opinion, one of the pleasantest of the early likenesses of Napoleon.

The original of Plate IV. is a pencil-sketch, signed "Isabey," who was, we know, one of the best portrait-painters of that period, to whom Napoleon often sat. When I obtained it, it was accompanied by two steel-engravings, apparently made from it, one showing the same side of the face as in the sketch, and the other showing the reverse side. Neither of these engravings was, however, equal in point of delicacy of expression to the pencil-sketch, which is reproduced here. It is dated "1801."

The next four likenesses seem to me capable of being classed together. In them the gentle and winning expression

* At first sight it would seem that this statement is contradicted by the title of the engraving, which is "Napoleone I., Imperatore dè Francesi e Rè d'Italia." But the picture is said to have been engraved in 1803, which was the year before he became emperor. How long before it was engraved it was painted is a matter of guesswork : I think the date is probably given correctly in the text. The title, at any rate, gives us no help.

that we have just been observing is quite gone. In its place we find set lines in the face, showing enterprise, not to say audacity, and stern decision of character, bordering on severity. All this would be but the natural result of the terribly trying campaigns of 1796 and 1797, when Beaulieu, Wurmser, Alvinzi, and the Archduke Charles were successively defeated through the ceaseless vigilance, untiring energy, and rapid and sure intelligence of the young commander. Bonaparte must have grown old fast between April, 1796, and April, 1797.



Plate III.—From an Old Engraving of a Picture by Bouillon.

The first of these (Plate V.) is from a rough pen-and-ink sketch by the Baron Le Gros, a famous portrait-painter of those days, who often painted Napoleon. It is, as I have said, rough, but there is a good deal of character in it. There is here a certain rigidity in the outlines of the face suggestive of harshness.

Something of this is to be remarked even in the beautiful white-marble bust of General Bonaparte by the celebrated and unfortunate Ceracchi, of which we give a representation in Plate VI., and a profile vignette at the beginning of this article. Ceracchi was an Italian, as his name indicates, and an ardent Republican. When Bonaparte was in Italy, in 1796 and 1797, Ceracchi became one of his most ardent admirers. It was at this period that he made this bust. But when, after his return from Egypt, Napoleon overturned the Directory and made himself First Consul, Ceracchi was disappointed and incensed beyond measure. He connected himself with some others

in similar plight—discontented Republicans—was accused of having had a share in the conspiracy of December, 1800, when the First Consul was nearly blown up by an infernal machine, and was convicted and executed in 1801. I think it is now generally believed that he and those who suffered with him were innocent, and that the plot was in reality of Royalist, and not of Jacobin, origin. This bust is, so far as I know, unique. Many years ago it came into the possession of Thomas Jefferson, who had it at Monticello, his home in Virginia. Afterward it came into the possession of the late Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, who married a granddaughter of Mr. Jefferson. It is now owned by his son, Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, of Boston, and it is through his courtesy that I have been able to procure a photograph of it.



Plate IV.—From a Pencil Sketch by Isabey.

As a portrait, it is remarkable for the union of delicacy of feature with a certain seriousness, not to say austerity, of expression. There is a well-defined difference between this bust and that represented in Plate II., showing clearly the hardening of the features and the deepening of the lines of the face, the consequence of care, authority, responsibility. Yet the countenance is one of great beauty. The workmanship of this bust is perfect—it is an exquisite work of art.

Not unlike this, but showing more animation and enthusiasm, is the admirable sketch in black and white by David, which is reproduced in Plate VII. David painted Napoleon a number of times; but I do not recall any portrait of his equal in point of strength and charm to this unfinished sketch.

The legend on the engraving from which Plate VIII. was made—"Lodi-Rivoli-Castiglione-Pyramides-Aboukir"—informs us that it was made after Bonaparte's return from Egypt, in the autumn of 1799. This portrait—one, I think, of the most characteristic of those which represent Napoleon as a young man, is by the Baron Le Gros, a rough sketch by whom we saw in Plate V. In the picture before us we have the vigor, the audacity, the masterful spirit, the *gaudium certaminis* of the successful general very strongly and unmistakably portrayed. It is interesting to remember that this portrait must have been taken shortly before the crossing of the Alps and the battle of Marengo.

There can be no question that Napoleon's overthrow of the Directory and assumption of the reins of government, on the Eighteenth of Brumaire, 1799, was cordially approved by the French people. They may have been right, or they may have been wrong, in this, but the fact is really beyond dispute. The truth is, the Directory was itself a government of usurpers. The then existing board had, in the *coup d'état* of the Eighteenth of Fructidor, 1797, a little more than two years before, nullified the elections, turned out their competitors, and banished and proscribed their opponents. But it was not resentment at this which was at the bottom of the popular approval of Bonaparte's action. The French public had very little, if any, more sympathy with the defeated party, in the struggle of 1797, than with their

more unscrupulous and successful opponents. The trouble was far deeper than this. The Revolution was gradually losing its momentum ; it had done its work, which was in great part destruction ; its existing agents and functionaries were men of no political or social strength ; the Monarchists were beginning to show their heads ; and moderate men were considering whether even the old *régime*, shorn, as they supposed it would be, of some of its worst features, would not be more respectable—in fact, preferable in every way to the indefinite continuance in office of an irresponsible committee who had, as appeared by their recent action, plainly made up their minds to hold on to power, whatever might be the result of popular elections. On the other hand, liberal men, who recognized and appreciated the enormous benefits which the Revolution had gained for France, shrank back with dread from the idea of turning the country over to the Royalists and the returned emigrants. In the then chaotic state of the law, it would be perfectly possible to undo almost everything that the Revolution had gained for popular rights, to destroy its great acquisition—equality before the law—to replace all the old abuses, inequalities, monopolies, distinctions, exemptions. Hence, at the time when Bonaparte returned from Egypt, public opinion in France was in a very excitable state. On the one hand, it was felt that the rule of the Directory was unstable, resting, since the Eighteenth of Fructidor, 1797, neither on the authority of law nor on the consent of the people ; on the other, it seemed that, bad as it was, it must be supported indefinitely, as the only alternative seemed to be the restoration of the monarchy and the reintroduction of the abuses which the Revolution had swept away.

It is to be observed that in all these views there is no point made of the kind of government, as affecting the right of the people to govern, but only as affecting the legal and civil rights and equalities of condition gained in the Revolution. Everybody expected to be governed ; that went without saying ; nor did it so much matter by whom ; the only important thing was the preservation, or abolition, of the great reforms, in the direction of equality of civil rights, introduced by the Revolution.



Plate V.—From a Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Le Gros.

Hence, in Bonaparte the Liberal party, the party opposed to the restoration of the Bourbons, saw precisely the man they wanted. His fame as a soldier, his great reputation for ability of every kind, commended him to public attention. He was unmistakably in favor of preserving all the good worked by the late Revolution. Nor had he been a

month in office as First Consul before the whole nation rejoiced to find that there was now no further doubt as to the preservation of the rights and liberties and equalities, so recently acquired, and at such a vast expense; while at the same time the industries of the country sprang into a healthy activity, as they recognized the firm grasp of an able man of affairs on the helm of the ship of state.

The well-known full-length portrait, by Isabey, of the First Consul walking in the grounds of the Palace of Malmaison, of which we give an engraving here (Plate IX.), shows us Napoleon at this stage of his career. He is in uniform, to be sure, but the countenance gives no sign of being stirred by the anxieties or the elations of war. On the contrary, we have here Napoleon in civil life, calm, serious, intelligent, devoting his time wholly to the great tasks of the public service.

Taken about this period, in the year 1803, is the portrait by Gérard, which we reproduce in Plate X. It is noticeable that in this picture the features are not so thin as in most of the portraits we have hitherto seen. Evidently his face had begun to fill out. As is well known, he ultimately became very corpulent. At this time, however, judging by this picture, he was as handsome as ever, although there is certainly less expression in his features than is to be found in several of the earlier likenesses.



Plate VI.—From a Bust by Ceracchi.

It was, of course, to be expected that the great sculptor of the period, Canova, should try his skilful hand in modelling the head of the new ruler of France; and in Plate XI. we have a representation of the colossal bust by Canova in the Pitti Palace in Florence. Handsome it unquestionably is, notwithstanding that the photograph from which our picture was made, albeit an excellent one, distorts more or less the features, as many photographs do. But the bust is not very valuable as a likeness—there is too much effort to produce a striking effect.

The extremely fine portrait reproduced from an engraving by Raphael Morghen of a picture by Gérard of Napoleon in his imperial robes, which is given in Plate XII., is one of Napoleon's best-known likenesses. Perhaps it is a somewhat flattered likeness; still, it may well be that, taken, as it was, when the exceptional fatigues and anxieties of the Italian and Egyptian cam-

paigns had been succeeded by peace and prosperity, he may have looked his best. There is, nevertheless, to be noted, an absence of the interesting traits observ-



Plate VII.—From a Crayon by David.

able in the earlier portraits. This picture was made probably in 1804 or 1805, about the time he became Emperor.

To this period belongs Gilray's famous caricature of the projected invasion of England, a copy of which we give in Plate XV. The delightful self-confidence of the British public demanded this diet. These caricatures were all of a piece. Bonaparte was always held up to ridicule, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. The English believed themselves invincible; at that time they invariably beat the French at sea, and they had no doubt they could do so on shore, if ever their enemies succeeded in

effecting a landing. And in so far as they were actuated in all this by patriotism, and by the sturdy courage of the English race, they were to be admired. Still, it must be confessed, there is a



Plate VIII.—From an Old Engraving.

ludicrous side to it all. Thackeray says, in his "Four Georges:" "You may have seen Gilray's famous print of him [George III.], in the old wig, in the stout, old, hideous Windsor uniform, as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, while in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pygmy. Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon."

England, however, as we all know, was not invaded. The French Admiral Villeneuve was outmanœuvred by Lord Nelson, and, finally, at the great battle of Trafalgar the combined French and Spanish fleets were destroyed. All hope of gaining, even for a short time, the mastery of the Channel being gone, Napoleon determined to deal another member of the coalition a swift and decisive blow. The camp at Boulogne was broken up; the army, one of the finest, if not the finest, that, even in those days of continual war, France ever saw, was hurried rapidly through the German states on the Lower Rhine, and the Austrian General Mack, who was awaiting at Ulm the advent of his foes from a very different quarter, suddenly awoke to find himself surrounded and his whole force taken prisoner. Pursuing his march without delay, Napoleon entered Vienna on November 13, 1805; and on the memorable 2d of December the allied army was routed at the famous battle of Austerlitz. The caricature which we reproduce in Plate XVI. was evidently made after the capture of Ulm and before the fall of Vienna. It is a French take-off of the allies, and is stated to be drawn by a dragoon of the Second Regiment and dedicated to the "Grande Armée." On the left, standing in front of the city of Ulm, is the unfortunate Mack, shaking and quaking with rage and mortification, his "Plan de campagne" sticking out of his coat-pocket; a long column of prisoners, in the well-known white uniform of the Austrians, is filing out of the town; in the centre is a French dragoon, evidently getting much the better of a Russian soldier; on the right is the traditional John Bull, his money dropping from his pockets, horror-stricken at seeing the coalition to which he had so liberally subscribed, coming so speedily to grief; and in the distance are to be seen the walls of Vienna and the steeples of St. Stephen's Church. It looks like a soldier's picture, and as a contemporary bit of history is certainly interesting.

The battle of Austerlitz was fought, as has been said, on December 2, 1805. Early in 1806, peace was made by the Treaty of Presburg; and Napoleon returned to Paris, to occupy himself in consolidating his influence in Germany by founding the Confederation of the Rhine. It was at this time, in the year 1806, when he was in the zenith, or about the zenith, of his fortunes, that the portrait by Longhi, of which in Plate XIII. we give a representation, was taken. Our print is from an excellent engraving, made by the artist himself. The face is certainly extremely handsome; there is great refinement in the features, and every indication of intellectual power. The remarkable thing about it is, that it does not in the least suggest a warrior; it is hard to imagine that it is a portrait of Napoleon, drawn in the brief period which intervened between Austerlitz and Jena. It is, however, a

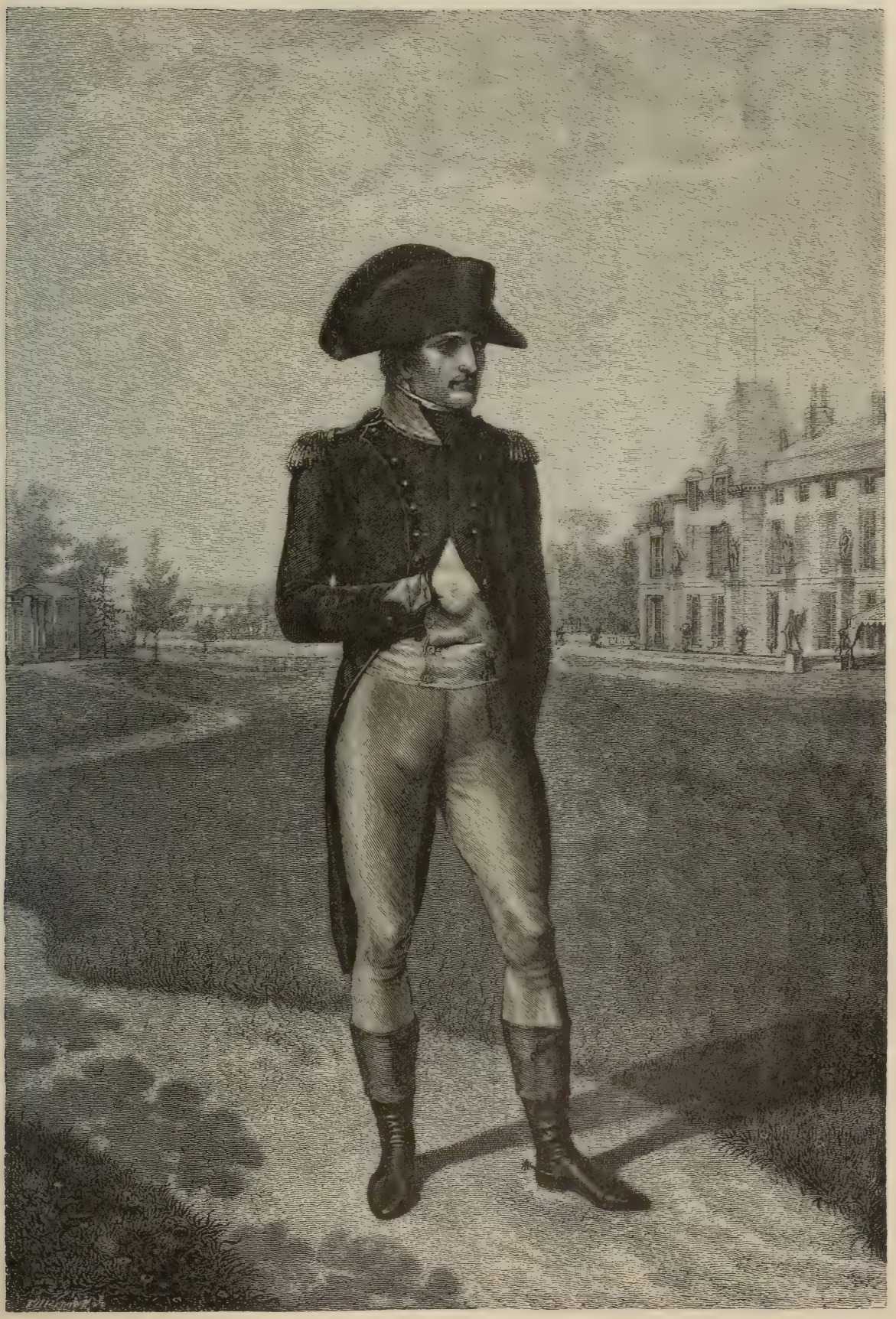


Plate IX.—From an Engraving of Isabey's Picture of the First Consul at Malmaison.



Plate X.—From a Photograph of a Portrait by Gérard.

great mistake to regard Napoleon as only, or even chiefly, a soldier; great as he certainly was in the field, he was equally great in the cabinet. No man of his day took hold of the work of government with anything approaching the energy or capacity displayed by him; no man of any day has ever surpassed him. Roads, canals, colleges, schools, civil as well as military, all received his attention; reforms of administration and of taxation, all the manifold tasks of government, were approached in an enlightened spirit, with the clear good-sense of a man of affairs, and with an entire absence of the prejudices so characteristic of this period. Above all, his code, at which he employed the best lawyers of the day, and which he pushed through to completion in the comparatively brief period of four years from its inception, feeling, as he did, a thorough conviction of its prime necessity, in casting into the form of law the great practical reforms which had been brought in by the Revolution—this work stamps him as

being, beyond question, the most sound and practical statesman of his time, so far as the internal management of his country was concerned.

In all this, however, there was no philanthropy, strictly so called. Napoleon was only a ruler, possessed of great power, having a comprehensive and clear mind, fully acquainted with the needs of the public service, addressing himself to all the tasks of government, and especially to the task of improving the condition of the populations over which he ruled, with an energy, assiduity, and intelligence, rarely, if ever, seen before. He was not a philanthropist, let us admit, but he was probably a great deal better ruler than if he had been a philanthropist. No sentiment ever disturbed his vision, or turned him aside from carrying through what he deemed to be a desirable reform. All that a highly educated man, of wonderful sagacity, thorough information, resolute purpose, and untiring industry, could do for the people of France and its dependencies was done by Napoleon Bonaparte. The France of to-day bears everywhere the marks of his marvellous capacity for reconstruction and organization. In spite of the excesses of the Revolution, of the disturbances consequent on such a tremendous upheaval of society, of the continual wars, France speedily recovered under the First Consul; and what she became under the Empire, in point of administrative efficiency and liberal and judicious use of the powers of government, that she is to-day.

In all Napoleon's legislation we find the same wise, enlightened, humane spirit—I was about to say modern spirit, and the word modern does define what I mean with a good degree of exactness. I mean that the spirit of the nineteenth century—its tolerant, hopeful, progressive spirit, to which the hatreds and bitternesses begotten of aristocratic and religious prejudice are unknown—runs through all the legislative and practical work of Napoleon in Europe. Such a man, for instance, as our own Dr. Franklin, if he had lived in France in Napoleon's day, would have found him a man after his own heart, in some respects certainly—a man who, while never in the least sentimental, was always willing, eager even, to listen to the projects for practical reforms of various kinds with which the doctor's ingenious mind was always teeming. But it is probably due in great measure to this absence of sentiment in Napoleon's composition, of which we have been speaking, that he does not, with many people, receive due credit for his laborious performance of public duty.

Longhi's portrait was taken, as we have said, in the brief interval between Austerlitz and Jena. After the former battle and the Peace of Presburg, which ensued, the Russians, having no longer an ally on the Continent, returned home; and it was supposed that Prussia had clearly seen that her true course was to continue, for a while at any rate, her policy of peace, that her time for attacking Napoleon had passed, and that it would be suicidal to take up arms.

War, however, was never far off in those days. The French Revolution had not only shocked and horrified the sober-minded folk of Europe—and, we may say, of America also—by its atrocities and bloodshed, but it had brought about a state of things which was to the ruling classes of the Continent and Eng-

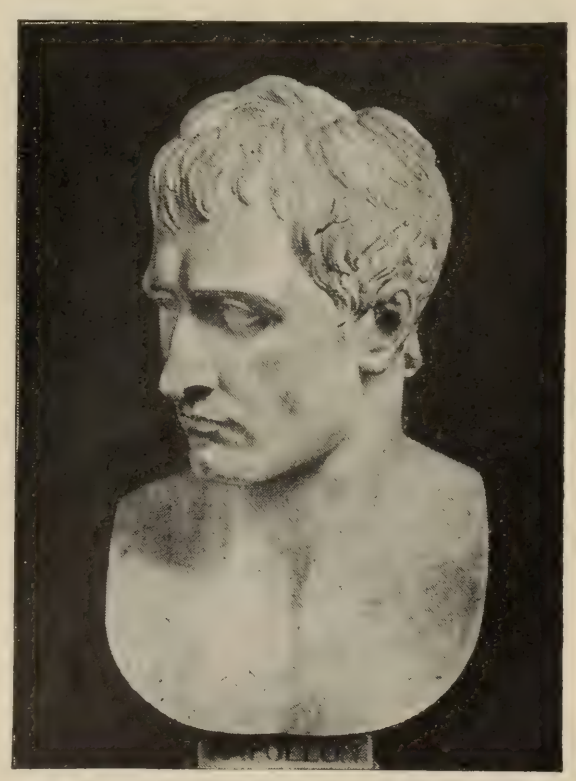


Plate XI.—From a Photograph of a Bust by Canova.



Plate XII.—From an Engraving by Raphael Morghen of a Picture by Gérard.



Plate XIII.—From an Engraving by Longhi of a Portrait by Himself.

land a standing outrage upon the fundamental principles of society and government. Here was a "Corsican upstart" at the head of France; his ministers were men risen from the ranks; his code, which he rigorously imposed on all the territories which he either conquered or annexed, made all men equal before the law, and rendered an aristocratic government impossible. The walks of life were thrown open to all; any man, no matter how humble his origin, might be an officer of the army, might even become a marshal of France. The spectacle which the Empire of Napoleon presented, moreover, was most encouraging to the growth and spread of the new ideas and the new system. France, Belgium, Holland, the German states on the Upper Rhine, Italy, had all adopted, to a greater or less extent, the new doctrines, and they were all in a condition of unexampled prosperity, despite the wars of the last dozen years. The new monarch, too, was plainly a restless, scheming, ambitious man. He and his system ought to be overthrown; the safety of society, the interests of public morals, demanded it, to say nothing of the balance of power, which was greatly disturbed by the excessive preponderance of France.

The state of feeling at this time in Europe was, as respects this subject, wholly different from that which exists to-day. It has now been found, by experience, that these contrasts in the ideas and forms of government existing in contiguous countries do not necessarily, or even generally, lead to war, or even to the introduction into the more conservative countries of the liberal notions of their next neighbors. But in the last years of the last century, and the first years of this, almost everybody in Europe thought differently. The few English Liberals who, like Cobbett, wrote and spoke on the other side fared hardly; they were cast into jails or heavily fined. The Conservative party throughout Europe—outside, that is, of France and her allies—carried matters with a high hand.

If now we add to all these antipathies and jealousies and hostile feelings the alarm and resentment which Napoleon's dazzling successes in the war with Austria and Russia must have excited in Prussia, we shall see how inevitable it was that war should speedily break out



Plate XIV.—On the Raft at Tilsit. (From a Print published in Berlin.)

between that country and France. For more than a dozen years Prussia had abstained from taking part in the crusade against France. This was not because she had any sympathy with French ideas of government—on the contrary, she had none whatever; her constitution was intensely aristocratic; her peasantry were little, if at all, better than serfs. But she was governed by a set of narrow-minded and vacillating ministers, who were incapable of following out any policy intelligently or consistently. The Italian wars of the French Republic with Austria did not directly concern Prussia; indeed, she was quite willing to see her great German rival deprived of her outlying provinces. It was quite another thing, however, when the victory of Austerlitz laid Austria at the feet of France. The golden moment for intervening, when Napoleon was still in the enemy's country, had, it is true, slipped by; but the consolidation of French influence in Germany, which was being effected through the establishment, in the spring and summer of 1806, of the Confederation of the Rhine, added greatly to the existing irritation and alarm.

On October 1, 1806, war broke out. From the start Prussia was doomed. Her generals were old and infirm—their counsels were divided, their plans uncertain and feebly executed. The battles of Jena and Auerstädt, fought on the 14th of October, destroyed the Prussian army, and a state of demoralization ensued which is almost without a parallel in history. Fortress after fortress surrendered, without making even an attempt at defence. On the 25th, Davout entered Berlin. To him this honor had been accorded, in recognition of his great services at the battle of Auerstädt.

The picture we now present (Plate XVII.) is from a contemporary print,

made, in all probability, in Berlin, not long after the battle of Jena. It bears the legend "Parade der französischen Garde, vor Sr Kaiserl: Königl: Majestät Napoleon I, am Lustgarten in Berlin."

This has always seemed to me an extremely interesting historical sketch. It is evidently not to be classed with those imaginary pictures intended to glorify the principal figure in it—if it had been made in this sense, we should find it a French picture and bearing a French inscription. Being a German picture, however, its existence is to be accounted for simply by supposing that the artist * sketched the French Emperor as he saw him at some guard-mounting or inspection of a detachment of the Imperial Guard.

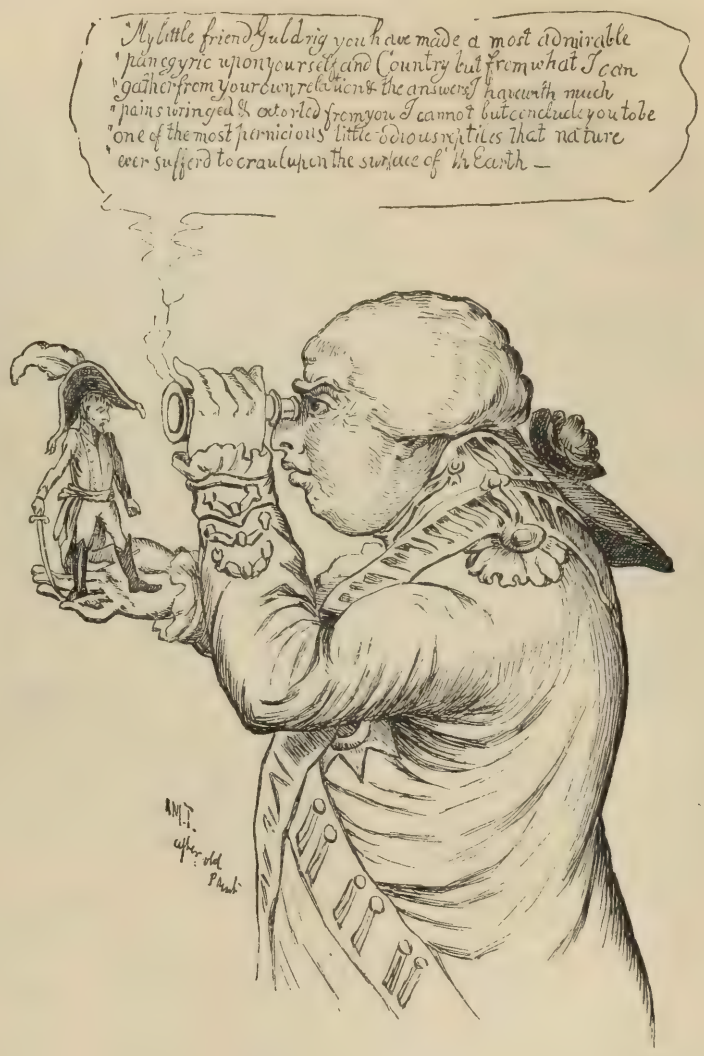


Plate XV.—From Gilray's Caricature.

Now, Napoleon was in Berlin only from the 27th of October to the 24th of November, so that this drawing must have been made during those four weeks. As a drawing, it is quite accurate as regards the locality—the Lust-garten, in Berlin; there is no attempt at effect; it is a simple and truthful picture.

With the assistance of the Russians, Prussia protracted the war, and during the winter and spring of 1806 and 1807 both armies manœuvred in the marshy districts of East Prussia and Poland. On February 7, 1807, was fought the bloody and indecisive battle of Eylau. Finally, on the 14th of June, the battle of Friedland terminated the war. The emperors of France and Russia met on the raft in the Niemen, on June 25th, and arranged the terms of a peace which was to comprehend the various states of continental Europe.

In Plate XIV. we have a contemporary German print of this famous meeting. In the centre are the two emperors, on the raft, cordially greeting each other. On the left of the foreground is a barge containing the Russian officers, the Grand-Duke Constantine being noticeable in front. Immediately behind him is a man whom I take to be Sir Robert Wilson, a distinguished English officer, who was the British Commissioner at the Russian headquarters. Still, it is unlikely that Wilson was present at the interview. On the right of the foreground is a barge containing the French officers. In the distance are to be seen, across the river, the French

* His name appears to have been F. Tügel.



Plate XVI.—From a French Caricature.

army, and the spires of the church of Tilsit.

The Peace of Tilsit set France, Holland, Western and part of Central Germany, and Italy, together with the new state formed out of Prussian Poland, and called the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw, over against Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The states in alliance with France received either the Code Napoleon entire or a great part of it. Their laws were all assimilated, to a greater or less extent, to the code. In all these countries great practical reforms had been introduced—life had been made easier for the poor; all employments had been thrown open to the public; monopolies, oppressive burdens, serfdom, a host of irrational and vexatious imposts and customs had been swept away, religious freedom had been established, and the welfare and happiness of the populations had already been perceptibly augmented. It was undoubtedly Napoleon's expectation that these internal changes would, when time enough had elapsed to enable them to bring forth their appropriate fruit, operate to unite the whole West of Europe in a sort of confederation, resolute to oppose any attempts of the three great reactionary monarchies—Russia, Austria, and Prussia—to reclaim their former possessions and their ancient influence, and restore the old state of things. In giving to the new kingdom of Westphalia, composed of certain of the German states which had been attached to Prussia, a constitution which abolished the old anomalies and distinctions and embodied the fundamental principle of the equality of every man before the law, he writes to his brother Jérome, the new king, as follows: "The benefits of the Code Napoleon, the publicity of legal procedure, the establishment of the jury system, will be the distinctive characteristics of your monarchy. And to tell you my whole mind on this matter, I count more on the effect of these benefits, for the extension and strengthening of your kingdom, than upon the result of the greatest victories. Your people ought to enjoy a liberty, an equality, a well-being, unknown to the German peoples. . . . This kind of government will be a barrier separating you from Prussia more powerful than the Elbe, than fortresses,



Plate XVII.—From an old German Mezzotint.

than the protection of France. What people would wish to return to the arbitrary government of Prussia when it has tested the benefits of a wise and liberal administration?"

That these expectations might have been realized, had Napoleon been content with the Empire as it then existed, and not sought to carry his new system into Spain against the wishes of the Spanish people, is certainly not impossible. Complications with the three great monarchies would no doubt have occurred in time, but the French Empire would have been much better able to meet them. Napoleon, it would seem, expected that it would be abundantly competent to defy any alliance against it; and, very probably, had its strength not been first wasted to so great a degree in Spain, and then so ruinously impaired by the issue of the Russian campaign, he might have been justified in his expectations. Certainly the French Empire never was so strong and compact as it was in 1807; and it seems as if it might have lasted substantially to our day, had Napoleon's only care been to consolidate it, to improve its internal condition, and to increase its strength and prosperity.

For, it must be remembered, the French Empire at this moment possessed a remarkable degree of unity and cohesion, considering how very recently it had been founded. This unity and cohesion were in great measure the result of the adoption into all the countries allied to France of the equality and toleration, as opposed to feudal and ecclesiastical privilege and intolerance, which the Revolution had established in France, and which the Republic and the Empire had carried into the neighboring countries. Let it be clearly understood, the mission of the French Revolution was not to vindicate for the masses the right to govern the state, but to acquire for them imperatively needed changes in legal and social *status;* it was not to give to the

peasantry and *bourgeoisie* the suffrage, which at that time they were wholly unfit to exercise, but to raise them by equal, just, humane, enlightened legislation, to a footing of equality with their more favored fellow-citizens; it was to remove all the artificial and burdensome restrictions and disabilities which hindered their welfare and darkened their lives, and to give a new value to life in opening every career to those who chose to pursue it. This, and not to confer upon the people political power, was the great, the characteristic, work of the Revolution —often lost sight of, even sometimes denied, in the confusion produced in many people's minds by looking solely at what was said, and not at what was actually done. No doubt there was declamation enough about political rights —the most arbitrary of the revolutionary despots were constantly talking about these rights—but none the less did they, when they had the upper hand, govern the people. There is no use in denying it—the great mass of the French people were at least as despotically governed in the days of the Convention and the Terror and the Directory as in those of the Consulate and the Empire. But the Convention and the Terror and the Directory had, in spite of all excesses, gained enormous practical benefits, initiated sweeping and imperatively needed reforms, for the French people; and not one of these was ever lost sight of by Napoleon. It was the introduction of these reforms and benefits into the constitutions and governments of the countries composing the Empire that gave the new congeries of states what of stability and of unity it possessed. The hostility, constant and bitter, of the three reactionary monarchies—Russia, Austria, and Prussia—would have tended to solidify and strengthen the French Empire, if only, as has been said above, it had been the chief thought of the head of that Empire to keep what he had gained, and to content himself with the astonishing success which, in so brief a period, his ability and good-fortune had secured.

AN ART MASTER.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

He gathered cherry-stones, and carved them quaintly
  Into fine semblances of flies and flowers;
With subtle skill he even imaged faintly
  The forms of tiny maids and ivied towers.

His little blocks he loved to file and polish;
  And ampler means he asked not, but despised.
All art but cherry-stones he would abolish,
  For then his genius would be rightly prized.

For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions
  And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;
Serene his way through surging years and fashions,
  While Heaven gave him his cherry-stones and file.

THE ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY.

By F. J. Stimson.

I.

Mankind, from the dawn of history until almost within the memory of living man, has been busied in his political activity with but three things—conquest, religion, and freedom. Until a period which may roughly be indicated as lying between the English, American, and French Revolutions, all men's energies have been taken up, either with freeing themselves from the tyranny of others or with imposing their own rule or religion upon other peoples. There always has been a king to be dethroned, a yoke to be thrown off, a creed to be evaded, or, at least and at last, a tax to be escaped. Man had to struggle, first, to protect his life; second, to get a living; third, to protect his property; fourth, that he might think and say what he chose. The history of the people has hitherto been in what we may call its defensive or destructive stage; it has been necessary rather to avert evil than to seek after good.

But with the permanent coming of democracy, all these things have changed. And we have now at least one country where, for over a century, there has been neither king, nor oligarchy, nor oppressive taxes, nor established religion, nor desire for conquest, nor alien enemies, nor armed propaganda. For four generations the people's hands have been untied; they have laid aside the sword; even the plough (such has been their prosperity) has not been grasped in all their working hours. Their hands have been free, their minds have been at rest; the people have had both the sceptre of power and the leisure to employ it. For the first considerable time in the history of the world, they have had their wishes and have worked their will; what have they done with it? We have had our say, we so-called masses; what have we said?

In the old fairy tale, the poor man and his wife were given their three wishes. And the wife wished for a black pudding; and the husband wished it at the end of his wife's nose. And there was nothing left for the third but to wish it off again.

We may hope, and justly, that democracy has been more wise than this. But that there has been a tendency rather to wish for black puddings than for hands free to get them and stomachs able to digest them, it were useless to deny. And the explanation is to be found in what we have said. For three thousand years humanity has thought its woes all came from others, from tyrants or enemies, aristocrats or false religions; itself was capable, in itself, of perfect blessedness. Suddenly these other things have been eliminated; what, then, was left but happiness and perfect light? And democracy, grasping, like Icarus, the reins of power, drove straightway for the sun.

Inter arma silent leges; and, surely, the converse may be true. And it is. *Tacent arma, loquuntur leges;* the first obvious result of the people's rule has been enormous and audacious extension of the quantity and scope of written laws. It is not too much to say that the laws passed since the Revolution in this country have been more important, more varied in scope, and more radical in social effect, than all the other laws from Magna Charta to King George the Third. The older body were meant mainly to check the oppression of the few; the later statute-books have more frequently aimed at constructing the happiness of the many. The conclusion was unavoidable that, all ills having come from power, and power having been enforced through laws, the people, having at last the power, by laws could gain all good. We are not through this illusion yet; but—except, possibly, in the direction of socialism — there is growing evidence of a healthy and conservative reaction.

The writer of this article has for sev-

eral years been occupied with a work which involved the careful study and comparison of all the statute books of the United States. And the statutes, however contemptuously the courts of law regard them, are after all only the utterance of the people's will. They are the direct speech of the "One who has authority." And the present writer would seek here to set forth, diffidently, a few of the generalizations to which he has been led by a repeated careful reading of the laws of all our States and Territories together. There is no space to more than state them here, but he has tried to state them impartially; and whether the result be a paradox or a truism, it is equally the outcome of hard facts, almost numberless in detail.

Two great eras may be marked, in this country, in the voicing of democracy by law. At first, as was natural, the people so lately escaped from domestic tyranny or foreign menace sought to bind and clinch the matter by a multitude of repressive and prohibitive provisions directed against its older enemies; a series of chains which, fortunately, have proved as unnecessary as Bunyan, somewhat prematurely, thought the gyves on Pope and Pagan. Of this nature is the careful iteration, in all our constitutions, that men are free and equal, are possessed of inalienable rights to life and liberty, and (in all the States, except Missouri, in which gloomy commonwealth they have not, it appears, such right) to pursue happiness; and that they are not to have exclusive or hereditary privileges, nor standing armies, nor martial law; nor feudal tenures, nor be burdened with established churches or compelled to attend them, nor to make sectarian appropriations, nor submit to religious oaths or tests. Of this nature is the constitutional clause that men shall have freedom of speech, liberty of the press, shot-guns *ad libitum*, rights to assemble and consult, to emigrate, to sue at law, claim *Habeas corpus*, have jury trial, and no imprisonment for debt; and bail, and warrants for arrest, and indictments, and freedom from attainder, cruel punishments, and *ex post facto* laws. Of such nature, finally, is the sweeping constitutional provision that these rights (and more, if necessary) shall be forever saved and excepted out of the powers of any and all governments, even though amended in the constitution and voted unanimously by the people's representatives. This last clincher is a padlock from the arsenal of Jean Jacques Rousseau; as is also the statement, nearly universal in our State constitutions, that all political power is inherent in the people, who have at all times a right to make and overthrow a government whose existence is founded upon their contract; and these, with the others, are evidently framed with a view to what we have termed the *destructive* or *defensive* stage of the people's assertion of itself; the stage when it was necessary for them rather to prohibit or prevent, than to provide, direct, and foster. And among these inalienable rights, notably, we find, in nearly thirty States, the right to acquire and possess property. It may be speculated whether this would pass so unanimously to-day; and it is, perhaps, profitable to remember that, by their very compact of government, a single dissentient citizen may constitutionally rebel, secede from these States, if his property be not protected. New York, however, is not among those which thus sanctify property in their basis of government. Illinois and other States imply the same thing indirectly; for they include the protection of property among the objects for which all government (they say) is constituted; as also the protection of life itself, even that of policemen; and of liberty, even that of employers of labor. And three States go still further, and add to life, liberty, property and happiness, a further natural right to one's personal reputation—a principle not without interest in these days of interviewers and personal journalism. Democracy declared all these things, at the start.

But soon the refluent wave, the era of construction and experiment, appeared. It gradually became evident to the minds, even of the most ardent democrats, that tyrants in coat-of-mail were no longer to be expected; that the feudal system had really ceased to be the structure of the State; that there was no immediate likelihood of the establishment of a church inquisition in Boston or New York. Some earnest souls

were loath to believe that the war was over, then as now; and set themselves to follow the defeated foe in scattering squads. By these the last vestiges and savor of the old order of things were valiantly removed; such as the few remaining property qualifications on the right of suffrage, even in many States the educational ones, and long tenures of office, honors, and decorations. Titles and hereditary privileges were eschewed by our grandfathers with a zeal only equalled by the eagerness with which their granddaughters espouse them. The principles of rotation in office, of elective judges, of the illegality of exclusive charters, were established. Inherited, even acquired, superiorities were ruthlessly frowned down; until to some it almost seemed as if the all-powerful masses were about to place the ban on excellence itself. This campaign culminated, perhaps, in the Know-nothing movement, although we are not quite out of it yet; "feudal myrmidons," we are still told, are the men we hire to protect our property; the people have even yet hardly learned that what they have to fear is the power of money used, not of that inherited; the power of political rings, not of social privilege; corporations and not aristocracy; but there are signs that the reaction has come.

But at the same time with these overzealous and, perhaps, unnecessary efforts to cut off the last outposts of the beaten enemy, there appeared the beginning of the great constructive movement, of the long-deferred effort of the people to mould society to its ideal perfection—the assertion, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say, by democracy of its essence; the founding of the corner-stones of the people's New Republic. This, as it seems to me, is one of the most suggestive, instructive, and, perhaps, fruitful movements of this nineteenth century, whose output is as yet uncast and undetermined, after all. For ninety years or more, in forty-six different workshops, the masses, so lately over-feared, and now (it may be) over-praised, have worked their will at moulding out of men a perfect world. And despite the not of late infrequent cry of the Nihilist that this, too, has failed and should be wiped away, like a child's slate-drawing, with a sponge, we cannot feel that it has wholly failed. At all events, let us first be sure that it is wrong, vain, ill-drawn, childish, hopeless; for the sponge that is to make a blank page once more is filled with brave men's blood.

II.

When democracy, freed and fearless, looked about itself and saw its sceptre lying ready; when the *demos* first became a *demiurg;* when that first moment of fruition had passed, and the last echo of the pæans that greeted it had died away—it considered itself; and it found that it was not happy. And it thought what might be the cause of this; and it saw, or seemed to see, several reasons. One man said, it is money; and others, it is woman; and many others, perhaps more philosophical, it is man's own weakness, and particularly that variety of weakness which finds its most definite expression in a desire rather to gloss things over with strong drink than to tackle with the primal curse of labor.

Accordingly, we shall find the first organized voice of the people directed to the softening of money troubles, to the mitigation of domestic unhappiness, and the attempt to enact a popular weakness out of existence by statute, much as a drunkard "swears off" on the first of January. However nugatory we may consider this last effort, it is, perhaps, the most instructive fact of the three, as showing how quick was democracy to grasp the truth that man's woes came rather from himself than from any law of nature or of God outside of him, a truth that of late seems in danger of slipping from our minds.

It cannot be said that any of these three efforts has either yet succeeded or been pushed to the end and abandoned. It looked a few years ago as if the divorce question, for instance, was to be pushed to its furthest extension; it looks to-day as if a stable equilibrium of position were soon to be reached, and it were to become a *question vidée.* But even after saying this, it must be remembered that the question in its larger development—woman's rights—is as active to-day as ever, and that the marriage question and

the question of divorce go with it. Politically, woman may, perhaps, be given the sole right of suffrage alone without affecting her status in society or modifying her other human relations; but socially, this is impossible. Upon the quickness, the fine-wittedness, of our people to perceive this fact, any intelligent, unhasty decision of this question must depend. We may give woman the ballot, and right of holding office; but, happily or unhappily, she will not then remain what she has been.

Before proceeding to consider these three campaigns in detail, let us pause to note that democracy has gone furthest, neither in the least intelligent States nor in those most favored, at their start, with general education. It may, perhaps, be roughly stated that the extreme Western States have been bolder than the older Eastern ones; as men founding a commonwealth are naturally more ready to try experiments than those who live in one already existing. Among the most radical innovators we may therefore expect to find California, Texas, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and the Territories; among the most conservative in their use of power New Hampshire, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina. But we are not, perhaps, prepared for finding Georgia and Maine among the rashest experimenters, and Missouri and Oregon at the other extreme; while New York and Massachusetts, Nevada and New Mexico, occupy a middle ground.

If any question has ever been exhausted by discussion and experiment, it is the question of regulating the use of intoxicating drink by law. But this is only one part of a much broader question; namely, how far it is wise and possible to impose rules of conduct on mankind by law. There is no more logical, or even more practical, reason why we should tell a citizen that he must not drink, than that he should not smoke, or live in two houses, or own a yacht, or give his wife a necklace or fine clothes. Intoxication leads to crime, we are told; but so do ostentation and extravagance. Still less is there more reason for a statutory curb upon this vice than upon many others, as, for instance, incontinence, or commercial dishonesty. But the laws levelled at incontinence among unmarried persons, at adulteration of goods, even of the necessaries of life, at commercial or even fiduciary dishonesty, at fraudulent insolvency or debt, are few and insufficient as compared with the universal and repeated efforts to check or regulate the sale of intoxicating liquor. The very word intemperate has ceased to mean intemperate in manner, or in diet, or in luxuries, language, or the use of drugs; it means intemperate in alcoholic drink alone. Now this must be either because our law-makers deem such other vices not so heinous, or because they think their repression by law more difficult; but this latter is surely not the case. We are, therefore, led to our first conclusion. *Hitherto democracy has deemed the intoxication-habit a more dangerous or a more sinful vice than incontinence or commercial dishonesty.*

We must hasten to add, however, that there may be yet another reason for this —the people may believe that there are more possible drunkards than probable dishonest men. Whether true or false, this popular conviction is in itself instructive. True democracy, it may be added, is always optimistic; only Socialists and Nihilists are pessimists.

The liquor question has been so thoroughly tested and written about that it is only worth our while to indicate with clearness the general result. It is obvious that all men are agreed that intoxication is an evil, and that there are but three classes of opinion on the subject—those who believe in moderated repression, *i.e.*, license laws or local option; those who believe in prohibition and think it possible; and those who are "in favor of a prohibition law but against its enforcement." The last class may seem novel to the reader; but it includes all those who still believe in prohibition while they tacitly or openly admit that it cannot be enforced. And there is at least one practical politician, a respected friend of the writer, who justifies this with a certain logic. If we are to give over repressing evil by law because every case is not punished under it (he would say), the argument proves too much; most evil-doing goes unpunished. Moreover, there are many other valuable laws which are rarely enforced, and this without bringing their principle into disre-

spect. The laws against profane cursing and swearing, for instance, or against Sabbath-breaking, are only rarely enforced, and in necessary cases. But it is useful, all the same, if a gang of bargemen come and swear under your parlor windows, or if all corporations should force their employés to labor seven days in the week, to be able to invoke the law against them. So of prohibition. Solitary drinking, quiet evasion of the law, may neither be discovered nor suppressed; but the public nuisance, the social evil, the bar-room as a centre of political and social life, must be stopped; and so much, at least, is not impossible.

It is still too early to forecast the decision of the people on this question. The first, or license class, is perhaps increasing in the West; the second and third (in what proportion it is hard to say) in the East and South. In four States prohibition has been made an article of the constitution (with, of course, the sole effect of making it more difficult of repeal); Texas has a local-option provision in the constitution; while in Colorado, only the sale of drugged or adulterated liquor is so forbidden. But one conclusion we may note as certain; it is now the decided and wellnigh universal opinion of democracy that the sale of intoxicating liquor should, if possible, be prevented. That is, democracy believes men are too weak to be left at liberty in this particular, and would seek to fence them from themselves.

Turning now to the question of the sexes, about which the mind of the people has been even more active; and beginning with the institution of marriage. Twenty-two States and Territorries have declared that marriage is a civil contract, the essence of which is the consent of both parties. The obvious corollary from this is that marriage, like all other civil contracts, may be dissolved at any time by mutual consent. For there is no contract known to the law, even when expressly stipulated to last for life or a long term of years, even when the parties expressly contract not to alter it, which may not be brought to an end notwithstanding, by agreement of all the parties interested. And it looked at one time as if this corollary, that marriage is dissoluble by mutual consent, were about to be recognized. There were at one time over forty causes of divorce in this country, including the so-called "omnibus" clauses, which practically enabled a judge to grant a divorce whenever he pleased or whenever the parties wanted it. But the final step was not taken; in fact, the present tendency is the other way. Legislatures are not, as in England, commonly authorized to grant divorces; and but nineteen general causes of divorce are now recognized throughout the Union; and in all but three States the "omnibus" clauses are abolished.

It is true that Blackstone states that the common law considers marriage in no other light than as a civil contract; but this merely means that the law does not recognize marriage as a sacrament beyond its own control. Marriage is properly a *state*, a legal relation, like paternity; not a contract, like partnership; a fact that the law has recognized from his time to ours; and when we consider that in Blackstone's time there were no causes of absolute divorce arising subsequent to the marriage, that is, in practical effect, no divorce at all, it will be seen that much of the advanced position since taken has been maintained. Limited divorce—that divorce which allows no re-marriage—is very generally abolished in America; and only South Carolina continues to allow no divorce at all. Most of the States still have as many as eight causes, arising since marriage. And in several States the laws recognize and establish elaborate rights for the status of separation in fact—*i. e.*, a separation made by the parties or either party with or without the consent of the other, and without any decree of court whatever—which, in all points except re-marriage, makes marriage a contract dissoluble at will.

Among the nineteen causes of divorce our various laws still recognize, some are noteworthy. The habit of intoxication is generally a cause, but not so misdemeanors, fraud, or dishonesty. Adultery is always a cause; so, in many Southern States and in Iowa and Kansas, incontinence before marriage, but only if on the part of the wife; a dis-

tinction that most reformers would term a feudal injustice. California and Dakota require, with a degree of specification quite impossible decently to quote, conjugal affection from both parties if they would keep each other in the bonds of Hymen. Maine and Connecticut, until recently, Wisconsin, Florida, Arizona and Washington Territories still have, or had, "omnibus" or indefinite clauses; and in Wisconsin and Kentucky the parties may separate by consent and thereupon, after five years, be divorced. Failure to support, or poverty, is not a cause; but it is so in several States when caused by idleness or dissipation, the marriage service to the contrary notwithstanding. In Washington Territory the court may grant a divorce when satisfied that the parties can no longer live together, and in Florida for the "habitual indulgence of an ungovernable temper"—which, we take it, would include profanity and prolonged grumbling.

If we turn from the causes of divorce to the formalities and precautions interposed by procedure, we are met with a result still more remarkable. Only two States require a residence in the State on the part of the petitioner of more than two years, and in the vast majority a divorce may be granted to any person who has come to the State for that purpose and (in theory) remained there for one year, or even six months. Generally no notice is required to the other party which there is the slightest probability of his receiving; so that, practically, divorces are granted *ex parte* and almost as a matter of course. Among the wealthy classes some restrictions are placed upon this loose state of law by the fact that the divorces thus easily obtained cannot be accompanied by a satisfactory decree (to the petitioner) affecting the rights of property and custody of the children of the parties; but among the vast majority, nearly all the trading and laboring classes, this salutary brake is not applied, and it is a fact familiar to lawyers that divorce is more common in the middle classes than among the rich or the very poor. All these matters are so well known that we may spare the reader further particulars upon the subject, merely pausing to note this curious confirmation of the old French economist's cynical reason for marriage—that it is an institution made necessary by property, and designed for its protection and preservation alone. It is certainly the fact that divorce in America is least common (if we leave out the Catholic Irish) among the wealthy classes; for the laboring classes, not Catholic, are few in number and more likely to do without divorce at all.

As to the relation of marriage itself, we shall find that the common-law view has been greatly modified. A hundred years ago the wife was hardly recognized as a separate person; her legal identity was merged in the husband's, whose chattel she was, and for whose civil acts he was almost absolutely responsible. For felonies short of treason and murder she was not punished, if committed at his instigation, and the husband might administer to her a "moderate correction," which the courts gravely ruled to mean a stick no bigger than one's little finger.

With us, all this has been absolutely changed. The clear and almost effected tendency of to-day is to consider that the marriage relation makes no difference whatever in the status of the two married persons, except to affect the descent of their property after death, and to make it a penal offence for the husband to refuse to support his wife. Only in California, Dakota, Georgia, and New Mexico, is it declared that "the husband is the head of the family and the wife is subject to him." Only in Louisiana and New Mexico does she "owe obedience to him" and is she expressly obliged to live with him, and this because the law of those States comes from French and Spanish sources. In many States a husband is no longer liable for his wife's trespasses; and in nearly all she is not bound to pay his debts. And in Oregon and Washington Territory "all laws (except voting and holding office) which impose or recognize civil disabilities upon a wife which are not imposed or recognized as existing to the husband are repealed;" while Mississippi boldly pronounces the common law as to disabilities of married women and their property to be abrogated. While, on the one hand, the doors

of escape from marriage have been multiplied, the entering into marriage has been encouraged. Pennsylvania and Georgia expressly so state, and in all States the ease, quickness, and simplicity of the marriage ceremony has been greatly increased. The solitary exception to this rule—that the age of legal marriage has generally been changed from the common-law rule of fourteen and twelve to sixteen, eighteen, and even twenty-one—is probably due to climatic reasons. The prohibited degrees have been reduced, and first-cousins can generally marry; bans have been done away with, and informal and deceptive marriages recognized. Illegal relations have been more strictly treated. Adultery has in many States been made a criminal offence, and if other illicit relations have been treated leniently in the criminal law, in the civil law every possible remedy has been afforded the injured party for reparation or compensation. We may therefore conclude, despite the conservative reaction notable in the last few years, that *the tendency of democracy has so far been, while recognizing marriage as a civil status, to deny that right of the husband to authority and possession which has hitherto been the axiom of the Anglo-Saxon view of that institution, and to make marriage a contract easily made and easily ended, while strictly punishing offences against the marital relation while it lasts.*

In other relations of the sexes, still more has been done. Democracy has already emancipated woman; will it enfranchise her? All restrictions of property, privilege, trade, or contract, have been generally removed; save only those of political power. Socially, it may fairly be said, or, at all events, may soon be said, that women have their rights; politically, they are still women in the etymological sense, wives.

On this question, democracy's first utterance was most conservative. By the express constitution of all the States of the Union, without exception, the elective franchise was confined to males. But in Colorado and in Wisconsin the constitution gives the legislature power at any time to extend the right of suffrage to women, if approved at a general election by a mere majority of the people; and both in Colorado and in Minnesota, it provides that women shall vote upon school questions; and the same is law in several other States. Several States are now agitating the question of giving women a right to vote at municipal elections also. By the constitution of California no woman may be disqualified from entering upon any lawful business, profession, or vocation; but by that of Missouri it is specified that the governor and the members of the legislature must be men. In Georgia alone is it expressly enacted that women can neither vote, hold office, nor perform any civil functions unless especially authorized by law; and, on the other hand, that they are free of military, jury, police, patrol, and road duties. So, in Louisiana, it is sanely declared that the law, by reason of the difference of sexes, has established between men and women essential differences with respect to their civil, social, and political rights. But in Illinois women may not be excluded from any occupation or profession except the military; though they may not hold office, as a rule, nor serve on juries, nor be forced to labor in the streets. And in most States women are enabled to practise particular professions, such as law and medicine, and to hold specified offices, such as clerkships and registries of deeds, and places in the schools. Finally, as we have already said, women are almost universally put on the same footing with men in respect to their property, trade, and services. And in three Territories — Washington, Wyoming, and Utah—woman-suffrage is an accomplished fact. I think, in view of all this, it may be safely stated *that the tendency of democracy is neither to impose, to recognize, nor to authorize, any legal, social, or political difference between the sexes.*

The money question—the question of the things that are of this world—of the treasures that are therein laid up, and of the moth and rust and of the thieves that break in and steal—has been perhaps the main subject of our hundred years of legislation. The law has had to do with property and persons; let us sweep away the property, say some, and the persons will take care

of themselves. But this view has not prevailed. At present, democracy seems quite as likely to sweep away the rights of persons in its care for property; or for what it deems a proper division of the benefits of property.

No space is left now in which to more than epitomize the course of things in this direction. Anything in the nature of punishment or imprisonment for debt has been generally done away with. A numerous and ever increasing list of possessions has been entirely exempted from execution for debt, starting with the traditional homestead and going on through all necessities of life, implements of trade, and even corner-lots and money, until in some States, as in Texas, almost every conceivable object of desire, from a house and corner-lot to a span of fast horses, may be held and enjoyed by the poor man free from all claims of his creditors. Without going further into details, it may be boldly stated that the tendency of democratic legislation on this subject has been to require the repayment of debts only when it can be made out of superfluous accumulated capital; and even the well-to-do debtor, it may be feared, may often avoid the obligation of a loan or credit, if not too honest to avail himself of the dodges of the law. In short, *the tendency of democracy is not to force a man to pay his debts against his will.*

So far, the tendency has simply been destructive. But the positive efforts of democracy to regulate the use and the abuse of property have been far more diversified and far more widely spread. It is difficult to find a comprehensive name for this species of legislation; a name which shall at once include the laws which regulate the possession and the distribution and use of all property and worldly values, as well as the exercise of trades and the relation of employers and employed. There is, however, one name which not only includes all this, but is, in logical analysis, co-extensive with it; and this name, although (perhaps because) it is somewhat startling, should be employed. Now, all such efforts of government, their scope and theories, are what we really mean by Socialism.

We should hasten to add that there has never been any question of the propriety and virtue of certain socialistic enactments. For instance, as a recent writer has well pointed out, the poor law of Queen Elizabeth is as plainly a socialistic measure as any that could be proposed by Marx or Gronlund. So are the public-tax-sustained roads, waterworks, post-office system, the free libraries, and public schools. The only question is, how far we may safely go in this direction without too greatly abridging personal liberty. Where do we overstep the line? Where does the aggregate injury to individuals begin to exceed the benefit to the community?

That we have gone very far is obvious. We may define pure socialism as that system where, on the one hand, all the labors, and, on the other, all the earnings, of all citizens, are respectively regulated and disposed of by the State. (And here let us again insist on the fact, so often lost sight of, that socialism is by no means communism; if we may be allowed to coin the word individualism, the distinction becomes clear. Individualism, the old state of things, may stand for that society which recognizes personal liberty and property; pure socialism vests property in the State and merges personal liberty in the will of Society; nihilism recognizes neither property nor State, but merges everything in the will of the individual; true communism recognizes personal liberty but denies the right of property entirely. Thus, nihilism is the true obverse of socialism, and between the two extremes we should place communism and individualism. Communism does recognize the State, or Government; nihilism not. The true order is, therefore, Socialism, Individualism, Communism, Nihilism; and, perhaps we may add, the truth of two old proverbs again verified—that the middle way is the safest, and extremes meet. And we may here note also that tyranny, autocracy, seems always to gravitate rather to nihilism, or communism; democracy, to socialism.)

If we thus define socialism, we may observe considerable progress already made in the direction of regulating human action. Speaking broadly, and including indirect taxation, it may be stated that *the laws now purport to give the State*

power to dispose of at least one-third the annual revenues of property. The earnings of labor are treated more leniently; as yet, by indirect taxation only. But when we consider that a tax of a tenth the annual fruits was considered burdensome a century ago, this result is still remarkable. In brief, one side of socialism, that which disposes of the earnings, has been partially realized; and considerable progress has been made in the other, as by labor laws, railroad legislation, and other statutes regulating the relation of employer and employed.

Of course, these taxes are largely, by the richest citizens, evaded; but upon land, at least, they are effectual. It is certainly understating it to say that the general taxation, local and national, upon land equals one-third the net rents, *i.e.*, Ricardo's margin of cultivation, less expenses of management. But this side of socialism is the familiar one. Land has always been a favorite subject for socialistic agitation; so much so, that anciently the term Agrarian almost replaced our modern Socialistic. The land is there, open to everyone, and inviting attack; we may leave this question to Henry George and his compeers. It is the other side of socialism that has been least discussed and is most interesting.

It is only very recently—within a few years—that the great step which separates State from what we may term universal socialism has been contemplated. The two things are vastly different; they bear the same relation that general blood-poisoning does to a local sore. When the State takes one-third of the citizen's income and applies it to general uses beyond the needs of government, that is State socialism. When it regulates the charges of corporations, even of individual carriers and warehousemen, brokers or physicians, as in the Granger Laws, that perhaps is State socialism also. But when it seeks to modify directly, not the relation of citizens to the State, but of citizens to other citizens; when it takes a portion of the earnings of masters and applies it, not to the general use, but to the pockets of such masters' servants; directly, and, as it were, automatically, without State intervention, that is universal socialism. Of such nature were the laws proposed last year for "arbitration" between employers and employed.

The writer does not recall that any socialistic statute of the clearly universal kind has yet been enacted in this country. But, perhaps, the trend of discussion is in that direction. And certainly more and more of State socialism is becoming law every year. Let us trace a few of the more striking instances.

Only two State constitutions (North Carolina and Florida) declare that the people have a natural right to education; but eighteen others declare that a free State education is necessary or expedient, and all the States but New Hampshire and Delaware provide in their constitutions for public schools. And there is no question but that, in the minds of the people, this distinction is lost sight of, and the Florida provision correctly expresses the popular view. But man has no more a natural right to free education than he has to free soup, bread, or circuses. Therefore the principle is socialistic, and becomes so immediately we go from the argument of expediency, under the police powers of government, to that of right.

Prohibition laws, like all sumptuary laws, are socialistic; not, indeed, as regulating property, but as restricting personal action. Still, if they only prohibit the sale, and not the use of intoxicating liquor, they may, perhaps, be ranked under these same police regulations which have always been considered a proper subject for legislation. So of road and poor laws, as has been said before; and tax laws in general; but a graduated tax is pure socialism. This has hitherto been adopted, however, only in the case of income taxes.

So far as statutes have sought to free property, they are of the remedial, not the constructive kind; such are laws simplifying conveyances, removing restraints on alienation, abolishing primogeniture; but laws fixing railway charges, limiting corporate rights, even those prescribing the accounts and financial management of insurance companies, are socialistic. It is true that the courts sustaining such laws have based them wholly upon the existence of a corporate franchise; but this reason will, sooner

or later, prove inadequate and be discarded. Already the ground is being shifted to the fiction of public employment—owing to a coincidence of words with the ancient law of innkeepers. But the rule making an innkeeper liable for thefts committed in his inn is either a police regulation or a convention of the law of evidence; a law fixing a warehouseman's charges is neither.

Perhaps the laws most advanced in the direction of socialism are the labor laws. Those which fix the age of children to be employed in factories may, indeed, be considered as pertaining to sanitary legislation, always held orthodox and allowable, however socialistic in nature; not so the eight- and ten-hour laws which are now so frequent. It is a no more radical step, after saying that a man shall not work, to say in what way or ways he shall play; and surely quite as salutary a one. But the laws which enforce upon the operative his sixteen hours of leisure have not yet ventured to say that he shall spend four hours of that leisure in a picture gallery and the rest at the Young Men's Christian Association. They have only sought to close the corner grocery. And, although no law has yet been passed saying how much the employer shall pay, two or three States have ventured to say that he shall pay it once a week.

To close this last field of observation, we may say that State socialism—the allowable scope of State interference with the acts and possessions of the citizens—has been greatly extended; and that measures of universal socialism, although in no case yet enacted, appear to be on the verge of a trial. We will therefore conclude with the perhaps unforeseen result, that *democracy, when crowned with power, seeks rather what it considers the well-being of the community than the liberty of the individual.*

III.

I have spoken, at the beginning of these notes, of a conservative reaction. It is necessary to recur to this, for perhaps a far more radical conclusion would otherwise be forced upon us. It is certain that, at least until very recently—say up to a year ago—this reaction had been very evident. Fewer new experiments had been tried; many of the old ones were given over. The era since the war has been, in the main, reactionary. The women's "rights" movement has not progressed; and, with radical measures, not to progress is to recede. Prohibition was to a certain extent succeeded by high license. A disposition was shown to reduce the taxes, to limit and define the allowable functions of government, to take a conservative view of the marriage relation. It is impossible briefly to state the grounds of this conclusion, or, rather, inference; it can only be deduced from an actual survey of the whole field of State legislation. Perhaps, also, the reader may have noticed a corresponding social change; he may see about him a shade more moderation in all things, a little more impatience of the manifold 'isms and 'osophies than appears in the writings of the decades from 1840 to 1860. The fact is only noticeable in this connection as indicating a possibility that we shall permit ourselves no further rope; that a state of stable equilibrium has been reached. Though we still formulate, that "*the tendency of democracy* has so far been toward *absolute socialism*," we now accentuate the words *so far*.

Christianity, as a late writer has pointed out in words well chosen,* is the only system of socialism which commends itself as having a rational basis, and its founder the most practical teacher of it that the world has ever seen. "The aim of all socialism is the securing of equality in the social condition of mankind, and if equality is to be secured at all it will be secured only by changing the hearts of men, and never by setting to work, in the first instance, upon the conditions." But the present impulse of socialism is not Christian, but rather one willing to put an end to Christianity. And it is a system of machinery, like the kingdom of a tyrant, not of souls, like that of Christ. Now the Christian system did not rest on force at all. It was communistic, but not socialistic, as the word is properly used; for its very essence was the freedom of the individual will.

* Socialism and Legislation, Westminster Review, January, 1886.

The ethics of democracy are utilitarian; so much we have traced from the start. No commandment, no religion, no tradition, no inheritance, no social prejudice, is beyond the test of daily use. All murder may be excusable homicide, organized theft go unpunished, treason be overlooked, and debts forgiven; criminal malpractice may be legally authorized, and beer-drinking be made a crime; and another year all these may be changed about. On the one hand, the State may be made omnipotent; and on the other, its statutes may fall into disuse and be transgressed with impunity. Democracy is audacious, it attempts too much; it is radical, for it has no memory. It acts by impulse, like a weak mother. And yet, its young arms bear the future of the world. Therefore the study of tendencies becomes important; for its dreams of to-day are laws to-morrow. *Dove si puote ciò che si vuole*—democracy is the only realm where that can be which is willed.

It may be that the present state is in the main eternal; it may be that the leap to socialism will be taken. Communism, under present evidence, need not be feared. Socialism is the greater danger of the two. And, to the mind of the writer, it is the greater evil; just as man himself is a greater thing than his possessions. It was a great advantage when tyranny had one head and one neck; but what axe will relieve us from the tyranny of the majority? Foreign conquest was an evil; but it commonly took only our flocks and herds and left ourselves in liberty.

But through all our investigation, one pregnant coincidence has not been noted. State action, interference both as divider of profits and as censor, and prohibition and the like laws; free-love and extended divorce, and "women's rights;" property and land laws, and State irreligion and communism; all of these, though by no means supported by the same classes, or even by classes largely coincident, have had a curious interconnection. If they have not stood and fallen side by side, they have at least advanced or receded at the same time. What is the reason of this? Doubtless this has not been an intended coincidence. Most women who want the right of suffrage by no means desire free-love; prohibitionists do not want atheism; loose construers of the Constitution do not mean socialism, nor labor reformers like close State control. Yet with or without reason, they seem to go together—as magnetic storms wax and wane with the spots on the sun. Therefore, without prejudice against any one proposed reform, it is impossible not to end, if not with the deduction, at least with the suggestion—that (for some reason which we will not now attempt to fathom) *the three institutions—of private property, of marriage, and of personal liberty from State control—are so inseparably bound together that neither one may fall without the other two.*

SISTER ANNUNCIATA.

By Henrietta Christian Wright.

Sister Annunciata lay asleep,
And all stood silent, fearing e'en to weep,
Lest any shade of common, human grief
Should cloud the tranquil spirit as it passed.
But she, with long-drawn sigh of sweet relief,
Moved her pale lips, unclosed her eyes at last,
And looked—on what?—Did crownéd saint appear?
Or awful vision of the Angel Seven?
The watchers lower bent their heads to hear—
"Love, do I see your face again—and is this heaven?"

A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

III.

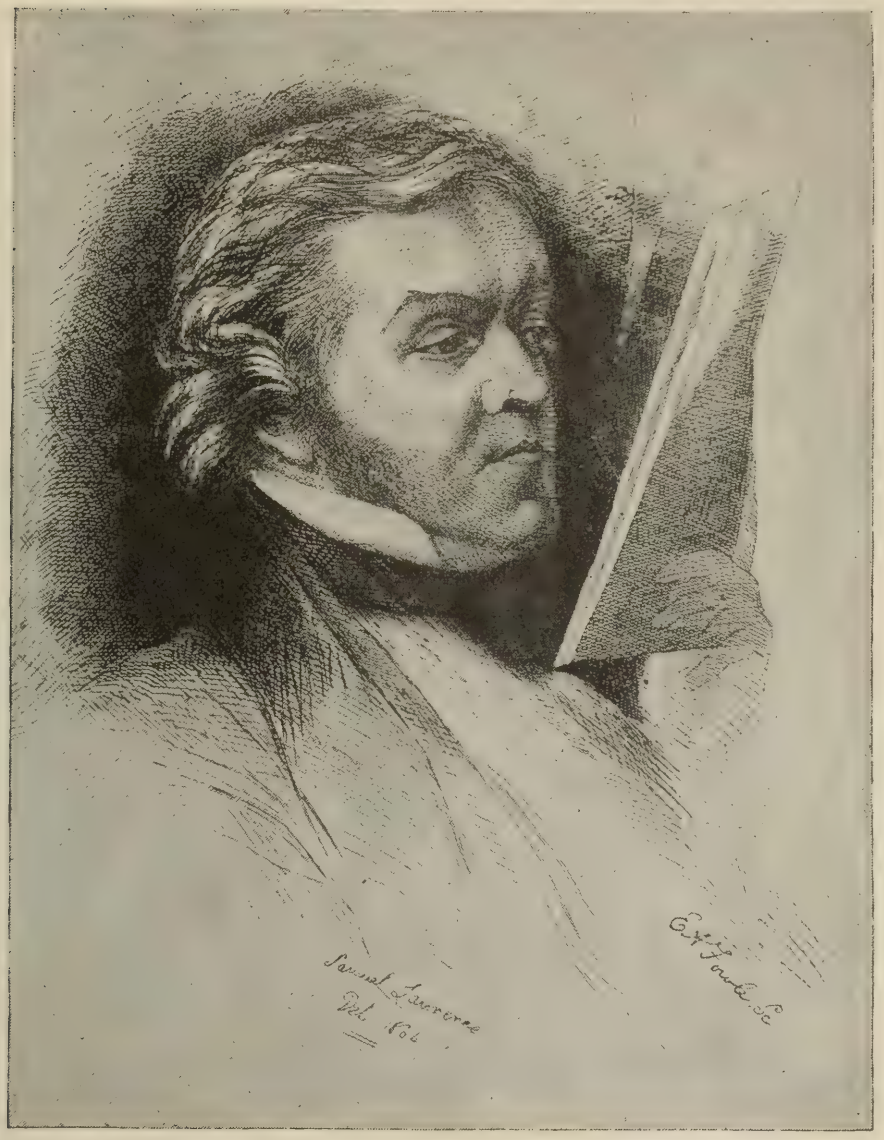
[*Paris, Feb.* 1849]

My dear Lady:

I have been to see a great character to-day and another still greater yesterday. To-day was Jules Janin, whose books you never read, nor do I suppose you could very well. He is the critic of the Journal des Débats and has made his weekly feuilleton famous throughout Europe—He does not know a word of English, but he translated Sterne and I think Clarissa Harlowe. One week, having no theatres to describe in his feuilleton, or no other subject handy, he described his own marriage, which took place in fact that week, and absolutely made a present of his sensations to all the European public. He has the most wonderful verve, humour, oddity, honesty, bonhomie. He was ill with the gout, or recovering perhaps; but bounced about the room, gesticulating, joking, gasconading, quoting Latin, pulling out his books which are very handsome, and tossing about his curling brown hair;—a magnificent jolly intelligent face such as would suit Pan I should think, a flood of humourous, rich, jovial talk. And now I have described this, how are you to have the least idea of him.—I daresay it is not a bit like him. He recommended me to read Diderot; which I have been reading in at his recommendation; and that is a remarkable sentimental cynic, too; in his way of thinking and sudden humours not unlike—not unlike Mr. Bowes of the Chatteris Theatre. I can fancy Harry Pendennis and him seated on the bridge and talking of their mutual mishaps;—no Arthur Pendennis the boy's name is! I shall be forgetting my own next. But mind you, my similes don't go any further: and I hope you don't go for to fancy that you know anybody like Miss Fotheringay—you don't suppose that I think that you have no heart, do you? But there's many a woman who has none, and about whom men go crazy;—such was the other character I saw yesterday. We had a long talk in which she showed me her interior, and I inspected it and left it in a state of wonderment which I can't describe. . . .

She is kind, frank, open-handed, not very refined, with a warm outpouring of language; and thinks herself the most feeling creature in the world. The way in which she fascinates some people is quite extraordinary. She affected me by telling me of an old friend of ours in the country—Dr. Portman's daughter indeed, who was a parson in our parts—who died of consumption the other day after leading the purest and saintliest life, and who after she had received the sacrament read over her friend's letter and actually died with it on the bed. Her husband adores her; he is an old cavalry Colonel of sixty, and the poor fellow away now in India, and yearning after her writes her yards and yards of the most tender, submissive, frantic letters; five or six other men are crazy about her. She trotted them all out, one after another before me last night; not humourously, I mean, nor making fun of them; but complacently, describing their adoration for her and acquiescing in their opinion of herself. Friends, lover, husband, she coaxes them all; and no more cares for them than worthy Miss Fotheringay did.—Oh! Becky is a trifle to her; and I am sure I might draw her picture and she would never know in the least that it was herself. I suppose I did not fall in love with her myself because we were brought up together; she was a very simple generous creature then.

Tuesday. Friend came in as I was writing last night, perhaps in time to



From an Etching of a Portrait by Samuel Laurence.

stop my chattering; but I am *encore tout émerveillé de ma cousine.* By all the Gods! I never had the opportunity of inspecting such a naturalness and coquetry; not that I suppose that there are not many such women; but I have only myself known one or two women intimately, and I daresay the novelty would wear off if I knew more. I had the *Revue des* 2 *mondes* and the *Journal des Débats* to dinner; and what do you think by way of a delicate attention the *chef* served us up? Mock-turtle soup again, and uncommonly good it was too. After dinner I went to a ball at the prefecture of Police; the most splendid apartments I ever saw in my life. Such lights, pillars, marble, hangings, carvings, and gildings. I am sure King Belshazzar could not have been more magnificently lodged.—There must have been 15 hundred people, of whom I did not know one single soul. I am surprised that the people did not faint in the Saloons, which were like burning fiery furnaces; but there they were dancing and tripping away, ogling and flirting, and I suppose not finding the place a bit inconveniently warm. The women were very queer looking bodies for the most, I thought, but the men dandies every one, fierce and trim with curling little mustachios. I felt dimly that I was 3 inches taller than any body else in the room



In the Nursery at Clevedon Court. (From a Collection of Thackeray's Drawings privately printed for Sir Arthur Elton.)

but I hoped that nobody took notice of me. There was a rush for ices at a footman who brought those refreshments which was perfectly terrific.—They were scattered melting over the heads of the crowd, as I ran out of it in a panic. There was an old British dowager with two daughters seated up against a wall very dowdy and sad, poor old lady; I wonder what she wanted there and whether that was what she called pleasure. I went to see William's old friend and mine, Bowes; he has forty thousand a year and palaces in the country, and here he is a manager of a Theatre of Variétés, and his talk was about actors and coulisses all the time of our interview. I wish it could be the last, but he has made me promise to dine with him, and go I must, to be killed by his melancholy gentlemanlikeness. I think that is all I did yesterday. Dear lady, I am pained at your having been unwell; I thought you must have been, when Saturday came without any letter. There wont be one today I bet twopence. I am going to a lecture at the Institute; a lecture on Burns by M.

Chasles, who is professor of English literature. What a course of lionizing, isn't it? But it must stop ; for is not the month the shortest of months? I went to see my old haunts when I came to Paris 13 years ago, and made believe to be a painter,—just after I was ruined and before I fell in love and took to marriage and writing. It was a very jolly time, I was as poor as Job and sketched away most abominably, but pretty contented ; and we used to meet in each others little rooms and talk about art and smoke pipes and drink bad brandy and water.—That awful habit still remains, but where is art, that dear mistress whom I loved, though in a very indolent capricious manner, but with a real sincerity?—I see her far, very far off. I jilted her, I know it very well; but you see it was Fate ordained *that* marriage should never take place ; and forced me to take on with another lady, two other ladies, three other ladies ; I mean the muse and my wife &c. &c.

Well you are very good to listen to all this egotistic prattle, chère soeur, si douce et si bonne. I have no reason to be ashamed of my loves, seeing that all three are quite lawful. Did you go to see my people yesterday? Some day when his reverence is away, will you have the children? and not, if you please, be so vain as to fancy that you can't amuse them or that they will be bored in your house. They must and shall be fond of you, if you please. Alfred's open mouth as he looked at the broken bottle and spilt wine must have been a grand picture of agony.

I couldn't find the lecture room at the Institute, so I went to the Louvre instead, and took a feast with the statues and pictures. The Venus of Milo is the grandest figure of figures. The wave of the lines of the figure, whenever seen, fills my senses with pleasure. What is it which so charms, satisfies one, in certain lines? O! the man who achieved that statue was a beautiful genius. I have been sitting thinking of it these 10 minutes in a delightful sensuous rumination. The Colours of the Titian pictures comfort one's eyes similarly ; and after these feasts, which wouldn't please my lady very much I daresay, being I should think too earthly for you, I went and looked at a picture I usedn't to care much for in old days, an angel saluting a Virgin and child by Pietro Cortona,—a sweet smiling angel with a lily in her



Sketch of Mrs. Brookfield. (From the Clevedon Drawings.)

hands, looking so tender and gentle I wished that instant to make a copy of it, and do it beautifully, which I cant, and present it to somebody on Lady-day.—There now, just fancy it is done, and presented in a neat compliment, and hung up in your room—a pretty piece—dainty and devotional?—I drove about with———, and wondered at her more and more.—She is come to "my dearest William" now: though she doesn't care a fig for me.—She told me astonishing things, showed me a letter in which every word was true and which was a fib from beginning to end ;—A miracle of deception ;—flattered, fondled, coaxed —O! she was worth coming to Paris for! . . . Pray God to keep us simple. I have never looked at anything in my life which has so amazed me. Why, this is as good, almost, as if I had you to talk to. Let us go out and have another walk.



In the Schoolroom, Clevedon Court. (From the Clevedon Drawings.)

Fragment

[*Paris*, 1849]

Of course in all families the mother is the one to whom the children cling. We don't talk to them, feel with them, love them, occupy ourselves about them as the female does.—We think about our business and pleasure, not theirs. Why do I trouble you with these perplexities? If I mayn't tell you what I feel, what is the use of a friend? That's why I would rather have a sad letter from you, or a short one if you are tired and unwell, than a sham-gay one—and I don't subscribe at all to the doctrine of "striving to be cheerful". *À quoi bon*, convulsive grins and humbugging good-humour? Let us have a reasonable cheerfulness, and melancholy too, if there is occasion for it—and no more hypocrisy in life than need be.

We had a pleasant enough visit to Versailles, and then I went to see old Halliday, and then to see old Bess, and to sit with the sick Tom Fraser. I spend my days so, and upon my word ought to get some reward for being so virtuous.

On Sunday I took a carriage and went to S. in the country. The jolly old nurse who has been in the Ricketts family 120 years or more or less, talked about Miss Rosa, late M^rs^ Fanshawe, and remembers her the flower of that branch of the family, and exceedingly pretty and with a most lovely complexion.—And then I told them what a lovely jewel the present Miss Rosa was; and how very fond I was of her mamma;—and so we had a tolerably pleasant afternoon;—and I came back and sat again with Mr. Thomas Fraser. Yesterday there was a pretty little English dance next door at Mrs. Errington's, and an English country dance being proposed, one of the young bucks good-naturedly took a fiddle and played very well too, and I had for a partner Madame Gudin, the painters wife, I think I mentioned her to you, didn't I?

She is a daughter of Lord James Hay—a very fair complexion and jolly face, and so with the greatest fear and trepidation (for I never could understand a figure) I asked her—and she refused because she tells me that she is too ill, and I am sure I was very glad to be out of the business.

I went to see a play last night, and the new comedian Mademoiselle Brohan of whom all the world is talking, a beau-

Sunday 2 Sept.

Madame Lelu made a very agreable appearance upon the breakfast table this morning when I entered that apartment at 11 o'clock. I dont know how I came agoid to sleep so much, but such was the fact - after a fine broiling hot day, after idleness part of wh. was spent on the sofa, a little in the Tuillery gardens where I made a sketch that is not a master piece but perhaps Madame will like to see it: and the evening very merrily with the Morning Chronicle the Journal des Debats and Jules Janin at a jolly little Restaurateur's in the Champs Elysées at the Sign of the Petit Moulin Rouge. We had a private room & drank small wine very gaily looking out into a garden full of green arbours in almost every one of wh. were gentlemen & ladies in couples come to dine au frais, and afterwards to go & dance at the neighbouring dancing garden of Mabille. Fiddlers and singers came and performed for us: and who knows I should have gone to Mabille too, but there came down a tremendous thunder storm with flashes of lightning to illumine ale it, wh. sent the little couples out of the arbours, and put out all the lights of Mabille. The day before I passed with my Aunt & cousins, who are not so pretty as some members of the family; but are dear good people with a fine sense of fun and we were very happy until the arrival of two newly married Snobs, whose happiness disgusted

me and drove me home early, to find 3 acquaintances smoking in the moonlight at the hotel door, who came up and passed the night in my rooms - for I forgot, I went to the play first: but only for an hour I couldn't stand more than an hour of the farce wh made me laugh while it lasted, but left a profound black melancholy behind it. Jamin said last night that life was the greatest of pleasures to him, that every morning when he woke he was thankful to be alive (This is very tolerably like him) that he was always entirely happy, and had never known any such thing as blue devils or repentance or satiety. I had great fun giving him authentic



accounts of London. I told him that to see the people boxing in the streets was a constant source of amusement to us; that in November - you saw every lamp post on London Bridge with a man hanging from it who had committed suicide - and he believed everything. Did you ever read any of the works of

Janin? – no? Well he has been for 20 years famous in France: and he on his side has never heard of the works of Titmarsh, nor has anybody else here and that is a comfort. I have got very nice rooms but they cost 10 francs a day: and I began in a dignified manner with a domestique de place, but sent him away after two days: for the idea that he was in the ante room scarcely with nothing to do, made my life in my own room intolerable, and now I actually take my own letters to the post. I went to the Exhibition, it was full of portraits of the most hideous women, with inconceivable spots on their faces of wh I think I've told you my horror: and scarcely 6 decent pictures in the whole enormous collection: but I had never been in the Tuileries before, and it was curious to go through the vast dingy rooms by wh such a number of dynasties have come in & gone out – Louis XVI. Napoleon, Charles X. Louis Philippe have all marched in state up the stair case with the gilt balustrades, and come tumbling down again presently. – Here I must give you an historical disquisition in the Titmarsh manner upon this: but reserve it for Punch – for whom on Thursday

an article that I think is quite unexampled for dullness even in that Journal, and that beats the dullest Jerrold. What a jaunty off hand Satiric rogue I am to be sure - and a gay young dog.! I took a very great liking and admiration for Clough. He is a real poet and a simple affectionate creature - Last year we went to Blenheim from Oxford (it was after a stay at Cl-ved-n C-t the seat of Sir C— E—n B-t) and I liked him for rolling down in the Park grass and beginning to teach a child to read off a bit of Punch wh was lying on the ground - Subsquently he sent me his pomes wh were rough but contain the real genuine sacred flame I think. He is very learned: he has evidently been crossed in love: he gave up his fellowship and University prospects on religious scruples. He is one of those thinking men, who I daresay will begin to speak out before many years are over, and protest against Gothic Xtianity. - That is I think he is - Did you read in J. Newman's book? there speaks a very pious loving humble soul I think, with an ascetical continence too - and a beautiful love and reverence - I'm a publican and sinner: but I believe in those men are on the true track

tiful young woman of 17 looking 25 and—I thought—vulgar, intensely affected, and with a kind of stupid intelligence that passes for real wit with the pittites, who applauded with immense enthusiasm all her smiles and shrugs and gestures and ogles. But they wouldn't have admired her if she hadn't been so beautiful, if her eyes weren't bright and her charms undeniable.—I was asked to beg some of the young English Seigneurs here to go to an Actress ball, where there was to be a great deal of Parisian beauty, which a cosmophilite ought to see perhaps as well as any other phase of society.—But I refused Madame Osy's ball—my grey head has no call to show amongst these young ones, and, as in the next novel we are to have none but good characters—what is the use of examining folks who are quite otherwise. Meanwhile, and for 10 days more, I must do my duty and go out feeling deucedly lonely in the midst of the racketting and jigging. I am engaged to dinner for the next 3 days, and on Friday when I had hoped to be at home—my mother has a tea-party, and asked trembling (for she is awfully afraid of me) whether I would come—Of course I'll go. — — W. M. T.

[*Paris*, 1849]

They all got a great shock they told me, by reading in the *Galignani*, that W. M. Thackeray was dead, and that it was I. Indeed two W. Thackeray's have died within the last month. *Eh bien?* There's a glum sort of humour in all this I think, and I grin like a skull.—As I sent you a letter to my Mamma, here is a sermon to Annie. You will please put it in the post for me? I think about my dear honest old Fatty, with the greatest regard and confidence. I hope, please God, she will be kept to be a companion and friend to me. You see I work in the Herschell.

Give my love to Harry when you write to him, and to Mrs. Fanshawe and to Missy. I haven't time to transact letters to them to-day, or I should use our traveller who carries this here, and glory in saving 2*f.* by that stratagem. And I'd have you know, Madam, that I wish I was going to dine at Portman Street as I did this day week; but that as I can't, why, I will be a man, and do my duty. *Bon soir* William, *bon soir Madame.*

A Fragment

[1849]

What you say about Mrs. —— being doomed does not affect me very much, I am afraid. I don't see that living is such a benefit, and could find it in my heart pretty readily to have an end of it, —After wasting a deal of opportunities and time and desires in vanitarianism. What is it makes one so blasé and tired I wonder at 38? Is it pain or pleasure? Present solitude or too much company before? both very likely. You see I am here as yesterday, gloomy again, and thrumming on the old egotistical string. —But that I think you would be pleased to have a letter from me dear lady, I'd burn these 2 sheets, or give my blue devils some other outlet than into your kind heart.

Here are some verses which I have been knocking about, and are of the same gloomy tendency. You must know that I was making a drawing which was something like you at first, but ended in a face that is not in the least like yours; whereupon the Poet ever on the watch for incidents began A Failure.

A Failure

Beneath this frank and smiling face,
  You who would look with curious eye
  The draughtsman's inward mind to spy,
Some other lineaments may trace.
  Ah! many a time I try and try
Lady, to represent their grace.

Dear face! The smile with which 'tis lit
  The mantling blush, the gentle eyes,
  Each individual feature lies
Within my heart so faithful writ.
  Why fails my pencil when it tries?

. . . . . .

(Here lines may be inserted *Ad lib.* complimentary to the person)

I look upon the altered line
  And think it ever is my lot;
  A something always comes to blot
And mar my impossible design—
A mocking Fate that bids me pine,
  And struggle and achieve it not.

Poor baulked endeavours incomplete!
Poor feeble sketch the world to show,
While the marred truth lurks lost below!
What's life but this? a cancelled sheet,
A laugh disguising a defeat!
Let's tear and laugh and own it so.

Exit with a laugh of demoniac scorn. But I send the very original drawing, to these very original verses—

3 Sept. 1849.

From Paris,

Monday.

The man who was to carry my letter yesterday, fled without giving me notice, so Madame loses the sermon to Annie, the pretty picture, &c. I haven't the courage to pay the postage for so much rubbish. Isn't it curious that a gentleman of such expensive habits should have this meanness about paper and postage? Thé best is that I have spent three francs in cab-hire, hunting for the man who was to carry my two-franc letter. The follies of men are ceaseless, even of comic authors, who make it their business to laugh at the follies of all the rest of the world.

What do you think I did yesterday night? If you please, ma'am, I went to the play; and I suppose because it was Sunday, was especially diverted, and laughed so as to make myself an object in the stalls; but it was at pure farcicality, not at wit. The piece was about a pleasure excursion to London; and the blunders and buffoonery, mingled, made the laughter. "*Eh oui, nous irons à Greenwich, manger un excellent sandwich*" was a part of one of the songs.

My poor Aunt is still in life, but that is all; she has quite lost her senses. I talked for some time with her old husband, who has been the most affectionate husband to her, and who is looking on, he being 72 years old himself, with a calm resolution and awaiting the moment which is to take away his life's companion. . . . As for Pendennis, I began upon No. 7 to-day and found a picture which was perfectly new and a passage which I had as utterly forgotten as if I had never read or written it. This shortness of memory frightens me, and makes me have gloomy anticipations. Will poor Annie have to nurse an old imbecile of a father some day, who will ramble incoherently about old days and people whom he used to love? What a shame it is to talk such gloomy stuff to my dear lady; well, you are accustomed to hear my chatter, gloomy or otherwise, as my thoughts go by. I fancy myself by the dear old sofa almost, as I sit here prating; and shut my eyes and see you quite clear. I am glad you have been doing works of art with your needle. . . .

W. H. Ainsworth, Esquire, is here; we dined next each other at the *3 Frères* yesterday and rather fraternized. He showed a friendly disposition I thought, and a desire to forgive me my success; but beyond a good-humoured acquiescence in his good will, I don't care. I suppose one doesn't care for people, only for a very, very few. A man came in just now who told me he had heard how I was dead. I began to laugh, and my laugh meant, "Well old fellow, you don't care, do you?" And why should he? How often I must have said and said these things over to you. *Oui Madame, je me répète. Je me fais vieux; j'oublie; je radote; je ne parle que de moi. Je vous fais subir mon égoisme, ma mélancholie.—Le jour viendra-t-il où elle vous gênera? Eh, mon dieu;—ne soyons pas trop curieux; demain viendra; aujourd' hui j'oublierai—pourquoi ne vous vois-je pas aujour-d' hui?* I think you have enough of this for to-day, so good-night. Good bye, Mr. Williams. I fancy the old street-sweeper at the corner is holding the cob, I take my hat and stick, I say good bye again, the door bangs finally. Here's a shilling for you, old street-sweeper; the cob trots solitary into the Park. *Je fais de la littérature, ma parole d'honneur! — du style — du Sterne tout pur—O vanitas vanitatum!* God bless all,

W. M. T.

[*4th Sept.* 1849]

Tuesday, Paris.

Perhaps by my intolerable meanness and blundering, you will not get any

letter from me till to-morrow. On Sunday, the man who was to take the letter failed me; yesterday I went with it in a cab to the Grande Poste, which is a mile off, and where you have to go to pay. The cab horse was lame, and we arrived two minutes too late; I put the letter into the unpaid-letter box; I dismissed the poor old broken cab horse, behind which it was agonizing to sit; in fine it was a failure.

When I got to dinner at my aunt's, I found all was over. Mrs. H. died on Sunday night in her sleep, quite without pain, or any knowledge of the transition. I went and sat with her husband, an old fellow of seventy-two, and found him bearing his calamity in a very honest manly way. What do you think the old gentleman was doing? Well, he was drinking gin and water, and I had some too, telling his valet to make me some. Man thought this was a masterstroke of diplomacy and evidently thinks I have arrived to take possession as heir, but I know nothing about money matters as yet, and think that the old gentleman at least will have the enjoyment of my aunt's property during life. He told me some family secrets, in which persons of repute figure not honorably. Ah! they shock one to think of. Pray, have you ever committed any roguery in money matters? Has William? Have I? I am more likely to do it than he, that honest man, not having his resolution or self-denial. But I've not as yet, beyond the roguery of not saving perhaps, which is knavish too. I am very glad I came to see my dearest old aunt. She is such a kind tender creature, laws bless us, how fond she would be of you. I was going to begin about William and say, 'do you remember a friend of mine who came to dine at the Thermes, and sang the song about the Mogul, and the blue-bottle fly,' but modesty forbade and I was dumb.

Since this was written in the afternoon, I suppose if there has been one virtuous man in Paris it is madame's most *obajient* servant. I went to sit with Mr. H. and found him taking what he calls his tiffin in great comfort (tiffin is the meal which I have sometimes had the honor of sharing with you at one o'clock) and this transacted,—and I didn't have any tiffin, having consumed a good breakfast two hours previously—I went up a hundred stairs at least, to Miss. B. H.'s airy apartment, and found her and her sister, and sat for an hour. She asked after you so warmly that I was quite pleased; she said she had the highest respect for you, and I was glad to find somebody who knew you; and all I can say is, if you fancy I like being here better than in London, you are in a pleasing error;

Then I went to see a friend of my mother's, then to have a very good dinner at the Café de Paris, where I had *potage à la pourpart*, think of *pourpart* soup. We had it merely for the sake of the name, and it was uncommonly good. Then back to old H. again, to bawl into his ears for an hour and a half; then to drink tea with my aunt—why, life has been a series of sacrifices today, and I must be written up in the book of good works. For I should have liked to go to the play, and follow my own devices best, but for that stern sentiment of duty, which fitfully comes over the most abandoned of men, at times. All the time I was with Mr. H. in the morning, what do you think they were doing in the next room? It was like a novel. They were rapping at a coffin in the bedroom, but he was too deaf to hear, and seems too old to care very much. Ah! dear lady, I hope you are sleeping happily at this hour, and you, and Mr. Williams, and another party who is nameless, shall have all the benefits of an old sinner's prayers.

I suppose I was too virtuous on Tuesday, for yesterday I got back to my old selfish ways again, and did what I liked from morning till night. This self indulgence though entire was not criminal, at first at least, but I shall come to the painful part of my memoirs presently. All the forenoon I read with intense delight, a novel called *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, a continuation of the famous *Mousquetaires* and just as interesting, keeping one panting from volume to volume, and longing for more. This done, and after a walk and some visits, read more novels, *David Copperfield* to wit, in which there is a charming bit of insanity, and which I begin to believe is the very best thing the author has yet

done. Then to the *Variétés* Theatre, to see the play *Chaméléon*, after which all Paris is running, a general satire upon the last 60 years. Everything is satirised, Louis XVI, the Convention, the Empire, the Restoration etc., the barricades, at which these people were murdering each other only yesterday—it's awful, immodest, surpasses my cynicism altogether. At the end of the piece they pretend to bring in the author and a little child who can just speak, comes in and sings a satiric song, in a feeble, tender, infantine pipe, which seemed to me as impious as the whole of the rest of the piece. They don't care for anything, not religion, not bravery, not liberty, not great men, not modesty. Ah! madame, what a great moralist somebody is, and what *moighty foine* principles *entoirely* he has!

But now, with a blush upon my damask cheek, I come to the adventures of the day. You must know I went to the play with an old comrade, Roger de Beauvoir, an ex-dandy and man of letters, who talked incessantly during the whole of dinner time, as I remember, though I can't for the life of me recall what he said. Well we went together to the play, and he took me where William would long to go, to the green-room. I have never been in a French green-room before, and was not much excited, but when he proposed to take me up to the *loge* of a beautiful actress with sparkling eyes and the prettiest little *retroussé* nosey-posey in the world, I said to the *régisseur* of the theatre 'lead on'! and we went through passages and up stairs to the *loge*, which is not a box, but O! gracious goodness, a dressing room! — —

She had just taken off her rouge, her complexion was only a thousand times more brilliant, perhaps, the *peignoir* of black satin which partially enveloped her perfect form, only served to heighten &c, which it could but partially do &c. Her lips are really as red as &c, and not covered with paint at all. Her voice is delicious, her eyes, O! they flashed &c upon me, and I felt my &c, beating so that I could hardly speak. I pitched in, if you will permit me the phrase, two or three compliments however, very large and heavy, of the good old English sort, and *O! mon dieu* she has asked me to go and see her. Shall I go, or shan't I? Shall I go this very day at 4 o'clock, or shall I not? Well, I won't tell you, I will put up my letter before 4, and keep this piece of intelligence for the next packet.

The funeral takes place to-morrow, and as I don't seem to do much work here, I shall be soon probably on the wing, but perhaps I will take a week's touring somewhere about France, Tours and Nantes perhaps or elsewhere, or anywhere, I don't know, but I hope before I go to hear once more from you. I am happy indeed to hear how well you are. What a shame it was to assault my dear lady with my blue devils. Who could help looking to the day of failing powers, but if I last a few years, no doubt I can get a shelter somewhere against that certain adversity, and so I ought not to show you my glum face or my dismal feelings. That's the worst of habit and confidence. You are so kind to me that I like to tell you all, and to think that in good or ill fortune I have your sympathy. Here's an opportunity for sentiment, here's just a little bit of the page left to say something neat and pretty. *Je les méprise les jolis mots, vous en ai-je jamais fait de ma vie? Je les laisse à Monsieur Bullar et ses pareils—j'en ferai pour Mademoiselle Page, pour la ravissante la sémillante la frétillante Adèle (c'est ainsi qu'elle se nomme) mais pour vous? Allons—partons—il est quatre heures—fermons la lettre—disons adieu, l'amie et moi—vous m'écrirez avant mon départ n'est ce pas? Allez bien, dormez bien, marchez bien, s'il vous plait, et gardy mwaw ung petty moreso de voter cure.* W. M. T.

PARIS, [1849]

As my mother wants a line from me, and it would cost me no more to write on two half sheets than one whole one, common economy suggests that I should write you a line to say that I am pretty well, and leading, as before, a dismal but dutiful life. I go and sit with the old Scotch widower every night, and with my aunt afterwards. This isn't very amusing, but the sense of virtue and self-denial tickles one, as it were, and I come home rather pleased to my bed of a night. I shall stay here for a

few days more. My tour will be to Boulogne, probably, where I shan't find the Crowes, who are going away, but shall have Mrs. Procter; and next week will see me back in London probably, working away as in the old way.

Yesterday I went a little way into the country to see Miss R's husband, my old friend S. They have just got a little son, a beautiful child, and the happiness of this couple was pleasant, albeit somehow painful, to witness. She is a very nice, elegant accomplished young lady, adoring her Augustus, who is one of the best and kindest of old snobs. We walked across vines to the coach at half past seven o'clock, after an evening of two hours and a half, which was quite enough for me. She is a little thing, and put me in mind of my own wife somehow. Give Mrs. Fanshawe, with my respectful love, a good account of her cousin. I am bound today to another country place, but don't like the idea of it. Tomorrow I dine with Mr. T. B. Macaulay, who is staying in this hotel.

And what else has happened? I have been to see the actress, who received us in a yellow satin drawing room, and who told me that she had but one fault in the world, that she had *trop bon cœur*, and I am ashamed to say that I pitched in still stronger compliments than before, and I daresay that she thinks the enormous old Englishman is rapturously in love with her; but she will never see him again, that faithless giant. I am past the age when Fotheringays inflame, but I shall pop her and her boudoir into a book some day, and that will be the end of our transactions. A good character for a book accompanied us to the funeral, an expatriated parson, very pompous, and feeble-minded: who gets his living by black jobs entirely and attends all the funerals of our countrymen; he has had a pretty good season and is tolerably cheerful. I was struck by "Behold I show you a mystery" and the noble words subsequent, but my impression is, that St. Paul fully believed that the end of things and the triumph of his adored master, was to take place in his own time, or the time of those round about him. Surely St. John had the same feeling, and I suppose that this secret passed fondly among the initiated, and that they died hoping for its fulfilment. Is this heresy? Let his reverence tell me.

Madame, if you will be so diffident about your compositions there is no help for it. Your letter made me laugh very much, and therefore made me happy. When I saw that nice little Mrs. S. with her child yesterday, of course I thought about somebody else. The tones of a mother's voice speaking to an infant, play the deuce with me somehow; that charming nonsense and tenderness work upon me until I feel like a woman or a great big baby myself,—fiddledeedee. . . .

And here the paper is full and we come to the final G. B. Y.

I am always,
W. M. T.

[*Paris, September* 14, 1849.]

My dear Lady:

This letter doesn't count, though it's most *probbly* the last of the series. Yesterday I couldn't write for I went to Chambourey early in the morning to see those two poor Miss Powers, and the poor old faded and unhappy D'Orsay, and I did not return home till exactly 1 minute before post time, perhaps 2 late for the letter which I flung into the post last night. And so this is the last of the letters and I am coming back immediately. The last anything is unpleasant. . . .

I was to have gone to-morrow for certain to Boulogne, at least, but a party to Fontainebleau was proposed—by whom do you think?—by the President himself, I am going to dine with him today, think of that! I believe I write this for the purpose solely of telling you this,—the truth is I have made acquaintance here with Lord Douglas, who is very good natured, and I suppose has been instigating the President to these hospitalities. I am afraid I disgusted Macaulay yesterday at dinner, at Sir George Napier's. We were told that an American lady was coming in the evening, whose great desire in life, was to meet the author of *Vanity Fair*, and the author of the *Lays of A. Rome*, so I proposed to Macaulay to enact me, and to

let me take his character. But he said solemnly, that he did not approve of practical jokes, and so this sport did not come to pass. Well, I shall see you at any rate, some day before the 23d., and I hope you will be happy at Southampton enjoying the end of the autumn, and I shall be glad to smoke a pipe with old Mr. Williams too, for I don't care for new acquaintances, whatever some people say, and have only your house now where I am completely at home. I have been idle here, but I have done plenty of dutifulness, haven't I? I must go dress myself and tell old Dr. Halliday that I am going to dine with the President, that will please him more than even my conversation this evening, and the event will be written over to all the family before long, be sure of that. Don't you think Mr. Parr will like to know it, and that it will put me well with him? Perhaps I shall find the grand cross of the Legion of Honor under my plate, I will put it on and come to you in it in that case.

I was going to have the impudence to give you a daguerreotype of myself which has been done here, very like and droll it looks, but it seemed to me too impertinent, and I gave it to somebody else. I've bought William four glasses to drink beer out of, since I never can get one of the silver ones when I come; don't let him be alarmed, these only cost a shilling apiece, and two such loves of *eau de Cologne* bottles for Mrs. Procter, and for my dear Mrs. Brookfield I have bought a diamond necklace and earrings,—I have bought you nothing but the handkerchiefs but I hope you will let me give you those, won't you?

I was very sorry for Turpin, I do feel an interest in her, and I think she is very pretty, all this I solemnly vow and protest. My paper is out, here's the last corner of the last letter. I wonder *who* will ask me to dine on Monday next.

October 31st. [1849]

My dear Monsieur et Madame:

Harry says that you won't eat your dinner well if I don't write and tell you that I am thriving, and though I don't consider this a letter at all but simply a message, I have to state that I am doing exceedingly well, that I ate a mutton chop just now in Harry's presence with great gusto, that I slept 12 hours last night and in fact advance by steps which grow every day more firm toward convalescence. If you will both come down here I will give you beautiful rooms and the best of mutton.—I shall stop till Monday certainly, after which I may probably go to the club.

G. B. Y. Both on you.

W. M. T.

[Probably from Brighton after serious illness.]

[*Dec:* 1849]

My dear Lady:

The weather is so fine and cheerful that I have made my mind up to go down to Brighton tomorrow, or somewhere where I can be alone, and think about my friend Mr. Pendennis, whom I have been forced to neglect. I have been working now until seven o'clock and am dead beat, having done a poor dawdling day's work, writing too much, hipped, hacked and blue-devilled. I passed Portman Street after an hour's ride in the Park but hadn't time to come in, the infernal task-master hanging over me; so I gave my bridle reins a shake and plunged into doggerel. Good bye God bless you, come soon back both of you. Write to me won't you? I wish a Merry Christmas for you and am

always yours,

W. M. T.

Fragment.

[*Christmas*, 1849]

I stop in the middle of Costigan with a remark applied to readers of Thomas à Kempis and others, which is, I think, that cushion-thumpers and High and Low Church extatics, have often carried what they call their love for Δ to what seems impertinence to me. How good my —— has been to me in sending me a back ache,—how good in taking it away, how blessed the spiritual gift which enabled me to receive the sermon this morning,—how trying my dryness at this afternoon's discourse, &c. I say it is awful and blasphemous to be calling upon Heaven to interfere about the thousand trivialities of a man's life, that ——

has ordered me something indigestible for dinner, (which may account for my dryness in the afternoon's discourse); to say that it is Providence that sends a draught of air upon me which gives me a cold in the head, or superintends personally the action of the James' powder which makes me well. Bow down, Confess, Adore, Admire, and Reverence infinitely. Make your act of faith and trust. Acknowledge with constant awe the idea of the infinite Presence over all.—But what impudence it is in us, to talk about loving God enough, if I may so speak. Wretched little blindlings, what do we know about Him? Who says that we are to sacrifice the human affections as disrespectful to God? The liars, the wretched canting fakirs of Christianism, the convent and conventicle dervishes,—they are only less unreasonable now than the Eremites and holy women who whipped and starved themselves, never washed, and encouraged vermin for the glory of God. Washing is allowed now, and bodily filth and pain not always enjoined; but still they say, shut your ears and don't hear music, close your eyes and don't see nature and beauty, steel your hearts and be ashamed of your love for your neighbour; and timid fond souls scared by their curses, and bending before their unending arrogance and dulness, consent to be miserable, and bare their soft shoulders for the brutes' stripes, according to the nature of women. You dear Suttees, you get ready and glorify in being martyrized. Nature, truth, love, protest day after day in your tender hearts against the stupid remorseless tyranny which bullies you. Why you dear creature, what a history that is in the Thomas à Kempis book! The scheme of that book carried out would make the world the most wretched, useless, dreary, doting place of sojourn—there would be no manhood, no love, no tender ties of mother and child, no use of intellect, no trade or science, a set of selfish beings crawling about avoiding one another and howling a perpetual *miserere.* We know that deductions like this have been drawn from the teaching of J. C., but please God the world is preparing to throw them over, and I won't believe them though they are written in ever so many books, any more than that the sky is green or the grass red. Those brutes made the grass red many a time, fancying they were acting rightly, amongst others with the blood of the person who was born today. Good-bye my dear lady and my dear old William.

Fragment.

[1850]

I was too tired to talk to Madam when I sent away the packet of MS to-day. I'm not much better now, only using her as pastime at a club half an hour before dinner. That's the way we use women. Well, I was rather pleased with the manuscript I sent you to-day, it seems to me to be good comedy, my mother would have acted in just such a way if I had run away with a naughty woman, that is I hope she would, though perhaps she is prouder than I am myself. I read over the first part of *Pendennis* to-day, all the Emily Costigan part, and liked it, I am glad to say; but I am shocked to think that I had forgotten it, and read it almost as a new book. I remembered allusions which called back recollections of particular states of mind. The first part of that book was written after Clevedon in 1848. . . . . .

What a wholesome thing fierce mental occupation is! Better than dissipation to take thoughts out of one; only one can't always fix the mind down and other thoughts will bother it. Yesterday I sat for six hours and could do no work; I wasn't sentimentalizing but I couldn't get the pen to go, and at four, rode out into the country and saw, whom do you think? O! lâche, coward, sneak, and traitor, that pretty Mrs. M. I wrote you about. The night before in the same way, restless and wandering *aventurier* (admire my constant use of French terms), I went to Mrs. Prinsep's and saw Virginia, then to Miss Berrys' and talked to Lord Lansdowne who was very jolly and kind.

. . . . . .

Then to Lady Ashburton, where were Jocelyns just come back from Paris, my lady in the prettiest wreath.—We talked about the Gorham controversy, I think, and when the Jocelyns were

gone about John Mill's noble Article in the *Westminster Review;* an article which you mustn't read, because it will shock your dear convictions, but wherein, as it seems to me, a great soul speaks great truths; it is time to begin speaking truth I think. Lady Ashburton says not. Our Lord spoke it and was killed for it, and Stephen, and Paul, who slew Stephen. We shuffle and compromise and have Gorham controversies and say, "let things go on smoothly," and Jock Campbell writes to the Mother-Superior, and Milman makes elegant after-dinner speeches at the Mansion House—humbugs all! I am becoming very stupid and rabid, dinner-time is come; such a good dinner, truth be hanged! Let us go to Portland Place.

[*July*, 1850]

My dear Lady:

I have had a bad week and a most cruel time of it this month; my groans were heart-rending, my sufferings immense; I thought No. XIX would never be born alive;—It is, but stupid, ricketty, and of feeble intellect, I fear. Isn't that a pretty obstetrical metaphor? Well, I suppose I couldn't get on because I hadn't you to come and grumble to. You see habit does so much, and though there is Blanche Stanley to be sure, yet shall I tell you,—I will though perhaps you won't believe it—I haven't been there for a month. And what a singular thing it is about my dear friend Miss F.—that I never spoke to her but once in my life when I think the weather was our subject—and as for telling her that I had drawn Amelia from anybody of our acquaintance I should have as soon thought of—of what? I have been laboriously crossing all my t's, *see*, and thinking of a simile. But it's good fun about poor little B. Does any body suppose I should be such an idiot as to write verses to her? I never wrote her a line. I once drew one picture in her music book, a caricature of a spoony song, in which I laughed at her, as has been my practice—alas! . . . The only person to whom I remember having said anything about Amelia was the late Mrs. Bancroft, as I told you, and that was by a surprise.

Yesterday after a hard day's labour went out to Richmond; dined with old Miss Berrys. Lord Brougham there, enormously good fun, boiling over with humour and mischief, the best and wickedest old fellow I've met, I think. And I was better in health than I've been for a fortnight past. O! how I should like to come on Sunday by the Excursion train, price 5/, and shake hands and come back again! I've been working Pen all the morning and reading back numbers in order to get up names &c., I'd forgotten. I lit upon a very stupid part I'm sorry to say; and yet how well written it is! What a shame the author don't write a complete good story. Will he die before doing so? or come back from America and do it?—

And now on account of the confounded post regulations—I shan't be able to hear a word of you till Tuesday. It's a sin and a shame to cut 2 days out of our week as the Pharisees do—and I'll never forgive Lord John Russell, never.—The young ladies are now getting ready to walk abroad with their dear Par.—It is but a hasty letter I send you dear lady, but my hand is weary with writing Pendennis—and my head boiling up with some nonsense that I must do after dinner for Punch. Isn't it strange that, in the midst of all the selfishness, that one of doing one's business, is the strongest of all. What funny songs I've written when fit to hang myself!

Thursday.

As I am not to come back till Saturday, and lest you should think that any illness had befallen me, dear lady, I send you a little note. This place is as handsome as man could desire; the park beautiful, the quizeen and drinks excellent, the landlord most polite and good natured, with a very winning simplicity of manner and bonhomie, and the small select party tolerably pleasant. Charles Villiers, a bitter Voltairian joker, who always surprises one into laughter;—Peacock—did you ever read Headlong Hall and Maid Marian?—a charming lyrical poet and Horatian satirist he was when a writer; now he is a whiteheaded jolly old worldling, and Secretary to the E. India House, full of information about India and everything else in the

world. There are 4 or 5 more, 2 young lords,—one extremely pleasant, gentleman-like, and modest, who has seen battles in India and gives himself not the least airs ;—and there are the young ladies, 2 pretty little girls, with whom I don't get on very well though, —nor indeed with anybody over well. There's something wanting, I can't tell you what ; and I shall be glad to be on the homeward way again, but they wouldn't hear of my going on Friday, and it was only by a strong effort that I could get leave for Saturday.

This paper you see is better, I bought it regardless of expense—half a ream of it, at Bristol.

That Bristol terminus is a confounding place. I missed the train I was to go by, had very nearly gone to Exeter and was obliged to post twenty-five miles in the dark, from Chippenham, in order to get here too late for dinner. Whilst I am writing to you what am I thinking of? Something else to be sure, and have a doggrel ballad about a yellow "Post Chay" running in my head which I ought to do for Mr. Punch.

We went to the little church yesterday, where in a great pew with a fire in it, I said the best prayers I could for them as I am fond of. I wish one of them would get well . . . I must give my young ones three or four weeks of Paris and may go a travelling myself during that time ; for I think my dear old mother will be happier with the children and without their father, and will like best to have them all to herself. Mon dieu, is that the luncheon bell already? I was late at dinner yesterday, and late at breakfast this morning. It is eating and idling all day long, but not altogether profitless idling, I have seen winter woods, winter landscapes, a kennel of hounds, jolly sportsmen riding out a hunting, a queer little country church with a choir not in surplices but in smock-frocks, and many a sight pleasant to think on.—I must go to lunch and finish after, both with my dear lady and the yellow po'chay.

Will Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield come and dine with Mr. Thackeray on Saturday? He will arrive by the train which reaches London at 5.25, and it would be very, very pleasant if you could come—or one of you, man or woman. Meanwhile I close up my packet with a g. b. y. to my dear lady and a kiss to Miss Brookfield, and go out for a walk in the woods with a noble party that is waiting down-stairs. The days pass away in spite of us, and we are carried along the rapid stream of time, you see. And if days pass quick, why a month will, and then we shall be cosily back in London once more, and I shall see you at your own fire, or lying on your own sofa, very quiet and calm after all this trouble and turmoil. God bless you, dear lady and William, and your little maiden.

W. M. T.

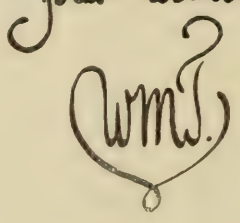
26 February, 1850.

After hearing that Miss Brookfield was doing well in the arms of her Mamma, if you please, I rode in the Park on Tuesday, where there was such a crowd of carriages along the Serpentine, that I blushed to be on horseback there, and running the gauntlet of so many beauties. Out of a thousand carriages I didn't know one, which was odd, and strikes one as showing the enormity of London. Of course if there had been anybody in the carriages I should have known them, but there was nobody, positively nobody. (This sentence isn't as neatly turned as it might have been, and is by no means so playfully satirical as could be wished.) Riding over the Serpentine Bridge, six horsemen, with a lady in the middle, came galloping upon me, and sent me on to the foot pavement in a fright, when they all pulled up at a halt, and the lady in the middle cried out, How do you do Mr. &c. The lady in the middle was pretty Mrs. L. She made me turn back with the six horsemen ; of course I took off my hat with a profound bow, and said that to follow in her train was my greatest desire—and we rode back, all through the carriages, making an immense clatter and sensation, which the lady in the middle, her name was Mrs. Liddle, enjoyed very much. She looked uncommonly handsome, she had gentlemen with moustachios on each side of her. I thought we looked like Brighton bucks or provincial swells, and felt by no means elated.

Then we passed out of Hyde Park into the Green Ditto, where the lady in the middle said she must have a canter, and off we set, the moustachios, the lady, and myself, skurrying the policemen off the road and making the walkers stare. I was glad when we got to St. James' Park gate, where I could take leave of that terrific black-eyed beauty, and ride away by myself. As I rode home by the Elliotts', I longed to go in and tell them what had happened, and how it was your little girl's birthday; but I did not, but came home and drank her health instead, and wrote her a letter and slept sound.

Yesterday after writing for three hours or so, what did I go out for to see? First the Miss Jingleby's, looking very fresh and pretty; you see we have consolations; then a poor fellow dying of consumption. He talked as they all do, with a jaunty, lively manner, as if he should recover; his sister sat with us, looking very wistfully at him as he talked on about hunting, and how he had got his cold by falling with his horse in a brook, and how he should get better by going to St. Leonard's; and I said of course he would, and his sister looked at him very hard. As I rode away through Brompton, I met two ladies not of my acquaintance, in a brougham, who nevertheless ogled and beckoned me in a very winning manner, which made me laugh most wonderful. O! you poor little painted Jezebels, thinks I, do you think you can catch such a grey-headed old fogey as me? poor little things. Behind them came dear, honest, kind Castlereagh, galloping along; he pulled up and shook hands; that good fellow was going on an errand of charity and kindness, consumption hospital, woman he knows to get in, and so forth. There's a deal of good in the wicked world, isn't there? I am sure it is partly because he is a lord that I like that man; but it is his lovingness, manliness, and simplicity which I like best. Then I went to Chesham Place, where I told them about things. You ought to be fond of those two women, they speak so tenderly of you. Kate Perry is very ill and can scarcely speak with a sore throat; they gave me a pretty bread tray, which they have carved for me, with wheat-ears round the edge, and W. M. T. in the centre. O! yes, but before that I had ridden in the Park, and met dear old Elliotson, thundering along with the great horses, at ten miles an hour. The little 'oss trotted by the great 'osses quite easily though, and we shook hands at a capital pace, and talked in a friendly manner, and as I passed close by your door, why I just went in and saw William and Mrs. F. Then at eight o'clock, a grand dinner in Jewry. . . . . My! what a fine dinner, what plate and candelabra, what a deal of good things, and sweetmeats especially wonderful. The Christians were in a minority. Lady C. beautiful, serene, stupid old lady; she asked Isn't that the great Mr. Thackeray? O! my stars think of that! Lord M—— H—— celebrated as a gourmand; he kindly told me of a particular dish, which I was not to let pass, something *à la Pompadour*, very nice. Charles Villiers, Lady Hislop, pretty little Hatty Elliott, and Lady Somebody,—and then I went to Miss Berrys'—Kinglake, Phillips, Lady Stuart de Rothesay, Lady Waterford's mother, Colonel Damer. There's a day for you. Well, it was a very pleasant one, and perhaps this gossip about it, will amuse my dear lady.

Your wellwisher



FOR AN OLD POET.

By H. C. Bunner.

When he is old and past all singing,
  Grant, kindly Time, that he may hear
The rhythm through joyous Nature ringing,
  Uncaught by any duller ear.

Grant that, in memory's deeps still cherished,
  Once more may murmur low to him
The winds that sung in years long perished,
  Lit by the suns of days grown dim.

Grant that the hours when first he listened
  To bird-songs manhood may not know,
In fields whose dew for lovers glistened,
  May come back to him ere he go.

Grant only this, O Time most kindly,
  That he may hear the song you sung
When love was new—and, hearkening blindly,
  Feign his o'er-wearied spirit young.

With sound of rivers singing round him,
  On waves that long since flowed away,
Oh, leave him, Time, where first Love found him,
  Dreaming To-morrow in To-day!

MISS PRINGLE'S NEIGHBORS.

By Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Little Miss Pringle stood before the glass on her chest of drawers smoothing the hair over her temples with an air of indecision, glancing from the reflection of her face in the glass to her best bonnet and shawl which lay spread out on the white counterpane of her bed. Still uncertain, she walked toward the window, where she stood for several minutes regarding wistfully the garden and cottage below her. The garden, directly overlooked by her window, was a wilderness of untended flowers and blossoming fruit-trees; the house, old, low-pitched, and in ill repair, standing in the midst of a riot of color and perfume.

As Miss Pringle gazed from her vantage-ground a child's voice came pleasantly to her ears from the open door of the cottage. This sound—for Miss Pringle was fond of children in her way—gave an impulse to her inaction. She tied the bonnet carefully under her chin, arranged the folds of her shawl primly over her shoulders, and walked down-stairs. She smiled nervously as she caught herself repeating the form of introduction that she was used to consider proper on such occasions, for she was not a courageous woman, and a first call partook somewhat of the nature of an adventure.

As she tapped with her knuckles upon the lintel of her neighbors' open door, the tones of a deep full contralto voice, the like of which she had never heard before, thrilled and startled her unpleasantly.

"Who is there?" was repeated from within.

Taking heart of grace Miss Pringle stepped inside the room, saying as she entered, "Miss Pringle—from next door. As you and I have no other neighbors I thought it but friendly—" Her little convention of speech came to an untimely end. Before her, leaning with one shapely hand upon the back of a low chair, stood the mistress of the cottage, to whom, in her foolish heart, she had thought to be kind; a tall young woman of perhaps thirty, with a strong, supple figure, and a face of strange and somehow alarming beauty, who returned Miss Pringle's polite, shy glance with an expression in her black eyes for which that modest little lady was quite unprepared. Beside her stood a child, a cloud of yellow curls lying upon his shoulders, his black eyes fixed intently upon the intruder; for such Miss Pringle instinctively felt herself to be.

For some seconds no one spoke; Miss Pringle, in her embarrassment, found herself able neither to advance nor retreat under this battery of eyes. A gentle tide of anger, however, swelling in her breast gave her courage, and she was about to turn, when the child's voice arrested her.

"What do you want?" he said, slowly.

"I might say a little courtesy," returned she, with a trembling asperity. "I came with the most kindly intentions, because I knew you had no other neighbors."

"I had thought there were none," interrupted the lady; "that was why I took the house."

"Your neighbors will not prove troublesome, madam," said Miss Pringle; "I wish you a very good morning."

"Stop," said the child, with an air of authority, waving his hand toward a chair. "Sit down."

"Will you be so kind?" asked the lady, with a slight change in her voice, and pushing forward at the same time the chair she had been leaning upon.

It was so much more of a command than an invitation, that Miss Pringle, after a helpless glance at the door, sank into the chair assigned her, with difficulty repressing a burst of tears.

"What is it you wish, Felix?" asked the lady.

"I thought," replied the child, "that I would make her portrait. I should like to try a new person." As he spoke he walked about Miss Pringle, his hands clasped behind his back, studying her

face from different standpoints with an air of serious abstraction. "Turn this way," he cried with an imperious gesture, frowning with his baby brows; "no, the other way. It won't do at all," he added, with a disappointed sigh, "you are too ugly."

Miss Pringle had been used to children all her life—sweet, bashful little creatures that hid behind their mothers' gowns, and had to be coaxed from their ambush with sugared tales and tempting bribes; and she thought she had a special vocation for them. But this one filled her simple soul with amazement, and she felt a twinge of pain at her heart, too. No one knew her plainness better than she, but no child before had remarked it. Her little nieces even called her "pretty Aunt Gatty," after they had become accustomed to her kind ways and her thoughtful presents.

"Do you know what I think?" she asked, winking her eyes hard, and with a quaver in her voice, "I think you are a very unkind little boy."

"You mistake his meaning," said the lady, raising her hand to enforce a hearing, for Miss Pringle had risen and was moving toward the door. "He is simply looking upon you as a model."

Miss Pringle gasped; the word to her had an almost licentious sound.

"He has inherited a strong artistic temperament from his father," continued the lady, gazing musingly into vacancy, the presence of her guest seeming to fade from her knowledge.

Miss Pringle's eye fell upon her hostess's black gown; her heart softened. "You are a widow?" she faltered.

"No," answered the young woman, returning suddenly to the consciousness of Miss Pringle, "I am Miss Mainwaring."

"Oh! I thought—" stammered Miss Pringle, "your dress—the child's strong resemblance——"

"I wear black from choice," said Miss Mainwaring. "I am not a widow; I was never married. The child naturally resembles me, because I am his mother."

Miss Pringle staggered against the wall as though she had received a physical blow at this astounding statement, the most damaging that could fall from a woman's lips. A deluded, deceived young girl she might, and with an effort, would have taken by the hand, and, with all the Christian charity possible, sought to lead to repentance and forgiveness; but this haughty, brazen woman boldly proclaiming her sin, this profanation of womanhood, was a thing too tremendous in iniquity for her contemplation. Her mental vision blinked at it and swerved aside.

Miss Mainwaring smiled. "It is not possible for you to understand," she said,—"nor necessary."

Miss Pringle walked out of the house, her brain in confusion, her mind a chaos. Her egress was interrupted by the child, who darted before her, his arms outspread across the way, smiling up into her face with imperious confidence as he cried, "You forgot to kiss Felix!"

She stopped and bent over him; a couple of tears that she had been repressing broke from their boundaries and rolled down her face. "Poor, poor, miserable child," she murmured, as she kissed his cheek, for he did not offer his lips. At these words he started back from her embrace and, to her surprise and dismay, bestowed a sounding slap upon her ear.

"How dare you speak to me like that!" he cried, his frowning eyes darting wrath, and a flame of indignation leaping to his cheeks.

Miss Pringle fled from before him, nor did she draw breath until her own door was safely closed behind her, when she sank upon the stairs and wept as she did not remember doing since she had been a child herself. As she stood again before the little mirror untying the bonnet-strings now so sadly crumpled, she almost expected to see some other stain than that of tears upon her cheeks, some smirch upon her forehead. She had had a terrible experience, for which the innocent purity of her nature was unprepared. She pulled down the blinds over the window (the only pleasant one in her small house), and drew the heavy curtains together and fastened them with a pin. A serpent had entered her garden of Eden, and she could take no more pleasure in the prospect. And yet her hand dallied with the cord that lowered the blind, with the pin that closed the curtains.

Her cheek flushed, for she felt through all her humiliation and anger a stirring of curiosity, and was conscious that she refrained by intention and not by instinct from prying upon her guilty neighbors. She rang the bell for her maid-servant.

"Mary Jane," said she; "Mary Jane, if you touch pitch you will become defiled."

"Ma'am!" cried Mary Jane, amazed.

"At least," resumed Miss Pringle, with an effort to collect herself, "I wish the window of my bedroom on no account to be opened."

"Never, ma'am?" cried Mary Jane.

"Until I give you contrary orders," rejoined Miss Pringle.

Mary Jane held her mistress in no great awe, nor did she cherish toward Miss Pringle the fealty that a stronger and coarser nature would have commanded. She flounced as she closed the door a little more decisively than was necessary, with a determination to act according to her own lights in the matter of the window, as she had been in the habit of doing heretofore in all things connected with the household.

So the first time that Miss Pringle returned after having left the house in Mary Jane's charge, she found the curtain drawn, the blind up, and the low chair with the work-basket beside it in her favorite nook near the window. She looked at Mary Jane reproachfully.

"It was very stuffy," said the servant, sharply; "I had to take the first chance I could get to air the room."

"Ah, Mary Jane," said her mistress sadly, shaking her head, "you have taken the first chance to disobey me."

She sank, however, upon her low chair with a sense of comfort, for she had been far upon a charitable errand, and was tired. The soft, sweet air fanned her cheek. After all there was some excuse for Mary Jane; the room had grown close. She would sit and rest her wearied body until the room was freshened; and in the meantime, "lest Satan still some mischief find for idle hands to do," she took up her "work," upon which she resolutely fixed her eyes. Miss Pringle's "work" consisted of a strip of cambric muslin covered with blue hieroglyphics, through which she pierced holes, filling them up afterward with "button-hole lace-stitch." "Ah, well," thought she, "work is a great solace, and a refuge; who can tell — four — five — six — what temptations have passed me by that I might have been too weak to resist had I not had my work to flee to. Work"— she punched another hole—"work is a great safeguard. I don't doubt but that poor creature next door knows no more about work——"

The voice of the "poor creature next door," as though in defiance of such a term, rose full and clear and joyous from the garden below. She and her boy were playing together under an apple-tree. Miss Pringle dropped her work in sheer amazement, as, with an involuntary movement of her eyes, she beheld the woman, with a grand run forward, leap into the tree, where she swung back and forth from a pink blossomed branch, "for all the world," thought Miss Pringle, "like a wicked heathen goddess." Her feet and flowing skirts made an arc larger and larger until she suddenly loosed her hold, and flying through the air like a bird, dropped lightly before the laughing child, whom she caught in her hands and tossed into the tree, where he vainly sought to gain a hold, snatching wildly, and showering pink petals upon his mother's head, until, one twig after another slipping through his fingers, he came plumping down like an over-ripe fruit into her strong hands. Back again he was sent sailing aloft, this time making a surer anchorage, where he stood, shouting gleefully, on one swaying branch, while he held fast to another overhead. The mother ran round and round the tree, trying to shake its rugged trunk, and pelting the child with flowers and handfuls of grass rolled into balls. Finally, with another flying leap, she caught the end of the branch that upheld him and shook it, with hilarious cries, until Felix, dislodged, came tumbling down, again to be caught in his mother's quick arms.

A fugitive remembrance of a worldly young nephew's description of a trapeze performance had been wandering about in Miss Pringle's memory. "It is even worse than I had feared," she thought, "for they must be play-acting circus people."

The child meanwhile had darted into the house, leaving his mother panting, smiling, and dishevelled, half riding upon a garden seat, to await his return. In a few moments he came dancing back.

"Helen, where is my kitty?" he cried; "I can't find her anywhere."

All the brightness went out of the woman's face at these words. She turned her eyes one way and another to avoid the child's astonished, searching gaze.

"Your kitty," she stammered, "your kitty—darling Felix, I'll get you another beautiful kitty."

"No!" cried the child, flaming into fury at these evasions, "I want my kitty! I want my kitty! Where is my kitty? Tell me! Where is my kitty?"

He came close to his mother as he spoke, and then, as though he saw something in her face that shocked him, fell back a step, still repeating, though more slowly, in a lower-pitched voice, "Where is my kitty?"

Miss Mainwaring, as much to Miss Pringle's astonishment as Felix's, holding out one hand as in deprecation, with the other covered her eyes and burst into tears.

When the boy again spoke, after a pause, his voice trembled, and there was a sob in his throat, but he still stubbornly reiterated the same question, "Where is my kitty?"

"Oh! Felix, Felix," cried his mother, "I cannot explain. You could not understand."

"Where is my kitty?" repeated the boy.

"Must I, then, give you to eat of the tree of knowledge?" cried the woman. "Felix, your kitty is dead."

"Dead?" said the child; "dead! What is that?"

"She—there was something wrong with her," said Miss Mainwaring, hurriedly, "she was ill. I did what I could, but she died."

"Oh," said Felix, with an inflection of relief. "Then you know where she is. Get her for me."

"Oh, no, my darling, no," pleaded the mother.

"Helen, get my kitty."

Miss Mainwaring rose and went to a box of trailing plants. From behind this she drew out a stiff parcel done up in white paper, the child waiting where he stood, but watching all her movements with keenly observant curiosity. She resumed her seat without speaking, and unrolled from the parcel a dead gray cat. Felix drew nearer and looked into his mother's face with dazed bewilderment, and then upon the dead cat.

"Is that my kitty?" he asked, in a solemn tone of awe and unwilling conviction. Once again he said, "Is that my kitty?" and touched the stiffened, bent limbs; then with a cry he threw himself headlong upon the grass and wept passionately. Suddenly his sobs ceased; he raised himself up on one elbow and said: "Helen, I was ill once; could *I* get dead?" He waited patiently and long for the answer.

"Felix, we must all die; it is a law inexorable."

The boy got up from the grass, his tears checked in the shock of this terrible revelation. He laid his hand upon the dead cat.

"Shall we be like this when we get dead?"

"Like this," she reluctantly answered.

"And then?"

"And then to be buried, and turn again to the elements from which we sprang." She spoke like one repeating a hated lesson conned by rote.

"Helen," said the child, looking piteously into her eyes, "I do not want to be dead."

She threw the cat's body to the ground, clasped the boy to her breast, and broke into a storm of tears. After a time the boy loosened himself from her hold and slipped to the ground. "I am sorry about that," he said, and then added, thoughtfully: "You are very, very old, Helen; very old, and you are not dead. Maybe it will be a long time yet."

"I'm sure of that!" cried Helen; "sure of it! Where, in all this world, are there two creatures so strong, so well as you and I? Oh, sure of it! You comfort better than you know, my Felix; we will live a long, long life, you and I, and a happy one, and when the end does come we shall be tired with having lived so long, and willing, and perhaps even glad, to have done with it. Think of it no

more, my darling. But the poor kitty; we must bury the poor kitty."

"The poor kitty," said the child, with a rising sob; "my poor kitty. I never thought my kitty could get like that."

And so they two buried the gray cat. The playtime was over. They moved listlessly and talked with an effort, the boy casting many wistful glances at the gray cat's grave. As the twilight began to merge into dusk, Miss Mainwaring returned to the garden bench, where she sat, her arm around the boy, and her face turned up to the sky, and sang wonderful songs in a foreign tongue that thrilled Miss Pringle like the notes of the great organ in the cathedral. Her thimble fell from her finger and rolled under the bed; her "work" dropped to her feet; tears poured over her cheeks, and she fell upon her knees before the window, her hands clasped, in the attitude of prayer. She could understand not one of the Italian words, but as the waves of sound came rolling up and up, her soul seemed yearning to break bonds with the flesh, and she felt very near to heaven's gates. The cessation of the voice left her rapt in an ecstasy from which she fell into prayer. For more than an hour she knelt there, and poured out fervent and agonized supplications, beseeching divine interposition for the saving of these two lost souls, this mother and child, whose unconscious peril appalled her. She implored guidance in her own conduct toward them, and that she become not as the Pharisees are. A curtain seemed lifted from before her eyes, and she saw herself, narrow, cold, and self-righteous, lacking in Christian charity, no true follower of the Cross. When she lay down upon her bed that night, it was with the firm resolve that, at whatever cost to herself, whatever ruffling of her dignity, or hurt to her vanity and self-esteem, she would enter the house of her of whom she had falsely and in vain-glory said in her heart, "I am not as thou art." Once across the threshold, no shyness nor fear of misconstruction or ridicule should seal her lips; and whatever the issue of that day's venture, she would go again and again, until, in the fulness of time and the plenitude of God's mercy, the truth must prevail. With these holy thoughts Miss Pringle fell asleep, and all through her dreams she was attended by cherubim and seraphim.

But not the next day, nor the next, was Miss Pringle able to begin the prosecution of her design, for the cottage door was closed, and no one responded to her knock. Still she persevered, for a coil of blue smoke from the chimney proclaimed inhabitants. On the third day her insistence was rewarded and she was bidden to enter. Miss Mainwaring stood before an easel, and was scraping her palette free from paint.

"Oh, what a beautiful picture!" cried Miss Pringle in sincere admiration.

"Do you think so?" returned Miss Mainwaring. "You are a lenient critic. Felix does not agree with you. And he is right," she added. "I cannot paint; my work is hard, unsympathetic, dry, and mechanical. Still, it is an amusement. Felix is the true artist."

Her manner was less artificial and constrained than when Miss Pringle had first seen her; but the timid soul quailed inwardly as she remembered her errand. Still she had at least this advantage: they received her more kindly than she had anticipated. Miss Mainwaring, laying aside her brushes and palette, drew forth a chair, which she offered Miss Pringle, and bade Felix bring his sketches. To the inexperienced eyes of the country lady these seemed most precocious and wonderful productions, though not to be compared to the picture upon his mother's easel. She gave a cry of astonishment and delight as she turned them over, for she recognized in one a rough but unmistakable likeness of the child's mother.

"It is incredible!" she cried. "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" She forgot her shyness in the magnitude of her surprise. "How old is he? Only five? And I couldn't draw a gate-post if I tried till the end of my days," regarding Felix with something approaching awe. She laid her hand upon the pile of drawings. This was her opportunity, but her heart beat thickly. "Oh, Miss Mainwaring, what a responsibility, what a precious charge is this vouchsafed you—the moulding of a mind like this." She felt her danger and dared not stop, her timidity shak-

ing the words in stumbling volubility from her lips, while waves of color swept over her face and neck. "Have you thought, do you think, of the future of this gifted child, not only his future life in this world, but in that to come? And your own—everlasting life—forgiveness of sins—" her voice faltered; "I have brought a—a little book—" She was lost. It was impossible to recover the broken thread with those four astonished eyes fixed upon her.

"My dear creature," cried Miss Mainwaring, after a blank pause, "what can you mean? Have you—I do believe you have brought *tracts!*" And covering her face with both hands, she sought in vain to check an irrepressible burst of laughter. Miss Pringle had half withdrawn from the reticule on her arm a little packet which she now as nervously tried to crush back again.

"I have been in the habit," she said, in a rather choked voice, "of presenting similar books to my little nieces, and I thought the pictures at least—but they are different; I did not expect, I did not know——"

The child was not affected by his mother's ill-repressed amusement, but held out his hand for the book; he, too, however, smiled when he turned over the leaves and looked at the illustrations, spelling out the legend under one of a child strangely clad, "not too young to be saved," with a puzzled air. His mother, becoming suddenly grave, took the book from him and handed it back to Miss Pringle.

"I have no doubt you mean kindly," she said, "but that is a class of literature I have a great abhorrence for, and I cannot allow Felix to read it. I think," she went on, smiling, "that you have come in a sort of missionary spirit, hoping to convert us to Methodism. Felix and I, Miss Pringle, are very well content as we are; and though Felix has never heard of even the elements of what you call religion, and I do not believe in them, we are much better and happier than the most of those whom you call Christians."

"Better!" gasped Miss Pringle; "but you told me yourself that you were not —that the child—" she paused in embarrassment.

"Ah, yes," returned Miss Mainwaring; "I had for the moment forgotten that—to your class of mind—unpardonable sin. You came, I suppose, to address yourself to an unrepentant Magdalen? Ah?" For the truth was confessed on Miss Pringle's face. "Well, Miss Pringle, your time will, I assure you, be better employed in your Sunday-school. Shall I tell you a little of myself and my life?" she resumed, as though touched by her visitor's evident pain and distress.

"Before the child?" murmured Miss Pringle, aghast.

"Do not be alarmed; I have no very startling revelations to make. Though I was but imperfectly educated, my earlier years having passed among people of narrow prejudices, and my profession of a public singer allowing me but little time for profitable reflection, I have long possessed the great advantage of association with minds infinitely superior to my own. But that," said she, interrupting herself, "can have but little interest for you. You have never heard, perhaps, of George Sand, of Mary Wollstonecraft, nor—but how should you? You will hardly believe it, Miss Pringle, that there have been women, loved by those who knew them, admired and honored by the world, who held the same opinions that I hold; who looked upon the forcible binding of the marriage relation, as the phrase goes, by the strong arm of the law, as a thing abhorrent and monstrous. Such are the broad lines of the views held upon this subject by the circle in which I moved; shocking to you, probably, justifiable in reason to them and to me. It chanced that my union with a man of great talents was rather an arrangement by my friends than precisely the choice of my heart. Perhaps that was why I disappointed their expectations. By all but myself the birth of my child was felt to be a misfortune. When they implored me to part with him, and represented to me, with the clearest truth, that I was wasting my talents and spoiling my career; that the cradle and the domestic hearth were not stepping-stones to that higher life of which I had dreamed, I could not refute them; I replied with a woman's logic; I fled with my child. I have proved a renegade to my theories, and false to my

art. I have thrown away my life. But I am content. If I could not brook advice and interference from those whose wisdom I venerated, am I likely, do you think, Miss Pringle, to listen with much toleration to a stranger?"

Miss Pringle sat silenced. She hardly knew what she had expected, but certainly not the exposition of a cold immorality that struck a chill to her soul. Miss Mainwaring held out her hand (which she had never done before) with an air of friendly courtesy to bid her guest good-evening, saying, as she did so, "Now that you know my views and position, I am willing to be as neighborly as you like; within certain limits."

Felix offered his cheek for a kiss, and Miss Pringle knew herself dismissed. She felt that she had made no progress, and that the difficulties were great, perhaps insurmountable. She blushed in the darkness as she accidentally touched the little book in the reticule, and blushed again that she was ashamed.

. . . . . .

"Sure, miss," said Mary Jane, "it looks more like a garden party." Her mistress's eyes were red with weeping, and her empty hands lay idly in her lap. Her heart was heavy within her breast, and there was no solace to be found in work; for her duty had lain before her, and she had withheld her hand from the task. The propitious moment had passed, and it was now eternally too late.

In the garden where such a little time before Helen Mainwaring was playing with her boy, where the hateful explanation of the tragedy of death had been forced from her unwilling lips, tripping airily over the gray cat's grave, were gathered a company of strangers. Ladies, of gracious demeanor, clad in garments of simple elegance, the very acme of the milliner's art, sat and walked and talked under the apple-trees. Some, at variance with the seeming simplicity of their attire, wore rouge upon their cheeks, not with discreet shyness, but frankly, as one sticks a rose in the hair; all had the same ease of manner and distinction of bearing. Gentlemen, suave and courteous, with softly modulated voices, flirted decorously with these gracious ladies. Wit, delicately barbed, epigram and apt quotation, passed lightly from one to another like the petals of the apple blossoms borne on the soft air. It was like a scene in a comedy, exquisite, artificial, idyllic. It was thus that Helen Mainwaring's friends responded to the appeal of Rachel mourning for her children.

For Felix was dead. He had gayly kissed his mother good-night, and with his arms still about her neck his life had passed away in a single restful sigh. "Congenital defect of the organic structure of the heart," said the village doctor.

And now the gracious ladies and the courteous gentlemen trooped in regretfully from the freshness of the country garden; for the carriages were at the door, and the train would wait neither for quick nor for dead. No priest was present, and there was no service. There was nothing to distinguish this from any ordinary pleasure-party, save the presence of the small coffin and the one stricken mourner.

Miss Pringle felt as though a curtain had been blown aside for a moment from before a tragic picture, and yet in that short interval her own being had become incorporated into and a part of it. At the same time that she was beset by a haunting sense of the unreality of what had passed, she was palpably and miserably conscious of her own weakness and sin; as she believed, her culpable shirking of the awful responsibility that had been laid upon her. She brooded over her failures and inconsistencies with shame and wonder and agonized remorse. The sight of the cottage, now so empty and desolate, struck her always anew with a fresh pain. The wheels of her life had run so easily in the ruts of the worn track that she had hardly felt the jars that befall the ordinary traveller on that great road where we jostle each other so eagerly toward the end we would all so gladly avoid; and now at this late hour, and all unready, she was shaken to the soul.

In deep and bitter self-communing she sat one night with her Bible on her knees; it had fallen open at the words, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." The text to any but herself would have seemed almost ludicrously inapplicable, but to her it was of the keenest significance and smote her sore. From these painful musings she was sud-

denly startled by a knock. Her cheeks paled and her hands trembled as she clasped the Bible nervously to her breast. From some vibration of sympathy she knew who stood at her door.

It was Helen Mainwaring who mounted the narrow stair, but not the Helen Mainwaring Miss Pringle remembered almost insolently vaunting her health and strength and beauty like a young wild mare. This was a woman aged by sorrow, gaunt and haggard, with fever-burned lips and sunken eyes, who dragged her body wearily, as though it were a dead thing she would fain detach herself from, but could not.

Miss Pringle strove for utterance, but her visitor silenced her with a gesture that still retained some resemblance to her former imperious manner. "Do not mock me with condolences," she said; "I have had enough of that. They tried to console me with their epicurean philosophy. He had been beautiful, they said; beautiful in his life, beautiful in his death, and with that I should be content. It was only an episode; an episode that they even thought might be used as capital. I had experienced emotions that should give more breadth to my acting, more passion to my song." A wan smile crossed her face; "Sing! I shall never sing again."

She laid her hand on Miss Pringle's arm. "Will you come with me? I am in strange straits and wish to have a witness to myself. Either I am mad, or a thing incredible has come to pass."

Miss Pringle followed her silently. The darkness that encompassed the cottage, blotting out all familiar landmarks, made it seem strangely isolated, and the house itself wore a new aspect in the night, with vague loose outlines lying against a mass of soft, dense blackness. As they neared the door a sound met them as of a vast army marching with measured step. "It is like the heavenly host," thought Miss Pringle, with a tremor of awe, and then she became aware that it was only the noise of a distant wind moving toward them through the tree-tops; but the momentary flash of a supernatural terror left her feeble courage weakened, and she felt involuntary chill shiverings pass through her body.

On the threshold Miss Mainwaring paused a moment. "You wonder that I am alone?" said she. "I am not so much alone as yesterday before I fled from them all. I came last night. Ever since I have been listening—listening—and yet I cannot be sure. What is that?" she added, in a sharp whisper.

With an effort to subdue the terror creeping through her veins, which she felt to be both unseemly and unchristian, Miss Pringle replied aloud, but the sound of her own voice startled her unexpectedly.

"It is only the reflection of the moonlight," she said, and then with a glance over her shoulder remembered the blackness of the night, and that there was no moon.

Miss Mainwaring made no response. She led Miss Pringle into the house, struck a light, and drawing her companion to her side on a sofa, fell into the attitude of listening. "You hear, you see nothing?" she asked eagerly.

"Nothing," replied Miss Pringle, with a stealthy backward glance at the black uncurtained window. "What do you expect me to hear?"

"*I* hear nothing," returned Miss Mainwaring with a weary sigh. "Nothing. I see you have your book. Read if you like."

Miss Pringle opened the Bible that she had inadvertently carried away with her. She felt a curious hesitancy in reading from the holy volume. It seemed to savor of an attempt at exorcism; but the lines that caught her eye decided her, and she read aloud in a trembling voice, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." She cast a timid glance upon her companion and saw that the words had not reached her understanding; and yet she was listening with a painful expectancy, her eyes roving restlessly round the room, that with its emptiness and silence struck the senses with a more chilling impression of loneliness than the widest expanse of open moor. Miss Mainwaring, as with a sudden impulse, rose and placed the lamp in an adjacent room whence it threw a long narrow shaft of light through the open door, and then glided back to the sofa, still evidently hearkening with every fibre of her body. Miss Pringle

was immeasurably distressed by the unreasoning terror that was rapidly swamping her intellect. A click upon the window-pane made her start violently, though with the movement she knew it was but a twig whipped against the glass by the wind. She thought to speak, but the intense stillness oppressed her like a nightmare, and she could not. Instead, she, too, fell to watching and hearkening for she knew not what. Something she felt she almost heard, and strained her attention more sharply. A shock passed from her companion's body to her own, and a cold hand fell upon hers.

"Did you hear?" whispered Miss Mainwaring hoarsely. The cold hand pressed harder. "*Did you hear?*"

"I heard."

"What? Speak!"

"I cannot tell," returned Miss Pringle, shivering; "not so much as a breath, a movement in the air."

Miss Mainwaring made no reply, but gripping the elder woman by the shoulder, turned her face so that the shaft of lamplight crossed it, and devoured her countenance with dilating eyes.

"What?" she demanded, quickly noting a change in Miss Pringle's expression.

"Yonder, is there not something like a faint reflection, something almost luminous?"

"Yes, yes!" with a frantic eagerness, but not turning to look; "I know."

"Merciful God, *it is Felix!*" cried Miss Pringle with a strangled shriek.

Uttering a great cry, Helen Mainwaring sank upon her knees. Instantly all fear, all timidity fell from the weak, shy old maid like a garment cast off. "O woman, O mother, do you hear? He cannot find the way! Do you hear him? His baby feet have never trod the path that leads to the fold, and now the little child is lost in the outer darkness!"

But her words fell upon ears dulled to mortal sounds. With a countenance radiant with hope and love and joy, Helen Mainwaring held out her arms crying, "I am coming; *I* will find the way!"

Through the tumult of the brain that precedes a fainting fit, Miss Pringle believed that she heard a child's laugh of joyous surprise. When she recovered consciousness the slanting streak of lamplight lay across Helen Mainwaring's dead face, the lips yet smiling.

. . . . . .

Miss Pringle's neighbors lie together in the suburbs of a great city, under a heavy and costly stone, but weeds and rank grasses have crept gradually over their resting-place. Far away in the country, in the garden of what is called a haunted house, a gray cat's grave is carefully tended by a gentle little lady in loving remembrance of those who, except by her, have long been forgotten.



AN UNCOMMERCIAL REPUBLIC.

By W. T. Brigham.



An Iron Stirrup of the Time of Cortez.

To a descendant of the Vikings it seems a strange thing that man should deliberately set his house-pillars far away from the sea, whose waters yield him food and ever provide a highway for traffic or adventure. The old mariner who from early youth has ploughed the seas now comes into port and, as a farmer, tries to plough the land; but his farm must be where he can still view the ocean, or at least where he can smell its salt breezes. The great cities of this race must be on the coast, or on navigable waters. Before railroads there were few important inland cities.

Not far to the south of us, where the North American continent grows very narrow, and gathers its diminished surface into vast mountain wrinkles, scowling, as it were, on the two oceans that attack it on both sides, is a republic about as large as all New England, with a million and a quarter inhabitants, two hundred and sixty miles of coast on the Pacific Ocean and a hundred and fifty on the Atlantic, without a real port, and with all her cities far inland, away from navigable waters.

The Republic of Guatemala, the modern representative of that Captain-Generalcy of Spain which once embraced all Central America and a goodly share of Mexico, has a number of fair harbors utterly neglected. It is true that on the long southern coast there are at present no sufficiently sheltered harbors between La Union and Acapulco, that the surf rolls in on the beach of black volcanic sand often so violently as to preclude landing, and the steamers of the Pacific Mail Company have to pass by. It is also true that the climate of the shore region is far from salubrious, fevers of paludine and malarial nature attacking almost all European residents, and, indeed, frightening away the people of native birth but foreign blood, who might be thought proof against ordinary *calenturas*. In the sixteenth century, however, the Spanish Conquistadores built their fleets in the sufficiently comfortable harbor of Istapa, at the mouth of the Rio Michatoya, and there are at least two other places where a commercial nation would long ago have constructed what Nature insufficiently provided.

At San José, the Pacific port of Guatemala City, an immense iron pier, formed by iron piles screwed into the sand, and extending through the surf-line, affords landing for lighters plying between the steamers and the pier, but even with strong lighters and steam-hoisting cranes, it is often no easy passage from steamer to railway. Add to this that the pier is in the hands of a company who seem to believe that a very little business at exorbitant charges is the best policy, and it is little wonder that there is little commerce at San José de Guatemala. Without the printed tariff before one it is perhaps unfair to dwell much on the charges for lightering, wharfage, and freight to the city, but the statement is well within bounds that it costs more to get goods from a vessel to the city than to bring them from Hamburg to the port. The Compañia de Muelle y Agencias has undoubtedly made great profits, but has as certainly fettered commerce with outrageous charges.

At Champerico the story is the same, but here the railway is not yet extended from the port to any large city. At Ocós, on the boundary between Guatemala and the Mexican state of Soconusco, very little has yet been done of the far-reaching plans presented to the government. San José has less than five hundred inhabitants, Champerico

less than three hundred, and Ocós is a mere hamlet. The pier at Champerico is no less than twelve hundred and sixty feet long and thirty wide, built of iron, and of sufficiently solid construction.

It is proper to say here that the insalubrity of the climate is at least as great a check to a large port as is the present want of harbors. The unwholesome emanations from the lowlands and marshes that are alternately lakes and swamps could probably be ended by judicious draining, filling, and planting, and the government has already planted Eucalyptus trees to some extent. A careful reconnoissance of a portion of the coast-land of Guatemala fairly representative of the whole indicates four things: A land well enriched by the wash from the mountains and the ejections of the coast volcanoes, hence capable of the highest cultivation; a slope sufficient for ample drainage with proper emissaries seaward, and material enough to fill in any low places; a climate (with the miasmata eliminated) not too hot for European constitutions, and admirably suited to vegetable growth. The fourth indication is presented with hesitation, as its scientific determination demands accurate data, which are as yet wanting; this is, that the coast is rising. If an opportunity had presented of journeying along the coast it would have been no very difficult problem, perhaps, but touching the coast at only one point, and at a place where there were no wave-washed cliffs nor any more permanent land-marks than a rather steep beach of black sand, the writer feels hardly justified in asserting that there has been here an elevation of coast. A rise of eight feet would, however, explain the present state of the once desirable port of Istapa, and within fifty miles of this shore are undoubted changes of elevation, of date subsequent to the sixteenth century, of twice eight feet. But a discussion of the reasons for a belief in the elevation of coast-line would be out of place here, and with the summary remark that soil, climate, and geography indicate capabilities that have never been developed by the uncommercial nation in whose bounds the maritime departments of Retalhuleu, Suchitepequez, Escuintla, and Santa Rosa are situated we may turn to the Atlantic side of the republic.

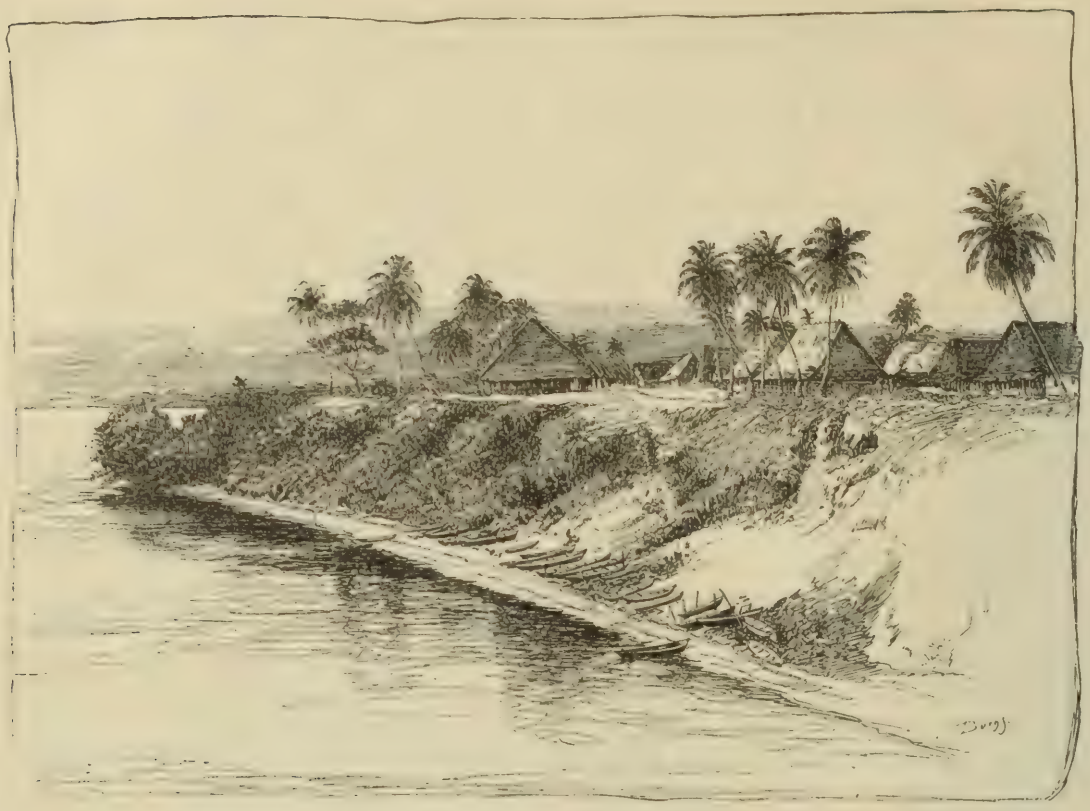
The little town of Livingston, on the Gulf of Amatique, has existed for more than three centuries, under various names, on a high bluff, at the mouth of the Rio Dulce, where a large commercial city should be; and with all these centuries upon it there is nothing there but a mud wall and palm-thatch camp to this day. Utterly isolated from the rest of the republic except by waterway, it occupies a site large enough for and well suited to an extensive town. On a high bluff more than fifty feet above the water, Livingston is fanned by the land breeze from the mountains all the early part of each day, while the descending sun announces the fresher breezes from the Gulf. Springs of excellent water break from the base of the limestone in many places, and aqueducts could easily bring even better water from the mountain-streams close at hand. Nowhere on the Atlantic coast is there a more agreeable climate taken the year through. Seldom does the thermometer mark a higher temperature than eighty-six degrees, and all distinctions of summer and winter disappear. A perpetual June reigns, and while Jupiter Pluvius washes air and foliage and earth to the extent of more than eighty inches of rain-fall each year, he considerately does most of this necessary work at night, and seldom veils the sun for twenty-four hours at a time.

All this is on the northern shore, while across the river, here expanding into a bay, the shores offer choice places for residences, and fertile fields for plantations, to the very slope of grand San Gil, which much of the time, like another Atlas, bears the clouds on his broad shoulders. There are none of the swampy shores so pernicious to health in a wet and tropical climate. The land beneath one's feet is firm, and not like the fever-haunted Belize, a mere mass of vegetable and animal corruption, soaking in the river-water. Here is a town where fruits grow well, flowers, such as our most skilful florists cannot equal, brighten the jungle that hems in this mere patch of open ground, and where two of the greatest of mate-

rial needs abound, pure air and wholesome water. The death-rate is less than one-third that of Boston, and there is only half a doctor in the place. Now, with all these advantages, why is there no city here?

Only a few miles up the Rio Dulce, by a deep channel, eighteen fathoms in places, a ship could anchor in one of the grandest harbors in the world, the Lago de Izabal, but, alas for the apathy of this people, even the light-draught (twelve feet) fruit-steamers from New Orleans cannot enter the great river over a bar on which is barely six feet of water (the tides are but a few inches here, and the high water is in time of flood in the river feeders). That bar might be easily cut or dredged, and be kept open by the current of a narrower outlet, while at present it is increasing in the usual way—that is, the river sweeps through its comparatively narrow water-way until it approaches Livingston, and then spreads out to a breadth of nearly a mile; loaded with detritus in flood-time, the sudden check to its velocity causes a precipitation of the more solid parts of its load, and the check is greatest where the river-water meets the current in the bay, which usually has a course across the river stream; then the bar begins, and its growth is more rapid with time, for with greater bulk it can demand more toll of the flowing river, and its toll builds its wall. If that river-mouth were in the land of "river and harbor" bills, how soon it would be put in navigable condition! For the present, Livingston is curiously enough a foreign town, the great bulk of its population being of Carib stock, so-called, the remains of that once warlike race that not only gave its name to the Caribbean Sea, but also to those of our fellow-men who have anthropophagous tastes (caribal = cannibal). Besides the few government officers, the white inhabitants are Italian, French, and a few English and American (*del Norte*).

Three centuries and a half ago Cortez stood on the banks where now are the coco-palms of the illustration (page 704), and what he saw then we can see now—neither more nor less. There were some palm-thatched houses, and a few canoes hollowed from single logs of mahogany, cedar, or other trees, much as they are fashioned there to-day, were dragged up on the narrow beach, for then, as now, the worms rapidly destroyed all unsheathed vessels. He sent a few Spaniards, whom he found here collecting sapotes, a fruit that still is very abundant at Livingston, across the river in the canoes to the little Spanish colony inland on the flanks of San Gil, and he awaited their return with more and larger boats to ferry his retainers and horses across the wide river. It is easy enough to recall the scene as one sits under the coco-nuts on the point. The modern shops are out of sight, and if a dory drops down the river it takes well the place of its predecessors of the same pattern that ferried the travel-weary Spaniards over the river so long ago. But what brings back those olden days most vividly is to sail up the Rio Dulce, as the great Conquistador did. Almost before the dory is well away from the shore her bows turn toward the mountain-wall, that seems quite unbroken, but as she speeds on in the fresh sea-breeze of the afternoon the high limestone cliffs slide apart just enough to let the river through, and hardly a dozen boat-lengths behind her stern they seem to close again and shut out the world of to-day. Like Cortez, we were explorers, though we watched the banks, not for enemies, but for flowers. All was bright and fresh—no ancient trees nor decaying stumps—the palms stretched upward and the ferns and vines hung downward, as in eager rivalry to see which advancing party could most completely hide the white rock of the cliffs that tower hundreds of feet above the quiet but quickly moving stream. The vegetation was bright and fresh, and so it was three centuries and a half ago. It is watered, perhaps, with that wondrous spring which Ponce de Leon sought in vain; but as it is now, so it was then. No change that man may have wrought endures, but Nature is here supreme. The white heron stands calmly on the log that has caught on the shore, as if man had never frightened him, the lories sweep chattering across from tree to tree, and here and there a fish jumps. Cortez went up the Rio Dulce nine miles, into the lake-like Golfete, and on through a narrow



Barrack Point, Livingston.

passage into the broad Lago de Izabal. Still farther he sailed or rowed or paddled, into the crooked river Polochic, and here he found an Indian village where is now unbroken forest, and the brave villagers boldly attacked him as he drifted down-stream, and the conqueror of Mexico nearly lost his life by the arrow of an Indio whose tribal name, even, has been forgotten.

I have often gone over this river in a steamer when the boat seemed to be an intruder on the quiet scene, but when the first time I travelled in a dory for a week from Livingston to the head of navigation at Pansos, on the Polochic, the centuries rolled away and I was with the Conquistadores again. Their print on the country has never been effaced, and I keep a memento of these cruel but brave and dauntless men in the shape of one of their uncouth and heavy stirrups, given me by Don Enrique Toriello, then Jefe Politico at Livingston. This iron mass, carefully wrought in old Spain, weighs five and a half pounds, and is nearly eighteen inches long. If their other instruments of travel were like this, no wonder their colony has not progressed further.

But Livingston, the Rio Dulce, and Izabal do not comprise all the commercial facilities of Guatemala's Atlantic coast. Northward England has seized the Guatemalan coast in defiance of the Monroe doctrine; but ten miles eastward of Livingston is the fine Bay of Santo Tomas, with deep water close in shore, good anchorage and shelter, but no bar, because no river. There it was that more than forty years ago the now almost forgotten Belgian colony was projected, but by sad mismanagement the unfortunate colonists were landed in the wet season, without shelter or sufficient food, and they either died or got back to Europe as best they could. Now the little hamlet of hardly a hundred inhabitants seems quite dead, and the mango-trees cast a dense and solemn shade where might be warehouses and noisy streets. Nature has done her part, and is patiently waiting for man to take his turn at the wheel. The only commerce seems to be in cattle, though generally a canoe is on the ways, for to that extent Santo Tomas is a ship-yard.

On the same bay the new Puerto Barrios is not at all so well situated, and

perhaps before the new railroad, for which it was to be the shore terminus, is completed, the older port will be preferred. Puerto Barrios is at present a swamp, with a few rough houses for the railway contractors, and a few miles of railroad extending into the forest; but in one of these shanties was kept, at the time of my visit, a large and elaborate plan of the future city. Forts, plazas, theatres, churches, were down in black and white, and it is said that the numbered house-lots were the subject of no little speculation in the early days of the railroad scheme.

Guatemala has ports; why are they not used? What has turned the population from the shores inland? The country was not originally settled by a people who landed on her shores. The darkness which hangs over the early history of this continent has been lifted a little to show us a people on the banks of the lordly Usumacinta, in that earthly paradise not so far to the northward of Guatemala. How they got there is not of importance to us just now; but we can trace their descendants, conquerors, or successors, by the dim light of tradition, language, and sculptured remains, to the highlands in the interior of the republic. There were several reasons why these people should not go down to the shore. The uplands enjoyed a better climate, and the mountain-tops served well for fortresses and places of worship. It is, perhaps, an indication of the mountainous nature of their cradle that whenever they drifted southward into low, flat lands they longed for the hills, and, like the Eastern queen, reared terraced mounds and pyramids to keep green the memory of their fatherland. Then the shore valleys were choked with a denser vegetation, hence more difficult to cultivate, subject to a greater rainfall, and by no means so easily fortified. To these reasons we may add the insalubrity of the Pacific coast.

It is true that remarkable remains are found in the maritime valleys, as at Quirigua, on the banks of the Rio Motagua; but these do not indicate cities so much as places of sepulture or worship. At Quirigua it is evident that the large monoliths, carefully sculptured from top to base, front and back, with human (portrait) figures, and both sides with hieroglyphs as yet unread, are monuments of the dead—the royal dead, for combined with the effigy are always the emblems of kingly power, a tiger or lion, and of death, the skull. In the illustration (p. 707) these were above the head and are now defaced; on the re-



The Entrance to Rio Dulce.

verse they are well preserved. Even in the lowlands of Yucatan the towns were away from the shore, and only approached it at the point of embarkation for the sacred island of Cozumel.

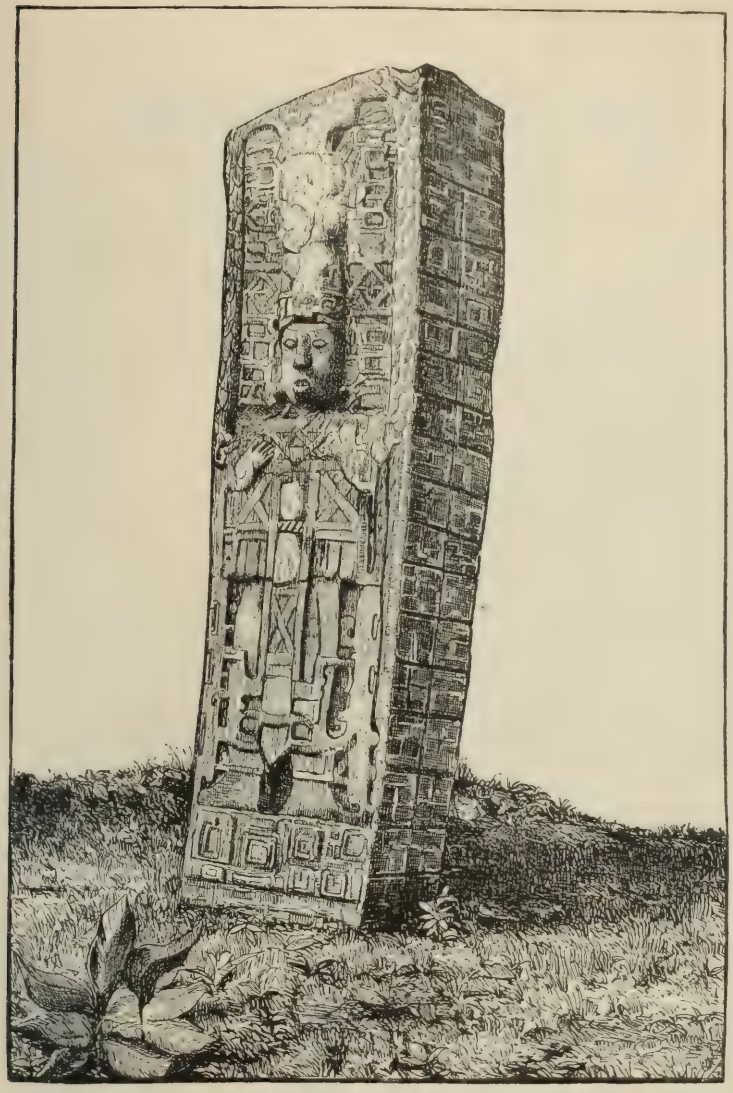
When, in 1525, Cortez made his wonderful journey from Mexico to Livingston, he found an almost unbroken forest, much of it swampy and liable to be overflowed during the rainy season, and in its depths but few inhabitants, in scattered villages. When Pedro de Alvarado came southward on the other side of the country, he found large cities on the high land, none less than a thousand feet above the sea, and the fiercest battle he fought in his cruel subjugation of the Kingdom of Quahtemalan was on the plain of Quezaltenango, at an altitude of little less than seven thousand feet.

As the earlier inhabitants, so the Spaniards came into Guatemala by land, and their towns were founded in the uplands near, though seldom among, the ruins of the Indian towns they had destroyed. Leaving commerce and easy intercourse entirely out of view, the Indios always pitched their tents in well-chosen places. Whether the more level slopes of a well-watered valley, as Sacapulas; a high and strongly fortified bluff, like Cunen; the broad mountain valley, like Quiché; or the precipice-bound lake at Sololá—in each and every case one can see that no barbarian picked out the spot.

Look at the Plaza of Sacapulas, where the old ceiba tree, sacred to the ancient Indios, as to the dweller in Palestine the oak at Mamre, shades, and has shaded for perhaps a thousand years, the little traffic of the town. Think of a city where all the bartering can be done under one tree! It is Domingo, the Lord's day, and a quieter air perhaps breathes through the doorless portal of the ruined church. On the left are the *mozos de cargo* preparing their burdens for the shorter Sabbath-day's journey; under the tree are a few old women with earthen pans of salt for sale, or paltry dishes of fruit or *dulces*, while on the steps of the *cabildo* on the right are the alcaldes and other officials of the town. The façade of the old church tells of earthquakes tumbling down the strongest of man's work, while the far older temple of pagan days, that fine ceiba, was unharmed. It tells another story of decline in the contrast it offers, roofless and shattered, its area crowded with graves, but still a noble ruin, to the wretched little church reared



Puerto Barrios.



A Monolith at Quirigua.

by its side for the present generation. As one approaches Sacapulas from the pine-clad mountains he sees the little city, with its red-tile roofs, spread out three thousand feet below him and five miles away. Far in the distance, some forty miles, rises the volcanic cone of Tajumulco; through the valley rushes the rapid Chixoy on its way to join the Usumacinta, and all the lower slopes are cultivated into every shade of green.

Sololá is not less beautiful, and its white walls glisten among its gardens; while beyond the blue lake of Atitlan rise the beautiful volcanic cones, clothed with forests nearly to the summits, although one still smokes. Oh the feasts for artists to the north, south, east, and west of these Indian towns! An uncommercial traveller is quite at home in this uncommercial country. No dusty roads, for the sandalled foot of the *mozo* treads lightly on the grass growing in the path; even the mules and horses hardly disturb the surface. If you meet people they all move noiselessly, like phantoms; you are not disturbed. Fashion is of little account, and comfort may here clothe or unclothe the man. No highwaymen, no footpads in all the Republic of Guatemala—at least none outside the cities; and the traveller will sleep by the road-side unguarded, but as safe as in his own home. Personally I have never felt so secure in sleeping in camp as in this country, and often I have chosen a blanket on the turf, with my saddle-bags for pillow, rather than the best bedroom in the best house in town.

There is one inconvenience in a country where no one travels for business—a complete absence of hotels. It is surprising, at first, to come to a town of ten thousand inhabitants and, on inquiring for the *posada*, to be told, "No hay;" there is none. Still, the people are hospitable, and never refuse a meal or a bed, and there is always the refuge of the town buildings. The court-room is often quite comfortable, and I once arranged a very acceptable bed on a mahogany bench by using the bundles of official documents for a mattress.

Guatemala has been called "The Land of the *No hay*," so common is this reply to the traveller. But the same is true all through Spanish America, and the absence of things is by no means so irritating as the non-use of what the people have. The *mañana* (to-morrow) is the most abused word in their language, and the rule seems to be, "Never do to-day anything you can possibly put off until to-morrow."

A nation like Spain, eminent in the fifteenth century for her commercial ventures and discoveries, whose galleons



Sacapulas on the Chixoy.

and plate-ships a century later knew all the paths from Old Spain to New Spain, and from this to far Cathay, would naturally need ports in her new colonies; and yet, where are her coast cities? Trujillo, near the point where Columbus on his fourth voyage first landed on this continent, is but a village still, without a wharf or decent landing-place for merchandise; and yet its church was no longer new when New York was founded.



Sololá and the Volcano of Atitlan.

The people the Spaniards had conquered and on whom they depended for servile labor were all inland, as were also the silver mines and gold washings, and the centripetal tendency was promoted not a little by a strong suspicion of other nations and a desire to keep their ill-gotten gains to themselves. Brigand-like, they sought the mountain-fastnesses, and in the course of years it proved fortunate for their towns that they were well inland, since they escaped the oft-repeated misery which Panama suffered at the hands of the buccaneers.

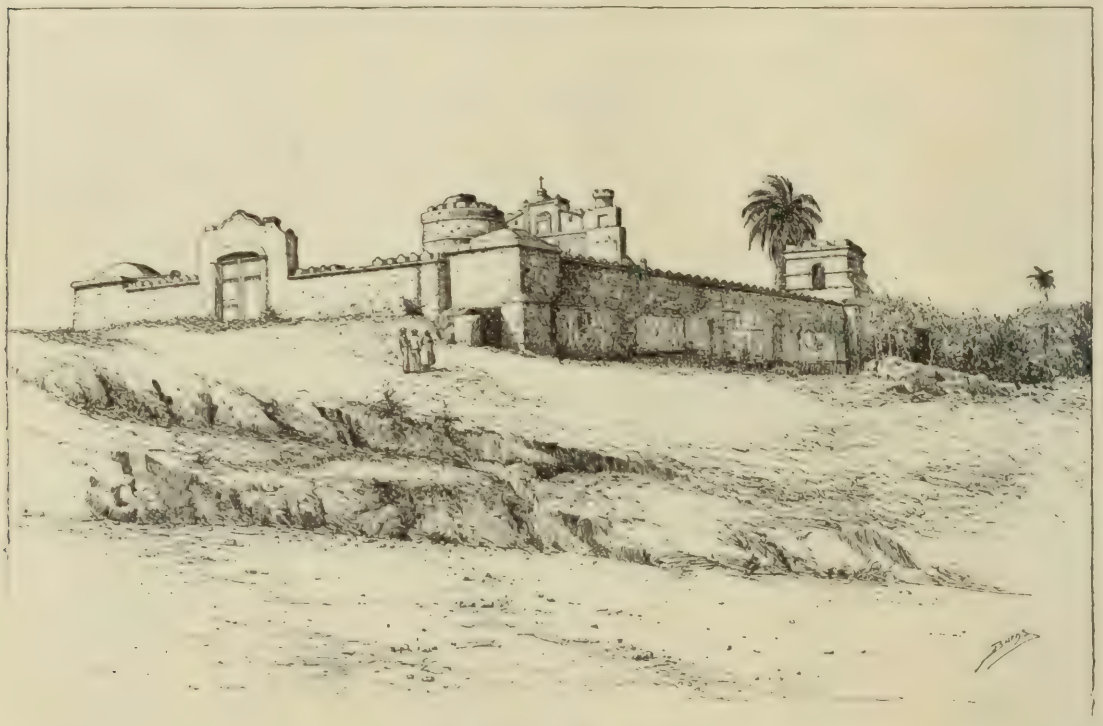
If safe from the dreaded pirates, the capital of Alvarado did not escape a more deadly foe, and the young city hardly survived its founder; but during his obsequies an earthquake overturned and an avalanche from the Water Volcano buried it in 1541. It was rebuilt a few miles away on the slope of the same mountain, and grew in beauty and wealth, until the terrible earthquake of 1773 so shattered its eighty noble churches that land-speculators persuaded the terrified inhabitants to move to the high valley of La Hermita, where stood, in solitary glory, the famous Church of the Carmen (p. 710), fortress as much as church then, but now only a monument. Antigua Guatemala was not wholly deserted, and to-day is a most charming city; its ruins, so fresh that it seems impossible that a century and more has passed since they were whole, add not a little to the beauty, and the population now numbers ten thousand. The Volcan de Agua rises to a great height above the city (12,400 feet above the sea); its summit, often cloud-capped, is easy of access and affords a charming view of the Pacific southward, and the mountains and cities on every other side.

The present capital of this important republic was thus shaken into its present position, more than five thousand feet above the sea and sixty miles from any navigable water. Until with-

in a few years Guatemala (Santiago de Guatemala) was connected with her chief port on the Pacific by a rude cart-road, and with the Atlantic, through Izabal, by only a mule-path. With all these disadvantages, it has become the chief city of all Central America, perhaps because of this very concentration and isolation.

Quezaltenango has grown to be the second city in enterprise, although only a rough road connects it with Retalhuleu, whence there is a railroad to the port Champerico. Coban, in the midst of one of the finest coffee countries of the world, has only bullock-cart communication with Pansos; thence by water to Livingston. The other large towns, Totonicapan, Chiquimula, Sololá, Quiché, Zacapa and Salamá, do not grow, if they hold their own.

Several times have the Guatemaltecans tried to break this rule of non-intercourse with other lands by sea. When Cortez founded what he believed would be the entrepôt of the Kingdom of Guatemala at Puerto Caballo (now Puerto Cortez) he chose an excellent location, and with wise prevision of the needs of the commerce of the country. Here the ships from Spain brought immigrants and supplies, and hence carried home the spoils of the Indios. But Cortez and all his generation of *conquistadores* passed away, and their successors, less brave if less cruel, yielded to the attacks of the buccaneers, who were on the sea very much what Cortez and Alvarado had been on land; and the Puerto was removed far up the Rio Dulce to Izabal, and the curious old fort which is known as the Castillo de San Felipe was built at the narrow entrance to the Golfete to keep out the pirates who sought the rich booty of the home-laden plate-ships.



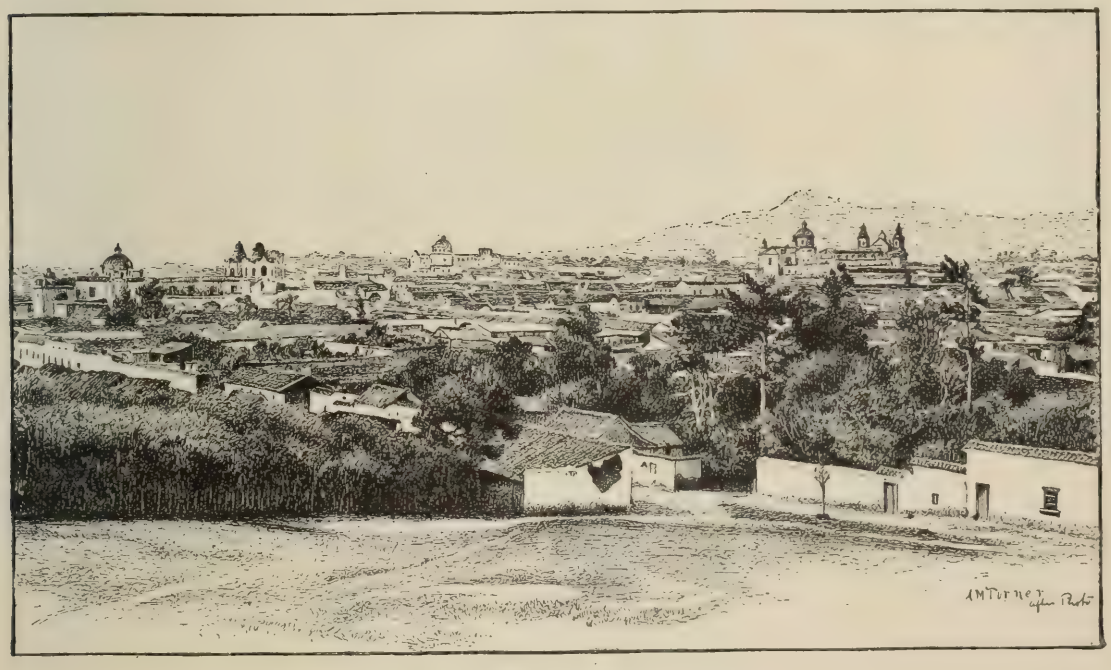
The Church of the Carmen.

I have tried that Rio Dulce often, and, when the water was high and the current strong, have held by the overhanging branches to rest from the hard pull up, and I have heard in fancy the "*Carambas!*" of the ancient *marineros* as they towed their heavy vessels against the stream.

The energy of the *conquistadores* was dying out in their descendants, in whose blood mingled largely that of the Indios, and commerce, even with Spain, grew less and less until the Revolution of 1821 separated Guatemala and the rest of Central America from the mother country and put an end to the decaying traffic.

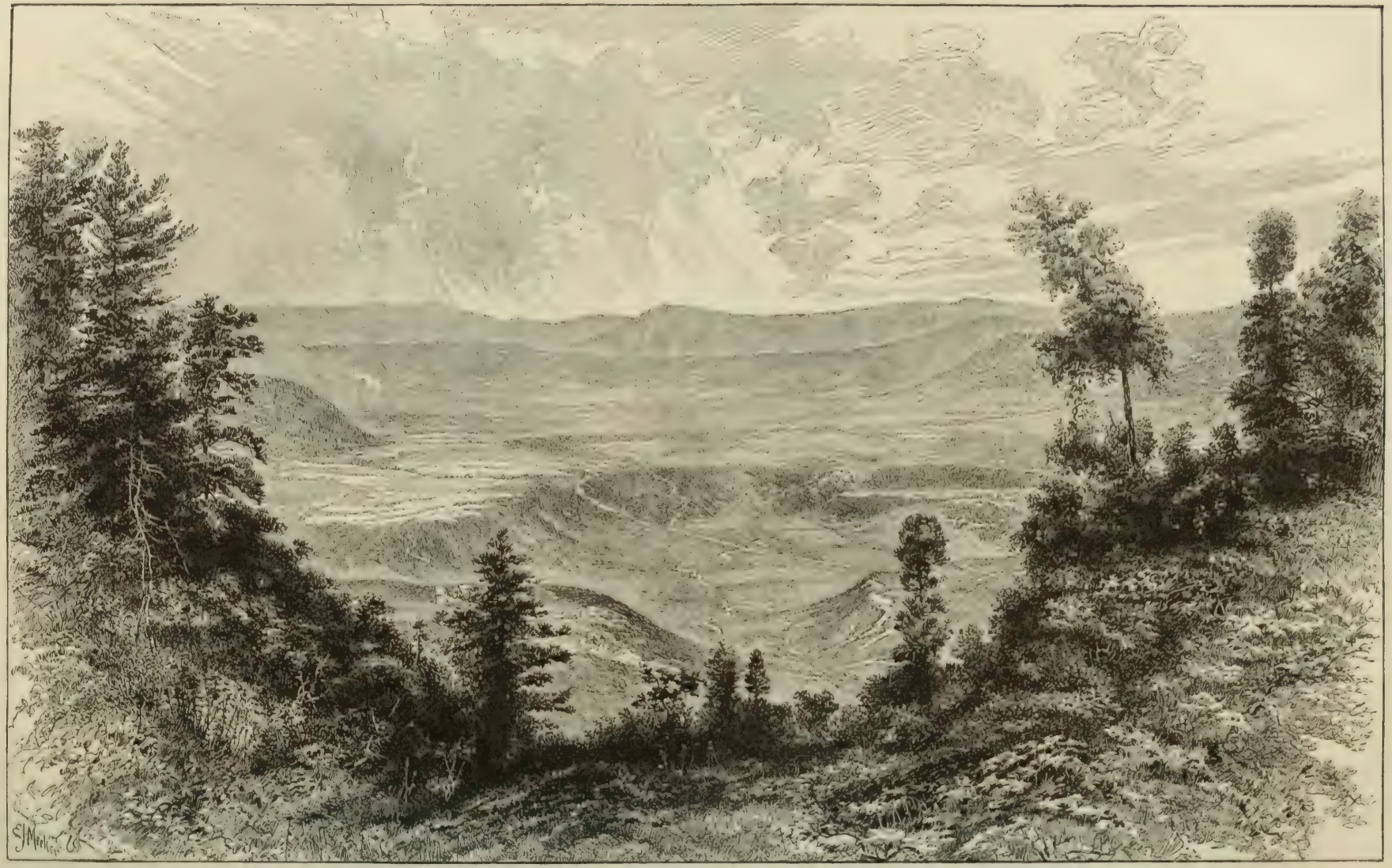
Then came another invasion, but this time a peaceful one—although some believe that the new invaders, the fruit steamers, are little better than robbers. The government saw a chance to shake off the lethargy of its hide-bound life and, wisely enough, made Livingston a free port. Under the energetic President, General Y. Rufino Barrios, strong efforts were made, not only to improve the ancient hamlet at the mouth of the Rio Dulce, but, more important still, to build a railway from the Atlantic to the capital, which was already connected with the Pacific by the untiring exertions of Barrios.

In this modern awakening was disclosed the weakness of a nation satisfied with itself. A hermitage, however beautiful, however picturesque, is but a hermitage after all. Guatemala had tried the experiment of living by herself and for herself, and the experiment had miserably failed, as it always does. The pleasant cities which had been slowly growing for centuries in the upland valleys and beautiful slopes of this mountainous country were owned and inhabited by a contented people, deprived of much that seems needful in our northern land, cultivating their little wheat-fields and corn-patches and slowly beating out the grain with trampling oxen as in the Eastern lands, carrying it on mule-back, or more commonly on man-back, over roads fitted only for such traffic. To many cities nothing could come from abroad too bulky or too heavy for such transportation. I once met half a dozen men carrying with much trouble a large framed painting because the road between two large cities would not admit a wheeled vehicle. In short, with no commerce there was no money, and when funds were needed to build roads to connect Guatemala with the rest of the world the real poverty of the people was disclosed. Foreign capital was needed, but so slight had been the commerce with the other nations (indigo, cochineal—a dyeing business at best) that no one knew the would-be borrower, and no capitalist came forward to build the desired railroad which should bring the rich woods, ores, coffee, coco, and sugar to the Atlantic ports, and supply with machinery, furniture, clothing, glass, paper, iron, the cities of the interior.



Guatemala City.

General Barrios did all in his power, and with the money raised among his people commenced the "Ferrocarril del Norte" (Northern Railroad). Here again the old habits weighed against the Guatemalans. They had not, like



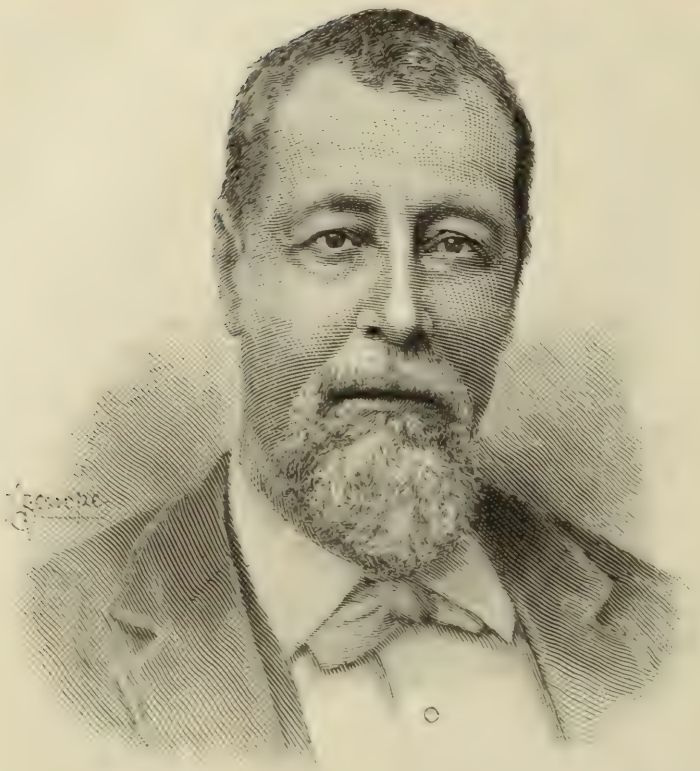
The Totonicapan Valley.

the northern nations, grown up in railroading, and they were cheated on every side in the unaccustomed work. A few miles were built on the thirty-six-inch gauge system, when the contractors failed, and the death of Barrios put a temporary stop to the *empresa*.

A good illustration of the lack of capital among the people is shown in the method of raising the capital stock of this railroad. The par value of a share was $40, payable in quarterly instalments of $1 each, the whole payment thus extending over ten years, an arrangement intended to make the undertaking popular and engage the interest of even the poorer Indios. The man who subscribed for twenty shares was looked upon as a wealthy and most public-spirited citizen. Now, it was not possible to open subscription offices all over the republic, so subscriptions were made payable in adhesive stamps, which could be purchased as postage stamps were, and whenever forty of these special stamps were attached to the *accion* it was a fully paid share and entitled to dividends (if earned by the railroads), or could be turned over to pay for public lands at its par value.

In the absence of commerce, there is but little travelling, and the stranger finds great difficulty in obtaining information about roads, even from the *jefes* of the departments through which the roads pass. It is, of course, not peculiar to Guatemala to find ignorance of local geography and complete inability to judge of distances, but the Guatemalans have a happy way of indicating the condition of a road in the expressions, "a big league," "a little league," and on rivers they usually reckon distances by *vueltas* or bends. While the North American must have express trains and considers every way-station an attack on his comfort, his neighbor in Central America hires men enough to carry his luggage—and each man can carry from five to six *arrobas* (an *arroba* is twenty-five pounds)—and mounting his horse or mule, plods leisurely along up hill and down dale, his bearers generally keeping up with him. There is very little wear and tear in such a journey, one is never in a hurry, and it is hurry that exhausts one, not reasonable work. For myself, it was a restful kind of travel. My saddle-bags contained the needful clothes, my blanket was rolled behind the saddle, my rubber poncho with map and note-book in front. One man carried a coffee-pot and a supply of coffee and sugar, my hammock, and a photographic outfit; another, a supply of photo-plates, my son's hammock, and various articles gathered on the way. We rode along chatting and enjoying everything, even the rain that ran into our boots, and when we wished to make a photograph, a whistle brought our *mozo* to our side, and in less than fifteen minutes the camera was unpacked (and everything must be rainproof), two exposures made, and we were again in the saddle. Much more convenient than an express train! Then, where no one travels, a journey is an exploration.

When the road branches, and this is not very common in Guatemala, our map and compass stood us in stead, for guide posts are unknown, and there are no intelligent police to tell one the right way. Getting into a railway train and being fired, as it were, at the mark of our destination is a very helpless, lazy way of going from place to place. The phrenologist's "bump of locality" would be in danger of atrophy, and would be of no more use than the eyes of a cave-fish, if one always trusted to others to deliver him by the right road to the right place. A correct map is of course a sufficient guide, but Guatemala has never been surveyed and has no correct map. Two so-called maps, one made in Germany (the best for names), the other in France, and both by government aid, are only sketches, and while mountain-ranges and rivers seem drawn at haphazard, the principal towns are frequently twenty miles from the position on the map. The maps that the Indios made for Cortez as he pushed his way through unknown forests were probably as correct as these showy maps of Guatemala. Commerce has not yet required the survey, and in the meantime a traveller of reasonable intelligence can estimate the distances from town to town by the time his steady-going steed consumes, and the mountainous nature of the country permits many a bird's-eye view; then, the features of the land are so varied and



General Y. Rufino Barrios, Late President.

distinct that, once seen, they are not easily forgotten.

It is sad to think that when commerce opens this country its charm will be lost. Years ago I crossed the Nevadas in the overland stages; and, as the six or eight horses rattled over the long grades, it was quite possible to put one's self *en rapport* with the country—every gulch, every cañon, every sink, every divide, had an individuality; even the dust of each valley seemed distinct, and the whole way was a panorama sharply drawn and vividly colored. Now commerce has removed these slow coaches; and the traveller of the present day is whirled through miles of snow-sheds, and scarcely less dismal tunnels, losing thus some of the finest scenery on the whole line, and one day of his journey becomes much like another. So will it be in Guatemala; a single day will take one from Livingston to the capital, where now five days must be spent on horseback and in canoe, and all will take the shorter and cheaper way, although they lose every bit of the national flavor. We earnestly advise all genuine travellers to see Guatemala before the projected railroads are built. Arcadia cannot always remain Arcadia, and the new life infused into the republic by the late President Barrios will be felt yet more widely. Even now the inland people of Guatemala want to get out; the fever of business has infected them from the North, and they have already planned far beyond their means. It is interesting, however, to see how this Eden is to be modernized, civilized, and spoiled. I have been over the routes in Guatemala most likely to be laid with rail, and found no difficulties that would be considered formidable in the way of engineers—the greatest, perhaps, being the ravages of the *comajen*, an insect that rapidly destroys dead timber, as ties, piles, trestles, etc.

First in importance may be placed a line from Livingston to Coban, perhaps one hundred and twenty miles, which would open the fine coffee-region of Alta Verapaz, and so encourage the extension of plantations, or *cafetals*, that crops would sometimes come to our markets (now all goes to England). This road would pass through the mahogany and pine-forests north of the Lago de Izabal, and would be comparatively easy to construct, and sure to pay its way from the first train. To-day all the coffee of this region is taken by ox-carts to Pansos, and shipped to Livingston by river steam-boats at a very heavy freight; but in a few years the traveller will miss the picturesque camps of the ox-drivers by the road-side at night, for he, and the coffee, and other freight, will pass rapidly through the fine scenery in railway-carriages.

From Coban the line will some day extend to the Mexican system, and then the luxurious dweller in the North will have his winter home, his tropical villa on the shores of the Rio Dulce. Second in importance I place the Ferrocarril del Norte, already mentioned as commenced, on the line from Puerto Barrios to the capital, a distance of about two

hundred and twenty-five miles. The route through the valley of the Motagua is already surveyed, and most of it graded; thence it extends to Zacapa, Chiquimula, and Jutiapa, a dry route, easy of construction; from the last place a branch might descend sixty miles among the volcanoes to San Salvador, and the main line continue over a broken mountain-chain to Escuintla, where it would join the road now in operation between Guatemala City and San José.

The third road needed will extend from Ocós, the new port on the border of Soconusco, to Escuintla, which promises to become the railroad-centre of the Pacific coast; and this shore-line would gather in the finest *cacao* known, now not exported because so costly, and, besides this, much sugar. From the highlands between Escuintla and Antigua one can see this entire route extending, over level or gently rolling ground, among little plantations that might be enlarged a hundredfold, over streams easily bridged with iron, and through forests that would furnish an abundance of timber. A road from the capital due north through the sugar-region of San Geronimo, Salamá to Coban, would complete the interior net-work. Among other advantages in constructing the Coban line first, would be the exploitation of the coal-deposits in the limestone-ranges of Alta Verapaz, thus furnishing fuel for the whole system.

So much for the internal circulation of Guatemala as hoped for in the future, when the *caminos de herradura* (bridle-paths), now the general ways of communication in Central America, have given place to the *ferrocarril*. Let us glance at the connections with her neighbors. The people of British Honduras are about to build a road from Belize to Peten, about one hundred and fifty miles, opening a vast timber-region and extensive logwood-ranges, as well as fine fruit-land. At present the traveller goes by *pitpan* up the Belize River to Garbutt's Falls, on the boundary of Guatemala, and thence by bridle-path to the lake, a journey of two weeks. Every winter the Indios come down to Belize, bringing their few native products and manufactures; among the latter, huge mahogany bowls or platters, even five feet in diameter, which serve the Hondureñans for wash-tubs. It is no common thing for a white man to make this journey now, for the forests about Peten are deserted and the roads in the wet season execrable. The mail for Peten usually goes by way of Coban, and is carried by a *mozo* on foot, not always a safe way, for once, no mail arriving for weeks, a search was made, and the remains of the unfortunate carrier were found in his hammock, high between two trees.



President General Don Manuel Lisandro Barillas.

Snake or insect poison had been his bane.

British Honduras cannot be called a progressive colony. She concentrates herself on Belize and other shore-towns, and has left the interior unexplored, and has not even a *camino de herradura*

to connect these various shore-towns. Stann Creek, a large Carib settlement, Monkey River, Allpines and Punta Gorda, are quite as isolated as Livingston, and only the fruit trade with New Orleans keeps them alive. The distance between Belize and Livingston by water is one hundred and twenty-five miles, by land fifteen miles farther, with several rivers of depth to bridge.



Spanish Honduras is far behind her more northern namesake in some respects, but she exports more fruit, and had it not been for the fiasco of the Interoceanic Railway, over which many an English or French investor still feels sore, she might have had the first rail communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Now the wretched toy road, thirty-five miles long, between Puerto Cortez and San Pedro Sula is all she has to show for a debt of $27,000,000. It is but fair to say that plans are matured for a line to carry out this original way to the capital Tegucigalpa, and thence to the Gulf of Fonseca, on the Pacific coast. A more practicable line is partly surveyed from Trujillo to Puerto Barrios, and this would take all the fruit from the Hondureñan coast to Livingston, where the facilities for shipping are far greater than at the ancient port of Trujillo. Coco-nuts, plantains, bananas and limes seem here in their native soil, and the line of New Orleans steamers that contracts for the fruit of this region does a most profitable business.

With such schemes even partly developed the Republic of Guatemala cannot long enjoy her present hermit-like life; greater riches than Cortez and Alvarado dreamed of will attract new invaders, and at no very distant day our Uncommercial Republic will be like any other republic, busy, prosperous, and—commonplace.



Antigua Guatemala and Volcan de Agua.

MISS PECK'S PROMOTION.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.



Miss Peck had spent a lonely day in her old farm-house, high on a long Vermont hill-side that sloped toward the west. She was able for an hour at noon to overlook the fog in the valley below, and pitied the people in the village whose location she could distinguish only by means of the church steeple which pricked through the gray mist, like a buoy set over a dangerous reef. During this brief time, when the sun was apparently shining for her benefit alone, she reflected proudly upon the advantage of living on high land, but in the early afternoon, when the fog began to rise slowly, and at last shut her in, as well as the rest of the world, she was conscious of uncommon depression of spirits.

"I might as well face it now as any time," she said aloud, as she lighted her clean kerosene lamp and put it on the table. "Eliza Peck! just set down and make it blazing clear how things stand with you, and what you're going to do in regard to 'em! 'Tain't no use matching your feelin's to the weather, without you've got reason for it." And she twitched the short curtains across the windows so that their brass rings squeaked on the wires, opened the door for the impatient cat that was mewing outside, and then seated herself in the old rocking-chair at the table-end.

It is quite a mistake to believe that people who live by themselves find every day a lonely one. Miss Peck and many other solitary persons could assure us that it is very seldom that they feel their lack of companionship. As the habit of living alone grows more fixed, it becomes confusing to have other people about, and seems more or less bewildering to be interfered with by other people's plans and suggestions. Only once in a while does the feeling of solitariness become burdensome, or a creeping dread and sense of defencelessness assail one's comfort. But when Miss Peck was aware of the approach of such a mood she feared it, and was prepared to fight it with her best weapon of common-sense.

She was much given to talking aloud, as many solitary persons are; not merely talking to herself in the usual half-conscious way, but making her weaker self listen to severe comment and pointed instruction. Miss Peck the less was frequently brought to trial in this way by Miss Peck the greater, and when it was once announced that justice must be done, no amount of quailing or excuse averted the process of definite conviction.

This evening she turned the light up to its full brightness, reached for her



knitting-work, lifted it high above her lap for a moment as her favorite cat jumped up to its evening quarters; then she began to rock to and fro with regularity and decision. "'Tis all nonsense," she said, as if she were addressing someone greatly her inferior—"'tis all nonsense for you to go on this way, Elizy Peck! you're better off than you've been this six year, if you only had sense to feel so."

There was no audible reply, and the speaker evidently mistook the silence for unconvinced stubbornness.

"If ever there was a woman who was determined to live by other folks' wits, and to eat other folks' dinners, 'twas and is your lamented brother's widder, Harri't Peck—Harri't White that was. She's claimed the town's compassion till it's good as run dry, and she's thought that you, Elizy Peck, a hard-workin' and self-supportin' woman, was made for nothin' but her use and comfort. Ever since your father died and you've been left alone you've had her for a clog to your upward way. Six years you've been at her beck an' call, and now that a respectable man, able an' willing to do for her, has been an' fell in love with her, and shouldered her and all her whims, and promised to do for the children as if they was his own, you've been grumpin' all day, an' *I'd* like to know what there is to grump about!"

There was a lack of response even to this appeal to reason, and the knitting-needles clicked in dangerous nearness to the old cat's ears, so that they twitched now and then, and one soft paw unexpectedly revealed its white, curving claws.

"Yes," said Miss Peck, presently, in a more lenient tone, "I s'pose 'tis the children you're thinking of most. I declare I should like to see that Tom's little red head, and feel it warm with my two hands this minute! There's always somethin' hopeful in havin' to do with children, 'less they come of too bad a stock. Grown folks—well, you can make out to grin an' bear 'em, if you must; but like's not young ones'll turn out to be somebody, and what you do for 'em may count towards it. There's that Tom, he looks just as his father used to, and there ain't

a day he won't say somethin' real pleasant, and never sees the difference betwixt you an' somebody handsome. I expect they'll spile him—you don't know what kind o' young ones they'll let him play with, nor how they'll let him murder the king's English, and never think o' boxin' his ears. Them big factory towns is all for eatin' and clothes. I'm glad you was raised in a good old academy town, if 'twas the Lord's will to plant you in the far outskirts. Land, how Harri't did smirk at that man! I will say she looked pretty—'tis hard work and worry makes folks plain like me—I believe she's fared better to be left a widder with three child'n, and everybody saying how hard it was, an' takin' holt, than she would if brother had lived and she'd had to stir herself to keep house and do for him. You've been the real widder that Tom left —you've mourned him, and had your way to go alone—not she! The colonel's lady," repeated Miss Peck, scornfully—"that's what sp'ilt her. She never could come down to common things, Mis' Colonel Peck! Well, she may have noble means now, but she's got to be spoke of as Mis' Noah Pigley all the rest of her days. Not that I'm goin' to fling at any man's accident of name," said the just Eliza, in an apologetic tone. "I did want to adopt little Tom, but 'twas to be expected he'd object—a boy's goin' to be useful in his business, and poor Tommy's the likeliest. I would have 'dopted him out an' out, and he shall have the old farm anyway. But oh dear me, he's all spoilt for farming now, is little Tom, unless I can make sure of him now and then for a good long visit in summer time.

"Summer an' winter; I s'pose you're likely to live a great many years, Elizy," sighed the good woman. "All sole alone, too! There, I've landed right at the startin' point,"—and the kitchen was very still while some dropped stitches in a belated stocking for the favorite nephew were obscured by a mist of tears like the fog outside. There was no more talking aloud, for Miss Peck fell into a revery about old days and the only brother who had left his little household in her care and marched to the war whence for him there was to be no return. She had remembered very often, with a great sense of comfort, a message in one of his very last letters. "Tell Eliza that she's more likely to be promoted than I am," he said (when he had just got his step of Major); "she's my superior officer, however high I get, and now I've heard what luck she's had with the haying, I appoint her Brigadier-General for gallantry in the field." How poor Tom's jokes had kept their courage up even when they were most anxious! Yes, she had made many sacrifices of personal gain, as every good soldier must. She had meant to be a school-teacher. She had the gift for it, and had studied hard in her girlhood. One thing after another had kept her at home, and now she must stay here—her ambitions were at an end. She would do what good she could among her neighbors and stand in her lot and place. It was the first time she had found to think soberly about her life, for her sister-in-law and the children had gone to their new home within a few days, and since then she had stifled all power of proper reflection by hard work at setting the house in order and getting in her winter supplies. "Thank Heaven the house and place belong to me," she said in a decisive tone. "'Twas wise o' father to leave it so—and let her have the money. She'd left me no peace till I moved off if I'd only been half-owner; she's always meant to get to a larger place—but what I want is real promotion."

The Peck farm-house was not only on a by-road that wandered among the slopes of the hills, but it was at the end of a long lane of its own. There was rarely any sound at night except from the winds of heaven or the soughing of the neighboring pine-trees. By day, there was a beautiful inspiriting outlook over the wide country from the farm-house windows, but on such a night as this the darkness made an impenetrable wall. Miss Peck was not afraid of it; on the contrary, she had a sense of security in being shut safe into the very heart of the night. By day she might be vexed by intruders, by night they could scarcely find her—her bright light could not be seen from the road. If she were to wither away in the old gray house like an unplanted kernel in its shell, she would at least wither undisturbed. Her sorrow of loneliness was not the fear of

molestation. She was fearless enough at the thought of physical dangers.

The evening did not seem so long as she expected—a glance at her reliable timekeeper told her at last that it was already past eight o'clock, and her eyes began to feel heavy. The fire was low, the fog was making its presence felt even in the house, for the autumn night was chilly, and Miss Peck decided that when she came to the end of the stitches on a certain needle she would go to bed. To-morrow, she meant to cut her apples for drying, a duty too long delayed. She had sent away some of her best fruit that day to make the annual barrel of cider with which she provided herself, more from habit than from real need of either the wholesome beverage or its resultant vinegar. "If this fog lasts, I've got to dry my apples by the stove," she thought, doubtfully, and was conscious of a desire to survey the weather from the outer doorway before she slept. How she missed Harriet and the children!—though they had been living with her only for a short time before the wedding, and since the half-house they had occupied in the village had been let. The thought of bright-eyed, red-headed little Tom still brought the warm tears very near to falling. He had cried bitterly when they went away. So had his mother—at least, she held up her pocket-handkerchief. Miss Peck never had believed in Harriet's tears.

Out of the silence of the great hill-slope came the dull sound of a voice, and as Miss Peck sprang from her chair to the window, dropping the sleeping cat in a solid mass on the floor, she recognized the noise of a carriage. Her heart was beating provokingly; she was tired by the excitement of the last few days. She did not remember this, but was conscious of being startled in an unusual way. It must be some strange crisis in her life; she turned and looked about the familiar kitchen as if it were going to be altogether swept away. "Now, you needn't be afraid that Pigley's comin' to bring her back, Elizy Peck!" she assured herself with grim humor in that minute's apprehension of disaster.

A man outside spoke sternly to his horse. Eliza stepped quickly to the door and opened it wide. She was not afraid of the messenger, only of the message.

"Hold the light so's I can see to tie this colt," said a familiar voice; "it's as dark as a pocket, 'Liza. I'll be right in. You must put on a good warm shawl; 'tis as bad as rain, this fog is. The minister wants you to come down to his house; he's at his wits' end, and there was nobody we could think of that's free an' able except you. His wife's gone, died at quarter to six, and left a mis'able baby; but the doctor expects 'twill live. The nurse they bargained with's failed 'em, and 'tis an awful state o' things as you ever see. Half the women in town are there, and the minister's overcome; he's sort of fainted away two or three times, and they don' know who else to get, till the doctor said your name, and he groaned right out you was the one. 'Tain't right to refuse, as I view it. Mis' Spence and Mis' Corbell is going to watch with the dead, but there needs a head."

Eliza Peck felt for once as if she lacked that useful possession herself, and sat down, with amazing appearance of calmness, in one of her splint-bottomed chairs to collect her thoughts. The messenger was a good deal excited; so was she; but in a few moments she rose, cutting short his inconsequent descriptions of affairs at the parsonage.

"You just put out the fire as best you can," she said. "We'll talk as we go along. There's plenty o' ashes there, I'm sure; I let the stove cool off considerable, for I was meanin' to go to bed in another five minutes. The cat'll do well enough. I'll leave her plenty for to-morrow, and she's got a place where she can creep in an' out of the wood-shed. I'll just slip on another dress and put the nails over the windows, an' we'll be right off." She was quite herself again now; and, true to her promise, it was not many minutes before the door was locked, the house left in darkness, and Ezra Weston and Miss Peck were driving comfortably down the lane. The fog had all blown away, suddenly the stars were out, and the air was sweet with the smell of the wet bark of black birches and cherry- and apple-trees that grew by the fences. The leaves had fallen fast through the day, weighted by the dampness until their feeble stems could keep them in place no longer; for

the bright colors of the foliage there had come at night sweet odors and a richness of fragrance in the soft air.

"'Tis an unwholesome streak o' weather, ain't it?" asked Ezra Weston. "Feels like a dog-day evenin' now, don't it? Come this time o' year we want bracin' up."

Miss Peck did not respond; her sympathetic heart was dwelling on the thought that she was going, not only to a house of mourning, but to a bereft parsonage. She would not have felt so unequal to soothing the sorrows of her every-day acquaintances, but she could hardly face the duty of consoling the new minister. But she never once wished that she had not consented so easily to respond to his piteous summons.

There was a strangely festive look in the village, for the exciting news of Mrs. Elbury's death had flown from house to house—lights were bright everywhere, and in the parsonage brightest of all. It looked as if the hostess were receiving her friends, and helping them to make merry, instead of being white and still, and done with this world, while the busy women of the parish were pulling open her closets and drawers in search of household possessions. Nobody stopped to sentimentalize over the poor soul's delicate orderliness, or the simple, loving preparations she had made for the coming of the baby which fretfully wailed in the next room.

"Here's a nice black silk that never was touched with the scissors!" said one good dame, as if a kind Providence ought to have arranged for the use of such a treasure in setting the bounds of the dead woman's life.

"Does seem too bad, don't it? I always heard her folks was well off," replied somebody in a loud whisper; "she had everything to live for." There was great eagerness to be of service to the stricken pastor, and the kind neighbors did their best to prove the extent of their sympathy. One after another went to the room where he was, armed with various excuses, and the story of his sad looks and distress was repeated again and again to a grieved audience.

When Miss Peck came in she had to listen to a full description of the day's events, and was decorously slow in assuming her authority; but at last the house was nearly empty again, and only the watchers and one patient little mother of many children, who held this motherless child in loving arms, were left with Miss Peck in the parsonage. It seemed a year since she had sat in her quiet kitchen, a solitary woman whose occupations seemed too few and too trivial for her eager capacities and ambitions.

The autumn days went by, winter set in early, and Miss Peck was still mistress of the parsonage house-keeping. The cider was brought to the parsonage, and so were the potatoes and the apples; even the cat was transferred to a dull village existence, far removed in every way from her happy hunting-grounds among the snow-birds and plump squirrels. The minister's pale little baby loved Miss Peck and submitted to her rule already. She clung fast to the good woman with her little arms, and Miss Peck, who had always imagined that she did not care for infants, found herself watching the growth of this spark of human intelligence and affection with intense interest. After all, it was good to be spared the long winter at the farm; it had never occurred to her to dread it, but she saw now that it was a season to be dreaded, and one by one forgot the duties which at first beckoned her homeward and seemed so unavoidable. The farm-house seemed cold and empty when she paid it an occasional visit. She would not have believed that she could content herself so well away from the dear old home. If she could have had her favorite little Tom within reach, life would have been perfectly happy.

The minister proved at first very disappointing to her imaginary estimate and knowledge of him. If it had not been for her sturdy loyalty to him as pastor and employer, she could sometimes have joined more or less heartily in the expressions of the disaffected faction which forms a difficult element in every parish. Her sense of humor was deeply gratified when the leader of the opposition remarked that the minister was beginning to take notice a little, and was wearing his best hat every day, like every other widower since the world was made. Miss Peck's shrewd mind had

already made sure that Mr. Elbury's loss was not so great as she had at first sympathetically believed; she knew that his romantic, ease-loving, self-absorbed, and self-admiring nature had been curbed and held in check by the literal, prosaic, faithful-in-little-things disposition of his dead wife. She was self-denying, he was self-indulgent; she was dutiful, while he was given to indolence—and the unfounded plea of ill-health made his only excuse. Miss Peck soon fell into the way of putting her shoulder to the wheel, and unobtrusively, even secretly, led the affairs of the parish. She never was deaf to the explanation of the wearing effect of brain-work, but accepted the weakness as well as the power of the ministerial character; and nobody listened more respectfully to his somewhat flowery and inconsequent discourses on Sunday than Miss Peck. The first Sunday they went to church together Eliza slipped into her own pew, half-way up the side aisle, and thought well of herself for her prompt decision afterward, though she regretted the act for a moment as she saw the minister stop to let her into the empty pew of the parsonage. He had been sure she was just behind him, and gained much sympathy from the congregation as he sighed and went his lonely way up the pulpit-stairs. Even Mrs. Corbell, who had been averse to settling the Rev. Mr. Elbury, was moved by this incident, but directly afterward whispered to her next neighbor that "Lizy Peck would be sitting there before the year was out if she had the business-head they had all given her credit for."

It gives rise to melancholy reflections when one sees how quickly those who have suffered most cruel and disturbing bereavements learn to go their way alone. The great plan of our lives is never really broken nor suffers accidents. However stunning the shock, one can almost always understand gratefully that it was best for the vanished friend to vanish just when he did; that this world held no more duties or satisfactions for him; that his earthly life was in fact done and ended. Our relations with him must be lifted to a new plane. Miss Peck thought often of the minister's loss, and always with tender sympathy, yet she could not help seeing that he was far from being unresigned or miserable in his grief. She was ready to overlook the fact that he depended upon his calling rather than upon his own character and efforts. The only way in which she made herself uncongenial to the minister was by persistent suggestions that he should take more exercise and "stir about out-doors a little." Once, when she had gone so far as to briskly inform him that he was getting logy, Mr. Elbury showed entire displeasure; and a little later, in the privacy of the kitchen, she voiced the opinion that Elizy Peck knew very well that she never did think ministers were angels—only human beings, like herself, in great danger of being made fools of. But the two good friends made up their little quarrel at supper-time.

"I have been looking up the derivation of that severe word you applied to me this noon," said the Reverend Mr. Elbury, pleasantly. "It is a localism; but it comes from the Dutch word *log*, which means heavy or unwieldy."

These words were pronounced plaintively, with evident consciousness that they hardly applied to his somewhat lank figure; and Miss Peck felt confused and rebuked, and went on pouring tea until both cup and saucer were full, and she scalded the end of her thumb. She was very weak in the hands of such a scholar as this, but later she had a reassuring sense of not having applied the epithet unjustly. With a feminine reverence for his profession, and for his attainments, she had a keen sense of his human fallibility; and neither his grief, nor his ecclesiastical halo, nor his considerate idea of his own value, could blind her sharp eyes to certain shortcomings. She forgave them readily, but she knew them all by sight and name.

If there were any gift of Mr. Elbury's which could be sincerely called perfectly delightful by many people, it was his voice. When he was in a hurry, and gave hasty directions to his housekeeper about some mislaid possession, or called her down-stairs to stop the baby's vexatious crying, the tones were entirely different from those best known to the parish. Nature had gifted him with a power of carrying his voice into the depths of his sympathetic being and recovering it again gallantly. He had



been considered the superior, in some respects, of that teacher of elocution who led the students of the theological seminary toward the glorious paths of oratory. There was a mellow middle-tone, most suggestive of tender feeling; but though it sounded sweet to other feminine ears, Miss Peck was always annoyed by it and impatient of a certain artificial quality in its cadences. To hear Mr. Elbury talk to his child in this tone, and address her as "my motherless babe," however affecting to other ears, was always unpleasant to Miss Peck. But she thought very well of his preaching; and the more he let all the decisions and responsibilities of every-day life fall to her share, the more she enjoyed life and told her friends that Mr. Elbury was a most amiable man to live with. And when spring was come the hill-side farm was let on shares to one of Miss Peck's neighbors whom she could entirely trust. It was not the best of bargains for its owner, who had the reputation of being an excellent farmer, and the agreement cost her many sighs and not a little wakefulness. She felt too much shut in by this village life; but the minister pleaded his hapless lot, the little child was even more appealing in her babyhood, and so the long visit from little Tom and his sisters, the familiar garden, the three beehives, and the glory of the sunsets in the great, unbroken, western sky were all given up together for that year.

It was not so hard as it might have been. There was one most rewarding condition of life—the feast of books, which was new and bewilderingly delightful to the minister's house-keeper. She had made the most of the few well-chosen volumes at the farm-house, but she never had known the joy of having more books than she could read, or their exquisite power of temptation, the delight of their friendly company. She was oftenest the student, the brain-wearied member, of the parsonage-family, but she never made it an excuse, or really recognized the new stimulus either. Life had never



seemed so full to her; she was working with both hands earnestly, and no half-heartedness. She was filled with reverence in the presence of the minister's books; to her his calling, his character, and his influence were all made positive and respectable by this foundation of learning on his library-shelves. He was to her a man of letters, a critic, and a philosopher, besides being an experienced theologian from the very nature of his profession. Indeed, he had an honest liking for books, and was fond of reading aloud or being read to; and many an evening went joyfully by in the presence of the great English writers, whose best thoughts were rolled out in Mr. Elbury's best tones, and Miss Peck listened with delight, and cast many an affectionate glance at the sleeping child in the cradle at her feet, filled with gratitude as she was for all her privileges.

Mr. Elbury was most generous in his appreciation of Miss Peck's devotion, and never hesitated to give expression to sincere praise of her uncommon power of mind. He was led into paths of literature, otherwise untrod, by her delight; and sometimes, to rest his brain and make him ready for a good night's sleep, he asked his companion to read him a clever story. It was all a new world to the good woman whose schooling and reading had been sound, but restricted; and if ever a mind waked up with joy to its possession of the world of books, it was hers. She became ambitious for the increase of her own little library; and it was in reply to her outspoken plan for larger crops and more money from the farm another year, for the sake of book-buying, that Mr. Elbury once said, earnestly, that his books were hers now. This careless expression was the spark

which lit a new light for Miss Peck's imagination. For the first time a thrill of personal interest in the man made itself felt, through her devoted capacity for service and appreciation. He had ceased to be simply himself; he stood now for a widened life, a suggestion of good and growth, a larger circle of human interests; in fact, his existence had made all the difference between her limited rural home and that connection with the great world which even the most contracted parsonage is sure to hold.

And that very night, while Mr. Elbury had gone, somewhat ruefully and ill-prepared, to his bible-class, Miss Peck's conscience set her womanly weakness before it for a famous arraigning. It was so far successful that words failed the defendant completely, and the session was dissolved in tears. For some days Miss Peck was not only stern with herself, but even with the minister, and was entirely devoted to her domestic affairs.

The very next Sunday it happened that Mr. Elbury exchanged pulpits with a brother-clergyman in the next large town, a thriving manufacturing centre, and he came home afterward in the best of spirits. He never had seemed so appreciative of his comfortable house, or Miss Peck's motherly desire to shield his weak nature from those practical cares of life to which he was entirely inadequate. He was unusually gay and amusing, and described, not with the best taste, the efforts of two of his unmarried lady-parishioners to make themselves agreeable. He had met them on the short journey, and did not hesitate to speak of himself lightly as a widower; in fact, he recognized his own popularity and attractions in a way that was not pleasing to Miss Peck, yet she was used to his way of speaking and unaffectedly glad to have him at home again. She had been much disturbed and grieved by her own thoughts in his absence. She could not be sure whether she was wise in drifting toward a nearer relation to the minister. She was not exactly shocked at finding herself interested in him, but, with her usual sense of propriety and justice, she insisted upon taking everybody's view of the question before the weaker Miss Peck was accorded a hearing. She was enraged with herself for feeling abashed and liking to avoid the direct scrutiny of her fellow-parishioners. Mrs. Corbell and she had always been the best of friends, but for the first time Miss Peck was annoyed by such freedom of comment and opinion. And Sister Corbell had never been so forward about spending the afternoon at the parsonage, or running in for half-hours of gossip in the morning, as in these latter days. At last she began to ask the coy Eliza about her plans for the wedding, in a half-joking, half-serious tone which was hard to bear.

"You're a sight too good for him," was the usual conclusion, "and so I tell everybody. The whole parish has got it settled for you; and there's as many as six think hard of you, because you've given 'em no chance, bein' right here on the spot."

It seemed as if a resistless torrent of fate were sweeping our independent friend toward the brink of a great change. She insisted to the quailing side of her nature that she did not care for the minister himself, that she was likely to age much sooner than he, with his round, boyish face and plump cheeks. "They'll be takin' you for his mother, Lizy, when you go amongst strangers, little and dried up as you're gettin' to be a'ready; you're three years older anyway, and look as if 'twas nine." Yet the capable, clear-headed woman was greatly enticed by the high position and requirements of mistress of the parsonage. She liked the new excitement and authority, and grew more and more happy in the exercise of powers which a solitary life at the farm would hardly arouse or engage. There was a vigorous growth of independence and determination in Miss Peck's character, and she had not lived alone so many years for nothing. But there was no outward sign yet of capitulation. She was firmly convinced that the minister could not get on without her, and that she would rather not get on without him and the pleasure of her new activities. If possible, she grew a little more self-contained and reserved in manner and speech, while carefully anticipating his wants and putting better and better dinners on the parochial table.

As for Mr. Elbury himself, he became more cheerful every day, and was almost

demonstrative in his affectionate gratitude. He spoke always as if they were one in their desire to interest and benefit the parish; he had fallen into a pleasing, home-like habit of saying "we" whenever household or parish affairs were under discussion. Once, when somebody had been remarking the too-evident efforts of one of her sister-parishioners to gain Mr. Elbury's affection, he had laughed leniently; but when this gossiping caller had gone away the minister said, gently, "We know better, don't we, Miss Peck?" and Eliza could not help feeling that his tone meant a great deal. Yet she took no special notice of him, and grew much more taciturn than was natural. Her heart beat warmly under her prim alpaca-dress; she already looked younger and a great deal happier than when she first came to live at the parsonage. Her executive ability was made glad by the many duties that fell upon her, and those who knew her and Mr. Elbury best thought nothing could be wiser than their impending marriage. Did not the little child need Miss Peck's motherly care? did not the helpless minister need the assistance of a clear-sighted business-woman and good house-keeper? did not Eliza herself need and deserve a husband? But even with increasing certainty she still gave no outward sign of their secret understanding. It was likely that Mr. Elbury thought best to wait a year after his wife's death, and when he spoke right out was the time to show what her answer would be. But somehow the thought of the dear old threadbare farm in the autumn weather was always a sorrowful thought; and on the days when Mr. Elbury hired a horse and wagon, and invited her and the baby to accompany him on a series of parochial visitations, she could not bear to look at the home-fields and the pasture-slopes. She was thankful that the house itself was not in sight from the main road. The crops that summer had been unusually good; something called her thoughts back continually to the old home, and accused her of disloyalty. Yet she consoled herself by thinking it was very natural to have such regrets, and to consider the importance of such a step at her sensible time of life. So it drew near winter again, and she grew more and more unrelenting and scornful whenever her acquaintances suggested the idea that her wedding ought to be drawing near.

Mr. Elbury seemed to have taken a new lease of youthful hope and ardor. He was busy in the parish and very popular, particularly among his women-parishioners. Miss Peck urged him on with his good work, and it seemed as if they expressed their interest in each other by their friendliness to the parish in general. Mr. Elbury had joined a ministers' club in the large town already spoken of, and spent a day there now and then, besides his regular Monday-night attendance on the club-meeting. He was preparing a series of sermons on the history of the Jews and was glad to avail himself of a good free-library, the lack of which he frequently lamented in his own village. Once he said, eagerly, that he had no idea of ending his days here, and this gave Miss Peck a sharp pang. She could not bear to think of leaving her old home, and the tears filled her eyes. When she had reached the shelter of the kitchen she retorted to the too-easily ruffled element of her character that there was no need of crossing that bridge till she came to it; and, after an appealing glance at the academy-steeple above the maple-trees, she returned to the study to finish dusting. She saw, without apprehension, that the minister quickly pushed something under the leaves of his blotting-paper and frowned a little. It was not his usual time for writing—she had a new proof of her admiring certainty that Mr. Elbury wrote for the papers at times under an assumed name.

One Monday evening he had not returned from the ministers' meeting until later than usual, and she began to be slightly anxious. The baby had not been very well all day, and she particularly wished to have an errand done before night, but did not dare to leave the child alone, while, for a wonder, nobody had been in. Mr. Elbury had shown a great deal of feeling before he went away in the morning, and as she was admiringly looking at his well-fitting clothes and neat clerical attire a thrill of pride and affection had made her eyes shine unwontedly. She was really beginning to like him very much. For the

first and last time in his life the minister stepped quickly forward and kissed her on the forehead. "My good, kind friend!" he exclaimed, in that deep tone which the whole parish loved; then he hurried away. Miss Peck felt a strange dismay, and stood by the breakfast-table like a statue. She even touched her forehead with trembling fingers. Somehow she inwardly rebelled, but kissing meant more to her than to some people. She never had been used to it, except with little Tom—though the last brotherly kiss his father gave her before he went to the war had been one of the treasures of her memory. All that day she was often reminded of the responsible and darker side, the inspected and criticised side, of the high position of minister's wife. It was clearly time for proper rebuke when evening came; and as she sat by the light, mending Mr. Elbury's stockings, she said over and over again that she had walked into this with her eyes wide open, and if the experience of forty years hadn't put any sense into her it was too late to help it now.

Suddenly she heard the noise of wheels in the side-yard. Could anything have happened to Mr. Elbury? were they bringing him home hurt, or dead even? He never drove up from the station unless it were bad weather. She rushed to the door with a flaring light, and was bewildered at the sight of trunks and, most of all, at the approach of Mr. Elbury, for he wore a most sentimental expression, and led a young person by the hand.

"Dear friend," he said, in that mellow tone of his, "I hope you, too, will love my little wife."

Almost any other woman would have dropped the kerosene-lamp on the doorstep, but not Miss Eliza Peck. Luckily a gust of autumn wind blew it out, and the bride had to fumble her way into her new home. Miss Peck quickly procured one of her own crinkly lamplighters, and bent toward the open fire to kindle a new light.

"You've taken me by surprise," she managed to say, in her usual tone of voice, though she felt herself shaking with excitement.

At that moment the ailing step-daughter gave a forlorn little wail from the wide sofa, where she had been put to sleep with difficulty. Miss Peck's kind heart felt the pathos of the situation; she lifted the little child and stilled it, then she held out a kindly hand to the minister's new wife, while Mr. Elbury stood beaming by.

"I wish you may be very happy here, as I have been," said the good woman, earnestly. "But, Mr. Elbury, you ought to have let me know. I could have kept a secret"—and satisfaction filled Eliza Peck's heart that she never, to use her own expression, had made a fool of herself before the First Parish. She had kept her own secret, and in this earthquake of a moment was clearly conscious that she was hero enough to behave as if there had never been any secret to keep. And indignation with the Reverend Mr. Elbury, who had so imprudently kept his own counsel, threw down the sham temple of Cupid which a faithless god called Propinquity had succeeded in rearing.

Miss Peck made a feast, and for the last time played the part of hostess at the minister's table. She had remorselessly inspected the conspicuous bad taste of the new Mrs. Elbury's dress, the waving, cheap-looking feather of her hat, the make-believe richness of her clothes, and saw, with dire compassion, how unused she was to young children. The brave Eliza tried to make the best of things—but one moment she found herself thinking how uncomfortable Mr. Elbury's home would be henceforth with this poor reed to lean upon, a townish, empty-faced, tiresomely pretty girl; the next moment she pitied the girl herself, who would have the hard task before her of being the wife of an indolent preacher in a country town. Miss Peck had generously allowed her farm to supplement the limited salary of the First Parish; in fact, she had been a silent partner in the parsonage establishment rather than a dependant. Would the First Parish laugh at her now? It was a stinging thought; but she honestly believed that the minister himself would be most commiserated when the parish opinion had found time to simmer down.

The next day our heroine, whose face was singularly free from disappointment,



told the minister that she would like to leave at once, for she was belated about many things, not having had notice in season of his change of plan.

"I've been telling your wife all about the house and parish interests the best I can, and it's likely she wants to take everything into her own hands right away," added the uncommon housekeeper, with a spice of malice; but Mr. Elbury flushed, and looked down at the short, capable Eliza appealingly. He knew her virtues so well that this announcement gave him a crushing blow.

"Why, I thought of course you would continue here as usual," he said, in a strange, harsh voice that would have been perfectly surprising in the pulpit. "Mrs. Elbury has never known any care. We count upon your remaining."

Whereupon Miss Peck looked him disdainfully in the face, and, for a moment, mistook him for that self so often reproved and now sunk in depths of ignominy.

"If you thought that, you ought to have known better," she said. "You can't expect a woman who has property and relations of her own to give up her interests for yours altogether. I got a

letter last night from my brother's boy, little Tom, and he's got leave from his mother and her husband to come and stop with me a good while—he says all winter. He's been sick, and they've had to take him out o' school. I never supposed that such stived-up air would agree with him," concluded Miss Peck, triumphantly. She was full of joy and hope at this new turn of affairs, and the minister was correspondingly hopeless. "I'll take the baby home for a while, if 'twould be a convenience for you," she added, more leniently. "That is, after I get my house well warmed, and there's something in it to eat. I wish you could have spoken to me a fortnight ago; but I saw Joe Farley to-day—that boy that lived with me quite a while—he's glad to come back. He only engaged to stop till after cider-time where he's been this summer, and he's promised to look about for a good cow for me. I always thought well of Joe."

The minister turned away ruefully, and Miss Peck went about her work. She meant to leave the house in the best of order; but the whole congregation came trooping in that day and the next, and she hardly had time to build a fire in her own kitchen before Joe Farley followed her from the station with the beloved little Tom. He looked tall and thin and pale, and largely freckled under his topknot of red hair. Bless his heart! how his lonely aunt hugged him and kissed him, and how thankful he was to get back to her, though she never would have suspected it if she had not known him so well. A shy boy-fashion of reserve and stolidity had replaced his early demonstrations, but he promptly went to the shelf of books to find the familiar old "Robinson Crusoe." Miss Peck's heart leaped for joy as she remembered how much more she could teach the child about books. She felt a great wave of gratitude fill her cheerful soul as she remembered the pleasure and gain of those evenings when she and Mr. Elbury had read together.

There was a great deal of eager discussion in the village; and much amused scrutiny of Eliza's countenance, as she walked up the side-aisle that first Sunday after the minister was married. She led little Tom by the hand, but he opened the pew-door and ushered her in handsomely, and she looked smilingly at her neighbors and nodded her head sideways at the boy in a way that made them suspect that she was much more in love with him, freckles and all, than she had ever been with Mr. Elbury. A few minutes later she frowned at Tom sternly for greeting his old acquaintances over the pew-rail in a way that did not fit the day or place. There was no chance to laugh at her disappointment; for nobody could help understanding that her experience at the parsonage had been merely incidental in her life, and that she had returned willingly to her old associations. The dream of being a minister's wife had been only a dream, and she was surprised to find herself waking from it with such resignation to her lot.

"I'd just like to know what sort of a breakfast they had," she said to herself, as the bride's topknot went waving and bobbing up to the parsonage-pew. "If ever there was a man who was fussy about his cup o' coffee, 'tis Reverend Wilbur Elbury! There now, Elizy Peck, don't you wish 'twas you a-setting there up front and feeling the eyes of the whole parish sticking in your back? You could have had him, you know, if you'd set right about it. I never did think you had proper ideas of what gettin' promoted is; but if you ain't discovered a new world for yourself, like C'lumbus, I miss my guess. If you'd stayed on the farm all alone last year you'd had no thoughts but hens and rutabagys, and as 'tis you've been livin' amon'st books. There's nothin' to regret if you did just miss makin' a fool o' yourself!"

At this moment Mr. Elbury's voice gently sounded from the pulpit, and Miss Peck sprang to her feet with the agility of a jack-in-the-box—she had forgotten her surroundings in the vividness of her revery. She hardly knew what the minister said in that first prayer; for many reasons this was an exciting day.

A little later our heroine accepted the invitation of her second-cousin, Mrs. Corbell, to spend the hour or two between morning and afternoon services. They had agreed that it seemed like old times and took pleasure in renewing this custom of the Sunday visit. Little Tom was commented upon as to health and

growth and freckles and family resemblance; and when he strayed out of doors after such an early dinner as only a growing boy can make vanish with the enchanter's wand of his appetite, the two women indulged in a good talk.

"I don't know how you viewed it this morning," began Cousin Corbell; "but, to my eyes, the minister looked as if he felt cheap as a broom. There, I never was one o' his worshippers, you well know. To speak plain, Elizy, I was really concerned at one time for fear you would be over-persuaded. I never said one word to warp your judgment, but I did feel as if 'twould be a shame. I——"

But Miss Peck was not ready yet to join the opposition, and she interrupted at once in an amiable but decided tone. "We'll let by-gones be by-gones; it's just as well, and a good deal better. Mr. Elbury always treated me the best he knew how; and I knew he wa'n't perfect, but 'twas full as much his misfortune as his fault. I declare I don't know what else there was he could ha' done if he hadn't taken to preaching; and he has very kind feelings, specially if anyone's in trouble. Talk of 'leading about captive silly women,' there are some cases where we've got to turn round and say it right the other way—'tis the silly women that do the leadin' themselves. And I tell you," concluded Miss Peck, with apparent irrelevancy, "I was glad last night to have a good honest look at a yellow sunset. If ever I do go and set my mind on a minister, I'm goin' to hunt for one that's well settled in a hill parish. I used to feel as if I was shut right in, there at the parsonage; it's a good house enough if it only stood where you could see anything out of the windows. I can't carry out my plans o' life in any such situation."

"I expect to hear that you've blown right off the top o' your hill some o' these windy days," said Mrs. Corbell, without resentment, though she was very dependent, herself, upon seeing the passing.

The church-bell began to ring, and our friends rose to put on their bonnets and answer its summons. Miss Peck's practical mind revolved the possibility of there having been a decent noonday meal at the parsonage. "Maria Corbell!" she said, with dramatic intensity, "mark what I'm goin' to say—it ain't I that's goin' to reap the whirlwind; it's your pastor, the Reverend Mr. Elbury, of the First Parish!"

SEPARATION.

By Ellen Burroughs.

Along the Eastern shore the low waves creep,
  Making a ceaseless music on the sand,—
  A song that gulls and curlews understand,
The lullaby that sings the day to sleep.
A thousand miles afar, the grim pines keep
  Unending watch upon a shoreless land,
  Yet through their tops, swept by some wizard hand,
The sound of surf comes singing up the steep.

Sweet, thou canst hear the tidal litany;
  I, mid the pines land-wearied, may but dream
  Of the far shore; but though the distance seem
Between us fixed, impassable, to me
  Cometh thy soul's voice, chanting love's old theme,
And mine doth answer, as the pines the sea.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NIGHT : MASTER AND MAN.

Albert walked across the yard toward the larger of the new stable buildings. It was a dry, warm, luminous night, radiant overhead with the glory of a whole studded heaven of stars. The moon, the full, shining-faced moon of October, would rise in an hour or so, and then would come pale mists along the valley bottom-lands, and perhaps clouds in the eastern sky. But one could walk bareheaded in this soft starlight now, without a fear of cold.

The lawyer paid no sort of attention to the night, but strode across the grass, swung himself over the stile, and pulled back the great stable door, creaking shrilly on its rollers, with angry energy. He stopped upon the threshold of the darkness, through which the shapes of carriages covered with white sheets vaguely loomed, and called out:

"Milton!"

There was the answering sound of footsteps overhead. A door at the top of the stairs was opened, and a flood of light illumined the staircase.

"Oh, you've got back, ay?" said a voice from the top.

Albert's answer was to climb the short, upright flight of stairs and enter the room above.

It had been Milton's idea, when the new buildings were erected, to achieve complete domestic autonomy by arranging for himself a residential room above the carriage place. The chamber was high and commodious. It had been lathed and plastered, and, in lieu of wall-paper, the sides were decorated with coarsely colored circus bills, or pictures from sporting weeklies, all depicting women in tights. There was a good corded bed in one corner. Two chairs, a stained pine-table, on which, beside the lamp, were some newspapers, a little wood stove, and a mantle-shelf covered with tin-types and cheap photographs, completed the scene. Milton enjoyed living here greatly. It comported with his budding ideas of his own personal dignity, and it freed him from the disagreeable supervision which the elder Miss Fairchild was so prone to exercise over all who lived in the house. Only the Lawton girl, Melissa, came across the yard each forenoon, to tidy up the room and chuckle over the pictures and the tastes which these, and the few books Milton from time to time brought home from a sporting library at Thessaly, indicated.

"It's lucky you hadn't gone to bed," said the lawyer, curtly, pulling his hat over his eyes to shade them from the flaring light, and sitting down. "I was going to wake you up. What's your news?"

"I've been over to Tyre twice to see Beekman, 'n' no use. Once he wouldn't talk at all—jis' kep' his ole lantern-jaws tight shet, 'n' said 'Ef Albert Fairchild wants to see me, he knaows where I kin be faound.' Th' other time he was more talkative—tried his best to fine aout what I was drivin' at, but I couldn't git no satisfaction aout o' him. He wouldn't bine himself to nothin'. He jis' stood off et arm's lenth, 'n' sized up what I was a-sayin' in that dum sly way o' his. I couldn't make head nor tail of him. He wouldn't say he would take money, 'n' he wouldn't say he wouldn't. He wouldn't say yes or nao to th' post-office scheme, or anythin' else. He jis' kep' his big eyes on me, as much as to say, 'You ketch a weasel asleep!' 'n' listened. Naow yeh knaow th' hull of it. If yeh want anythin' more done, yeh better do it yerself."

The lawyer looked attentively at his hired man, and drummed with his fingers on the table. "So that's all, is it? You are no further ahead with Beekman than when the convention adjourned? You've got no proposition from him—no

statement as to how he takes my proposals?"

"That's it, Albert—jest it!"

Something in Milton's tone seemed to annoy Albert even more than his confession of failure had done. He rose to his feet abruptly. "Don't 'Albert' me!" he said, raising his voice out of its accustomed calm; "I don't like it! You take too much upon yourself. But—I am to blame for it myself. I've let you run things with too free a hand, and trusted affairs to you that I ought to have kept to myself. It is always my way," he went on, in petulant self-criticism. "I never did trust anybody who was worth the powder to blow him up. I ought to be used to it by this time. But to encounter two such fools in one evening—and this evening of all others, too—by George! it's enough to make a man strike his mother!"

"I ain't no fool, Mister Fairchild"—the hired man was standing up too, and his harsh tones gave the title an elaborate, almost ridiculous, emphasis—"'n' I'll thank yeh to keep yer tongue civil, tew! Ef yeh don't like my style, yeh kin git sum'un else to do yer dirty work for yeh. I've no hankerin' fer it. I'm hired to manage this farm, I am. Nothin' was said 'baout my hevin' to run a Congresshn'l campaign into th' bargain. I ain't sayin' but what I kin do it's well's some other folks. I ain't sayin' that it's beyon' me. P'raps I've got my pull 'n this caounty, 's well's some other people. P'raps 'f I was amine to, I could knock somebuddy's game sky-high, jis' by liftin' my little finger to-morrer. I ain't sayin' I'm goin' to dew it. I ain't findin' no fault with yeh. All I say is I ain't goin' to take one ioty o' slack from you, or anybody else, about this thing. You hear *me!*"

The hired man had spoken aggressively and loudly, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, and his shaggy head well up in the air. He knew his employer pretty well, and had estimated with some precision the amount of impudence he would bear. This full measure he was not disposed to abate one atom. He had failed to buy the Jay County boss, or even to satisfactorily gauge his intentions, it was true, but that was no reason why he should submit to being called a fool by Albert Fairchild, who couldn't run his farm, let alone his Congressional campaign, without him. So the mean-figured, slouching countryman, with his cheap, ill-fitting clothes, frowsy beard, and rough, red hands truculently spread palm outward on his breast, stood his ground before the city lawyer and grinned defiance at him.

The lawyer did not immediately reply. He was not ordinarily at a loss for words or decisions in his dealings with men, but this rude, uncouth rustic, with his confident air and his fund of primordial cunning, puzzled him. There was some uneasiness in the feeling, too, for he could not remember the exact limits of his confidences with Milton. Moreover, he could not afford, at any price, to quarrel with him now on the eve of the convention. "After the election we'll clip your wings, my fine fellow," he thought to himself, but he gave the words upon which he finally decided a kindlier turn.

"Yes, I hear you. Almost anybody on the side-hill could, the way you are talking. There is no reason why you should lose your temper. If you couldn't fix Beekman, why, that's all there is to it. We must go at it in a different way. I can see through him. He's standing out for a cash payment. The old fox wants money down."

"Well, you've got it fur him, hain't yeh? Go 'n' give it to him, straight aout!"

"But that's it—I wanted you to bring back an idea of his figure."

"His figger. How much hev yeh got?"

"Never mind that—it's a d—d sight more than the office is worth; but when a man gets into a fight of this sort, he's got to force his way through, cost or no cost."

"Air yeh sure it can't be traced? Wuz yeh careful to raise it so nobuddy cud spot yeh, and give aout that yeh got so much money together for purposes o' bribery?"

"Yes, it is perfectly safe. There is no record."

"'N' nobuddy on airth knaows yeh've got th' money?"

"Not a living soul!"

The two men communed together as to the importance of immediate action. The convention was to reassemble at Tyre, fifteen miles away, at eleven the following forenoon. The political master of Jay County, Abe Beekman, who held in his hands the deciding power, lived near Tyre, but in the valley some miles farther on. The first train from Thessaly in the morning would be too late, for Beekman would have already arrived on the ground at Tyre, coming from the opposite direction, and would have begun work on his own hook. He must be seen at his home, early in the morning. The question was—how to encompass this.

"You might drive across to-night," Albert suggested; "it can't be more than twenty miles. It's a bad, uphill road, but four or five hours ought to do it, easily enough. By George—I believe I'll go myself—start at once, see Beekman about daybreak, and then come back to Tyre by breakfast-time, as if I had just driven over from here. No one will suspect a thing."

"Yes, thet's a fust-rate idee," assented Milton; "only be keerful 'n' put yer money in a safe place."

The lawyer again slapped his breast with a confident "Never fear about that," and went to the house to get some wraps for the night ride, leaving Milton to harness the grays and drag out the side-bar buggy with the pole. The hired man hummed to himself as he moved quietly, dexterously, in the semi-darkness in the performance of this task.

Albert returned, just as the hame-straps were being buckled.

"Everybody seems to be asleep in the house," he said. "If they ask any questions in the morning, mind you know nothing whatever. That brother of mine is no friend. Be careful what you say to him. Let him walk to the depot in the morning. It'll do him good. Oh yes, by the way, better let me have one of those revolvers of yours—you have 'em upstairs, haven't you?—give me the one that strikes fire every time."

Milton came down and out presently, saying that he just remembered having lent the weapon. "'Tother's no good," he added; "yeh don't need no pistol anyway. Th' moon'll be up direc'ly."

Albert gathered up the lines and drove out slowly toward the road.

"Yeh better save th' beasts till after yeh git over Tallman's Hill, 'n' rest 'em there by th' gulf!" Milton called after him, as a last injunction.

The hired man stood at the stable door, and watched the buggy pass the darkened, silent house, turn out on the high-road, and disappear beneath the poplars. The moon was just coming up, beyond this line of trees, and it made the gloom of their shadow deeper. His eyes, from following the vehicle, ranged back to the house, which reared itself black against the whitening sky. There was there no sound, nor any sign of life. He took a revolver out of his pocket, and examined it in the starlight, cocking it again and again to make sure that there had been no mistake. Satisfied with the inspection, he put it back in his side coat-pocket. He went upstairs, changed his hat, took a drink out of a flat brown bottle in his cupboard, and spent a minute or two looking at one of the tin-type portraits on the mantle-shelf. He held the picture to the light, and grinned as he gazed—then put it in his breast-pocket, blew out the lamp, and felt his way softly down stairs.

A few minutes later he came out from the stable, leading the swift black mare. She was saddled and bridled, and seemed to understand, as he led her over the grass, that he wanted no noise made. The man and beast, throwing long, grotesque shadows on the lawn, in the light of the low moon, stole past the house, and out upon the road. Milton here climbed into the saddle, and with an exultant little cluck, started in the direction his master had gone, still keeping the black mare on the grass. They, too, disappeared under the poplars.

The moon mounted into the heavens, pushing aside the aspiring clouds which sought to dispute her passage, then clothing them in her own livery of light, and drawing them upward after her, in a glittering train of attendance. All over the hill-side the calm radiance rested. The gay hues with which autumn's day-brush painted the woods, the hedge-rows, the long stretches of orchard, stubble, and field, sought now to only hint at their beauty, as they yielded new

outlines, mystic suggestions of form and color, in the soft gray picture of mezzotint. Thin films of vapor rose to enwrap the feet of the dark firs, nearer to the sky, and in the valley below the silver of the moonlight lost itself on the frost-like whiteness of the gathering mist. It was a night for the young to walk together, and read love's purest, happiest thoughts in each other's eyes—for the old to drink in with thankful confession the faith that the world was still gracious and good.

Milton was walking the mare now, still on the grass. He could hear the sound of wheels, just ahead.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NIGHT : THE LOVERS.

Seth had gone up to his room in a state of wretchedness which, seeming insupportable at the outset, had grown steadily worse upon reflection. He said to himself that he had never before in his whole life been so humiliated and unhappy, and then smiled with pitying contempt for the inadequacy of such a statement of the case. One's career must have been Titanic in its tragic experiences to warrant such a comparison. "I have never known before what suffering was," he thought, as he paced up and down his little room, scourging himself with the lash of bitter reflections.

To try to sleep did not enter his head. He sat for a long time on the side of the bed, seeking to evolve something like order from the chaos of his wits, but he could not think. Had he tried to write, to discuss the thing in a letter, the simple familiar operation of the pen might have led him out of the *cul-de-sac*. As it was, whichever turn his mind sought to take, there rose an impassable barrier of shame or rage or self-recrimination. In whatever light he tried to view the situation, it was all pain. He had been curtly, cruelly thrown off by his brother—the man to whom he owed everything—and he had had to listen to the most cutting, insulting language from this brother before they parted. Then, as he clenched his fists and fumed with impotent anger at the recollection of this language, there would come to divert this wrath, and turn it back upon himself, the facts that he had interposed his own boyish vanity and conceit to balk this brother's purposes, and had been caught trembling on the very brink of making love to this brother's wife. Did he not richly merit Albert's scorn? He could remember—should he ever forget?—the exact words of Albert's contemptuous characterization: "A conceited, presumptuous, offensive fool." Did he not deserve them all? He owed this brother everything: the honest boy insisted upon saying this to himself over and over again, as the basis of all argument on the subject; the opportunity came for him to repay something of this debt. How had he improved it? By setting himself up to oppose this brother in the chief object of his life, and, as if this were not enough, by yielding weakly to the temptation to rob him of his domestic honor as well! "I must be a villain as well as a fool, must I!" the youngster growled between his set teeth, as he threw himself from the bed, and began the gloomy pacing up and down again.

He had not lighted his lamp. The soft half-darkness of the starlight, sufficing barely to render objects visible in the room, suited his mood. He heard the sound of wheels now on the gravel below. Looking out, he could see that the grays were being driven out; as they turned the corner of the house, the full moonlight fell upon them and the carriage, and Seth saw distinctly that it was his brother who was driving, and that he was wrapped as for an all-night ride.

"He won't even stay under the same roof with me!" he said, half-aloud, with a fresh bitterness of self-accusation—and then the torment of reproaching voices began in his breast again.

As he turned from the window he heard a low rapping at his door; a minute later, he heard Isabel's voice, almost a whisper:

"Seth! Don't open the door, but tell me, who was it that went out with the carriage just now? I heard it, but from

my window I could see nothing. Was it *he?*"

Seth answered, as calmly as he could: "Yes, I am sure of it. I recognized him." He stood close to the door, and the thought that only the thin pine-panels divided him from her was uppermost in his mind.

There was a little pause. Once his hand involuntarily moved toward the latch, but he drew it back. Then she spoke again:

"You had a terrible quarrel, didn't you, and all for me! I heard your answer, Seth, 'way up here. How nobly you spoke! It went straight to my heart, to hear his brutality rebuked in that manly way. I sha'n't forget it."

There was a moment's silence; then she whispered, with a lingering softness, "Good-night!" and he heard the faint rustling of her garments down the hall.

Brief as the interruption was, it had changed the whole spirit of his thoughts. The vindictive accusing demons had vanished, and left no more than a numbing sense of past torture in his breast. The anguish of self-condemnation, the crushing burden of self-humiliation, had passed away. The moonlight, as it spread over the slope toward Thessaly village, seemed to bring healing in its peaceful radiance. His own provocation grew mountain high; his brother's justification for his insults and barbarity diminished. "I was doing only my duty in opposing him," he said, confidently, and there was no voice of dissent now. "Still more was I right in defending poor Isabel from his unmanly imputations. If a man is incapable of appreciating such a wife——"

He did not follow out his thought, but surrendered himself instead to calling up, and enjoying in detail, the sweet scene which Albert's coming had so rudely broken into. How delicious it all was, as fancy now limned its outlines —yet not all the dainty graces of imagination and memory could reproduce in its full charm the original. He could think, and think, until the whole room seemed instinct with her presence, but how poor a counterfeit it all was, lacking the perfume of her hair and laces, the deep, languorous glow of her eyes, the thrilling melody of her low voice. The tender, caressing prolongation of syllables in that whispered "good-night" made soft soul-music still in his ears. The insane thought—he did not dare ask himself if it were also a hope—that she might come again, took possession of him, and he stood for a long time close by the door, listening, waiting.

It was while Seth stood thus, seeing only with the eyes of the mind, that Milton stole past on the grass below, with the black mare, on his mission of murder. Had the young man been at the window instead, much that followed might have been different.

Seth stood at the door for what seemed to him a long time, until gradually the futility of the action became apparent to him. "Of course she would not come!" he said, and resumed his pacing once more.

The Faust-like vision began to dance before his eyes again, but with a witchery now which was uncanny. The calm of waiting had brought him enough strength of control to feel the presence of the cloven hoof in it all. The temptation was more urgent, strenuous than ever, but he was conscious of a deeper, more dogged spirit of resistance within him than ever, as well. There was no renewal of the savage, chaotic war of emotions under which he had suffered at the outset, groaning in the self-infliction of purposeless pain. This was a definite, almost scientific, struggle between two distinct forces, and though they fought their battle with all manner of sophistical weapons, and employed feints, pretended retreats, and false advances in highest strategical form, he was never deceived for a moment as to which was the bad and which the good.

The issue forced itself upon him, with a demand for decision which was imperative. He could stay no longer in his room. There was neither sleep nor rest of any kind there for him.

He went to the door, and opened it. Through the blackness he could see a faint vertical line of light at the front end of the low hall, as of a lamp burning, and a door left ajar. The yellow ray gleamed as he looked at it, and seemed to wave itself in fascinating motions of enticement. He stood for a moment undecided, all his impulses strongly

swaying toward the temptation, all his resisting reasons growing weaker in their obstruction, and some even turning coward, and whispering, as they laid down their arms, "After all, youth has its rights." Then he squared his shoulders, with the old gesture of resolution, and walked steadily away from the line of light, down the stairs, and out of the door, bareheaded under the stars.

He had walked for a long, long time before he became conscious that he had left his hat behind. The night air was exceptionally mild for the season, but it grew cool enough to bring this fact to his notice. As he put his hand to his head, and stopped short at the discovery, his whole mind seemed to clarify itself. He had been walking aimlessly, almost unconsciously—it must have been for much more than an hour. In a vague way, he knew where his steps had led him. He had walked through the orchard to his mother's grave, and stood for some time by the brier-clad wall and fence which surrounded it, thinking of his boyhood, and of her. Then he had struck across through Sile Thomas's pasture, to the main road; thence by the way of the school-house, and skirting the hill, to the Burfield road, at the farthermost end of the line of poplars.

As he stopped here now, collecting his thoughts, awakening himself as it were, the sound of chorus-singing reached him, faint at first, then growing more distinct. A wagon-load of young people were returning from Leander Crump's husking, enjoying themselves in the fair moonlight. From the sounds, they must have been about in front of the Fairchild homestead, and they were coming rapidly toward Seth. If he remained in the road, they must pass and recognize him.

There was a division line of thorn hedge, long since grown into tall young trees, coming to the road here, and a path beside it leading to a rude stile in the turnpike fence. This path went straight to Mrs. Warren's house, as Seth had known from boyhood, but he gave this no thought as he stepped over the stile, and moved along in the shadow of the thorns. He walked a score of yards or so, and then stepped closer into the obscurity of the hedge, to wait till the hay-wagon and its carolling crew had passed by on the road outside. He was feeling very cold now, and tired to boot, and said to himself that as soon as the road was clear he would go home and go to bed.

To his surprise the singing came to an abrupt halt, just as the wagon approached the end of the hedge. There was a chorus of merry "whoas!" as the horses drew up, and through the clear air Seth could hear a confused babel of voices, all jovially discussing something. One male voice, louder than the rest, called out:

"You'd better let me come along with you!"

There was some giggling audible, out of which rose a clear, fresh, girlish voice which Seth knew:

"No, thanks! I can cut across by this path in less than no time. I'm not afraid. The tramps are all abed and asleep by this time, like other honest people."

With more laughter, and a salvo of "good-nights!" the wagon started off again, and Annie Fairchild, singing lightly to herself the refrain of the chorus, and holding her face up to catch the full radiance of the moonlight, came walking briskly down the path.

Despite her valiant confidence the young woman gave a visible start of alarm as Seth stepped out from the shadows to speak to her. She threw herself forward as if to run, then looked again, stopped, and then gave a little tremulous laugh, and cried:

"Why, Seth! is that you? Mercy! How you frightened me!"

He could think of nothing better than a feeble parody of her words: "Yes, it is time all honest people were abed and asleep."

He said this with a half-smile, but the girl's face grew more serious still as she looked at her cousin. She spoke eagerly:

"Why, what's the matter with you to-night? Where is your hat? You look as white as a ghost! Oh—have you come from our house? Is it something about grandmother?"

"No, it's nothing about her. I haven't been nearer your place than this. I only stepped in here so as to avoid the

wagon. I didn't want them to see me like this."

"But why should you *be* like this? Now, Seth, I know something *has* happened. What is it? Am I wanted? Can I do anything?"

"Let me walk with you to your house," he said, and they turned together down the path. "Something *has* happened. I don't know that I can tell you what it is, but only to be with you like this rests and comforts me."

He was walking in the shadow; the strong light, which only tipped his shoulder occasionally, enveloped her. He watched her furtively as they moved along, and, just in proportion as he found relief and solace in the contemplation of her clear, frank, serene face, he shrank from confiding his own weak woes to her. But, as he said, it was a comfort to be with her.

They had walked almost to within sight of the Warren farm-house before he broke the silence. She had scarcely looked at him since they started, but kept her gray eyes straight ahead, as if viewing some fixed, distant object. Her lips were tightly pressed together—the only sign of emotion on her face—and this proof that she was hard at work thinking tended further to embarrass him.

"I truly don't know how to tell you, Annie," he said at last. "But Albert and I have—have had words together; in fact—we've quarrelled."

Her lips quivered a little. She did not turn her face toward him, but said, nervously: "I have been expecting that."

Seth did not ask himself the cause of his cousin's anticipatory confidence, but went on gloomily:

"Well, it has come. We had it out this evening, to the very last word. And then, as if that were not enough, the devil himself got hold of me afterward, and tugged and tore at me to—but I can't tell you *that*. I can scarcely realize myself what I've been through this night. Why, I've been wandering about here on the hill-side for hours, not knowing where I was going, or even what I was thinking of, like a madman. You can see how my hands are scratched and my clothes torn; that is from the berry-bushes, I suppose, up by mother's grave. I remember being there. I didn't even know that my head was bare until just before the wagon came up."

Before this remarkable recital of insane things, Annie was properly silent.

Seth added, after a pause: "But it is all over now. And I can't tell you, you can't begin to guess, how it brings me to my senses, and soothes and restores me to have met you like this."

As he paused suddenly, they both turned to listen and look. From the knoll to the east, where the turnpike ran through a cutting, there came a curiously muffled sound, like yet unlike the first measured drumming of a partridge. It swelled a second later into something more definite, as they saw a dark horse, the rider crouching low over its neck, galloping like the wind along the high-road toward Thessaly. The pace was something prodigious—the horse had vanished like an apparition before they could look twice. But there had been nothing like a commensurate volume of sound.

"The horse was running on the grass beside the road," Seth remarked.

"Probably going for a doctor," was her comment. "I wonder who is ill."

"It looked to me more like the headless horseman than a sick-messenger."

As he said this, and they turned to walk again, his face lighted up once more. The thought seemed to please him, and he smiled on her as he added:

"Let me be superstitious enough to fancy that the thing which just flashed by, in a rumble of low thunder, was the demon that has been torturing me all this while. We will say that he has been defeated, baffled, and has fled in despair, and that"—he looked still more smilingly at her—"the fiend has been beaten and driven away by you. Do you know, Annie, that here in this lovely light you are the very picture of a good angel? Perhaps angels don't wear seal-skin cloaks, or have such red cheeks, but if they knew how becoming they were, they would."

Annie's face, which had been immobile in thought, softened a little. She was accustomed to her cousin's hyperbole.

"I am delighted if you feel better,"

she laughed back. "But it is no credit specially to me. Contact with any other rational human being would probably have had the same effect upon you. If I had helped you in any way, or advised you, perhaps I might own the angelic impeachment. But I don't even know the first thing about your trouble, except that you have quarrelled with Albert, and—and had a temptation."

She had begun gayly enough, but she uttered the last words soberly, almost gravely. Instinct and observation alike told her that Seth's experiences had been of a deeply serious nature.

He sighed heavily, and looked on the ground. How much could he tell her? —in what words should he put it? Even as he sought in his mind for safe and suitable phrases, an Idea—a great, luminous, magnificent Idea—unfolded itself before his mental vision. It was not new to him—years ago he had often entertained and even nourished it—yet it had been hidden, dormant so long, and it burst forth now so grandly transformed and altered, that for an instant he stopped abruptly, and put his hand to his breast as if to catch his breath. Then he walked on again, still with his eyes on the ground. He fancied that he was meditating; instead, he was marvelling at the apotheosized aptness of the Providence which had sent this Idea at just this time, and swearing grateful fealty to it with all the earnestness of his being.

He looked up at last, and drew her arm through his. They were near the house now. "I am going to make a clean breast of it, Annie," he said. "If I have not finished when we get to the bars, shall we turn back? I want you to hear it all."

"It is pretty late, Seth," she said, but neither in tone, nor in the manner in which she allowed her arm to be taken, was there the kind of refusal which dismays.

There was no need now to seek words. They came fast, keeping pace with the surge of his thoughts.

"Annie," he began, "I have been as near the gates of hell to-night as it is given to a man to go, and bring back his soul. I have fancied all this while that I was strong because I was successful; that I was courageous because I happened to be clever. I found myself put to the test to-night, and I was weak as water. I am afraid of myself. More, I have been making a fool of myself. I know now the measure of my weakness. I have the brains, perhaps, but I have no balance-wheel. I fly off; I do insensate things; I throw myself away. I need a strong, sweet, wise nature to lean upon, to draw inspiration from. Oh, if you could realize the peace, the happiness, your simple presence brought me this evening! I haven't said it yet, Annie, but you have guessed it—I want to pledge myself to you, to swear that you are to be my wife."

The girl had drawn her arm from his before the last sentence was finished, and stood facing him. They were within call of the house, but she did not offer to renew the walk. She answered him with no trace of excitement, looking him candidly in the face:

"I am not sure just how to answer you, Seth. Hardly any girl would know, I think, how to treat such a declaration as that. Wait a moment—let me finish! In the first place, I am in doubt whether I ought to treat it seriously at all. You are disturbed, excited, to-night; when we first met you looked and acted like a madman. And then again—understand, I am trying to talk to you as a friend of all your life, instead of a mere girl acquaintance—I would not marry any man who I did not firmly believe loved me. You have not even pretended that you love me. You have simply complimented me on my disposition, and pledged yourself to a partnership in which I was to be a balance-wheel."

"You are laughing at me!"

"No, Seth, my dear cousin, not at all. I am only showing you the exact situation. You are too excited, or too unpractical, to see it for yourself. You talk now about being at the gates of hell, and expressions like that—wild words which signify only that you have had trouble during the evening. I fancy that all men are apt to exaggerate such things—I *know* you are. Why, do you even know what trouble is? Have *I* had no trouble? Have I not lived a whole life of trial here with a bed-

ridden invalid? And there are other things that — that I might speak of, if I chose to complain. For instance" —her face brightened as she spoke, now, and a suggestion of archness twinkled in her eyes—"was it not a terrible thing that I should have waded into the water, that day of the fishing party, and got you out all by myself, and then heard the credit coolly given to another—person, who never got so much as the soles of her shoes wet?"

Annie had begun seriously enough, but the softness of her real mood toward her cousin, together with the woman's natural desire to have justice done her in affairs of the heart, had led her into a half-playful revelation of pique. Seth would have answered here, but she held up her hand, and went on:

"Wait till I am through. You didn't know the truth in that matter of the log-jam. I understand that. There are a good many other things the truth of which you don't know. You don't, for instance, know the real facts about your own mind. You have had trouble to-night—for all your talk about making a clean breast of it you haven't told me yet what it was—and your imagination makes a mountain out of what was probably a mole-hill, and you straightway rush off bareheaded to wander about like a ghost, and frighten people out of their wits; and then, happening to meet a girl who, by the deceptive light of the moon, looks as if she had some sense about her, you take without consideration the most important step a man can take in his whole life. Isn't that a fair statement of the case? And, thinking it all over, don't you agree with me that you would better tie my handkerchief about your head and go home and go to bed?"

Seth laughed—a reluctant, in-spite-of-himself laugh. "You always would make fun of me when I tried to be serious. But if I ever *was* serious in my life, it is now. Listen to me, Annie! It is not my fault if I see you now, truly as you are, for the first time. I have been a fool. I know it. I said so at the start. But a man is the creature of circumstances, you know. Things have happened to-night which have opened my eyes. I realize now that you have been closest to my heart all the while, that I have loved you all——"

Annie stopped him, with her hand upon his arm.

"I don't want you to finish that to-night. Please don't, Seth. It would not be fair to me—or to yourself. Perhaps some other time when you have thought it over calmly—we will talk about it—that is, if you are of the same mind. If you are not, why, everything shall be just as it was before. And more than that, Seth, you—you mustn't feel in the least bound by what has been said to-night. You know that I am older than you—two whole months! That isn't as much as four years"—the meekest of her sex could scarcely have foregone that shaft—"but it gives me some sort of authority over you. And I am going to use it for your good. If it becomes necessary, I shall treat you like a perverse little boy, who doesn't in the least know what is good for him."

There was no discouragement to Seth in the tones of her speech, however non-committal its text might be. He put his arm about her and murmured:

"To think that I never *knew* until now! Ah, you make me very happy, Annie. And shall you be happy, too, do you think—happier than if we hadn't met?"

She smiled as she disengaged herself, and gave him both hands to say that they must separate: "Happier at least than on the night of the fishing party. I cried myself to sleep that night."

Seth found the house wholly dark upon his return. He had no difficulty in getting to sleep, and his heavy slumber lasted until long after the breakfast hour the following forenoon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONVENTION: THE BOSS.

Tyre had seen better days. In the noble old time of stage-coaches it had been a thriving, almost bustling place, with mills turning out wares celebrated through all the section, with a starch factory which literally gave the name of

the town to its product as a standard of excellence, and with taverns which were rarely left with a vacant room more than a day at a time. In those days it had been a power in politics too. The old Court-House which frowned now upon the village green, elbowing the more modern brick jail out of public sight, was supposed to have echoed in its time about the tallest eloquence that any court-house in the State had heard. From Tyre had come to Albany, and Washington as well, a whole cluster of strong, shrewd, stalwart-tongued politicians, who forced their way to speakerships, and judgeships, and even senatorships, like veritable sons of Anak. It was a Tyre man who had beaten Aaron Burr in such and such a memorable contest. It was another Tyre man who, by assuming lead of the distracted Bucktails at a certain crucial period, had defeated sundry machinations of the Clintonians, and sounded the death-knell of their hopes. There was a Tyre man in the Regency, of course, and he is popularly believed, at least in Jay County, to have held that storied syndicate up by the tail, so to speak, years after it would otherwise have collapsed. At every State Convention, in this fine old time, inferior politicians from other sections dissembled their appetites until Tyre had been fed to satiety. And in the sowing season of politics, when far-seeing candidates began arranging for a share in the autumn harvest of offices, no aspirant felt that his seed had a chance of sprouting until he had paid a pilgrimage to Tyre, and invoked the mercy, if he could not have the smiles, of the magnates there.

It was due doubtless to the traditions of these visits, when Judge Gould, the hero of the great Biggs murder case, would be at the Nedahma House, and Senator Yates, who unravelled and dragged to the pitiless light the masonic plot to blow up Mount Vernon, was to be found at the turnpike tavern, and both would keep pretty well indoors toward evening, because Colonel DeLancey, who had shot four men before Hamilton's death discredited duelling, was in town on private business—it was no doubt due to these memories that Tyre kept up its political tastes and, in a faded way, its political prestige, long after its material importance and interest had vanished. The mills were remembered now only by the widened reaches in the stream where their dams had once been; the starch factory was a dismantled ruin, from which what wood-work the lightning had spared had long since been abstracted for fuel; one of the taverns was now a private dwelling, and the other two neither profited themselves nor pleased the wives of the village by their dependence upon local custom. But the men of Tyre were still intense politicians. Indeed, their known virulence had given to their county sobriquet of Jayhawker an almost national fame. Nowhere else in the State, proportionately, were so many weekly partisan papers taken—not tame, dispassionate prints, but the fire-eaters of both party presses, with incessant harrowing accounts of peaceful and confiding negroes being massacred in the South, on the one side, answered regularly on the other by long, imposing tables of the money stolen by notorious criminals in the public service. This was the meat Tyre fed on, and contending editors could not serve it out too rank or highly peppered for its taste.

The one excitement of Tyre, too—far transcending the county fair, which had only interested them casually, and which they had seen moved over to Sidon, on the line of the newly extended railroad, without a protest—was a political convention. There would be such a crowd about the Court House then as scarcely the spectacle of its being consumed by flames could draw at another time. The freeholders of Tyre paid much more than their fair share of county taxes; they knew it, and did not grumble at the injustice. In fact, it rather pleased them than otherwise to see their town rated on the supervisor's assessment-rolls according to its ancient wealth; the amercement was a testimonial to their dignity. Upstart towns like Sidon might wrangle over a few hundred dollars, and cheapen their valuation in the public eye by unworthy tricks; Tyre would have none of such small doings; it would preserve a genteel exterior, even if it had to eat pork grease on its

buckwheat cakes in domestic seclusion. But if there had been so much as a hint about holding a county convention anywhere else than in the Tyre Court House —then, to use Abe Beekman's homely expression, you would have seen the fur fly! Other towns might indulge their modern and mercenary tastes in county fairs, railroads, gas, reservoirs, and the like to their hearts' content, but they must keep their hands off political conventions. He would be a brazen Jayhawker indeed who should question Tyre's monopoly of these!

So new generations of county politicians followed precedent without thought of murmuring, and accepted the discomforts of jolting in crowded democrat wagons over the stony, bleak hills to Tyre, of eating cold, bad dinners in the smoke-dried, draughty barracks which had once been hotels, of drinking limed well-water with the unspeakable whiskey—as natural consequences of being interested in the public affairs of the nation. This resignation of other Jay County towns to the convention claims of Tyre swelled into a spirit of truculent defence every two years, when the question of a joint Congressional gathering for all three counties of the district came up. Precisely what would have happened if the bigger shires of Dearborn and Adams had combined in a refusal to come to Tyre, I am not bold enough to guess. The general feeling would probably have been that a crisis had arisen in which Jay County could do no less than dissolve her relations with the Federal Union.

Fortunately no such menace of secession and civil war was ever suffered to rise glowering on the horizon. Abe Beekman, the boss of Jay County, always managed to have Tyre designated by the district committee, and the politicians from Dearborn and Adams amiably agreed to console themselves for the nuisances of the trip by getting as much fun out of it as was possible—which, reduced to details, meant bringing their own whiskey, sternly avoiding the dangerous local well-water, and throwing at each other during the dinner scramble such elements of the repast as failed to attract their metropolitan tastes. This procedure was not altogether to the liking of the Tyre landlords, who, however, compensated themselves for the diminution of the bar traffic and the havoc wrought in the dining-room, by quadrupling their accustomed prices; and the invasion of boisterous aliens had its seamy side for the women of the place, who found it to the advantage of their dignity to stop in-doors during the day which their husbands and fathers consecrated to the service of the Republic. But Tyre as a whole was proud and gratified.

On the morning when the adjourned district convention was to reassemble, political interest throbbed with feverish quickness in all the pulses of Tyre. The town could remember many a desperate and stirring combat on its well-worn battlefield, but never such a resolute, prolonged, and altogether delightful contest as this. The fight had its historic side, too. Every voter in Tyre could remember, or had been taught in all its details about, the famous struggle of the wet fall of '34, when Hiram Chesney, the Warwick of Jay County then, locked horns with the elder Seth Fairchild of Dearborn, and, to pursue the local phraseology, they pawed up more earth in their fierce encounter than would dam the Nedahma Creek. Poor Hiram had finally been worsted, falling ignobly on his native stamping ground, before the eyes of his own people. He had long since passed away, as Warwicks should when their king-making sinews have lost their strength. But another boss, perhaps in some ways a greater boss, had arisen in Jay County, in the person of Abram K. Beekman, and now, nearly half a century later, he was to try conclusions with a second Fairchild of Dearborn—a grandson of the hero of '34. They had grappled once, a fortnight before, and had had to separate again, after an all-day tug, with a fall credited to neither. Now, in a few hours, they were to confront each other once more. What wonder that Tyre was excited!

The two gladiators had been the observed of all observers during the preliminary skirmish. Tyre was almost disposed to fancy the Dearborn man. In his portly, black-clad figure, his round, close-shaven, aquiline face, and

his professional capacity for oratory, he had recalled pleasantly the days when the Jay County Bar was famous. The local magnate, Beekman, was not a lawyer; he could not make a speech; he didn't even look as if he could make a speech. He had none of the affable, taking ways which Albert Fairchild used to such purpose, but was brusque, self-contained, prone to be dogmatic when he was not taciturn. Thus the balance turned enough in Fairchild's favor to about offset Beekman's claims to local sympathy as a Jayhawker, and put Tyre people in excellent mental trim to enjoy all the points of the duel.

For in the minds of these practical politicians, it *was* a duel. There was a third candidate, named Ansdell, it was true, supported by nearly all the Adams delegation, but then he was a reformer, and had not even come to the convention, and Tyre had no use for him. A county boss who had got a machine, and purposed doing certain definite things with it, either to build up himself or crush somebody else, was natural and comprehensible; but a man who set himself up as a candidate, without the backing of any recognized political forces, who came supported by delegates elected in a public and lawless manner without reference to the wishes of leaders, and who pretended that his sole mission in politics was to help purify it—who *could* make head or tail out of that?

Thus Tyreans talked with one another, as the village began to take on an air of liveliness after breakfast, and groups slowly formed on the sidewalks in front of the two hotels. There were many shades of diverging opinion as to the merits and the prospects of the approaching contest, but on one matter of belief there was a consensus of agreement. The fight lay between Beekman and Fairchild, and the third man—it was interesting to note that ignorance of his name was fashionable—wasn't in the race. Steve Chesney, whose right to speak oracularly on politics was his sole inheritance from the departed Warwick, his father, summed up the situation very clearly from the stand-point of Tyre when he said, leaning comfortably against the post-office hitching-post, and pointing his arguments in the right places with accurate tobacco-juice shots at a crack in the curb:

"The hull p'int's this: Dearborn's got seventeen votes, ain't she?—solid for Fairchild. Then he's got two 'n Adams, ain't he?—makin' nineteen 'n all. Th' dude, he's got what's left of Adams, fifteen 'n all. Jay County's only got ten votes, ain't she? Very well, they're solid for Abe. *Now!* Twenty-three's a majority of the convention. Git twenty-three 'n' that settles it. Th' reformer, he needs eight votes. Kin he git 'em? Whair frum? Frum Dearborn? Not much! Frum Jay? Well, not *this* evening! Count him out then. Of th' other two, Fairchild wants four votes, Abe needs thirteen. Thet looks kind o' sickly for Abe, mebbe yeh think. But bear in mine thet th' Adams men air pledged agin' Fairchild by th' same resolution which bines 'em to th' other chap. Abe wasn't a candidate then 'n' he didn't git barred out. But they made a dead set agin Fairchild all through Adams, on 'count of his funny work at th' State Convention. *So*, Adams kin go to Abe, 'n' she can't go to Fairchild. I tell yeh, Jay can't be beat, ef she's only a mine to think so—thet is, of course, ef Dearborn fights fair. Ef she don't, p'raps she may win to-day, but I tell yeh, in thet case ther won't be enough left of her candidate come 'lection night to wad a hoss-pistol with."

The Jay County delegates had begun to straggle into town, and percolate aimlessly through the throngs in and about the bar-rooms, listening to the discussions, and exchanging compliments and small talk with acquaintances. Pending the appearance of their leader there was nothing else for them to do. There was a rumor that Abe Beekman was in town, sending for men as he wanted to see them, one by one, but nobody professed to be in the secret of his hiding-place, and nobody dreamed of attempting to find out what Abe wished to keep dark.

The Adams County men, delegates and others, came over the hill from the Spartacus station in a carryall, with four horses, and created a genuine sensation as they drew up with a great clatter and splashing of mud in front of

the Nedahma House, and descended jauntily from the rear step to the curb-stone. The natives eyed them all with deep interest, for upon their action depended the issue of the day, but there was a special excitement in watching the nine delegates with stove-pipe hats and gloves, and tight-rolled umbrellas, who came from Tecumseh itself. Tecumseh was the only city in the district, or the whole section, for that matter, and Jay County people timidly, wistfully dreamed of its gilded temptations, its wild revels of sumptuous gayety, its dazzling luxuriance of life, as shepherd boys on the plain of Dura might have dreamed of the mysteries and marvels of Babylon. It was something, at least, to touch elbows with men whose daily life was passed in Tecumseh.

Such of the younger Tyreans as had been introduced to these exalted creatures on their previous visit crowded around them now, to deferentially renew the acquaintance, and shine before their neighbors in its reflected light.

Then the news filtered through the groups round about that Ansdell himself had come up this time, and was the short, wiry little man with the drab overcoat and the sharp black eyes. This aroused a fleeting interest, and there was some standing on tip-toe to get a good view of him, but it could not last long, for Ansdell as a politician was not a tangible thing on which the tendrils of Tyre's imagination could get a real grip.

It was of more importance to learn whether the views of the Adams delegates had undergone any change—whether a new light had dawned upon them in the interim. They submitted graciously to the preliminary test of drinks at the bar, and pretended with easy affability to remember distinctly the various Tyre men who came up and recalled their acquaintance of a fortnight ago, but they had nothing to say that was to the purpose. They were waiting; they would see what turned up; they would certainly vote for Ansdell on the first ballot; further than that they couldn't say, but they saw no reason now why they shouldn't keep on voting for him; still, perhaps something might happen—this and nothing more.

Meanwhile there was an uneasy whisper going the rounds to the effect that the two Adams men who had previously voted for Fairchild were now for Ansdell, having succumbed to local pressure during the fortnight. The story could not be verified, for the two gentlemen in question had secreted themselves upon their arrival, and the other Adams men only grinned bland mystery when interrogated on the subject. This worried the Tyre men a good deal more than they would have liked to admit, but there was a certain element of pleasure in it, too, for it added piquancy to the coming fight.

The wooden minute-hand of the old clock on the Court House cupola had laboriously twitched along to the zenith of the dial once more, marking ten o'clock; only half an hour remained now before the time for the convention to reassemble, and the Dearborn delegates were still absent. People began to stroll toward the Court House, and casually attach themselves to the outskirts of the cluster of saturnine, clean-shaven, thin-featured old villagers, in high, black stocks and broad-brimmed soft hats, who stood on the steps, behind the fluted columns of the building's ambitious Grecian front, and chewed tobacco voraciously while they set up the rival claims of Martin Van Buren and Francis Granger, or mumblingly wrangled over the life and works of De Witt Clinton. These old men, by reason of the antiquity and single-heartedness of their devotion to their country, had two inalienable and confirmed rights: to sit on the platform close by the speakers when the Declaration of Independence was read each Fourth of July and to have the first chance for seats when the doors were opened at a political convention.

At last the eyes of those who had lingered about the Turnpike Tavern were gladdened by the sight of the Dearborn crowd, driving furiously up in three or four vehicles. Milton Squires was in the foremost wagon, and he was the first to alight.

He trembled and turned around swiftly as a man laid a hand on his shoulder.

"What d'yeh want?" he demanded, with nervous alertness.

The man whispered in his ear: "Abe

Beekman is over in the back settin'-room at Blodgett's, 'n' he wants to see your man Fairchile right off."

Milton had regained his composure. "So do I want to see him. Whairabaouts is he? I was to meet him here."

"There ain't been no sign of him here, this mornin'. Nobuddy 'n Tyre's laid eyes on him, so far's I kin fine aout."

"Thet's cur'ous," said Milton, reflectively. "He started to drive over early enough. We cum by train, expectin' to fine him here. P'raps he's seen Beekman by this time, on th' quiet."

"No, he ain't!" The messenger's tone was highly positive.

"Then mebbe I'd better go 'n' see Beekman myself. Whair is Blodgett's?"

The man led the way off the main street, to a big, clap-boarded, dingy white house, fronting nowhere in particular, and stopped at the gate.

"Ain't you comin' in?" Milton asked him.

"I dasen't."

(To be continued.)

PREPARATION.

By Mrs. Fields.

Lay thy heart down upon the warm soft breast
Of June, and take thy rest;
The world is full of cares that never cease,
The air is full of peace.

Lie thou, my heart, beneath the burnished leaves;
What though the sad world grieves!
Is not the green earth joyous and at play
Upon this ripe June day?

Yet eager dost thou watch the building birds,
The busy brooding herds,
The pauseless journey of the sunlit days,
The joy that never stays.

O heart for whom these summer days are bright,
Wouldst thou, too, gather light?
Art thou astir with every leaf that moves
And the first bird that roves?

Art thou abroad with the white morning star,
Scaling the heights afar?
Ceaselessly mounting, O thou heart, some hill
The springs of life to fill?

As midnight to the dawn, as dark to day,
As sun and shade at play,
So do the hours exchange and tempests tune
Their awful harps in June.

This is the hour when buds prepare to break,
When blossoms fruitage take;
This is the hour of breathing ere the heat
O'ertake our wearied feet.

Ye ships that lie afloat on stirless seas,
Are ye then all at ease?
Thou robin, singing from yon walnut-tree,
Dost thou not call to me?

Storm, rain, and dark, frost, snow, and chill, must be
Ere thou the end shalt see;
Reap thou! Nor all for thee, but for their need
Who gather not the seed.

TWO RUSSIANS.

By Nora Perry.

I.

"NO, I don't wish to become acquainted with him. I suppose an American woman may be permitted to decline an introduction to a man she dislikes, even in a despotic country like this, if she has no diplomatic relations to embarrass her."

"Yes, of course; but if you continue to refuse to know General Siebeloff, things may, after a while, get to be a little awkward for you."

"Things—what things?"

"Well, the General is an acquaintance—an old acquaintance—of several of our friends here, and you are liable to meet him in a way that will make your refusal to know him rather marked, won't it?"

"And what if it does? I think it will be a good thing for this Russian despot to see that one person dares to show him that cruelty and tyranny and cold-bloodedness are detestable."

"Now, Helena, I'm acquainted with General Siebeloff, and he isn't at all cold-blooded or cruel. You've heard and read so much of this nihilistic doctrine that you have come to believe that every government officer who obeys his orders with the least appearance of firmness is a tyrant. The General is a good fellow."

"A good fellow! If he is a good fellow he couldn't remain in the service of tyrants, where he would be obliged to carry out such orders."

"I don't suppose you would believe me if I should tell you that a less humane man in his place would make

things a great deal worse for offenders. General Siebeloff holds a firm hand, but I am confident that he tempers justice with mercy whenever he can possibly do so."

"What do you think of that case of young Nirovieff?"

"Nirovieff was a fool. He had warning after warning, yet he went on with his plots and plans, and flourished them right under the noses of the officials. His best friends told him he was a fool. He wanted to show himself off, to get talked about. He is a regular braggadocio. Do you think that any government is going to sit still and let such fellows openly insult it?"

"That's your side. Norovieff was only twenty-one. He and his father and brothers had all served Russia, and some of them lost their lives in that service."

"Served Russia! They have all of them, Tchernay tells me, been malcontents and fanatical nihilists, who believe in the destruction of everything, from the marriage law to the state; and they called themselves patriots! That's all *blague*."

"It's you who are prejudiced. Mr. Vodjeska may well say that Americans find it hard to understand oppression, and are inclined to side with those in power—they themselves are so prosperous."

"Oh, he said that, did he? He seems to have spoken very freely to you."

A flush, partly of anger, rose to Helena Wetherby's cheeks at this, but she vouchsafed no reply; instead, she took particular pains to show the young man, who stood in rather an inelegant attitude, leaning against the mantel and jingling the loose coins in his pocket, that she considered his remark as unworthy of reply. There were a few moments of silence, which the gentleman broke by saying:

"Well, I suppose there is no use in our discussing the point, but I sincerely hope that you won't be noticeably stiff to the General if somebody should happen to present him to you."

"You were going to say 'rude,' Dick. I think I'm sufficiently a lady not to be rude to people."

A queer little half-smile sent the ends of Dick Wetherby's yellow mustache curling up.

His cousin saw it, and was by no means made more placable in her mood. Another two or three minutes sped by in silence; then the young man took his hands from his pockets and turned to leave the room. Just as he was about to open the door his cousin asked:

"Has General Siebeloff requested you to present him to your cousin, Dick?"

"Requested me! Do you think I'd beat about the bush like this if he had? I haven't become so intimately associated with conspirators as to try to manage people by tricks. General Siebeloff has never mentioned your name to me, and I dare say he has never observed you," blunderingly added her cousin, his temper suddenly getting the better of him.

Helena flushed.

"Then I don't see why you should trouble yourself about this matter of introduction," she retorted.

"Because I see that it can't but become noticeable. The General is acquainted with our friends here, and Tchernay asked me the other night, at the Dorival dinner, how it happened that he didn't seem to be also acquainted with you."

"Tchernay! Another of General Siebeloff's admirers."

"A much safer man to admire than Vodjeska."

"Safe!" Helena's lip curled contemptuously. Then she burst out vehemently:

"Yes, that is like Tchernay and his set. They have no patriotism, no courage; they have no idea of self-sacrifice; everything is for self-interest. Oh, I have no patience with such people."

"Good heavens, Helena, how you talk! One would think you were a nihilist of the most rabid order. You may get yourself into difficulty if you talk like this abroad, American though you are; and let me tell you one thing, these educated Russians understand English as well as their own language, pretty nearly."

"Oh, don't be alarmed; I am perfectly *safe*."

"Helena!"

But Helena had said enough, had

heard enough, and with a little nod over her shoulder, half of defiance, she went out by another door-way almost before her companion was fairly aware of her intention.

Three hours after this conversation a gay party of skaters, of which Helena Wetherby was a conspicuous figure, were flying on their steel-shod feet over the lake of ice, where the rank and fashion of St. Petersburg society daily assembled.

Two gentlemen, who had arrived rather late, were balancing themselves with an easy, sauntering step, a little withdrawn from the gay groups, while they discussed graver matters. The elder of the two, a tall, well-built man, with dark hair, and mustache slightly touched with gray, and a pair of keen gray eyes, suddenly turned to his companion and asked abruptly:

"Who is that lady with Vodjeska?"

"It is the little American. She is here with her aunt and cousin. They have taken the Lotoffs' house for the season. You know the cousin, Mr. Richard Wetherby, who is interested in the Ural railroad project. The young lady herself is also, I believe, interested in it—that is, she is going to put some money into it. I thought at first she was to marry the cousin, but they have been brought up together like brother and sister by the aunt, Mrs. Iverson, since their parents' death, and quite look upon each other in that fraternal light, I understand. She is a remarkably intelligent girl, and very handsome, don't you think?"

"She is attractive, certainly. She has a distinguished air."

"She is getting to be quite the fashion."

"Yes, I judged so," and a quick smile, a little satirical in expression, showed the white teeth of the speaker.

"Oh, because of Vodjeska?"

"Yes, Vodjeska is always in the front of the fashion."

The two laughed good-humoredly here, and struck off side by side at a more rapid pace, resuming again their graver conversation.

"There go Siebeloff and Tchernay," said more than one of the skaters, looking after the two as they sped along.

General Siebeloff was always an object of attention. He had won distinction in the war with the Turks by his sagacity and courage, and later these qualities had been put to a severer test in the duties that had devolved upon him in connection with the office of military inspector—an office he had accepted, it is said, with reluctance, but having once accepted he proceeded to fill with an energy and determination that caused him to be both admired and hated. Tchernay was one of the admiring, as Helena Wetherby had truthfully, though scornfully, declared. Much younger than Siebeloff, a man of good family, and educated in England principally, he had conceived a strong attachment for the elder man, which nothing ever served to weaken or disturb. In a country of political plots and intrigues people found it difficult to believe that simple friendliness arising from congenial tastes could be the sole reason for such a close intimacy; hence, when the two appeared together, as they frequently did, there would not be wanting those who would speculate upon the bond, until at last it came to be generally believed that Ivan Tchernay himself held some unacknowledged office under his friend, and the remark, "There go Tchernay and Siebeloff," was always accompanied by a look of sudden curiosity and question, as if the two were the embodiment of some mysterious unknown force.

Nicolas Vodjeska, who was one of the skaters that day, and for the moment Helena Wetherby's companion, was also one of those who made the usual exclamation, as he caught sight of the two men:

"There go Siebeloff and Tchernay."

Helena lifted her head at this exclamation and her gaze followed Vodjeska's. Some spirit of contradiction prompted her to say:

"My cousin is a great admirer of General Siebeloff's. He told me this morning that he believed he tempered justice with mercy."

"Justice and mercy united in the character of Alexis Siebeloff. Ah!"

Helena felt a little frightened at the angry vehemence her escort expressed in these few words. But in an instant the anger seemed to vanish and the

young man turned toward the girl with a deprecating look in his handsome face, and with a, "Pray forgive me," uttered in a voice of entreaty. The next moment he was laughing and talking again with an evident attempt to regain his former manner, but there was an under-current of pre-occupation and excitement that cast a shadow over his face. Helena, with her imagination and sympathy all ready to be fired at a touch, watched these indications with self-forgetful interest. Perhaps it was because of this that she lost sight of the place and the course that they were pursuing.

"Yes, as I was telling you," Vodjeska was saying, "a bear-hunt is very exciting sometimes. Our English visitors are extremely fond of it. Last year I brought down a tremendous fellow. Am I a good shot? Well, I can bring down a beast or an enemy when I get a fair chance."

Helena looked up and again saw the fiery gleam of her companion's eyes, and she saw nothing else. Neither of them, in fact, was looking ahead. They were not in the least aware that they were rushing on at a tremendous pace until all at once they were aroused by a great shout.

Vodjeska was the first to understand. They were going at a tremendous pace, and they were going directly toward the spot marked by a danger signal, for the season was late and the ice began to show signs of weakness in some directions. Overwhelmed with horror, the young Russian flung out his hands to arrest his companion's progress; but he had involuntarily veered a little when he had heard the shout of warning, and she was already beyond him.

"Ah, great heaven, if he were only upon the other side! If he were only —" but he could do nothing but fling up his hands and cry hoarsely:

"To the left! to the left!"

Bewildered and entirely uncomprehending, entirely unsuspicious of danger, Helena gave a backward glance—and kept straight on!

Vodjeska struck out frantically to the left. If he could for one instant gain her attention, swerve or stay her impetus! But her speed increased with his. The signal of danger to her meant merely a goal that for some reason he desired her to reach. Everything was strange to her in this strange country, and this was only one of the strange customs, perhaps.

Another backward glance and he saw her golden hair shine in the sunlight, her dark eyes sparkling like jewels, her cheeks, her lips rosy with the lovely color of youth and health. And all this exuberant life in the next instant would be—where?

He uttered another despairing cry. This time he called "Helena! Helena!"

Then, suddenly she saw—there just before her—a narrow, yawning gulf. But too late, too late, for that headlong impetus. A wild prayer broke from Vodjeska. As the words were upon his lips, something came between him and the white glare of ice—a dark object that seemed to cleave the sunshine like a black shadow, then drop to the earth. Was he losing his senses? Was he going mad? He drew a panting breath of horror. In another breath he saw what had taken place. Someone, some intrepid soul on the other side had been brave enough to fling himself as a barrier across the yawning gulf, and, swift as the swift action, the girl had seen, had understood on the instant, and as one foot struck the solid prostrate figure, with the other she was enabled to make a side movement that bore her away to the left and out of danger.

But how was it with him who was lying there motionless in that interval?

The hundreds of spectators near and far waited silent and eager for his first movement. When they caught it, when they saw him swing himself expertly from one side to the other, then with a swift, elastic leap rise to his feet, and almost at the same moment strike boldly out, they sent up a loud cheer both of relief and admiration.

"But who is he? who is he?" questioned one and another from the distance.

Vodjeska had asked this question of himself in the fraction of time that elapsed before the man rose up, and leaning forward, stretching forth eager hands to assist this hero who needed no

assistance, he was confronted with the tranquil, inscrutable face of Alexis Siebeloff.

II.

Helena Wetherby was more the fashion than ever. Everybody wanted to see the young American who had been so bravely rescued by General Siebeloff. The social gossips at once had a romance in speculation. The General was a bachelor, the lady was accounted an heiress and a beauty. More than one Russian had taken to himself an American wife. Yet, oddly enough, the romantic conditions did not seem to tend toward romantic conclusions, but rather the contrary.

Helena could scarcely turn the cold shoulder to a man who had saved her life. But after her first grateful acknowledgments, the curiosity that pursued her, the constant ringing upon the one theme of her debt, and the splendid courage and presence of mind of General Siebeloff, began to irritate her. The General also got heartily tired of the subject. Whatever else he might or might not be, he was not a vain man, and he hated to be put forward as a hero. Unlike Helena, however, he did not take on a personality of irritation. Yet he could quite understand how a woman might be rendered embarrassed and uncomfortable in the position of obligation in which the young lady found herself placed, and he therefore cherished no resentment when she responded to him with rather chill politeness on the occasions when they met. Once only had he spoken frankly and freely of his action. It was the day after the event, when Richard had insisted upon taking him to see his cousin, and Helena had spoken, almost tearfully, her words of gratitude ; her feelings and her manner intensified, probably, by the remembrance of her bitterly expressed prejudice against this man a few hours before.

"Don't speak of the matter, Miss Wetherby," he said to her at once ; "I assure you it was no great risk, no great deed. I knew what I could do, and I did it. If I had seen one of the mu-zhiks in the same danger, I should just as instinctively have interposed myself as a barrier to his destruction. No, I beg that you will not speak of it, that you will not think of it again—at least as any burden of special obligation."

The Russians are rather renowned for their gallantry of speech. But this was certainly not very gallant, and Helena may be pardoned, perhaps, for feeling as if she had been reproved for overmuch warmth in the expression of her gratitude.

"He is a Russian bear, a perfect Russian bear," she exclaimed, half laughingly, to her cousin when the General had taken his departure.

"He's a soldier and a gentleman, that's what he is. If you want a carpet knight, send for Vodjeska," her cousin retorted.

"Don't get angry, Dick, and abuse Nicolas Vodjeska because he has tact and graciousness, and your dear General Siebeloff has not."

"Tact? I call it the finest tact to try to relieve you at once from a feeling of special obligation. He spoke as he did to make you comfortable, as he would have spoken to a man."

"I don't want to be spoken to as if I were a man, if you please."

"No, you want to be flattered, like all other women. Vodjeska would have said the thing to suit you, if he had been in Siebeloff's place."

"I haven't a doubt of it. Nicolas Vodjeska generally knows what to say."

"But he doesn't always know what to do. If he had been looking about him, taking proper care of you, you would never have run into such danger. He was talking, talking, talking, as he always is. I saw him when he started off away from the rest with you ; he was in the full tide of talk then."

A little blush rose to Helena's cheeks.

"Confound the fellow, he was talking sentiment to her," was her cousin's immediate conviction as he noted that red signal of consciousness. With this conviction had come a disturbing suggestion that had once before presented itself to Dick Wetherby's mind—"that that fellow Vodjeska might get Helena mixed up with some political fracas. Helena was always sympathizing with

somebody's wrongs, spelled with a capital W; was always spending her money —flinging it away," young Wetherby called it—"upon Causes." But he did hope she wouldn't be such a fool as to be taken in by that plausible Vodjeska. How or in what way Vodjeska himself might be mixed up with political entanglements, Dick Wetherby could not have answered. He had got an idea that this handsome young man with the gracious tact was something more than the liberalist he acknowledged himself, and that, while he talked smoothly and eloquently of progress and privilege, he took great care to keep within the prescribed bounds in this general talk; and while thus careful, was perfectly willing to make use of others, in any way he saw fit, to further the plans —Dick called them nihilistic plans— that lay beneath. In the reign of the Emperor Nicholas the liberalism which Vodjeska was free to talk could not have been lisped without the talker suffering banishment or worse. But things have changed in Russia since the iron rule of Nicholas. Everybody is free to talk liberalism, loyal liberalism, as the government would say. It is nihilism, the nihilism of the terrorists that is under the ban, that is watched and guarded against and punished. Dick Wetherby had heard enough here and there to make him suspicious. One day he said bluntly to his friend Tchernay:

"Is Vodjeska suspected of nihilism?"

Tchernay laughed at his American acquaintance's frankness and his ignorance of the fact that blunt questions were not answered bluntly in Russia. His own answer was a specimen of Russian caution.

"Who can tell who is suspected of nihilism in these days?" Then a moment after he remarked:

"Nicolas Vodjeska is a mercurial youth fond of excitement. He is not very wise, but I should hope he was wise enough not to make a fool of himself by getting beyond his depth."

These words somehow consoled Richard Wetherby. It seemed to him that Vodjeska was understood, by those who ought to know him, to be more a feather-brained youth who liked to pose as rather a mysterious personage, than a really dangerous individual; and thus consoled he put aside his uneasiness, and said to himself, "Helena won't be influenced by a feather-brain; she's too bright for that."

While he was making this comfortable conclusion this was the way Helena was being influenced, by the man he called "a feather-brain:"

"And is there no way to save them— no way?"

"Yes, there is one way."

"There *is* a way? Then why don't you set about it at once; why do you delay?"

"I say there is a way—there is—but it is for another and not for me to take it."

"And that other—does he shrink, is he afraid? Oh, how can one shrink from using a power, if one has it, to save human beings from such a fate?"

It was Helena Wetherby who spoke thus. Her companion, Nicolas Vodjeska, did not at once respond, not indeed until she had repeated her question; then he said, a little lower of tone:

"It is not a man, it is a woman who has this power."

"A woman! and is it a real, a definite, a sure power?"

"It is."

"And she refuses to use it?"

"I do not know—no one has asked her."

"Would it sacrifice her in any way— put her in peril?"

"No, no, there would be no sacrifice, no peril—she would only need to be skilful and careful."

"Then if you can trust her why do you not venture to ask her?"

"I will, I will ask her now. Miss Wetherby, you are that woman."

"I!" Helena grew red, then white.

Vodjeska's face also changed. His color came and went, his lips twitched nervously, while his eyes, which had usually a dreamy, speculative expression, were darkened with suppressed excitement, and full of vigilant watchfulness. He bent forward at Helena's exclamation and replied:

"Yes, you, Miss Wetherby. We have a statement drawn up, not a petition,

which only needs one signature to effect the release of the prisoners."

"One signature? Whose?"

"General Siebeloff's."

Helena stared at the speaker in astonishment.

"I — I — to procure this signature? We are only acquaintances—the most formal. I could not ask him for so important a favor, nor would he think of granting it."

Vodjeska smiled involuntarily. Then, with a sudden grave earnestness—

"Listen to me, Miss Wetherby; you must always bear in mind that you are in a country where secrecy is the rule and not the exception; where the government itself employs spies and stratagems. What I ask of you is this." He paused and drew a deep breath, then went on: "The other evening, do you remember, after the charming little dinner which your friends gave, that the conversation turned upon autographs, and the General obligingly assented to Mrs. Iverson's request to write his name upon one of the pages of her album? Why should you not ask the General for his autograph?"

"I have no autograph album."

Again Vodjeska smiled.

"I recollect that you confessed you had not, then and there, with some little scorn and derision of those valuable volumes. But you have something more to the purpose."

With the smile still upon his lips the young man rose and fetched from a shelf of bric-à-bric a large cabinet photograph, such as had been sold in the shops since the Servian War. Taking it from the light easel frame Vodjeska deftly placed at the back a folded paper which was longer than the margin of the picture, coming well down below and filling in the square-cut slip which had been arranged for an autograph. The paper was also of smooth, heavy texture—one could not have told it from the photograph card when it was once adjusted.

"You can see it is a very easy matter," said Vodjeska, lightly.

"Easy! It is a terrible matter," Helena ejaculated. "Oh, why do you not ask someone else—some Russian woman, who is accustomed to such stratagems? But I — I hate all lies and tricks. How could you expect an American——"

Vodjeska rose from his seat. Someone had once said of Nicolas Vodjeska that he possessed the power to express anything that he chose, to absolute perfection, whether he felt it or not. Whether he felt fully the pained, reproachful disappointment that shone in his face as he rose there, it is difficult to say; but as Helena caught the expression of his eyes, as she saw the fine, mobile mouth settle into a look of sad severity, she felt as if she had been tried and found wanting. Before he left her he took care that this feeling should become fixed and not fleeting; that she should condemn herself for selfishness and cowardice, and to atone for all this should be ready to do his bidding precisely as he had planned. Helena was not one to falter, once having given her word; but when she was no longer under the immediate influence of that impassioned, persuasive voice, what she had pledged herself to do again assumed a most hateful aspect. But none the less was she determined to do it. He had convinced her that no Russian of either sex could ask the favor of that signature without suspicion, and surely, however distasteful, she should be willing to take this upon herself to save from a banishment, perhaps worse than death, the three prisoners of whom Vodjeska had told her. Willing? she should be proud to do it, she reasoned, as she walked up and down the floor of her bedroom that night. With such reasoning and going over the pitiful details of the story Vodjeska had told her of these prisoners—three young men who had from mere boyish talk incurred the displeasure and suspicion of the government and been thrown into prison, whence they were to be taken to Siberia—Helena fortified herself as that long night wore through. And while she was thus occupied Vodjeska was slumbering peacefully, untroubled by any misgivings. He had gone straight from her presence to his club, where, in a small card-room, supposed to be devoted to lansquenet, he had a brief conference with a party of young men about his own age, all members of a secret society. A game was in progress as he opened the door, but

it ceased at his appearance, and one of the men, after a moment of waiting, asked:

"Have you succeeded?"

"I have."

"There will be no delay?"

"Siebeloff dines there to-morrow. She will find an opportunity then to carry out my plan. I have no fears; she is quick, skilful, and dramatic."

"You have not trusted her too much?"

"I have not trusted her with the secrets of the society, if that is what you mean, nor with our methods. She reads the Volmer essays and is enthusiastic about them! I do not discuss them with her."

A faint smile lightened the faces of his listeners. When Vodjeska spoke again it was to say:

"She is truth itself and remarkably discreet. She would not betray a friend—and she is our friend. She would always espouse the cause of the downtrodden."

His listeners were too well-bred to smile at this, but there was an involuntary exchange of glances, which told Vodjeska that the warmth of his last words had revealed too plainly his personal feeling, if not his personal hopes and plans. When, soon after, he left the room, the first speaker remarked to the others:

"It is as I suspected—the girl is in love with him, and he will marry her. That is good news for us."

III.

A little dinner-party that Richard Wetherby had arranged as an acknowledgment of certain courtesies turned out very differently from the original plan. At the last moment Helena had insisted upon his inviting a young Englishman and his sister—recent acquaintances that her aunt Iverson had made.

"But we are to have Russian whist after dinner, and they will be two too many," objected Dick.

"Oh, I will take care of them—you will see," responded Helena.

Dick offered no further objection.

"Perhaps Helena is pleased with this Englishman," he thought, and the thought was such a relief from his fears that Vodjeska had been occupying his cousin's mind in that sentimental direction that he became quite content to give in to her rearrangement. But he was not a little surprised at the way things turned out. Instead of Helena's undertaking the Englishman *en tête-à-tête*, as Dick had supposed she would do, he found that by some accident or other it was General Siebeloff who had been left as the odd one to Helena's care.

"I am very sorry, but—it couldn't be helped—I suppose you will think I have made a great blunder, but perhaps General Siebeloff won't care; I hope he will not," whispered Helena hurriedly to her cousin at the eleventh hour. Her color rose in a hot flame to her cheeks as she made this, her first move in Vodjeska's strategic game. When she went forward with an attempt at apology and explanation to General Siebeloff, the brilliancy of her appearance quite startled him. He had rather demurred at the adjective "beautiful" when he had heard it applied to her; he himself was quite ready to apply it now, as she stood before him, her dark eyes looking darker than ever beneath that crown of gold hair and, above all that rosy bloom. There was a deprecating smile upon her lips as she addressed him, and a wistful sort of timidity, which did not detract from her charm as she excused herself for "such mismanagement."

The General bowed gallantly, and assured her smilingly that he was only too happy to be thus mismanaged. Vodjeska would have made a far finer speech than this—would have pointed the whole by a delicate compliment, which would have conveyed to her the fact that nothing could make him so happy as a *tête-à-tête* of this kind. But General Siebeloff spoke only with simple friendliness of courtesy. He was not a vain man, and it did not occur to him to pay vain compliments. He would have thought it worse than vain on this occasion to suggest, by word or manner, to the rather embarrassed girl, anything that might further embarrass her. This was his interpretation of that deprecating smile and that look of wistful timidity. With

a flash of intuition, Helena felt and understood this interpretation; it did not make her next move any easier for her; but the move must be made—she had given her word.

Vodjeska had said truly that she was dramatic. The small table, covered with the collection of European photographs, toward which she led the way, was not arranged near the shelves of bric-à-brac by accident, and General Siebeloff, who obeyed her invitation to take a seat directly in front of this table, had little idea that he was being led by premeditated stratagem. Photographs are of endless interest, and the General was soon absorbed in the examination of those that lay before him. The grim face of Bismarck held his attention for a few minutes. He made no remark concerning it, however. But when Helena handed him a likeness of Victor Emmanuel, taken in his earlier days—the immortal days of '48—the guarded silence gave way.

"Ah, he was a great soldier, a great patriot and statesman," he said, finally, summing up his admiration.

Helena smiled with frank responsiveness. She had read and studied sufficiently to know the story of this great soldier, and with her love for fine deeds she had long ago placed him in her gallery of heroes. Siebeloff caught the smile, and as he spoke, he took up the picture of General Menzikoff, whose autograph was written sprawlingly along the margin.

Helena flushed and paled—the time for her third, and by the mercy of Heaven, her last move, had come. Rising quickly, she lifted the easel picture from the shelf.

"I do not keep an autograph album, General, but—would you be so kind as to write your name here."

Her companion laughed lightly. "I hope I shall make better work of it than Menzikoff has," he said. "But I shall have no excuse if I do not, for I see you have given me ample space."

A gilded toy of an inkstand stood on the table beside a rack of pens. Helena pushed them toward him, then moved away, ostensibly to pick up a fan that had dropped from the bric-à-brac shelves. When she came back she saw the name of Alexis Siebeloff written in firm, even characters upon the space indicated. She murmured her thanks rather uncertainly, glanced a moment at the signature, then, with a nervous movement which she could not control, turned and replaced the picture upon the shelf. There was a look of glad, yet troubled, relief in her eyes as she came back again and resumed her seat. Siebeloff was not an unobservant man, and he had not been blind to the young lady's fluctuations of expression and manner, and it was scarcely strange if he misread the meaning. There was a feeling of surprise and pleasure when the girl, who had hitherto been somewhat cold in her reserve, had come forward with that deprecating air of timidity to ask him for his autograph. He quite recalled the few evenings previous when she had expressed herself as not only indifferent to, but rather scornful of, autograph collecting; and now he finds that the pictured semblance of his face has been specially set apart from the crowd of other pictures, and that the fair owner is shyly waiting for her opportunity to obtain his signature.

He had never forgotten those few terrible moments when he had seen the girl rushing blindly toward the yawning ice-gulf—those few moments when he had measured the distance that intervened, and his own power. He could never quite get her out of his thoughts after that. But he was a busy man, burdened with perplexing cares in troubled times. These cares overlaid everything else. In her presence again, however, and made to feel that some under-current of emotion was sending those swift changes to her face, it was not strange if his feeling of interest should reawaken with a quickening pulse. But the wistful trouble that seemed to lie beneath the girl's glances appealed to him against himself, and not by look or word did he betray his thought. Instead, he began talking to her of some of her heroes. Naturally that led to the scenes of heroic deeds, and he told her some stirring incidents connected with the fall of Plevna. Insensibly into his whole attitude and manner and voice, as he talked, there crept a gentleness and deference of which he was not

aware. Helena, regarding him earnestly, thought:

"Is this the man who has no mercy—this the man who can be content to carry out the laws of tyranny?" A pang of fresh sorrow at her own deceit, her treachery, as she called her action, assailed her as she listened. "But, doubtless," she reflected instantly, "this is but the soft, polished surface of the drawing-room. He is showing me only the velvet glove." Consoled by this reflection in regard to her own perfidy, a sudden determination took possession of her, and turning toward him with rather abrupt swiftness, she said:

"What you tell me suggests, perhaps by contrast, something I read lately in a book I am very fond of—Volmer's essays."

She looked at him a little excitedly and defiantly.

"Now," she thought, "I shall see, if not feel, the hand of steel," for she supposed that Volmer's essays, a series of most eloquently liberal papers, was one of the books interdicted by the government party.

What was her surprise to see a smile steal round the corners of her companion's mouth.

"And you read Volmer's essays, then?" he asked.

She fancied a tinge of good-humored patronage in his tone, and lifted her head a trifle higher.

"I read Volmer, and I more than admire him—I am in thorough sympathy with him."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," he replied heartily.

"You are delighted?" Her face more than her tone showed her astonishment.

"Yes; did you suppose I would not be? Did you think I was an illiberal conservative of the old school?"

"Are you not a conservative? Do you not belong to the government party?"

A flash of intelligence went over his face.

"Miss Wetherby, you have evidently learned of Russia and Russian parties through her enemies. I am a Russian and I love my country, and wish to build it up by true progress, not by destruction. In short, I am a liberalist and not a nihilist—strangers sometimes confound the terms and think they are identical, but to quote from one of our writers:

"Nihilism is not liberalism. A liberal has a positive code of principles before him—a political religion, a stern national duty. A nihilist scorns and derides those who care either for their country or for those things which constitute the greatest blessings of all civilized countries. A nihilist is an anarchist in the widest sense of the word, and I may add that the nihilist believes and takes his way to his end by secret societies, and the liberalist, the true liberalist of this day, scorns secret societies as the tortuous path of the coward and the bully and the unintelligent. There is no longer any excuse, any need of such societies. The really brave man in this age can work bravely in the light, to elevate and educate and assist his fellows, ay, even here in Russia, poor, misjudged and betrayed Russia."

Helena's brain was in a whirl. Vodjeska had constantly spoken of himself as a liberalist, never as a nihilist, yet she knew that he not only believed in, but belonged to, secret societies, and that he lived two lives, as it were—one outward and superficial, the other mysterious and hidden. But the liberalism of Volmer—had he not sympathized with those large and noble utterances which directly attacked the nihilistic doctrine of destruction and assassination? As she asked herself this question, a counter-question arose. What definite utterance of sympathy had she heard him give? Had it not been merely a tacit agreement with her enthusiasm? Swift on the heels of this thought rushed another thought. If Siebeloff was a liberal after the pattern of Volmer why should Vodjeska hate him, if Vodjeska himself was what she supposed him to be? What answer could there be to this question but one? That Vodjeska was not a liberal, but a nihilist.

In the moments while these thoughts were coursing through her brain, General Siebeloff was regarding her with a half-absent look, his brows slightly drawn together, not with displeasure nor with any personality of feeling, but

with the sadness born of the pain which a man with a strong love of country must feel when that country is not only beset with foes from without, but from within.

Helena, lifting her eyes, met this look. Something in it stabbed her to the heart. She bent forward eagerly.

"General Siebeloff, tell me, are not the Volmer essays frowned upon by the government?"

He seemed to bring himself back to the present with an effort, but he answered her readily,

"No, certainly not."

"Who besides yourself is permitted to read them?"

"Permitted!" in an astonished tone; "there is no question of that kind; everybody may read them. Where did you get your Volmer and these ideas?"

"I bought the book in Paris, and a French gentleman—a man of culture and ability—told me that I must not talk about Volmer much in Russia."

Siebeloff shook his head with a despairing gesture; then turning to Helena, he said, quietly:

"You may talk about Volmer, if you like, to the Emperor."

"The Emperor!"

"The Emperor is in entire sympathy with Volmer. Do you know what—who it is that prevents him from carrying out fully the liberal measures there spoken of? The nihilists."

As he spoke these last words there was a movement of chairs, a gay outbreak of talk and laughter from the whist-players, and Dick Wetherby came down the room with the suggestion that General Siebeloff should take his place and avenge his defeat. The General declined, and soon after took his departure. But before he went, he held Helena's hand for a moment in a friendly clasp, and asked if he might be allowed to send her two or three books upon Russia in which he was sure she would be interested.

It was late that night before the party broke up entirely. Helena waited, weary and impatient, for the last good-by to be said; but Dick had found an interested listener to his Ural railroad talk, and finally detaining this listener after the others had gone, to show him the various plans of the project, Helena and Mrs. Iverson felt themselves at last released from their duties. Yet it was with a perturbed spirit that the girl at length went to her room, leaving behind her the bold autograph of General Siebeloff shut in behind the easel frame. It had been her design to slip the paper from its place after the company had left, and thus make sure of it. But no opportunity to accomplish this had been given her. Her aunt, Mrs. Iverson, and her cousin had been constantly near her since the General's departure, rendering any secret movement impossible. When she found that she must leave the precious, not to say dangerous, document behind her, after all, a feeling of despair came over her What could she do? Nothing. Nothing but trust to circumstances. She had been careful in replacing the photograph to push it a little behind a Japanese vase. It was not likely that her cousin, that anyone would perceive it before she could get to it in the morning, and she would rise early. So she consoled herself. But the exciting events of the evening made her restless, and it was long before she fell asleep. Her sleep was deep and profound. When she woke the sunlight was streaming into her room. Instead of rising early she had slept late into the morning. Dressing as swiftly as possible, she found her way to the parlor. No one was there. Her aunt had not risen, and Dick had gone out. This was fortunate for the accomplishment of her design, and pulling aside the heavy window-curtains to give her more light, she reached up for the easel frame. But at that very moment she saw what had happened. The photograph was there, *but the autograph was gone!*

For a second her head swam, and a blinding mist seemed to shut out the day. Recovering herself with an effort she replaced the picture and rang the bell.

Had anyone called, she asked of the servant who answered it.

"Only Count Vodjeska"—the servants always insisted upon giving Vodjeska this title—"and he had said that he would wait, that the family were not to be disturbed."

In a flash Helena saw it all. Vodjeska

had come for the paper, and finding she had not arisen, had sent the servant away with his tranquil declaration that he would await the family's appearance, and thus left alone had possessed himself of the document and departed with it.

It was unreasonable, she argued with herself, for her to feel as she did—a thrill of anger. This was no ordinary occasion for social etiquette. An hour, a few minutes might make a tragic difference. She had promised to secure for him the autograph—to give it into his hands that day. He had called, had found her not at her post, had seen the dangerous yet invaluable signature that meant life and liberty instead of imprisonment and death. It was not strange he should not wait her coming under such circumstances, when any moment might send fatal interruption. Yet, reasoning this over and over again, she still could not quite quell that thrill of anger, could not banish the sense of being somehow deceived and made an ignoble tool, even if for important ends. Later in the day a note was brought her from Vodjeska. It was guarded, but it conveyed to her a kind of subdued triumph, an exultation, which struck her as being in bad taste. The concluding sentence—a hope that he should see her at Madame Dorival's reception that night—was couched in his usual flattering form of expression, but the girl felt as if she had received an order for her presence, and her anger returned and scorched her proud spirit with a fire of humiliation. Then, repeating over again that fine array of formulated reasons, she scourged herself anew for her cowardice.

Vodjeska no doubt had deceived her upon one point—he was a nihilist. But was she not herself somewhat to blame for being thus deceived; had she not invited her fate by her rashness? And, after all, there must be varying shades of nihilism. Vodjeska was an enthusiast, a fanatic, but he was certainly not of those who would kill and destroy. Thus she argued.

IV.

At half-past eleven o'clock Madame Dorival's salon was crowded, and Madame Dorival herself was supremely delighted. Her reception would be the success of the season, would be quite equal to those former successes of hers in Paris, when all the fashionable world thronged to her little house.

"Ah," sighed Madame, even in this delight at her present success, "if I had only planned some little sensation, some surprise to make my success really great."

Without any effort of hers, Madame was to have her sensation. The French clock in her salon was pointing the quarter before midnight when an unusual stir seemed to pervade the vicinity near the doors. Gradually the light, gay hum of talk and laughter died out, the frou-frou of easy conversation became merged in a strange sound as of excited exclamation and response. Helena Wetherby, who was standing in a corner a little apart from the throng, listening to Nicolas Vodjeska's persuasive voice, and with her doubts and fears and anger already somewhat appeased, suddenly heard some one exclaim sharply, in a tone of horror:

"Siebeloff! It can't be!"

"What is it? what has happened?" asked another voice.

"General Siebeloff has been arrested—or, rather, he has put himself under arrest. Verzen and the two Berikoffs have been released from prison, before their examination, by an order signed by Siebeloff. Siebeloff was away, out of town, when they were released. When he came back to-night and found the matter under examination, he was, for a moment, thunderstruck, as he looked at the signature. He declared then and there: 'It is mine, or forged. If it is mine it has been secured by a trick,' and he immediately resigned his office and put himself under arrest until, as he says, his words can be proven. The Emperor has ordered all the clerks in Siebeloff's department to be arrested for examination. It is thought that one of them has played the traitor. There have been a great many papers connected with the military provisional department signed this week, and it is supposed the trick could have been played then."

As the speaker concluded, Helena

lifted her eyes to Vodjeska's face. He was evidently waiting for her glance, and met it with a look at once deprecating and entreating. When, soon after, she was following her aunt to the carriage, he found a moment to say:

"I am going to Paris to-morrow by the afternoon mail train, on urgent business; may I see you in the morning?"

Neither the time nor place permitted her anything except the conventional assent, but with a swift foresight she added:

"I shall be engaged all the early portion of the morning."

Confident in his power still, Vodjeska sought that interview. He did not expect an easy triumph, but in the end he felt sure of success. Her first words startled him somewhat from his confidence:

"You have deceived me in everything from the beginning," in answer to his plausible expression of astonishment and regret at the startling results of the stratagem. "You solemnly assured me in our final talk on that day that no possible harm could come to General Siebeloff."

"No harm will come to him. This is a mere windy flourish—this arrest; it will soon blow over."

"I have seen his friend Ivan Tchernay this morning. He has told me a different story. My cousin confirms it; he has his reasons for doing so from twenty different sources. If General Siebeloff's words are not now proven he is ruined. His enemies, the extreme conservatists, will use this misfortune to weaken his influence and discredit him, and even if, finally, the government spares him active hostility, his career will be closed and a stigma will forever attach to his name. No, no, do not interrupt me—I said that you had deceived me from the beginning. You knew that when I discovered to you such warm sympathies for freedom and liberty, that it was not for the liberty of license—the liberty that permitted violence. You knew that I thought you a liberalist—a liberalist like Volmer, and you allowed me to think so; you led me on to believe that even liberalism like that was tabooed, when it is nihilism, the nihilism of the terrorists only that is tabooed. You told me that these three prisoners were foolish boys, and that foolish, boyish talk only was the cause of this imprisonment. These prisoners are conspirators whose deeds of violence are notorious. You have played upon my weakness, my weakness of unguarded sympathies, and made me thus a tool to work the very destruction I abhorred, against the man who saved my life. I might forgive you anything but this last."

He sprang from his seat and came toward her.

"Yes, yes," he cried, "I confess that I deceived you—that I am a nihilist; but I deceived you that I might lead you up to greater heights to serve the sacred cause of humanity. If I sacrificed you, I sacrificed you as I might sacrifice myself, for I love you, Helena, I love you."

"Do not speak to me of love," she cried, starting back. The horror in her face was like a blow to him. He had been sure up to that time that her heart was under his control.

"What right had you to suppose that I loved you?" she went on; "and even if you were self-deceived enough for that, what right had you to suppose that any human creature was yours to sacrifice? Love! this is not love but tyranny; and who are the true tyrants here now but those who, in the name of humanity, devote themselves to secret violence and destruction—the needless sacrifice of others. No, no; do not speak to me of love, do not speak to me of anything, but leave me to make what reparation is possible for what I have done."

He sprang up in alarm. "What are you going to do?" he asked, bluntly and breathlessly.

"Can you ask that question? What should I do but give the proof that General Siebeloff's words are true?"

His color came and went, his eyes blazed with excitement.

"And do you realize what that means for *you?* That it means making you the centre of a political scandal—dragging your name through all the clubs in the city, and in the end, perhaps, bringing down upon yourself the wrath and punishment of the government?"

Her face glowed with indignation. "And the man who professes a supreme regard for me permitted me to run this risk!"

"No, no," he exclaimed, vehemently; "you choose the path yourself; but you cannot—you will not do this?"

"It is already done. My cousin has in his possession my written statement, which will be conveyed to General Siebeloff to-night—two hours after your departure for Paris."

"I shall not depart for Paris, Miss Wetherby;" and he folded his arms with a gesture of dignity and pride.

"But there is no need—you can do no good—you cannot help us by remaining."

"I am not a coward, whatever else I may be. I shall not run away."

For the first time since the revelation of the night previous, Helena felt something of her old admiration for the man before her. He saw the softening of her eyes, but he took no advantage of it. He made no further appeal, but simply said, rather low of tone:

"You will permit me to thank you for your generous desire to aid me, and to say that if I cannot accept it I am none the less grateful for your thought."

As he ceased speaking he bent before her for an instant, then turned to the door. As the door closed upon him Helena sank with a long, shuddering moan to the floor.

Twenty-four hours later, General Siebeloff stood in Mrs. Iverson's reception-room awaiting the appearance of Miss Wetherby. When she entered he started back in shocked surprise as he observed the change that had taken place since he last saw her, brilliant with life and bloom. Her face was pale and drawn, her eyes sunken and lustreless. She looked ten years older than the girl who had talked to him enthusiastically about Volmer's essays.

Helena mistook his movement and expression, and, stopping abruptly, said hurriedly:

"I deserve anything that you may say—any punishment."

"Punishment! Miss Wetherby, you deserve the gratitude of a lifetime, for you have saved more than my life by your generous courage in coming forward. But for this I should carry to my grave a dishonored name."

"And—Nicolas Vodjeska?"

The General's brow darkened. "Nicolas Vodjeska? What punishment do you think a man deserves, not merely for plotting to cheat the law—we will put that aside—but for dragging an innocent girl into these plots, by deceit and treachery?"

"You say I have saved more than your life; save *me* by not involving me in a tragedy of any kind for any human creature."

As she spoke she put out two trembling hands in supplication. For a second he looked pained and shocked, then coming forward he wheeled a chair to her side, and as she sank into it he seated himself before her with the words:

"Miss Wetherby, what monsters you must think we Russians are capable of being. I have told you that a lifetime of gratitude is your due for your noble courage in coming forward as you have, with a statement of facts that rescues my name from dishonor, and allows me to remain in the service of my country. Listen to me. I came here not only to express my personal gratitude, but with the Emperor's thanks likewise. Did you think that so poor a return would be made you, as to involve you in any tragedy—allow your name to be associated with criminal proceedings? The government has forgiven graver crimes than this trick of liberating state prisoners by fraud. When the assassin Mirzky attempted General Drenteln's life, at the General's intercession he was pardoned. Scores of assassins have been dealt with much more leniently than is generally known. We have a bad name, we Russians, because we are only now emerging from the darkness of Tartar domination. We are a young country—it is virgin soil here, as our own Tourgenieff has said. Let us have time to conquer the foes from within as well as those from without. In this time we commit many blunders, many sins, but we have to deal with crude and violent elements; one of the most violent is that of the terrorist, which does not believe in order of any description; which refuses to work with the most

humane liberalists, or with any organized law. But pardon me. I wanted to tell you of Nicolas Vodjeska. He is safe from prosecution for this offence, but you have done us double service in proving what has been long suspected, that he is a member of a certain society of nihilists of the most violent and advanced ideas. Knowing this, we shall be trebly on our guard. He chooses now, however, to depart for Paris, where he will, no doubt, conspire with greater freedom. His next message to us may be a concealed explosive—a cowardly weapon which the terrorists delight in."

"But he did well—he was not a coward when he refused to leave, as he might have done before my statement reached you."

"He must have been a craven indeed to have left then—a craven and a fool. Why, such a course would have been his ruin in the eyes of all men, even the nihilists. He knew that perfectly—he knew after your decision that there was but one course for him—to remain in Petersburg."

Helena leaned back in her chair silent and shamed. How rash, how blindly credulous she had been. What more was there for her to learn here? she asked herself sadly, and at the question she heard her companion say:

"When you are able I want you to read a book I shall send you, called 'Russia and England.' It will tell you many truths, many facts, among which is the truth about Siberia, which will show you that it is not our policy to send criminals into the extreme north, as we should have to support them at a ruinous expense; that most of them are sent to the southern portion, which is fertile and healthful, and where a university is established for the education of the children. Only the worst criminals, and those are a small minority, are sent to the mines, and even that minority, as a humane liberalist, I hope to see otherwise dealt with. But remember we are struggling up amid the wild treachery of terrorism. It is part of the Tartar taint, but we shall attain our salvation yet, for 'the Slavs stand on the threshold of the morning.'"

"Ah!" cried Helena, "that is like Volmer."

"You like Volmer?"

A faint smile for the first time in this interview lighted Helena's face.

"If I were a Frenchwoman I should say I adored him," she answered. "He makes dark things clear to me."

"You overrate him. He is honest and in earnest, that is all."

"How can you speak so coolly of him?"

"Because I know him."

"He is your friend?"

"In a way, yes."

"I wish that he were my friend."

"He is."

"What?"

"Miss Wetherby, forgive me, I ought to have told you before"—he paused, hesitating and embarrassed. Helena lifted astonished eyes to the strangely moved face that confronted her. He had risen to his feet. She also rose.

He ought to have told her what?

Suddenly, as she regarded him, a light flashed into her mind.

"It is you—you are Volmer?" she asked, breathlessly.

"And your friend, your friend always."

She covered her face with her hands. And this was the man she had attempted to betray by a petty stratagem.

"No, no," she cried; "I am not worthy."

"Not worthy! You are worthy a king's homage, Miss Wetherby. Helena, look at me, listen to me."

He had her hands in his by this time, and she took courage to look up and meet his eyes.

"I am your friend always, always, but I have discovered that I am also something more than your friend. I think, from the time I saw you come down the lake that day, and I felt the thrill of thanksgiving as your garments brushed me, and I knew that you were saved—I think from that day I began to regard you with a feeling that was quite different from friendship; but—do not shrink from me, do not shrink from me"—she had started involuntarily, "I should not have spoken now, forgive me." He released her hands as he said this, and moved a few paces away. What was it

that he saw in her face? what mute appeal as he moved away that brought him back to her with a sudden, kindling look?

"Helena, Helena, if I could hope that some time——"

"Oh, I am not worthy, I who betrayed you to your enemies. If I were"—her voice softly faltered and sank, and once again she lifted her eyes to his. They were full of tears, but through the tears, breaking up through the clouds of remorse and grief, he saw an adorable light shining upon him, and he knew then that Helena's heart, though half-unconsciously, was turning toward him, as a flower to the sun.

Ten months after this, on March 13, 1881, the whole civilized world was convulsed with horror by the news of the assassination of the Emperor, Alexander II. It was rumored at first that General Siebeloff was in the carriage with the Emperor at the time and had shared his fate. When this rumor was discovered to be unfounded, congratulations and exclamations of relief met the General at every turn. He received these somewhat absently and sadly, and with the secret hope that no hint of them should reach his wife's ears. But on the second day after the catastrophe, as he entered her drawing-room late in the afternoon, a blundering young Englishman, who had just preceded him, met him with question and congratulation. He replied with what courtesy he could command, but he looked beyond the visitor to the dark, dilating eyes that were fixed upon him with such an expression of anguish. The moment the door had closed upon the visitor Helena flung her arms about her husband's neck with a half-suppressed sob.

"Oh, my love, my love, let us go away out of this country where such dreadful deeds are done; let us go away where we can be safe and peaceful; where we shall not every hour, every instant be threatened with such a terrible fate," she cried brokenly.

He did not speak at once, he only held her silently against his breast, stroking her soft, bright hair, and now and then pressing his lips against it. Presently, when her nerves had become steadied a little under his soothing touch, he drew her to a seat beside himself, and said gently:

"Helena, I feel as if I had done you a great wrong, as if I had taken advantage of your generosity. I should have gone away in silence ten months ago, instead of speaking to you of my hopes. I had no right to have any hopes of that kind, no right to draw you on to share such a troubled existence."

His voice, his words of saddest tenderness yet of inevitable decision, were more eloquent than any appeal or argument. All the depths of Helena's nature were stirred. With a quick movement she bent and kissed the hand that held hers.

"Do not speak like this," she said, softly; "I had rather lead this troubled existence with you than any life of ease I might have had without you. Have patience with me; I shall learn courage from you by and by."

"Helena, trust me for one thing—I shall not run heedlessly into danger, but I cannot run away from it—I cannot desert my country while she needs me; and she needs every loyal, liberal Russian in her present distracted condition. I may be sacrificed"—he took both her hands in a firm clasp and looked steadily in her face—"to malice or wild misconception at any moment, but so long as I live I must stand up against the foes that beset my unhappy country. I have been denounced by the conservatists and the terrorists. The Emperor himself at one time criticised and reproached me for urging him forward; but, thank God, he never doubted my loyalty to Russia and her highest interests."

Hand in hand they sat in silence for awhile; then Helena, in a low voice, asks:

"Alexis, did Nicolas Vodjeska have a hand in this catastrophe?"

"Nothing can be proven against him."

"But you believe——"

"I believe he is more guilty than the wretches who have been detained."

"And he knew—he thought you were with the Emperor that day."

"I suppose that he did."

"And you—you who have power to send him away out of your path—you

let him remain here to try again—perhaps to succeed in destroying you. Oh, Alexis, Alexis, is this not heedlessly inviting danger?"

"My love, listen to me; we government officials of Russia have been accused of using our power in utter disregard of any fixed law. Perhaps, however, in the limit of the law, I might send Vodjeska to Siberia, but there has been enough of this kind of thing, and it does not remedy matters; it does not insure safety; for one terrorist that is banished there are a dozen left behind. No, the only manly and wise method is to give even the cowardly terrorist the full benefit of the law, and prove his individual guilt before inflicting punishment."

"And if Nicolas Vodjeska has not merely the nihilist's enmity, if he has added a personal hatred since——"

"Since our marriage? Well, that may be, but I cannot bring in a personal motive here—I cannot work with Nicolas Vodjeska's tools of deceit and treachery—that is impossible."

Helena had no words of reply to this, but once again, with proud and loving humility, she bent down and kissed the hand that held her own, and as she did so she recalled what she had once heard Ivan Tchernay say of the friend he loved:

"And this man, full of the highest heroism, full of the noblest unselfishness, proud, pure, and enlightened—this man who shows what liberalism can mean in Russia—the nihilists in their blind and wilful ignorance denounce because he believes in the civilized methods of rehabilitation by patient progress, instead of the old ways of revolutionary riot and destruction."



FULFILMENT.

By Graham R. Tomson.

Fulfilment mocks at Hope's foreshadowing,
  On ruined fruits her sullen lips are fed;
  Athwart the last-limned dream, the song last said,
She sweeps the leaden shadow of her wing,
A bitter burden of bare blight to bring,
  In sudden disenchantment, dull and dead.
  And so we waken—in our seraph's stead
To find a gaping goblin-changeling.

Sweet Hope is slain, come let us bury her;
  The dream is done, the labor lost, we say;
  But ofttimes, gazing on the lifeless clay,
The old fire fills our veins, our longings stir;
  And still, to strive anew, we turn away
From yet another dead Hope's sepulchre.

THE MAGIC FLIGHT IN FOLK-LORE.

By H. E. Warner.

The *origin* of myths and their *distribution* are two very distinct questions, which are nevertheless often confused. The latter, indeed, is of small importance except as it may be supposed to shed some light upon the origin of myths and their significance. Those who see in every wild tale current among primitive peoples a nature myth have two ways of accounting for its wide dissemination. Sir George W. Cox may be taken as the exponent of the one view, which is briefly as follows: Originally it was the highly poetic, allegorical representation of some operation of nature, originating in what he calls the cradle of the Aryan race, and the various tribes carried it with them as part of their mental furniture when they swarmed, as it were, from the parent hive. The stories should therefore be found only among peoples of Aryan race, since Sir George denies that there has been any "lateral transmission"—that is, from tribe to tribe—since their migrations.

Max Müller likewise regards the myth as an allegorical representation of some phenomenon of nature, but the popular tale, he thinks, has originated in defective etymologies. Our fathers told a certain story of the sun or the dawn, but their degenerate sons, misled by some similarity of sound in the names, applied it to a frog or a fox, for example. This is the celebrated "Disease of Language" theory.

In opposition to these theories, mythologists of the anthropological school hold that these tales are indigenous; that they have originated in the ideas, beliefs, and customs of primitive peoples, and that they are alike, the world over, because the savage mind is everywhere alike; that they are not nature myths at all except when they expressly undertake to account for natural phenomena, and are not allegorical and mean no more than they say. Mr. Andrew Lang may be taken as the exponent of this view. Among English writers, at least, no one has more clearly and forcibly presented it; and no one with such literary grace, such felicity of diction, such keen but kindly humor.

According to this view there is no distinction between the myth and the popular tale or Märchen, the former being the perfected form of the latter, with some new meaning imported into it by the philosopher or poet. I shall use the terms in this sense.

It is to be observed that the first theory throws no light at all on the origin of the myth, but merely shows the point from which it started. The second finds its origin in a mere mistake. The third points to the material out of which the myth is made. Of the first two theories it must be said that there is not a particle of evidence adduced to show that the myth *did* exist in its perfected shape among our far-off Aryan ancestors, nor is the very process of degradation into the folk tale ever exhibited; and when it comes to interpretation, members of the philological school differ very widely.

Now, it is not necessary to deny that tales may have originated sometimes through false etymologies. On the other hand, Mr. Müller, in his introduction to Gill's "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific," repudiates the claim that they have all originated thus. Certainly it must have been a highly contagious "disease of language" that would account for the facts. We find the same tales not merely among all Aryan-speaking peoples, but those speaking the Semitic, Tauranian, and unclassified tongues; not only in Europe and Asia, but among the aborigines of North and South America,

the Pacific islands, New Zealand, Australia, and the African tribes. To explain these facts the theories of Müller and Cox are equally inadequate.

But when it comes to the class of stories covered by my title, Mr. Lang hesitates. He cannot think that these have been separately invented. Stories of the stars or heavenly bodies among peoples widely separated in race and speech are identical because they held a common animistic belief. Identical stories of the Cupid and Psyche type abound because they have been invented to illustrate or enforce a widely prevalent custom. "But in the following story (the Jason myth) no such explanation is even provisionally acceptable." This is because he appears to find a distinct and identical plot running through the entire class. Now, if we found the incidents of one of Mr. Charles Reade's stories repeated in the Chinese, we should at once conclude that the latter tale was borrowed directly from the English. For myself I see no plots in the sense meant by Mr. Lang, and find no difficulty in believing that these stories may have been separately invented. The plot Mr. Lang states as follows: "A young man is brought to the home of a hostile animal, a giant, cannibal, wizard, or malevolent king. He is put by his unfriendly host to various severe trials, in which it is hoped he will perish. In each trial he is assisted by the daughter of his host. After achieving the adventures (tasks) he elopes with the girl, and is pursued by the father. The runaway pair throw various common objects behind them which are changed into magical obstacles and check the pursuit of the father." He notes some variants of this tale, but says: "The events of the flight and the magical aids to escape remain little changed." Since this cannot be a nature myth, he thinks the only explanation of its wide diffusion is to be found in the slow transmission "from people to people in the immense, unknown, prehistoric past of the human race."

But if this were so it would in no way account for the origin of the story, but merely for its distribution. And if this class of tales has been thus disseminated, and it is as widely current as any, why may not nature and custom myths have been scattered in the same way? To me this seems to be an unnecessary concession, as it certainly is a fatal one, or would be if the other theories had any basis of facts on which to stand.

But I think Mr. Lang has not given the plot of any one story, but merely incidents gathered from the entire class. I cannot recall a story in which the incidents figure precisely as Mr. Lang gives them in his type. To start with, it unites two stories, neither necessary to the other, which are, as a matter of fact, widely current as separate tales. The one relates to the performance of difficult tasks by the aid of magic. The other, to the escape from a great peril by the same means. The magic formulas, the *dramatis personæ*, the incidents, are very dissimilar, but the belief in the efficacy of the magic is always present. In place of the task there is often a prohibition, which is the *taboo*, sometimes a reason appearing, but frequently not. I believe the only unity there is in these stories is due to the underlying belief in magic. To test this, let us examine a few of them. I will begin with one taken from the Dakota Indians, a people unrelated in race and speech to the Aryan tribes:

A certain chief, who is also a supernatural being, or deeply versed in magic, about to go on a journey, calls his son, a young lad, and gives him his keys, with permission to go where he will, except to a certain red house, of which he also gives the key. The boy, of course, opens the door, as Fatima opened the fatal closet. He finds there a red horse, red being a religious color, or fetich. The horse tells him his father will kill him for his disobedience. The one chance of escape is to leap upon his back. He must take with him a paper of *pins*, a *comb*, and a *looking-glass*. (The reader will please observe the modern properties.) As the father is about to overtake them the boy throws these articles behind successively. The glass becomes a lake or morass, the pins form an impenetrable thicket, and the comb extends itself from sky to sky, and sends its teeth, great bars, up to the clouds, cutting off further pursuit.

There are three variants of the story.

One, "The Head of Gold," was written out in Dakota by Walking-Elk. In this a man and woman give their boy to a person who calls himself the Great Spirit. He has a house that "seems to stand up to the clouds." As in the other case, he goes away, giving his keys to the boy, forbidding one room. One of the horses, which the boy is directed to take good care of, tells him that the Great Spirit will bring back other men with him, and that "they will eat you, as they will eat me, but I am unwilling." He bids the boy go into the forbidden room and dip his head into something yellow standing in the middle of the floor. Doing this, his head "became golden, and the house was full of shining and light." Then he flees on the horse's back, taking only an egg, which at the proper time he casts behind. It becomes a lake, in which the pursuer is drowned. Walking-Elk applies the story to the dispute about the Black Hills country then going on between the Indians and the whites, and gravely concludes the narrative: "This is like Sitting Bull, I think."

In the story of "The Orphan Boy" the magic flight plays a very subordinate part. One adventure recalls the *sampo*, a mill to grind meal one day, salt the second, and money the third. Another is like the rescue of Sinbad from the Golconda mine. Two beautiful young women finally find him in a pitiful plight, and take him to their island home. They go away, leaving him the keys, prohibiting one room. He opens it, finds a horse, leaps on him, and is borne at once to the mainland, and dumped, wounded and unconscious, at the place where he had started upon his adventures months before. He is finally taken to the chief, and tells his story. It turns out that the young women are the chief's daughters who were carried off years before when they were swimming. The horse also belonged to the chief, and had come straight home the moment he was released.

The reader will note that the *taboo* here is without meaning, since its infraction is the very means of restoring the young women to their friends. There is the magic flight, but no means are used to prevent pursuit, and no pursuit is made. In fact the orphan marries both the girls.

In Leland's "Algonquin Legends" will be found the story of "The Water Fairies." There are very marvellous adventures in this, and any quantity of magic; but the maidens, who are weasels as well as fairies, escape the dreadful Lox, wolverine, and devil at the same time, by being ferried across the water by the Crane. They might have used the magic comb, brush, or hair-string which figure in the story, but here use only the magic of flattery to enlist the services of the Crane.

Among European equivalents the Russian tale, "Vasilissa, the Wise," may be taken as the most complete form. A king's son is, through his father's improvident vow, brought into the power of the water king, who first requires him to build a great crystal bridge in one night, then to plant a large garden in which shall be blossoming trees, singing birds, and "ripe apples and pears hanging from the boughs of the trees." These tasks he accomplishes by the aid of Vasilissa. Then he is to choose three times one of the king's twelve daughters, who are precisely alike in dress and person. If he chooses the same one each time he will marry her, but if not, off goes his head. These may, perhaps, be regarded as the normal tasks, but three more succeed, all of which are peculiarly Russian. Then he flees with Vasilissa, but instead of anything magical in the speed of their horses, or magical obstacles to throw behind, Vasilissa changes the horses to a well, herself to a bowl (she does not appear to have been the weaker vessel), and the prince to a very old man. The pursuers fail to recognize them. (This is surprisingly like Lox and the rabbit in the "Algonquin Legends.")

In the second pursuit they undergo a different metamorphosis. The third time the father himself, after killing those who had failed, undertakes the pursuit. This time she changes the horses to a river of honey with *kissel* banks, a kind of jelly or pudding, and herself and the prince to a duck and drake. The amiable father-in-law eats so much of the *kissel* that he bursts.

In another Russian story, "Mary Mo-

revna," the prince opens the forbidden door and releases Koschkei the Deathless. In the first two flights there is no magic at all. They are simply overtaken and carried back. In the third the prince, after incredible adventures, has got a better steed than his pursuers, both being magical.

In the "Baba Yaga" there are *two* tasks and two *flights;* comb and towel are the magical obstructions. Otherwise the story is much like the ordinary pattern. In another, "The Sun's Sister," much of the incident in the foregoing is repeated. The obstructions to the pursuit are magical, but two of them at least are placed by outsiders—Vertodub, Tree-twister, and Vertogor, Mountain-leveller, whom the prince has befriended.

In still another Russian tale the escape is so differently managed that one does not at once think of it as belonging to the Jason cycle at all. Ivashko is not a prince, but a peasant boy, and his tasks are replaced by three fishing expeditions, made at his own request. He falls into the hands of a witch, who proposes to roast him, and make a banquet for her friends. Her daughter, Alenka, undertakes to heat the stove and bake him, while the mother invites the guests. By a clever stratagem, he gets Alenka into the oven, as Grethel did the old woman in the German story, slips out of the house, and climbs a tree. When the guests have comfortably dined, the old witch chances to spy Ivashko in the tree, and filled with rage, begins to gnaw it down. As it falls he springs into another tree, and finally to the third. The witch meantime has broken several teeth, and going to a smith has, by threats, procured iron ones. Johnny, that is his English name, is finally in a hard case. There are no more trees to jump to. So far there has not been a particle of magic. As the tree is about to fall he is borne away on the pinions of swans, two flocks having passed by refusing to take him. The foregoing are taken from Mr. Ralston's entertaining book, "Russian Fairy Tales."

Dr. Krauss's collection, "Sagen und Märchen der Süd Slaven," contains a large number of this class of stories. They vary in their incidents quite as much as the Russian. In No. 102, a maiden offers herself as the prize to anyone who should overtake her, she running on foot and her pursuers mounted. She first pulls a hair from her head, and throws it behind her, when it becomes a mountain. The second time, when nearly overtaken, she drops a tear, which becomes a flood, and sweeps away all but one of her pursuers. He captures her by *thrice abjuring her in the name of God*, which is clearly a counter charm.

In another, a man is pursued by a witch. He is prepared for it, and drops first an embroidered handkerchief, which the witch maiden stops to admire. At the red kerchief she stops again; and finally, at the looking-glass, she gazes so long that the man fairly escapes, a warning to maidens in all time that does not appear to have been much heeded. These two stories recall the well-known Greek tale, "Atalanta."

In the "Water Witch," a tale of Brittany, there is neither task nor flight, yet the story clearly falls into the class here considered. There is an abundance of magic, however; a magic bell gives warning to the heroine of the danger of her lover. She uses a magic staff, changed first to a horse and then to an eagle, not to escape from the witch, who has her lover, transformed to a fish, in her power, but to go to her. She gets hold of a magic net, changes the witch to a toadstool, and the lovers go leisurely and naturally away, after helping themselves to the inexhaustible treasures of the subaqueous palace.

Space will not permit an examination of Scandinavian, German, Italian, Rumanian, and other tales that would further show the immense diversity in the details of these stories. A fuller narration of those already cited would also greatly strengthen the point I make, that *there is no common plot.* There is a strong resemblance growing out of the one essential idea of the whole, that by mere formulas or trivial devices one may deliver himself from the power of a being more powerful than himself, or may accomplish stupendous results or tasks by the same magical devices. But if this be the basic idea then we bring into this class a multitude of stories which have not been recognized as belonging to it at all. In the "Arabian

Nights" the fisherman persuades the jinn to go back into the copper vessel, which is an exercise of magic on the part of the jinn, but not of the fisherman. The same is true of the story of the "Tiger and the Brahmin," in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," where the fox gets the tiger back in his cage, there being no magic in the story at all beyond the fact of the animals talking. So of the Norwegian story where the boy gets the devil into a nut through a worm-hole, seals him up, and has him hammered on an anvil. The Norse abounds with tales of that kind. Trolls and huldres have their fingers or tails caught in a partly split log, out of which the hero knocks the wedge. But this precise story has been told of a noted Indian fighter in the West, who leisurely chopped off the heads of the braves and calmly resumed his rail-splitting. This seems to show that the myth-making age has not entirely passed even with civilized races.

It is not denied that some tales may have been handed down generation after generation, nor that some may have been disseminated in the manner mentioned by Mr. Lang. It is exceedingly unlikely that, by either process, they would retain their original form. Belief in magic, however, we know has prevailed almost universally among primitive peoples and is hardly extinct yet among the common people of the most enlightened countries. Nothing was so common in savage life as for one person to be in peril at the hands of another, or from wild beasts, storm, flood, lightning, or tornado, all of which were equally persons to the savage apprehension. Escape from danger, we may assume, was not rare. Why should not tales of his adventures be full of the savage belief of the story-teller? The reader has noted the modern air of most of these stories. Clearly there has been an adaptation of primitive beliefs to modern conditions. Has not the same process gone on among all peoples, in all times, until advancing civilization drove out the old beliefs? The origin of these beliefs I cannot here discuss. We know they existed, and that with people of a given development they have had a remarkable likeness the world over. My purpose is merely to show that these stories *may* have been separately invented, that there is no more reason to suppose a given people has borrowed them than their other tales. Is there not quite as much diversity in them as in our modern love stories? Have not the poor hero and wealthy heroine always existed and had before them the problem of outwitting the cruel parent? Has it been necessary for the Englishman to go to the Frenchman, Italian, Arab, or Persian for the simple materials of a story that is forever being acted out before his own eyes?

As to what may be called the typical form of the Jason myth, it may be said that so far from its being the original form from which all the others have been derived, it is probably the latest, the result of many experiments, and is the perfected form, as is the drama in five acts. We have seen that the tasks may vary from one to six, or be entirely wanting, or replaced by the *taboo*. The flights vary in number also. They are made by means of magical steeds, other animals, or birds, or inanimate objects. The pursuer is delayed by magical objects, produced by the fugitives or by friendly persons or beasts, by his own curiosity, his gluttony, or he is deceived by metamorphoses. Sometimes he is merely thwarted, sometimes he is destroyed, sometimes he is taken captive by a clever stroke of wit. In one case the fugitive is actually captured by a counter charm, but in that case she was in no danger except what is always risked in getting married. In one case the flight is *to* the cruel oppressor, and in the case of Fatima, if, as I think, this is to be classified with the rest, there is no attempt at flight at all, but the rescue comes from outsiders rushing in at the right moment. In all these I see but a single idea, growing out of a common belief, worked out in a great variety of ways. It is wide-spread as the ordeal is, which is another form of appeal to a superior power. There is no reason to think that the bow and arrow, in all their countless forms, or the universal flint implements, were borrowed by one race from another. In like manner, and like Topsy, folk-tales of all sorts, I am persuaded, just grew.

THE STONE-CUTTER.

By Elizabeth Akers.

There dwelt in far Japan,
Long ages since, a man
Who earned, by hammering stone, his daily food—
But discontent and dole
Lay heavy on his soul,
Which craved great riches as the only good.

And so the gods on high,
Who sometimes bitterly
Punish a man by granting all his prayers,
Gave him a mine of gold,
And lands to have and hold,
And, by and by, breed feuds among his heirs.

But soon he, murmuring,
Desired to be a king;
To reign and rule—ah, that were perfect bliss!
He wearied earth and air
With his incessant prayer
Until the gods indulged him, even in this.

His courtiers fawned and lied,
And rival powers, outside
His realm, assailed his peace with fierce debate,
And heaviness and care
Bleached gray his youthful hair,
And made him weary of his regal state.

"Oh, change me to a rock!"
He cried, "that no rude shock
Can stir, nor any strife disturb or shake!"
And lo! he stood, ere long,
A boulder, fixed and strong,
Which torrents could not move, nor tempests break.

In vain the burning heat
Of fiercest sunshine beat
Upon his head; in vain the storm-wind smote
His rugged sides; in vain
Great rivers, swoln by rain,
Came roaring from their mountain caves remote.

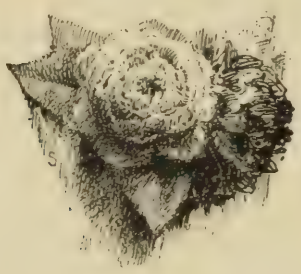
He was at rest; and he
Rejoiced exceedingly,
Saying, "No more for me, oh, sweet release!
Will there be change and woe,
And wavering to and fro—
Since I am fixed in an eternal peace!"

But on a summer day
A workman brought that way
A hammer and a chisel—these alone.
He measured here and there,
And then, with patient care,
Began to cut away the stubborn stone.

"Ah!" said the boulder-king,
"What means this wondrous thing?
This plodding workman smites and conquers me!
He cuts, as suits him best,
Huge blocks from out my breast—
He is more strong than I! Would I were he!"

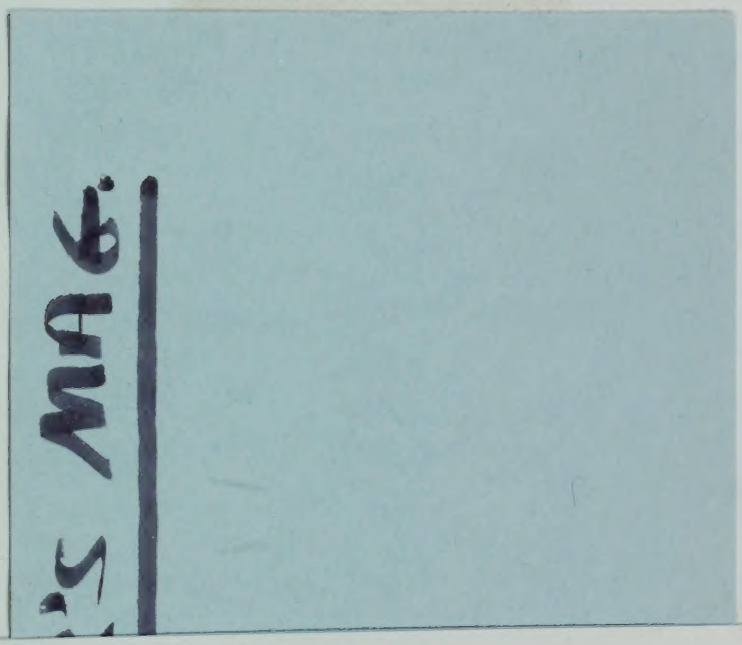
And lo, the powers aloft,
Who had so long and oft
Laughed at his follies, craved and then outgrown,
Again his pleading heard;
He, taken at his word,
Became once more a hammerer of stone!

So, wiser than before
And asking nothing more,
Again about his olden toil he went;
Until he died from age
He toiled for scanty wage,
Nor ever spake a word of discontent!



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